



**For assessment from 2013**

**GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**SPECIMEN ASSESSMENT MATERIALS**



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**GCSE**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**Higher Tier**

**UNIT 1**

**Specimen Assessment Materials**

2 hours

**SECTION A**

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**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

Twelve page answer booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Answer **both** Section A **and** Section B.

Answer **one** question in Section A **and** the question in Section B.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

**SECTION A****1. *Of Mice and Men***

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).*

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how John Steinbeck presents Curley here. [10]

**Either,**

(b) Steinbeck uses three specific settings on the ranch: the bunkhouse, the harness room and the barn. Choose **one** of these settings and show how it is important to the novel as a whole.[20]

**Or,**

(c) How is the character of Candy important to the novel as a whole? [20]

At that moment a young man came into the bunkhouse; a thin young man with a brown face, with brown eyes and a head of tightly curled hair. He wore a work glove on his left hand, and like the boss, he wore high-heeled boots. 'Seen my old man?' he asked.

The swamper said: 'He was here jus' a minute ago, Curley. Went over to the cook-house, I think.'

'I'll try to catch him,' said Curley. His eyes passed over the new men and he stopped. He glanced coldly at George and then at Lennie. His arms gradually bent at the elbows and his hands closed into fists. He stiffened and went into a slight crouch. His glance was at once calculating and pugnacious. Lennie squirmed under the look and shifted his feet nervously. Curley stepped gingerly close to him. 'You the new guys the old man was waitin' for?'

'We just come in,' said George.

'Let the big guy talk.'

Lennie twisted with embarrassment.

George said: 'S'pose he don't want to talk?'

Curley lashed his body around. 'By Christ, he's gotta talk when he's spoke to. What the hell are you gettin' into it for?'

'We travel together,' said George coldly.

'Oh, so it's that way.'

George was tense and motionless. 'Yeah, it's that way.'

Lennie was looking helplessly to George for instruction.

'An' you won't let the big guy talk, is that it?'

'He can talk if he want to tell you anything.' He nodded slightly to Lennie.

'We jus' come in,' said Lennie softly.

Curley stared levelly at him. 'Well, nex' time you answer when you're spoke to.' He turned towards the door and walked out, and his elbows were still bent out a little.

**2. Anita and Me**

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).*

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Meera Syal creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

**Either,**

- (b) How is Meena's father presented in the novel? [20]

**Or,**

- (c) Meena says she grew up under the influence of two cultures, Punjabi and British. How is the conflict between these two influences presented in the novel? [20]



Sam interrupted, a sly grin curling the corners of his mouth: ‘Yow don’t do nothing but talk, “Uncle”. And give everything away to some darkies we’ve never met. We don’t give a toss for anybody else. This is our patch. Not some wogs’ handout.’

I felt as if I had been punched in the stomach. My legs felt watery and a hot panic softened my insides to mush. It was as if the whole crowd had turned into one huge eyeball which swivelled slowly between me and papa. I wished I had stood next to papa; I could feel Anita shifting beside me, I knew she would not hold me or take my hand. Papa was staring into the distance, seemingly unconcerned, gripping his bottle of whisky like a weapon. Uncle Alan’s mouth was opening and closing like a goldfish, Reverend Ince whispered to him ‘Good work, Alan. One of your supporters, is he?’

And then a rasping voice came from somewhere in the throng, ‘You tell him, son.’

I jerked my head towards the sound. Who was that? Who said that? Who had thought that all this time and why had I never known about it? And then another voice, a woman’s, ‘Go on, lad! Tell him some more!’ The sound had come from somewhere around Mr Ormerod, I stared at him, straight into his eyes. He shifted from foot to foot and glanced away.

My mind was turning cartwheels; I wanted to find these people, tell them Sam Lowbridge was my mate, the boy who had taught me how to shoot a fairground rifle, who terrorised everyone else except me. I was his favourite. There must have been some mistake. When my ears had stopped ringing and I gradually returned to my body, I could hear catcalls coming from all over the grounds; ‘Yow shuttit, yow bloody skinhead idiot! Bloody disgrace, Sam Lowbridge! Yow wanna good birching, yow do! Yow don’t talk for me, son! I’d be on my deathbed before that’d happen!’

Uncle Alan was half-running towards the gate, towards Sam who was strolling back to his moped to the cheers and claps of his gang. ‘Wait! Sam!’ Uncle Alan puffed. ‘Listen! Don’t do this! Don’t turn all this energy the wrong way!’ Sam was not listening. He was already revving up, clouds of bluey-grey smoke wheezing from his exhaust. ‘Anger is good! But not used this way! Please! You’re going the wrong way!’

Sam aimed his moped straight at Uncle Alan who was now outside the gates, making him jump back and stumble, and then he sped off up the hill followed by the rest of his three-wheeler lackeys, who manoeuvred in and out of each other like a bunch of May-mad midges until they were nothing but annoying buzzy specks in the distance. Uncle Alan sat heavily down on the grass and rested his head on his arms. People were now crowding round papa, offering condolences and back pats like he’d just come last in the annual church egg and spoon race. ‘Yow don’t mind him, Mr Ku-mar, he’s always been a bad-un . . .’ Papa smiled graciously at them, shrugging his shoulders, not wanting to draw any more attention to himself or what had just happened. I knew he was trying to get to me and I began pushing forward, encountering a wall of solid backs and legs.

Anita was tugging my sleeve as she held onto me. I turned round to face her, my cheeks still felt warm and taut. ‘Wharrabout that then!’ she grinned, ‘Isn’t he bosting!’

‘What?’ I croaked.

‘Sam Lowbridge, He’s dead bloody hard, in’t he?’

‘Anita Rutter, yow am a bloody stupid cow sometimes,’ I said, and did not look back until I had reached the haven of papa’s arms.

**3. *To Kill a Mockingbird***

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).*

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Harper Lee creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

**Either,**

- (b) How is the character of Calpurnia important to the novel as a whole? [20]

**Or,**

- (c) How does Harper Lee present the town of Maycomb in *To Kill A Mockingbird*? [20]

Tom's black velvet skin had begun to shine, and he ran his hand over his face.

'I say where the chillun?' he continued, 'an' she says – she was laughin', sort of – she says they all gone to town to get ice-creams. She says, "Took me a slap year to save seb'm nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town."

Tom's discomfort was not from the humidity. 'What did you say then, Tom?' asked Atticus.

'I said somethin' like, why Miss Mayella, that's right smart o' you to treat 'em. An' she said, "You think so?" I don't think she understood what I was thinkin' – I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an' nice of her to treat 'em.'

'I understand you, Tom. Go on,' said Atticus.

'Well, I said I best be goin', I couldn't do nothin' for her, an' she says oh yes I could, an' I ask her what, and she says to just step on that chair yonder an' git that box down from on top of the chiffarobe.'

'Not the same chiffarobe you busted up?' Asked Atticus.

The witness smiled. 'Naw suh, another one. Most as tall as the room. So I done what she told me, an' I was just reachin' when the next thing I knows she – she'd grabbed me round the legs, grabbed me round th' legs, Mr Finch. She scared me so bad I hopped down an' turned the chair over – that was the only thing, only furniture, 'sturbed in that room, Mr Finch, when I left it. I swear 'fore God.'

'What happened after you turned the chair over?'

Tom Robinson had come to a dead stop. He glanced at Atticus, then at the jury, then at Mr Underwood sitting across the room.

'Tom, you've sworn to tell the whole truth. Will you tell it?'

Tom ran his hand nervously over his mouth.

'What happened after that?'

'Answer the question,' said Judge Taylor. One-third of his cigar had vanished.

'Mr Finch, I got down offa that chair an' turned around an' she sorta jumped on me.'

'Jumped on you? Violently?'

'No suh, she – she hugged me. She hugged me round the waist.'

This time Judge Taylor's gavel came down with a bang, and as it did the overhead lights went on in the courtroom. Darkness had not come, but the afternoon sun had left the windows. Judge Taylor quickly restored order.

'Then what did she do?'

The witness swallowed hard. 'She reached up an' kissed me 'side of th' face. She says she never kissed a grown man before an' she might as well kiss a nigger. She says what her papa do to her don't count. She says, "Kiss me back, nigger." I say Miss Mayella lemme outa here an' tried to run but she got her back to the door an' I'da had to push her. I didn't wanta harm her, Mr Finch, an' I say lemme pass, but just when I say it Mr Ewell yonder hollered through th' window.'

'What did he say?'

Tom Robinson swallowed again, and his eyes widened. 'Some-thin' not fittin' to say – not fittin' for these folks'n chillun to hear–'

'What did he say, Tom? You *must* tell the jury what he said.'

Tom Robinson shut his eyes tight. 'He says you goddamn whore, I'll kill ya.'

**4. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings***

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).*

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract show how Maya Angelou creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

**Either,**

- (b) Write about the town of Stamps and how it is presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*. [20]

**Or,**

- (c) Show how Maya Angelou makes the reader aware of her experiences of racism as she grew up, and how she learned to cope with these experiences. [20]

Sister Monroe's fuse was already lit, and she sizzled somewhere to the right behind me. Elder Thomas jumped into the sermon, determined, I suppose, to give the members what they came for. I saw the ushers from the left side of the church near the big windows begin to move discreetly, like pallbearers, toward Sister Monroe's bench. Bailey jogged my knee. When the incident with Sister Monroe, which we always called simply "the incident," had taken place, we had been too astounded to laugh. But for weeks after, all we needed to send us into violent out-bursts of laughter was a whispered "Preach it." Anyway, he pushed my knee, covered his mouth and whispered, "I say, preach it."

I looked toward Momma, across that square of stained boards, over the collection table, hoping that a look from her would root me safely to my sanity. But for the first time in memory Momma was staring behind me at Sister Monroe. I supposed that she was counting on bringing that emotional lady up short with a severe look or two. But Sister Monroe's voice had already reached the danger point. "Preach it!"

There were a few smothered giggles from the children's section, and Bailey nudged me again. "I say, preach it" – in a whisper. Sister Monroe echoed him loudly, "I say, preach it!"

Two deacons wedged themselves around Brother Jackson as a preventative measure and two large determined looking men walked down the aisle toward Sister Monroe.

While the sounds in the church were increasing, Elder Thomas made the regrettable mistake of increasing his volume too. Then suddenly, like a summer rain, Sister Monroe broke through the cloud of people trying to hem her in, and flooded up to the pulpit. She didn't stop this time but continued immediately to the altar, bound for Elder Thomas, crying "I say, preach it."

Bailey said out loud, "Hot dog" and "Damn" and "She's going to beat his butt."

But Reverend Thomas didn't intend to wait for that eventuality, so as Sister Monroe approached the pulpit from the right he started descending from the left. He was not intimidated by his change of venue. He continued preaching and moving. He finally stopped right in front of the collection table, which put him almost in our laps, and Sister Monroe rounded the altar on his heels, followed by the deacons, ushers, some unofficial members and a few of the bigger children.

Just as the elder opened his mouth, pink tongue waving, and said, "Great God of Mount Nebo," Sister Monroe hit him on the back of his head with her purse. Twice. Before he could bring his lips together, his teeth fell, no, actually his teeth jumped, out of his mouth.

**5. Chanda's Secrets**

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).*

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Allan Stratton creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

**Either,**

- (b) How are rumours and superstitions important to the novel as a whole? [20]

**Or,**

- (c) Show how Chanda gradually comes to realise the truth about AIDS in her family and in the community. [20]

The cemetery is a rocky field on the outskirts of town. It only opened last year but already it's almost full. Sara's being buried in the northeast corner, about a ten-minute walk from Esther's parents.

We drive through a gate in the barbed-wire fence, past a metal sign announcing township bylaws for behaviour: no screaming, shouting, or other indecent behaviour; no defacing or stealing memorials; no grazing of livestock.

The winding dirt roads are filled with potholes. Last rainy season, hearses got stuck in them. So did the tow trucks that came to pull them out. Today, as the Chevy bounces along, I'm more afraid the bouncing may break Sara's coffin.

We pull up to the site. We're not alone. There's a row of eight fresh graves, the earth piled high at the head of each hole. Mr Bateman says we're the third one down. Funerals are already in progress on either side. In the distance I see the dust of other processions driving through the gates. Mourners hop off pickup trucks and search for their dead. A fight breaks out over who's supposed to be in holes five and six.

Meanwhile, our priest climbs to the top of Sara's mound and delivers a scripture reading about eternal life. I want to believe in God and Sara being with the ancestors. But suddenly I'm scared it's just something priests make up to take away the nightmares. (I'm sorry God, forgive me. I'm sorry God, forgive me. I'm sorry God, forgive me.)

The priest starts the Lord's prayer. 'Raetsho yoo ko ke godimong.' Everyone bows their heads except for me. As we join the priest in chanting the prayer, I stare at this field covered with bricks. Each brick marks a grave. A date's scrawled in black paint. There's not even room for a name. The dead have disappeared as if they never lived.

This is what Sara will have.

'Sara,' I whisper, 'forgive us.' I know we can never afford to buy her a headstone, but I want to save for a memorial; I want her to have a grave marked with its own little fence and canvas top, her name soldered in wire at the front. I want there to be a gate and a lock, too, so I can leave toys for her without them disappearing.

Mama says memorials are just another way to make the undertakers rich. Papa's and my brothers' lost their canvas tops years ago, and the fences bent out of shape the moment the graves collapsed in the rainy season. But I don't care.

## SECTION B

*Spend about 1 hour on this section. Think carefully about the poems before you write your answer.*

6. In the first of the following poems, *Woman Work*, a black woman speaks about her life in the southern states of the USA. In the second, *Overheard in County Sligo*, a woman speaks about her life in Ireland.

**Write about both poems and their effect on you. Show how they are similar and how they are different.**

You may write about each poem separately and then compare them, or make comparisons where appropriate in your answer as a whole.

*You may wish to include some or all of these points:*

- *the content of the poems – what they are about;*
- *the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;*
- *the mood or atmosphere of the poems;*
- *how they are written – words and phrases you find interesting, the way they are organised, and so on;*
- *your responses to the poems.*

[20]

***Woman Work***

I've got the children to tend  
The clothes to mend  
The floor to mop  
The food to shop  
Then the chicken to fry  
The baby to dry  
I got company to feed  
The garden to weed  
I've got the shirts to press  
The tots to dress  
The cane to be cut  
I gotta clean up this hut  
Then see about the sick  
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine  
Rain on me, rain  
Fall softly, dewdrops  
And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here  
With your fiercest wind  
Let me float across the sky  
'Til I can rest again

Fall gently, snowflakes  
Cover me with white  
Cold icy kisses and  
Let me rest tonight.

Sun, rain, curving sky  
Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone

Star shine, moon glow  
You're all that I can call my own.

*Maya Angelou*

***Overheard in County Sligo***

*I married a man from County Roscommon  
and I live in the back of beyond  
with a field of cows and a yard of hens  
and six white geese on the pond.*

*At my door's a square of yellow corn  
caught up by its corners and shaken,  
and the road runs down through the open gate  
and freedom's there for the taking.*

*I had thought to work on the Abbey\* stage  
or have my name in a book,  
to see my thought on the printed page,  
or still the crowd with a look.*

*But I turn to fold the breakfast cloth  
and to polish the lustre and brass,  
to order and dust the tumbled rooms  
and find my face in the glass.*

*I ought to feel I'm a happy woman  
for I lie in the lap of the land,  
and I married a man from County Roscommon  
and I live in the back of beyond.*

*Gillian Clarke*

\* Abbey: A well-known theatre in Dublin

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Gillian Clarke, published by Carcanet Press Limited 1996.*





## GCSE

### ENGLISH LITERATURE

#### Higher Tier

#### UNIT 2α (Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)

#### Specimen Assessment Materials

2 hours

	<i>Pages</i>
Question 1. (a) <i>Othello</i>	2 - 3
(b) <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4 - 5
(c) <i>An Inspector Calls</i>	6 - 7
(d) <i>Hobson's Choice</i>	8 - 9
(e) <i>A Taste of Honey</i>	10 - 11
Question 2. (a) <i>Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha</i>	12
(b) <i>Heroes</i>	13
(c) <i>Never Let Me Go</i>	14
(d) <i>About a Boy</i>	15
(e) <i>Resistance</i>	16

#### ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer booklet.

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

#### INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

Turn over.

**QUESTION 1**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) Othello**

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Iago and Cassio speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Why does Othello kill Desdemona? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Shakespeare present the character Iago to an audience throughout the play? [20+4]

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

- IAGO           What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
- CASSIO        Ay, past all surgery.
- IAGO           Marry, God forbid!
- CASSIO        Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
- IAGO           As I am an honest man, I had thought you had received some bodily wound. There is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood – a punishment more in policy than in malice – even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he’s yours.
- CASSIO        I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! And speak parrot! And squabble! Swagger! Swear! And discourse fustian with one’s own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!
- IAGO           What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?
- CASSIO        I know not.
- IAGO           Is’t possible?
- CASSIO        I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! – that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform ourselves into beasts!
- IAGO           Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?
- CASSIO        It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath. One unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.
- IAGO           Come, you are too severe a moraller. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen. But since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.
- CASSIO        I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredience is a devil.
- IAGO           Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used. Exclaim no more against it.

**(b) Much Ado About Nothing**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Claudio and Don Pedro speak and behave here. What impressions would an audience receive of their characters? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Show how Shakespeare presents the development of the relationship between Beatrice and Benedict. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Shakespeare present the character Don John to an audience throughout the play? [20+4]

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

CLAUDIO My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

DON PEDRO My love is thine to teach. Teach it but how,  
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUDIO Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

DON PEDRO No child but Hero: she's his only heir.  
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUDIO O my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love.  
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.

DON PEDRO Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words.  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;  
And I will break with her and with her father  
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO How sweetly you do minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

DON PEDRO What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
The fairest grant is the necessity.  
Look what will serve is fit. 'Tis once, thou lovest,  
And I know we shall have revelling tonight:  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale.  
Then after, to her father will I break:  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
In practice let us put it presently.

(c) *An Inspector Calls*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Gerald speaks and behaves here. How could it affect an audience's feelings towards him? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) *An Inspector Calls* is set in 1912, and was written in the mid 1940s. Why do you think it is still popular today, in the 21st century?

Remember to support your answer with reference to the text. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does JB Priestly present the character of Mrs. Birling to an audience throughout the play? [20+4]

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

- BIRLING *(excitedly)* You know something. What is it?
- GERALD *(slowly)* The man wasn't a police officer.
- MRS. B. Are you certain?
- GERALD I'm almost certain. That's what I came back to tell you.
- BIRLING *(excitedly)* Good lad! You asked about him, eh?
- GERALD Yes. I met a police sergeant I know down the road. I asked him about this Inspector Goole and described the chap carefully to him. He swore there wasn't any Inspector Goole or anybody like him on the force here.
- BIRLING You didn't tell him—
- GERALD *(cutting in)* No, no. I passed it off by saying I'd been having an argument with somebody. But the point is— this sergeant was dead certain they hadn't any inspector at all like the chap who came here.
- BIRLING *(excitedly)* By Jingo! A fake!
- MRS. B. *(triumphantly)* Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say I couldn't imagine a real police inspector talking like that to us?
- GERALD Well, you were right. There isn't any such inspector. We've been had.
- BIRLING *(beginning to move)* I'm going to make certain of this.
- MRS. B. What are you going to do?
- BIRLING Ring up the Chief Constable - Colonel Roberts.
- MRS. B. Careful what you say, dear.
- BIRLING *(now at telephone)* Of course. *(At telephone.)* Brumley eight seven five two. *(To others as he waits.)* I was going to do this anyhow. I've had my suspicions all along. *(At telephone.)* Colonel Roberts, please. Mr Arthur Birling here . . . Oh, Roberts – Birling here. Sorry to ring you up so late, but can you tell me if an Inspector Goole has joined your staff lately . . . Goole. G-O-O-L-E . . . a new man . . . tall, clean-shaven. *(Here he can describe the appearance of the actor playing the INSPECTOR.)* I see . . . yes . . . well, that settles it. . . . No, just a little argument we were having here. . . . Good night. *(He puts down the telephone and looks at the others.)* There's no Inspector Goole on the police. That man definitely wasn't a police inspector at all. As Gerald says – we've been had.
- MRS. B. I felt it all the time. He never talked like one. He never even looked like one.
- BIRLING This makes a difference, y'know. In fact, it makes *all* the difference.
- GERALD Of course!

**(d) *Hobson's Choice***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how it reveals the relationship between Maggie and Willie at this point in the play. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) *Hobson's Choice* is subtitled "A Lancashire Comedy". To what extent do you find it "a comedy"? Support your answer with reference to the text. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How are Maggie's sisters, Vicky and Alice, important to the play as a whole? [20+4]

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



- MAGGIE When are you going to leave Hobson's?
- WILLIE Leave Hobson's? I – I thought I gave satisfaction.
- MAGGIE Don't you want to leave?
- WILLIE Not me. I've been at Hobson's all my life, and I'm not leaving till I'm made.
- MAGGIE I said you were a fool.
- WILLIE Then I'm a loyal fool.
- MAGGIE Don't you want to get on, Will Mossop? You heard what Mrs Hepworth said. You know the wages you get and you know the wages a bootmaker like you could get in one of the big shops in Manchester.
- WILLIE Nay, I'd be feared to go in them fine places.
- MAGGIE What keeps you here? Is it the – the people?
- WILLIE I dunno what it is. I'm used to being here.
- MAGGIE Do you know what keeps this business on its legs? Two things: one's good boots you make that sell themselves, the other's the bad boots other people make and I sell. We're a pair, Will Mossop.
- WILLIE You're a wonder in the shop, Miss Maggie.
- MAGGIE And you're a marvel in the workshop. Well?
- WILLIE Well, what?
- MAGGIE It seems to me to point one way.
- WILLIE What way is that?
- MAGGIE You're leaving me to do the work, my lad.
- WILLIE I'll be getting back to my stool, Miss Maggie. (*Moves to trap.*)
- MAGGIE (*stopping him*): You'll go back when I've done with you. I've watched you for a long time and everything I've seen, I've liked. I think you'll do for me.
- WILLIE What way, Miss Maggie?
- MAGGIE Will Mossop, you're my man. Six months I've counted on you, and it's got to come out some time.
- WILLIE But I never –
- MAGGIE I know you never, or it 'ud not be left to me to do the job like this.
- WILLIE I'll – I'll sit down. (*He sits in arm-chair, mopping his brow.*) I'm feeling queer-like. What dost want me for?
- MAGGIE To invest in. You're a business idea in the shape of a man.
- WILLIE I've got no head for business at all.
- MAGGIE But I have. My brain and your hands 'ull make a working partnership.
- WILLIE (*getting up, relieved*): Partnership! Oh, that's a different thing. I thought you were axing me to wed you.
- MAGGIE I am.
- WILLIE Well, by gum! And you the master's daughter.

(e) *A Taste of Honey*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Peter and Helen speak and behave here. How does it create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Why do you think Shelagh Delaney called her play *A Taste of Honey*? To what extent do you find it an appropriate title for the play? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Delaney present the character of Geof to an audience throughout the play? [20+4]

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

- PETER: What the hell's going on? Do you expect me to wait in the filthy street all night?
- HELEN: I told you to stay outside.
- PETER: Don't point your bloody finger at me.
- HELEN: I said I'd only be a few minutes and I've only been a few minutes. Now come on, outside!
- PETER: Ah! The erring daughter. There she is. *[Sings.]* "Little Josephine, you're a big girl now." Where d'you keep the whisky?
- HELEN: They haven't got any. Now, come on.
- PETER: *[seeing GEOF:]* What's this, the father? Oh Christ, no!
- GEOF: Who's he?
- HELEN: President of the local Temperance Society!
- PETER: *[singing:]* "Who's got a bun in the oven? Who's got a cake in the stove?"
- HELEN: Leave her alone.
- PETER: Oh, go to hell!
- JO: I've got nothing to say . . .
- PETER: Go on, have your blasted family reunion, don't mind me! *[Notices GEOF again.]* Who's this? Oh, of course! Where are the drinks, Lana? *[He falls into the kitchen, singing.]* "Getting to know you, getting to know all about you . . ."
- HELEN: Jo, come on ...  
*[There is a loud crash in the kitchen.]*  
And the light of the world shone upon him.  
*[PETER enters.]*
- PETER: Cheer up, everybody. I am back. Who's the lily? Look at Helen, well, if she doesn't look like a bloody unrestored oil painting. What's the matter everybody? Look at the sour-faced old bitch! Well, are you coming for a few drinks or aren't you?
- HELEN: The pubs aren't open yet.
- JO: Do you mind getting out of here?
- PETER: Shut your mouth, bubble belly! Before I shut it for you. Hey! *[To GEOF.]* Mary, come here. Did I ever tell you about the chappie who married his mother by mistake?
- JO: I said get him out of here, Helen. His breath smells.
- HELEN: I can't carry him out, can I?
- PETER: His name was Oedipus, he was a Greek I think. Well, the old bag turned out to be his mother . . .
- HELEN: Shut up, Peter, for God's sake!
- PETER: So he scratched out both his eyes.
- HELEN: Cut the dirty stories!
- PETER: But I only scratched out one of mine. Well, are you coming or not?

## QUESTION 2

*Answer questions on one text.*

**(a) Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha**

*Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Roddy Doyle suggests Paddy's feelings here. [10]

I never got the chance to run away. I was too late. He left first. The way he shut the door; he didn't slam it. Something; I just knew: he wasn't coming back. He just closed it, like he was going down to the shops, except it was the front door and we only used the front door when people came. He didn't slam it. He closed it behind him – I saw him in the glass. He waited for a few seconds, then went. He didn't have a suitcase or even a jacket, but I knew.

My mouth opened and a roar started but it never came. And a pain in my chest, and I could hear my heart pumping the blood to the rest of me. I was supposed to cry; I thought I was. I sobbed once and that was all.

He'd hit her again and I saw him, and he saw me. He thumped her on the shoulder.

–D'you hear me!?

In the kitchen. I walked in for a drink of water; I saw her falling back. He looked at me. He unmade his fist. He went red. He looked like he was in trouble. He was going to say something to me, I thought he was. He didn't. He looked at her; his hands moved. I thought he was going to put her back to where she'd been before he hit her.

–What do you want, love?

It was my ma. She wasn't holding her shoulder or anything.

–A drink of water.

It was daylight out still, too early for fighting. I wanted to say Sorry, for being there. My ma filled my mug at the sink. It was Sunday.

My da spoke.

–How's the match going?

–They're winning, I said.

The Big Match was on and Liverpool were beating Arsenal. I was up for Liverpool.

–Great, he said.

I'd been coming in to tell him, as well as getting the drink of water.

I took the mug from my ma.

–Thank you very much.

And I went back in and watched Liverpool winning. I cheered when the final whistle got blown but no one come in to look.

He didn't slam the door even a bit. I saw him in the glass, waiting; then he was gone.

**Either,**

- (ii) Show how Paddy's relationship with Sinbad is presented throughout the novel. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Paddy's world has been described as being "full of warmth and cruelty." Show how Roddy Doyle presents both the warmth and cruelty in *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*. [20+4]

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

**(b) Heroes**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Robert Cormier creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

A heat wave gripped Frenchtown, the heat almost visible in the air. People moved as if in a slow-motion movie, gathering on front lawns and piazzas in the evening after the shops closed, hoping for a breeze to cool them off. Men walked slowly as they went off to work in the shops as weary-looking in the morning as they were late in the day, after their shifts were over.

For three days, I haunted Sixth Street at all hours, standing across the street and looking up at the second floor of Nicole's house, venturing sometimes into the yard, hoping that I might catch a glimpse of her coming or going or at a window. Despite the heat, the piazza on Nicole's second floor tenement remained vacant. The windows were open to allow cooler air to enter the tenement but no one came or went.

Nicole's father left the tenement to go to the shop just before seven o'clock in the morning and returned shortly after five in the afternoon and I avoided him, kept away from the street during those times.

A small boy in the house across the street from Nicole's rode his bicycle endlessly on the sidewalk and gazed at me occasionally as I waited. Finally, squinting against the sun, he asked: 'Why are you here all the time?'

I shrugged. 'Waiting.'

'Are you the bogey man?' he asked, scratching his chin.

Yes, I wanted to say. A kind of bogey man who does terrible things like letting his girl get hurt and attacked, purposely avoiding even in my mind that terrible word: what had actually happened to her.

The boy waited a moment for my reply then pedalled back into his yard, silent as he gazed at me over his shoulder. He went into the house and did not come out again.

**Either,**

- (ii) To what extent is *Heroes* an effective title for this novel, in your opinion? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think of Larry LaSalle, and the way he is presented in the novel? [20+4]

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

**Turn over.**

**(c) *Never Let Me Go***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Kazuo Ishiguro presents mood and atmosphere here. [10]

I found I was standing before acres of ploughed earth. There was a fence keeping me from stepping into the field, with two lines of barbed wire, and I could see how this fence and the cluster of three or four trees above me were the only things breaking the wind for miles. All along the fence, especially along the lower line of wire, all sorts of rubbish had caught and tangled. It was like the debris you get on a seashore: the wind must have carried some of it for miles and miles before finally coming up against these trees and these two lines of wire. Up in the branches of the trees, too, I could see, flapping about, torn plastic sheeting and bits of old carrier bags. That was the only time, as I stood there looking at that strange rubbish, feeling the wind coming across those empty fields, that I started to imagine just a little fantasy thing, because this was Norfolk after all, and it was only a couple of weeks since I'd lost him. I was thinking about the rubbish, the flapping plastic in the branches, the shore-line of odd stuff caught along the fencing, and I half-closed my eyes and imagined this was the spot where everything I'd ever lost since my childhood had washed up, and I was now standing here in front of it, and if I waited long enough, a tiny figure would appear on the horizon across the field, and gradually get larger until I'd see it was Tommy, and he'd wave, maybe even call. The fantasy never got beyond that – I didn't let it – and though the tears rolled down my face, I wasn't sobbing or out of control. I just waited a bit, then turned back to the car, to drive off to wherever it was I was supposed to be.

**Either,**

- (ii) Of the three central characters, Kathy, Tommy and Ruth, with whom do you have the most sympathy and why? Show how Kazuo Ishiguro's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How effective a title is *Never Let Me Go*, in your opinion? [20+4]

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

**(d) About A Boy**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Nick Hornby suggests Marcus's thoughts and feelings here. [10]

During the night after his first day Marcus woke up every half-hour or so. He could tell from the luminous hands of his dinosaur clock: 10.41, 11.19, 11.55, 12.35, 12.55, 1.31 . . . He couldn't believe he was going to have to go back there the next morning, and the morning after that, and the morning after that and . . . well, then it would be the weekend, but more or less every morning for the rest of his life, just about. Every time he woke up his first thought was that there must be some kind of way past, or round, or even through, this horrible feeling; whenever he had been upset about anything before, there had usually turned out to be some kind of answer – one that mostly involved telling his mum what was bothering him. But there wasn't anything she could do this time. She wasn't going to move him to another school, and even if she did it wouldn't make a whole lot of difference. He'd still be who he was, and that, it seemed to him, was the basic problem.

He just wasn't right for schools. Not secondary schools, anyway. That was it. And how could you explain that to any-one? It was OK not to be right for some things (he already knew he wasn't right for parties, because he was too shy, or for baggy trousers, because his legs were too short), but not being right for school was a big problem. Everyone went to school. There was no way round it. Some kids, he knew, got taught by their parents at home, but his mum couldn't do that because she went out to work. Unless he paid her to teach him – but she'd told him not long ago that she got three hundred and fifty pounds a week from her job. Three hundred and fifty pounds a week! Where was he going to get that kind of money from? Not from a paper round, he knew that much. The only other kind of person he could think of who didn't go to school was the Macaulay Culkin kind. They'd had something about him on Saturday-morning TV once, and they said he got taught in a caravan sort of thing by a private tutor. That would be OK, he supposed. Better than OK, because Macaulay Culkin probably got three hundred and fifty pounds a week, maybe even more, which meant that if he were Macaulay Culkin he could pay his mum to teach him. But if being Macaulay Culkin meant being good at drama, then forget it: he was crap at drama, because he hated standing up in front of people. Which was why he hated school. Which was why he wanted to be Macaulay Culkin. Which was why he was never going to be Macaulay Culkin in a thousand years, let alone in the next few days. He was going to have to go to school tomorrow.

All that night he thought like boomerangs fly: an idea would shoot way off into the distance, all the way to a caravan in Hollywood and, for a moment, when he had got as far away from school and reality as it was possible to go, he was reasonably happy; then it would begin the return journey, thump him on the head, and leave him in exactly the place he had started from. And all the time it got nearer and nearer to the morning.

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about Fiona, Marcus' mother, and the way she is presented in the novel. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *About a Boy* tells the story of Marcus and the story of Will. Which of these stories interests you the more, and why? [20+4]

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

**Turn over.**



**(e) Resistance**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Owen Sheers suggests Sarah's feelings here.

[10]

It was her birthday, however much she'd tried to forget it. She hadn't mentioned it to any of the other women and she'd tried not to even mention it to herself. There was, she felt, nothing to celebrate. Twenty-seven years old. Childless. Abandoned in a world gone sour. Just the afternoon before she'd ridden Bess up on the hill and watched a pair of crows circle and dance about each other in the air. When they'd landed they'd rubbed shoulders and Sarah had felt again, as if for the first time, the pain of her solitude. Even the carrion crows who ate the eyes of her dead ewes had companionship while she, as ever, had just the blood-pulse of the wind in her ears and the heat of Bess's neck to keep her company. Not for the first time, she'd wanted Tom dead. Not because of what he'd done, but instead of what he'd done. In death he would have given her an answer. She would have known where he was. As it was, she just had nothing. Even the women whose husbands had gone to war, they'd always had something: letters, days of leave.

She'd once seen a crowd of these women down at the station in Pandy. They were wearing their best dresses, their cheeks rouged and their lips bright red, waiting for a train to take them into Newport. There, they would wait on the platform for the fast train carrying troops from the training fields of west Wales up to London and the ports of the south coast. The train didn't stop at Newport, just gave a couple of blasts on its whistle and steamed on through. But these women always went to watch it pass, dressed as if for a dance. Just for the chance of seeing the faces of their husbands, their lovers, as the long line of carriages clattered and rushed past them trailing its heavy plume of steam. It was often a hopeless journey but the women still went, just for the chance, that glimpse. But Sarah didn't even have that. There was nowhere she could go in the hope of seeing Tom. No reports she could read with her heart in her mouth. And no letters she could wait for. Just an empty vigilance for some sign, some hidden message and her long rides up on the hills, forever facing up to their blank answer.

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Albrecht, and the way he is presented in the novel? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) To what extent is *Resistance* an effective title for this novel, in your opinion? [20+4]

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





**GCSE**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**Higher Tier**

**UNIT 2b (Contemporary drama and  
literary heritage prose)**

**Specimen Assessment Materials**

2 hours

<b>Question 1.</b>	<i>(a) The History Boys</i>	2 - 3
	<i>(b) Blood Brothers</i>	4 - 5
	<i>(c) A View From The Bridge</i>	6 - 7
	<i>(d) Be My Baby</i>	8 - 9
	<i>(e) My Mother Said I Never Should</i>	10 - 11
<b>Question 2.</b>	<i>(a) Silas Marner</i>	12
	<i>(b) Pride and Prejudice</i>	13
	<i>(c) A Christmas Carol</i>	14
	<i>(d) Lord of the Flies</i>	15
	<i>(e) Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve</i>	16

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

Twelve page answer booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

**Turn over.**

**QUESTION 1**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) *The History Boys***

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Irwin speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character?  
[10]

**Either,**

- (ii) For which of the boys in *The History Boys* do you have the most sympathy? Show how the presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Alan Bennett present education in *The History Boys*? [20+4]

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

*Classroom*

- IRWIN So we arrive eventually at the less-than-startling discovery that so far as the poets are concerned, the First World War gets the thumbs-down.  
We have the mountains of dead on both sides, right . . . ‘hecatombs’, as you all seem to have read somewhere . . .  
Anybody know what it means?
- POSNER ‘Great public sacrifice of many victims, originally of oxen.’
- DAKIN Which, sir, since Wilfred Owen says men were dying like cattle, is the appropriate word.
- IRWIN True, but no need to look so smug about it. What else? Come on, tick them all off.
- CROWTHER Trench warfare.
- LOCKWOOD Barrenness of the strategy.
- TIMMS On both sides.
- AKTHAR Stupidity of the generals.
- TIMMS Donkeys, sir.
- DAKIN Haig particularly.
- POSNER Humiliation of Germany at Versailles. Re-drawing of national borders.
- CROWTHER Ruhr and the Rhineland.
- AKTHAR Mass unemployment. Inflation.
- TIMMS Collapse of the Weimar Republic. Internal disorder. And . . . The Rise of Hitler!
- IRWIN So. Our overall conclusion is that the origins of the Second War lie in the unsatisfactory outcome of the First.
- TIMMS *(doubtfully)* Yes. *(with more certainty)* Yes.  
*Others nod.*
- IRWIN First class. Bristol welcomes you with open arms. Manchester longs to have you. You can walk into Leeds. But I am a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and I have just read seventy papers all saying the same thing and I am asleep . . .
- SCRIPPS But it’s all true.
- IRWIN What has that got to do with it? What has that got to do with anything?  
Let’s go back to 1914 and I’ll put you a different case.  
Try this for size.  
Germany does not want war and if there is an arms race it is Britain who is leading it. Though there’s no reason why we should want war. Nothing in it for us. Better stand back and let Germany and Russia fight it out while we take the imperial pickings.  
These are facts.  
Why do we not care to acknowledge them? The cattle, the body count. We still don’t like to admit the war was even partly our fault because so many of our people died. A photograph on every mantelpiece. And all this mourning has veiled the truth. It’s not so much lest we forget, as lest we remember. Because you should realise that so far as the Cenotaph and the Last Post and all that stuff is concerned, there’s no better way of forgetting something than by commemorating it.  
And Dakin.
- DAKIN Sir?
- IRWIN You were the one who was morally superior about Haig.
- DAKIN Passchendaele. The Somme. He was a butcher, sir.
- IRWIN Yes, but at least he delivered the goods. No, no the real enemy to Haig’s subsequent reputation was the Unknown Soldier. If Haig had had any sense he’d have had him disinterred and shot all over again for giving comport to the enemy.
- LOCKWOOD So what about the poets, then?
- IRWIN What about them? If you read what they actually say as distinct from what they write, most of them seem to have enjoyed the war.  
Siegfried Sassoon was a good officer. Saint Wilfred Owen couldn’t wait to get back to his company. Both of them surprisingly blood thirsty.  
Poetry is good up to a point. Adds flavour.

**(b) Blood Brothers**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how the characters speak and behave here. How does it create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Russell present the character of Linda to an audience throughout the play? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about the way the theme of social class is presented in *Blood Brothers*. [20+4]

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

EDWARD *reaches his home and walks in. His mother hugs him and his father produces a toy gun for him. EDWARD, delighted, seizes it and 'shoots' his father, who spiritedly 'dies' to EDWARD's great amusement. EDWARD and his father romp on the floor. MRS LYONS settles herself in an armchair with a story book, calling EDWARD over to her. EDWARD goes and sits with her, MR LYONS joining them and sitting on the arm of the chair.*

MRS JOHNSTONE *turns and goes into her house at the end of the song.*

MR LYONS *gets up and walks towards the door.*

EDWARD Daddy . . . we haven't finished the story yet.

MR LYONS Mummy will read the story, Edward. I've got to go to work for an hour.

MRS LYONS *gets up and goes to her husband, EDWARD goes to the bookshelf and leafs through a dictionary.*

MRS LYONS Richard you didn't say . . .

MR LYONS Darling, I'm sorry, but if, if we complete this merger I will, I promise you, have more time. That's why we're doing it, Jen, If we complete this, the firm will run itself and I'll have plenty of time to spend with you both.

MRS LYONS I just – it's not me, it's Edward. You should spend more time with him. I don't want – I don't want him growing away from you.

EDWARD Daddy, how do you spell bogey man?

MR LYONS Ask mummy. Darling, I'll see you later now. Must dash.

MR LYONS *exits.*

EDWARD Mummy, how do you spell bogey man?

MRS LYONS Mm?

EDWARD Bogey man?

MRS LYONS *(laughing)* Edward, wherever did you hear such a thing?

EDWARD I'm trying to look it up.

MRS LYONS There's no such thing as a bogey man. It's a – a superstition. The sort of thing a silly mother might say to her children – 'the bogey man will get you'.

EDWARD Will he get me?

MRS LYONS Edward, I've told you, there's no such thing.

*A doorbell is heard.*

MRS LYONS *goes to answer the door.*

MICKEY *(off)* Does Eddie live here?

MRS LYONS *(off)* Pardon?

MICKEY *(off)* Does he? Is he comin' out to play, eh?

EDWARD *(shouting)* Mickey!

MICKEY *enters pursued by MRS LYONS*

MICKEY Hi-ya, Eddie. I've got our Sammy's catapult. Y' comin' out?

**Turn over.**

(c) *A View From The Bridge*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Arthur Miller creates mood and atmosphere for an audience here. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) To what extent do you feel sympathy for Eddie Carbone? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) There are many emotions in this play: love; hatred; jealousy; anger. Write about **one** of these emotions and how it is presented in *A View From The Bridge*. [20+4]

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

CATHERINE *enters from bedroom.*

CATHERINE Its after three; we're supposed to be there already, Beatrice. The priest won't wait.

BEATRICE Eddie. It's her wedding. There'll be nobody there from her family. For my sister let me go. I'm goin' for my sister.

EDDIE *(as though hurt)* Look, I been arguin' with you all day already, Beatrice, and I said what I'm gonna say. He's gonna come here and apologize to me or nobody from this house is goin' into that church today. Now if that's more to you than I am, then go. But don't come back. You be on my side or on their side, that's all.

CATHERINE *(suddenly)* Who the hell do you think you are?

BEATRICE Sssh!

CATHERINE You got no more right to tell nobody nothin'! Nobody! The rest of your life, nobody!

BEATRICE Shut up, Katie! *(She turns CATHERINE around.)*

CATHERINE You're gonna come with me!

BEATRICE I can't Katie, I can't . . .

CATHERINE How can you listen to him? This rat!

BEATRICE *(shaking CATHERINE)* Don't you call him that!

CATHERINE *(clearing from BEATRICE)* What're you scared of? He's a rat! He belongs in the sewer!

BEATRICE Stop it!

CATHERINE *(weeping)* He bites people when they sleep! He comes when nobody's lookin' and poisons decent people. In the garbage he belongs!

EDDIE *seems about to pick up the table and fling it at her.*

BEATRICE No, Eddie! Eddie! *(To CATHERINE)* Then we all belong in the garbage. You, and me too. Don't say that. Whatever happened we all done it, and don't you ever forget it, Catherine. *(She goes to CATHERINE.)* Now go, go to your wedding, Katie, I'll stay home. Go, God bless you, God bless your children

**(d) Be My Baby**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Amanda Whittington creates mood and atmosphere for an audience here. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Whittington present the character of Matron to an audience throughout the play? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *Be My Baby* has been described as “intensely touching.” What features of the play may make it touching for an audience, in your opinion? [20+4]

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



*Enter* MATRON *and* MRS ADAMS. *Exit* QUEENIE.

MRS ADAMS Mary?

MARY Mother.

MATRON Nearly done?

MARY Not quite, Matron.

MRS ADAMS Nearly done.

MARY How was your journey?

MRS ADAMS Rather slow.

MARY Is Father . . .

MRS ADAMS Glad to hear your Aunt's on the mend.

*MRS ADAMS gets MARY's coat and holds it open for her.*

MRS ADAMS I've spoken to the bank. You start a new job on Monday.

MARY This Monday?

MRS ADAMS City centre branch, no less.

MARY I liked it where I was.

MRS ADAMS We've been rather busy since you've been away. Father took the opportunity to decorate your room.

MARY It was a girl, Mother.

*MARY puts on her coat.*

MRS ADAMS Button up, Mary.

MARY I held her.

MRS ADAMS You don't want to feel the cold.

MARY I kept her warm 'til morning.

MRS ADAMS Come along, Mary. You're a big girl, now.

*MARY puts the Dansette and records on QUEENIE's bed.*

MARY For Queenie.

MATRON I'd rather you took it.

MARY So she doesn't forget.

MRS ADAMS The taxi's waiting.

MARY I'm not ready.

MRS ADAMS Then let me help you.

MARY No, Mother. I'll follow you down.

MATRON Shall I show you out?

MARY She knows the way.

MRS ADAMS Mary?

MATRON It's all right. I'll bring her down.

*Exit* MRS ADAMS.

MATRON Well?

MARY Not really.

MATRON You will be.

MARY If you say so.

MATRON It's over, Mary. Time to go home

*MARY hands her teddy bear to* MATRON.

MARY For Lucy. My baby.

*MATRON takes the teddy bear. Exit* MARY. *MATRON holds the teddy bear as 'Be My Baby' plays to blackout.*

*The End.*

(e) *My Mother Said I Never Should*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Jackie speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her feelings?  
[10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Margaret and the way she is presented in the play? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Charlotte Keatley show changes in women's lives during the twentieth century in *My Mother Said I Never Should*? [20+4]

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

ROSIE If you were really my mum you wouldn't have been able to give me away!

JACKIE How dare you! *(She goes to hit Rosie but cannot)* You're at the centre of everything I do! *(A slight pause)* Mummy treated me as though I'd simply fallen over and cut my knee, –picked me up and said you'll be all right now, it won't show much. She wanted to make it all better. *(Quietly)* . . . She was the one who wanted it kept secret . . . I WANTED you, Rosie. *(Angrily)* For the first time in my life I took care of myself–refused joints, did exercises went to clinic. *(Pause)* “It's a girl”. *(She smiles irresistibly)*– After you'd gone I tried to lose that memory. *(Pause. With effort)* Graham . . . your father. *(Silence)* He couldn't be there the day you were born, he had to be in Liverpool. He was married. *(Emphatically)* He loved me, he loved you, you must believe that! *(Pause)* He said he'd leave his wife, but I knew he wouldn't; there were two children, the youngest was only four . . . we'd agreed, separate lives. I wanted to bring you up. He sent money. *(Pause)* I took you to Lyme Park one day, I saw them together, across the lake, he was buying ice-creams, his wife was taking a photo. I think they live in Leeds now, I saw his name in the *Guardian* last year, an article about his photographs . . . *(Pause)* It was a very cold winter after you were born. There were power cuts. I couldn't keep the room warm; there were no lights in the tower blocks; I knew he had an open fire, it was trendy; so we took a bus to Didsbury, big gardens, pine kitchens, made a change from concrete. I rang the bell. *(She stops)* A Punjabi man answered, said he was sorry . . . they'd moved. By the time we got back to Hulme it was dark, the lift wasn't working–*(She stops)* That was the night I phoned Mummy. *(With difficulty)* Asked her. *(Pause)* I tried! I couldn't do it, Rosie. *(Pause)* It doesn't matter how much you succeed afterwards, if you've failed once. *(Pause)* After you'd gone . . . I kept waking in the night to feed you . . . A week . . . in the flat . . . Then I went back to art school. Sandra and Hugh thought I was inhuman. I remember the books that come out that winter–how to succeed as a single working mother – fairy-tales! *(Pause)* Sandra and Hugh have a family now. Quite a few of my friends do. *(Pause)* I could give you everything now. Rosie? . . .

*Pause*

ROSIE I used to hate you, only I never knew why. *(She gestures)* Sit down on the swing. I'm going to Oldham, to live with Gran – Great-Gran. Dad says I can.

*Jackie hesitates*

JACKIE I'm frightened.

**QUESTION 2**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) Silas Marner**

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

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

With close reference to the extract, show how George Eliot creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie: she must have everything that was a good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, with which he could have no communion: as some man who has a precious plant to which he could give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain and sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold: the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly-earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

**Either,**

- (ii) How is the relationship between Nancy and Godfrey presented in the novel? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How is Lantern Yard important to the novel as a whole? [20+4]

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

**(b) *Pride and Prejudice***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

Look closely at how Jane Austen presents the character of Mr. Darcy here. How does it influence the reader's attitude towards him? [10]

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spend the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour, was sharpened into particular resentment, by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his friend to join it.

'Come, Darcy,' said he, 'I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance.'

'I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room, whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with.'

'I would not be so fastidious as you are,' cried Bingley, 'for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty.'

'You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room,' said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

'Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say, very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.'

'Which do you mean?' and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, 'She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.'

Mr Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him.

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Jane Austen present Mr. Bennet's relationship with his daughters in the novel? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Jane Austen present the theme of marriage in *Pride and Prejudice*? [20+4]

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

**Turn over.**

**(c) A Christmas Carol**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Charles Dickens creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowing sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the might Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder. Piercing, searching, biting cold.

**Either,**

- (ii) Show how Dickens presents the hardships of life in 19th century London in *A Christmas Carol*. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Dickens present Scrooge's changing character in *A Christmas Carol*? [20+4]

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

**(d) Lord of the Flies**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

With close reference to the extract, show how William Golding creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

The officer turned back to Ralph.

“We’ll take you off. How many of you are there?”

Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys.

“Who’s boss here?”

“I am,” said Ralph loudly.

A little boy who wore the remains of an extraordinary black cap on his red hair and who carried the remains of a pair of spectacles at his waist, started forward, then changed his mind and stood still.

“We saw your smoke. and you don’t know how many of you there are?”

“No, sir.”

“I should have thought,” said the officer as he visualized the search before him, “I should have thought that a pack of British boys—you’re all British aren’t you?—would have been able to put up a better show than that—I mean—”

“It was like that at first,” said Ralph, “before things—”

He stopped.

“We were together then—”

The officer nodded helpfully.

“I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral Island.”

Ralph looked at him dumbly. For a moment he had a fleeting picture of the strange glamour that had once invested the beaches. But the island was scorched up like dead wood—Simon was dead—and Jack had . . . The tears began to flow and sobs shook him. He gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island; great, shuddering spasms of grief that seemed to wrench his whole body. His voice rose under the black smoke before the burning wreckage of the island; and infected by that emotion, the other little boys began to shake and sob too. And in the middle of the, with filthy body, matted hair, and unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man’s heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.

The officer, surrounded by these noises, was moved and a little embarrassed. He turned away to give them time to pull themselves together; and waited, allowing his eyes to rest on the trim cruiser in the distance.

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Jack and the way he is presented in the novel? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) A review of *Lord Of The Flies* said “William Golding knows exactly what boys are like.” To what extent do you agree? Remember to support your answer with detailed reference to the text. [20+4]

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

**Turn over.**

**(e) *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Dannie Abse creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

June the first was our agreement, our day of peace. It came in that year with all sunshine and the windows open and the neighbours' radio. It was tennis-players and the yellow seasick trams grinding down Cathedral Road. It was the end of a school day where we left our carved initials, hurt and momentous, in the wooden desk, and school teacher (old Knobble-knees) rubbing off chalk from the blackboard like a nasty day from the calendar. 'Mind how you cross the road,' she said. 'Please, Miss Morgan,' asked Philip, 'can I have my yo-yo back? I won't talk again during lessons.'

Keith had asked me to his house for tea, for it was our day of peace, an interlude in our constant campaign of being mean to each other, of masterful vilification. We walked hardly together for we were enemies. Suddenly Keith said, 'There'll be bananas and cream, so you can leave as soon as you've eaten 'em.' 'I like bananas and cream,' I said. Other people's houses have a strange smell. Keith Thomas's home was no exception and I was sniffing. 'What's the matter?' Keith's mother asked. 'Is there something burning?' I went very red when the others sniffed. They just stood there, Keith and his mother, heads cocked, drawing air through their nostrils. 'I can't smell anything,' she said. I could. Perhaps it was the odour of sin or the past remains of previous tenants. I ate bread and butter and jam and Welsh cakes, and Keith sniffed and sniffed louder and louder, quite ostentatiously I can tell you. 'Blow your nose, Keith,' said his mother. I tipped the tea over the tablecloth and grew redder . . .

This was all a long time ago: I was ten years high and I lived in South Wales. There everything was different, more alive somehow.

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Abse present his mother's relationships with her sons as they grew up? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) "A funny, sad, story." To what extent do you agree with this description of *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*? [20+4]

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





**GCSE**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**Foundation Tier**

**UNIT 1**

**Specimen Assessment Materials**

2 hours

**SECTION A**

<i>Question</i>		<i>Pages</i>
1.	<i>Of Mice and Men</i>	2 - 3
2.	<i>Anita and Me</i>	4 - 5
3.	<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	6 - 7
4.	<i>I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings</i>	8 - 9
5.	<i>Chanda's Secrets</i>	10 - 11

**SECTION B**

6.	<i>Poetry</i>	12
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**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

Twelve page answer booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Answer **both** Section A **and** Section B.

Answer **one** question in Section A **and** the question in Section B.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

## SECTION A

1. *Of Mice and Men*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Curley speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

(b) In *Of Mice and Men* there are three main places on the ranch: the bunkhouse, the harness room, and the barn. Choose **one** of these places and write about it. Explain how what happens there is important in the novel. [20]

**Or,**

(c) What do you think of Candy?

Think about:

- his job on the ranch;
- his relationships with other characters;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different times in the novel.

[20]

At that moment a young man came into the bunkhouse; a thin young man with a brown face, with brown eyes and a head of tightly curled hair. He wore a work glove on his left hand, and like the boss, he wore high-heeled boots. 'Seen my old man?' he asked.

The swamper said: 'He was here jus' a minute ago, Curley. Went over to the cook-house, I think.'

'I'll try to catch him,' said Curley. His eyes passed over the new men and he stopped. He glanced coldly at George and then at Lennie. His arms gradually bent at the elbows and his hands closed into fists. He stiffened and went into a slight crouch. His glance was at once calculating and pugnacious. Lennie squirmed under the look and shifted his feet nervously. Curley stepped gingerly close to him. 'You the new guys the old man was waitin' for?'

'We just come in,' said George.

'Let the big guy talk.'

Lennie twisted with embarrassment.

George said: 'S'pose he don't want to talk?'

Curley lashed his body around. 'By Christ, he's gotta talk when he's spoke to. What the hell are you gettin' into it for?'

'We travel together,' said George coldly.

'Oh, so it's that way.'

George was tense and motionless. 'Yeah, it's that way.'

Lennie was looking helplessly to George for instruction.

'An' you won't let the big guy talk, is that it?'

'He can talk if he want to tell you anything.' He nodded slightly to Lennie.

'We jus' come in,' said Lennie softly.

Curley stared levelly at him. 'Well, nex' time you answer when you're spoke to.' He turned towards the door and walked out, and his elbows were still bent out a little.

**2. Anita and Me**

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What does this extract show you about Meena's feelings? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

(b) What do you think about Meena's father?

Think about:

- his life in India;
- his life in England;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different times in the novel. [20]

**Or,**

(c) Write about how Meena was influenced by her Punjabi background as she grew up.

Think about:

- her homelife;
- the influence of her parents;
- the influence of Nanima;
- the influence of other people;
- anything else you think important. [20]

Sam interrupted, a sly grin curling the corners of his mouth: ‘Yow don’t do nothing but talk, “Uncle”. And give everything away to some darkies we’ve never met. We don’t give a toss for anybody else. This is our patch. Not some wogs’ handout.’

I felt as if I had been punched in the stomach. My legs felt watery and a hot panic softened my insides to mush. It was as if the whole crowd had turned into one huge eyeball which swivelled slowly between me and papa. I wished I had stood next to papa; I could feel Anita shifting beside me, I knew she would not hold me or take my hand. Papa was staring into the distance, seemingly unconcerned, gripping his bottle of whisky like a weapon. Uncle Alan’s mouth was opening and closing like a goldfish, Reverend Ince whispered to him ‘Good work, Alan. One of your supporters, is he?’

And then a rasping voice came from somewhere in the throng, ‘You tell him, son.’

I jerked my head towards the sound. Who was that? Who said that? Who had thought that all this time and why had I never known about it? And then another voice, a woman’s, ‘Go on, lad! Tell him some more!’ The sound had come from somewhere around Mr Ormerod, I stared at him, straight into his eyes. He shifted from foot to foot and glanced away.

My mind was turning cartwheels; I wanted to find these people, tell them Sam Lowbridge was my mate, the boy who had taught me how to shoot a fairground rifle, who terrorised everyone else except me. I was his favourite. There must have been some mistake. When my ears had stopped ringing and I gradually returned to my body, I could hear catcalls coming from all over the grounds; ‘Yow shuttit, yow bloody skinhead idiot! Bloody disgrace, Sam Lowbridge! Yow wanna good birching, yow do! Yow don’t talk for me, son! I’d be on my deathbed before that’d happen!’

Uncle Alan was half-running towards the gate, towards Sam who was strolling back to his moped to the cheers and claps of his gang. ‘Wait! Sam!’ Uncle Alan puffed. ‘Listen! Don’t do this! Don’t turn all this energy the wrong way!’ Sam was not listening. He was already revving up, clouds of bluey-grey smoke wheezing from his exhaust. ‘Anger is good! But not used this way! Please! You’re going the wrong way!’

Sam aimed his moped straight at Uncle Alan who was now outside the gates, making him jump back and stumble, and then he sped off up the hill followed by the rest of his three-wheeler lackeys, who manoeuvred in and out of each other like a bunch of May-mad midges until they were nothing but annoying buzzy specks in the distance. Uncle Alan sat heavily down on the grass and rested his head on his arms. People were now crowding round papa, offering condolences and back pats like he’d just come last in the annual church egg and spoon race. ‘Yow don’t mind him, Mr Ku-mar, he’s always been a bad-un . . .’ Papa smiled graciously at them, shrugging his shoulders, not wanting to draw any more attention to himself or what had just happened. I knew he was trying to get to me and I began pushing forward, encountering a wall of solid backs and legs.

Anita was tugging my sleeve as she held onto me. I turned round to face her, my cheeks still felt warm and taut. ‘Wharrabout that then!’ she grinned, ‘Isn’t he bosting!’

‘What?’ I croaked.

‘Sam Lowbridge, He’s dead bloody hard, in’t he?’

‘Anita Rutter, yow am a bloody stupid cow sometimes,’ I said, and did not look back until I had reached the haven of papa’s arms.

### 3. *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Tom Robinson speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

(b) Write about the character of Calpurnia and her importance in the novel.

Think about:

- her place in the Finch household;
- her place in the local community;
- her relationships with other characters;
- the way she speaks and behaves at different points in the novel. [20]

**Or,**

(c) What impressions do you have of Maycomb, the town where Scout, Jem and Atticus live?

Think about:

- some of the people who live there;
- some of the events that happen there;
- the way Scout describes the town. [20]

Tom's black velvet skin had begun to shine, and he ran his hand over his face.

'I say where the chillun?' he continued, 'an' she says – she was laughin', sort of – she says they all gone to town to get ice-creams. She says, "Took me a slap year to save seb'm nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town."'

Tom's discomfort was not from the humidity. 'What did you say then, Tom?' asked Atticus.

'I said somethin' like, why Miss Mayella, that's right smart o' you to treat 'em. An' she said, "You think so?" I don't think she understood what I was thinkin' – I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an' nice of her to treat 'em.'

'I understand you, Tom. Go on,' said Atticus.

'Well, I said I best be goin', I couldn't do nothin' for her, an' she says oh yes I could, an' I ask her what, and she says to just step on that chair yonder an' git that box down from on top of the chiffarobe.'

'Not the same chiffarobe you busted up?' Asked Atticus.

The witness smiled. 'Naw suh, another one. Most as tall as the room. So I done what she told me, an' I was just reachin' when the next thing I knows she – she'd grabbed me round the legs, grabbed me round th' legs, Mr Finch. She scared me so bad I hopped down an' turned the chair over – that was the only thing, only furniture, 'sturbed in that room, Mr Finch, when I left it. I swear 'fore God.'

'What happened after you turned the chair over?'

Tom Robinson had come to a dead stop. He glanced at Atticus, then at the jury, then at Mr Underwood sitting across the room.

'Tom, you've sworn to tell the whole truth. Will you tell it?'

Tom ran his hand nervously over his mouth.

'What happened after that?'

'Answer the question,' said Judge Taylor. One-third of his cigar had vanished.

'Mr Finch, I got down offa that chair an' turned around an' she sorta jumped on me.'

'Jumped on you? Violently?'

'No suh, she – she hugged me. She hugged me round the waist.'

This time Judge Taylor's gavel came down with a bang, and as it did the overhead lights went on in the courtroom. Darkness had not come, but the afternoon sun had left the windows. Judge Taylor quickly restored order.

'Then what did she do?'

The witness swallowed hard. 'She reached up an' kissed me 'side of th' face. She says she never kissed a grown man before an' she might as well kiss a nigger. She says what her papa do to her don't count. She says, "Kiss me back, nigger." I say Miss Mayella lemme outa here an' tried to run but she got her back to the door an' I'da had to push her. I didn't wanta harm her, Mr Finch, an' I say lemme pass, but just when I say it Mr Ewell yonder hollered through th' window.'

'What did he say?'

Tom Robinson swallowed again, and his eyes widened. 'Some-thin' not fittin' to say – not fittin' for these folks'n chillun to hear–'

'What did he say, Tom? You *must* tell the jury what he said.'

Tom Robinson shut his eyes tight. 'He says you goddamn whore, I'll kill ya.'

**4. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings***

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What impressions do you get of the church service here? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

(b) What have you found out about the town of Stamps from your reading of *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*?

Think about:

- the people who live there;
- some key events that Maya Angelou writes about;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

**Or,**

(c) Write about some of Maya's experiences of racism that she describes in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* and explain how she coped with them. [20]



Sister Monroe's fuse was already lit, and she sizzled somewhere to the right behind me. Elder Thomas jumped into the sermon, determined, I suppose, to give the members what they came for. I saw the ushers from the left side of the church near the big windows begin to move discreetly, like pallbearers, toward Sister Monroe's bench. Bailey jogged my knee. When the incident with Sister Monroe, which we always called simply "the incident," had taken place, we had been too astounded to laugh. But for weeks after, all we needed to send us into violent out-bursts of laughter was a whispered "Preach it." Anyway, he pushed my knee, covered his mouth and whispered, "I say, preach it."

I looked toward Momma, across that square of stained boards, over the collection table, hoping that a look from her would root me safely to my sanity. But for the first time in memory Momma was staring behind me at Sister Monroe. I supposed that she was counting on bringing that emotional lady up short with a severe look or two. But Sister Monroe's voice had already reached the danger point. "Preach it!"

There were a few smothered giggles from the children's section, and Bailey nudged me again. "I say, preach it" – in a whisper. Sister Monroe echoed him loudly, "I say, preach it!"

Two deacons wedged themselves around Brother Jackson as a preventative measure and two large determined looking men walked down the aisle toward Sister Monroe.

While the sounds in the church were increasing, Elder Thomas made the regrettable mistake of increasing his volume too. Then suddenly, like a summer rain, Sister Monroe broke through the cloud of people trying to hem her in, and flooded up to the pulpit. She didn't stop this time but continued immediately to the altar, bound for Elder Thomas, crying "I say, preach it."

Bailey said out loud, "Hot dog" and "Damn" and "She's going to beat his butt."

But Reverend Thomas didn't intend to wait for that eventuality, so as Sister Monroe approached the pulpit from the right he started descending from the left. He was not intimidated by his change of venue. He continued preaching and moving. He finally stopped right in front of the collection table, which put him almost in our laps, and Sister Monroe rounded the altar on his heels, followed by the deacons, ushers, some unofficial members and a few of the bigger children.

Just as the elder opened his mouth, pink tongue waving, and said, "Great God of Mount Nebo," Sister Monroe hit him on the back of his head with her purse. Twice. Before he could bring his lips together, his teeth fell, no, actually his teeth jumped, out of his mouth.

**5. Chanda's Secrets**

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Write about words and phrases you find effective in creating these thoughts and feelings, and explain why you find them effective. [10]

**Either,**

- (b) Rumours and superstitions are important in *Chanda's Secrets*. Write about some rumours and superstitions in the novel and explain the effect they have on characters. [20]

**Or,**

- (c) Chanda only gradually comes to understand the truth about the AIDS epidemic and its effect on her family and community. Write about some of the ways in which she comes to this understanding. [20]

The cemetery is a rocky field on the outskirts of town. It only opened last year but already it's almost full. Sara's being buried in the northeast corner, about a ten-minute walk from Esther's parents.

We drive through a gate in the barbed-wire fence, past a metal sign announcing township bylaws for behaviour: no screaming, shouting, or other indecent behaviour; no defacing or stealing memorials; no grazing of livestock.

The winding dirt roads are filled with potholes. Last rainy season, hearses got stuck in them. So did the tow trucks that came to pull them out. Today, as the Chevy bounces along, I'm more afraid the bouncing may break Sara's coffin.

We pull up to the site. We're not alone. There's a row of eight fresh graves, the earth piled high at the head of each hole. Mr Bateman says we're the third one down. Funerals are already in progress on either side. In the distance I see the dust of other processions driving through the gates. Mourners hop off pickup trucks and search for their dead. A fight breaks out over who's supposed to be in holes five and six.

Meanwhile, our priest climbs to the top of Sara's mound and delivers a scripture reading about eternal life. I want to believe in God and Sara being with the ancestors. But suddenly I'm scared it's just something priests make up to take away the nightmares. (I'm sorry God, forgive me. I'm sorry God, forgive me. I'm sorry God, forgive me.)

The priest starts the Lord's prayer. 'Raetsho yoo ko ke godimong.' Everyone bows their heads except for me. As we join the priest in chanting the prayer, I stare at this field covered with bricks. Each brick marks a grave. A date's scrawled in black paint. There's not even room for a name. The dead have disappeared as if they never lived.

This is what Sara will have.

'Sara,' I whisper, 'forgive us.' I know we can never afford to buy her a headstone, but I want to save for a memorial; I want her to have a grave marked with its own little fence and canvas top, her name soldered in wire at the front. I want there to be a gate and a lock, too, so I can leave toys for her without them disappearing.

Mama says memorials are just another way to make the undertakers rich. Papa's and my brothers' lost their canvas tops years ago, and the fences bent out of shape the moment the graves collapsed in the rainy season. But I don't care.

## SECTION B

Spend about 1 hour on this section. Think carefully about the poems before you write your answer.

6. In the first of the following poems, *Woman Work*, a black woman speaks about her life in the southern states of the U.S.A. In the second, *I Had Rather Be A Woman*, a woman expresses her feelings about her life.

**Write about both poems and their effect on you. Show how they are similar and how they are different.**

You may write about each poem separately and then compare them, or make comparisons where appropriate in your answer as a whole.

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

- the content of the poems – what they are about;
- the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
- the mood or atmosphere of the poems;
- how they are written – words and phrases you find interesting, the way they are organised, and so on;
- your responses to the poems.

[20]

***Woman Work***

I've got the children to tend  
The clothes to mend  
The floor to mop  
The food to shop  
Then the chicken to fry  
The baby to dry  
I got company to feed  
The garden to weed  
I've got the shirts to press  
The tots to dress  
The cane to be cut  
I gotta clean up this hut  
Then see about the sick  
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine  
Rain on me, rain  
Fall softly, dewdrops  
And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here  
With your fiercest wind  
Let me float across the sky  
'Til I can rest again

Fall gently, snowflakes  
Cover me with white  
Cold icy kisses and  
Let me rest tonight.

Sun, rain, curving sky  
Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone

Star shine, moon glow  
You're all that I can call my own.

*Maya Angelou*

***I Had Rather Be A Woman***

I had rather be a woman  
Than an earwig  
But there's not much in it sometimes.  
We both crawl out of bed  
But there the likeness ends.  
Earwigs don't have to  
Feed their children,  
Feed the cat.  
Feed the rabbits.  
Feed the dishwasher.  
They don't need  
Clean sheets.  
Clean clothes.  
Clean carpets.  
A clean bill of health.  
They just rummage about  
In chrysanthemums<sup>1</sup>  
No one expects them  
To have their  
Teetotal<sup>2</sup>, vegetarian  
Mothers-in-law  
To stay for Christmas.  
Or to feel a secret thrill  
At the thought of extending the kitchen.  
Earwigs can snap their pincers at life  
And scurry about being quite irresponsible.  
They enjoy an undeserved reputation  
Which frightens the boldest child.  
Next time I feel hysterical  
I'll bite a hole in dahlia.<sup>3</sup>

*Daphne Schiller*

<sup>1</sup> chrysanthemums: a flower

<sup>2</sup> Teetotal: someone who never drinks alcohol

<sup>3</sup> dahlia: a flower



## GCSE

### ENGLISH LITERATURE

#### Foundation Tier

#### UNIT 2α (Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)

#### Specimen Assessment Materials

2 hours

	<i>Pages</i>
Question 1. (a) <i>Othello</i>	2 - 3
(b) <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4 - 5
(c) <i>An Inspector Calls</i>	6 - 7
(d) <i>Hobson's Choice</i>	8 - 9
(e) <i>A Taste of Honey</i>	10 - 11
Question 2. (a) <i>Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha</i>	12
(b) <i>Heroes</i>	13
(c) <i>Never Let Me Go</i>	14
(d) <i>About a Boy</i>	15
(e) <i>Resistance</i>	16

#### ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer booklet.

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

#### INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

**Turn over.**

**QUESTION 1**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) Othello**

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Iago and Cassio speak and behave here? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract.

**Either,**

- (ii) At the beginning of the play Othello loves and marries Desdemona; at the end of the play he kills her. Write about some of the important turning points in their relationship that led to this tragic end. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about Iago.

Think about:

- his relationship with Othello;
- his relationships with other characters;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the play.

[20+4]

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

- IAGO           What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
- CASSIO        Ay, past all surgery.
- IAGO           Marry, God forbid!
- CASSIO        Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
- IAGO           As I am an honest man, I had thought you had received some bodily wound. There is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood – a punishment more in policy than in malice – even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he’s yours.
- CASSIO        I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! And speak parrot! And squabble! Swagger! Swear! And discourse fustian with one’s own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!
- IAGO           What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?
- CASSIO        I know not.
- IAGO           Is’t possible?
- CASSIO        I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! – that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform ourselves into beasts!
- IAGO           Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?
- CASSIO        It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath. One unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.
- IAGO           Come, you are too severe a moraller. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen. But since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.
- CASSIO        I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredience is a devil.
- IAGO           Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used. Exclaim no more against it.

**(b) Much Ado About Nothing**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

- (i) What do you think of the way Claudio and Don Pedro speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about the relationship between Beatrice and Benedict and explain how it changes at different points in the play. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about Don John.

Think about:

- his relationship with other characters;
- the way he speaks;
- the way he behaves.

[20+4]

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



CLAUDIO My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

DON PEDRO My love is thine to teach. Teach it but how,  
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUDIO Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

DON PEDRO No child but Hero: she's his only heir.  
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUDIO O my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love.  
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.

DON PEDRO Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words.  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;  
And I will break with her and with her father  
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO How sweetly you do minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

DON PEDRO What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
The fairest grant is the necessity.  
Look what will serve is fit. 'Tis once, thou lovest,  
And I know we shall have revelling tonight:  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale.  
Then after, to her father will I break:  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
In practice let us put it presently.

**(c) *An Inspector Calls***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Gerald speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) *An Inspector Calls* is set in 1912, and was written in the mid 1940s. Why do you think it is still popular today, in the 21st century?

Think about:

- what happens;
- the way the characters speak and behave at different points in the play;
- the messages of the play;
- what makes the play exciting and dramatic for an audience.

[20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think about Mrs. Birling?

Write about:

- the way she speaks and behaves with Mr. Birling;
- the way she speaks and behaves with her children;
- the way she speaks and behaves with the Inspector.

[20+4]

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

- BIRLING *(excitedly)* You know something. What is it?
- GERALD *(slowly)* The man wasn't a police officer.
- MRS. B. Are you certain?
- GERALD I'm almost certain. That's what I came back to tell you.
- BIRLING *(excitedly)* Good lad! You asked about him, eh?
- GERALD Yes. I met a police sergeant I know down the road. I asked him about this Inspector Goole and described the chap carefully to him. He swore there wasn't any Inspector Goole or anybody like him on the force here.
- BIRLING You didn't tell him—
- GERALD *(cutting in)* No, no. I passed it off by saying I'd been having an argument with somebody. But the point is— this sergeant was dead certain they hadn't any inspector at all like the chap who came here.
- BIRLING *(excitedly)* By Jingo! A fake!
- MRS. B. *(triumphantly)* Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say I couldn't imagine a real police inspector talking like that to us?
- GERALD Well, you were right. There isn't any such inspector. We've been had.
- BIRLING *(beginning to move)* I'm going to make certain of this.
- MRS. B. What are you going to do?
- BIRLING Ring up the Chief Constable - Colonel Roberts.
- MRS. B. Careful what you say, dear.
- BIRLING *(now at telephone)* Of course. *(At telephone.)* Brumley eight seven five two. *(To others as he waits.)* I was going to do this anyhow. I've had my suspicions all along. *(At telephone.)* Colonel Roberts, please. Mr Arthur Birling here . . . Oh, Roberts – Birling here. Sorry to ring you up so late, but can you tell me if an Inspector Goole has joined your staff lately . . . Goole. G-O-O-L-E . . . a new man . . . tall, clean-shaven. *(Here he can describe the appearance of the actor playing the INSPECTOR.)* I see . . . yes . . . well, that settles it. . . . No, just a little argument we were having here. . . . Good night. *(He puts down the telephone and looks at the others.)* There's no Inspector Goole on the police. That man definitely wasn't a police inspector at all. As Gerald says – we've been had.
- MRS. B. I felt it all the time. He never talked like one. He never even looked like one.
- BIRLING This makes a difference, y'know. In fact, it makes *all* the difference.
- GERALD Of course!

**(d) Hobson's Choice**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings about the relationship between Maggie and Willie as you read this extract? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about **two** or **three** parts of the play that you think an audience would find particularly amusing, and explain why they would have that effect. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think about Maggie's sisters, Vicky and Alice? [20+4]

Think about:

- the way they speak and behave with Maggie;
- the way they speak and behave with their father, Hobson;
- the way they speak and behave with Willie Mossop;
- the way they speak and behave with other characters.

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

- MAGGIE When are you going to leave Hobson's?
- WILLIE Leave Hobson's? I – I thought I gave satisfaction.
- MAGGIE Don't you want to leave?
- WILLIE Not me. I've been at Hobson's all my life, and I'm not leaving till I'm made.
- MAGGIE I said you were a fool.
- WILLIE Then I'm a loyal fool.
- MAGGIE Don't you want to get on, Will Mossop? You heard what Mrs Hepworth said. You know the wages you get and you know the wages a bootmaker like you could get in one of the big shops in Manchester.
- WILLIE Nay, I'd be feared to go in them fine places.
- MAGGIE What keeps you here? Is it the – the people?
- WILLIE I dunno what it is. I'm used to being here.
- MAGGIE Do you know what keeps this business on its legs? Two things: one's good boots you make that sell themselves, the other's the bad boots other people make and I sell. We're a pair, Will Mossop.
- WILLIE You're a wonder in the shop, Miss Maggie.
- MAGGIE And you're a marvel in the workshop. Well?
- WILLIE Well, what?
- MAGGIE It seems to me to point one way.
- WILLIE What way is that?
- MAGGIE You're leaving me to do the work, my lad.
- WILLIE I'll be getting back to my stool, Miss Maggie. (*Moves to trap.*)
- MAGGIE (*stopping him*): You'll go back when I've done with you. I've watched you for a long time and everything I've seen, I've liked. I think you'll do for me.
- WILLIE What way, Miss Maggie?
- MAGGIE Will Mossop, you're my man. Six months I've counted on you, and it's got to come out some time.
- WILLIE But I never –
- MAGGIE I know you never, or it 'ud not be left to me to do the job like this.
- WILLIE I'll – I'll sit down. (*He sits in arm-chair, mopping his brow.*) I'm feeling queer-like. What dost want me for?
- MAGGIE To invest in. You're a business idea in the shape of a man.
- WILLIE I've got no head for business at all.
- MAGGIE But I have. My brain and your hands 'ull make a working partnership.
- WILLIE (*getting up, relieved*): Partnership! Oh, that's a different thing. I thought you were axing me to wed you.
- MAGGIE I am.
- WILLIE Well, by gum! And you the master's daughter.

**(e) *A Taste of Honey***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Peter and Helen speak and behave here? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Why do you think Shelagh Delaney called her play *A Taste of Honey*?

Think about:

- some of the events that happen in the play;
- Jo's relationships with the Boy and Geof;
- anything else you think important.

[20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Which character do you have most sympathy for and why?

Think about:

- what happens to your chosen character in the play;
- your chosen character's relationships with others;
- the way your chosen character speaks and behaves;
- why you feel the most sympathy for him/her.

[20+4]

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

- PETER: What the hell's going on? Do you expect me to wait in the filthy street all night?
- HELEN: I told you to stay outside.
- PETER: Don't point your bloody finger at me.
- HELEN: I said I'd only be a few minutes and I've only been a few minutes. Now come on, outside!
- PETER: Ah! The erring daughter. There she is. *[Sings.]* "Little Josephine, you're a big girl now." Where d'you keep the whisky?
- HELEN: They haven't got any. Now, come on.
- PETER: *[seeing GEOFF]:* What's this, the father? Oh Christ, no!
- GEOFF: Who's he?
- HELEN: President of the local Temperance Society!
- PETER: *[singing]:* "Who's got a bun in the oven? Who's got a cake in the stove?"
- HELEN: Leave her alone.
- PETER: Oh, go to hell!
- JO: I've got nothing to say . . .
- PETER: Go on, have your blasted family reunion, don't mind me! *[Notices GEOFF again.]* Who's this? Oh, of course! Where are the drinks, Lana? *[He falls into the kitchen, singing.]* "Getting to know you, getting to know all about you . . ."
- HELEN: Jo, come on ...  
*[There is a loud crash in the kitchen.]*  
And the light of the world shone upon him.  
*[PETER enters.]*
- PETER: Cheer up, everybody. I am back. Who's the lily? Look at Helen, well, if she doesn't look like a bloody unrestored oil painting. What's the matter everybody? Look at the sour-faced old bitch! Well, are you coming for a few drinks or aren't you?
- HELEN: The pubs aren't open yet.
- JO: Do you mind getting out of here?
- PETER: Shut your mouth, bubble belly! Before I shut it for you. Hey! *[To GEOFF.]* Mary, come here. Did I ever tell you about the chappie who married his mother by mistake?
- JO: I said get him out of here, Helen. His breath smells.
- HELEN: I can't carry him out, can I?
- PETER: His name was Oedipus, he was a Greek I think. Well, the old bag turned out to be his mother . . .
- HELEN: Shut up, Peter, for God's sake!
- PETER: So he scratched out both his eyes.
- HELEN: Cut the dirty stories!
- PETER: But I only scratched out one of mine. Well, are you coming or not?

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**QUESTION 2**

*Answer questions on one text.*

**(a) Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha**

*Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

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

What do you think of the way Paddy speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

I never got the chance to run away. I was too late. He left first. The way he shut the door; he didn't slam it. Something; I just knew: he wasn't coming back. He just closed it, like he was going down to the shops, except it was the front door and we only used the front door when people came. He didn't slam it. He closed it behind him – I saw him in the glass. He waited for a few seconds, then went. He didn't have a suitcase or even a jacket, but I knew.

My mouth opened and a roar started but it never came. And a pain in my chest, and I could hear my heart pumping the blood to the rest of me. I was supposed to cry; I thought I was. I sobbed once and that was all.

He'd hit her again and I saw him, and he saw me. He thumped her on the shoulder.

–D'you hear me!?

In the kitchen. I walked in for a drink of water; I saw her falling back. He looked at me. He unmade his fist. He went red. He looked like he was in trouble. He was going to say something to me, I thought he was. He didn't. He looked at her; his hands moved. I thought he was going to put her back to where she'd been before he hit her.

–What do you want, love?

It was my ma. She wasn't holding her shoulder or anything.

–A drink of water.

It was daylight out still, too early for fighting. I wanted to say Sorry, for being there. My ma filled my mug at the sink. It was Sunday.

My da spoke.

–How's the match going?

–They're winning, I said.

The Big Match was on and Liverpool were beating Arsenal. I was up for Liverpool.

–Great, he said.

I'd been coming in to tell him, as well as getting the drink of water.

I took the mug from my ma.

–Thank you very much.

And I went back in and watched Liverpool winning. I cheered when the final whistle got blown but no one come in to look.

He didn't slam the door even a bit. I saw him in the glass, waiting; then he was gone.

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about the relationship between Paddy and Sinbad.

Think about:

- their relationship at the start of the novel;
- the way their relationship develops and changes;
- the reasons for the way their relationship develops and changes;
- the way they speak and behave at different points in the novel.

[20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Paddy's world has been described as being "full of warmth and cruelty." Write about a time of warmth **and** a time of cruelty that you feel were important to Paddy as he grew up, and explain why these times were important to him. [20+4]

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



Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for your answer and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

A heat wave gripped Frenchtown, the heat almost visible in the air. People moved as if in a slow-motion movie, gathering on front lawns and piazzas in the evening after the shops closed, hoping for a breeze to cool them off. Men walked slowly as they went off to work in the shops as weary-looking in the morning as they were late in the day, after their shifts were over.

For three days, I haunted Sixth Street at all hours, standing across the street and looking up at the second floor of Nicole's house, venturing sometimes into the yard, hoping that I might catch a glimpse of her coming or going or at a window. Despite the heat, the piazza on Nicole's second floor tenement remained vacant. The windows were open to allow cooler air to enter the tenement but no one came or went.

Nicole's father left the tenement to go to the shop just before seven o'clock in the morning and returned shortly after five in the afternoon and I avoided him, kept away from the street during those times.

A small boy in the house across the street from Nicole's rode his bicycle endlessly on the sidewalk and gazed at me occasionally as I waited. Finally, squinting against the sun, he asked: 'Why are you here all the time?'

I shrugged. 'Waiting.'

'Are you the bogey man?' he asked, scratching his chin.

Yes, I wanted to say. A kind of bogey man who does terrible things like letting his girl get hurt and attacked, purposely avoiding even in my mind that terrible word: what had actually happened to her.

The boy waited a moment for my reply then pedalled back into his yard, silent as he gazed at me over his shoulder. He went into the house and did not come out again.

**Either,**

- (ii) Why do you think Robert Cormier decided to call his novel *Heroes*?

Think about:

- what happens in the novel;
- different views of heroes in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

[20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think of Larry LaSalle?

Write about:

- his relationships with young people in the town;
- the way he is regarded by others;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the novel.

[20+4]

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

**(c) Never Let Me Go**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

I found I was standing before acres of ploughed earth. There was a fence keeping me from stepping into the field, with two lines of barbed wire, and I could see how this fence and the cluster of three or four trees above me were the only things breaking the wind for miles. All along the fence, especially along the lower line of wire, all sorts of rubbish had caught and tangled. It was like the debris you get on a seashore: the wind must have carried some of it for miles and miles before finally coming up against these trees and these two lines of wire. Up in the branches of the trees, too, I could see, flapping about, torn plastic sheeting and bits of old carrier bags. That was the only time, as I stood there looking at that strange rubbish, feeling the wind coming across those empty fields, that I started to imagine just a little fantasy thing, because this was Norfolk after all, and it was only a couple of weeks since I'd lost him. I was thinking about the rubbish, the flapping plastic in the branches, the shore-line of odd stuff caught along the fencing, and I half-closed my eyes and imagined this was the spot where everything I'd ever lost since my childhood had washed up, and I was now standing here in front of it, and if I waited long enough, a tiny figure would appear on the horizon across the field, and gradually get larger until I'd see it was Tommy, and he'd wave, maybe even call. The fantasy never got beyond that – I didn't let it – and though the tears rolled down my face, I wasn't sobbing or out of control. I just waited a bit, then turned back to the car, to drive off to wherever it was I was supposed to be.

**Either,**

- (ii) For whom do you have the most sympathy: Kathy, Tommy, or Ruth? Give reasons for your choice. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What impressions do you get of Hailsham School? [20+4]

Think about:

- what happens there;
- the children who live there;
- the teachers;
- how the school is described.

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

**(d) About a Boy**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (ii), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

During the night after his first day Marcus woke up every half-hour or so. He could tell from the luminous hands of his dinosaur clock: 10.41, 11.19, 11.55, 12.35, 12.55, 1.31 . . . He couldn't believe he was going to have to go back there the next morning, and the morning after that, and the morning after that and . . . well, then it would be the weekend, but more or less every morning for the rest of his life, just about. Every time he woke up his first thought was that there must be some kind of way past, or round, or even through, this horrible feeling; whenever he had been upset about anything before, there had usually turned out to be some kind of answer – one that mostly involved telling his mum what was bothering him. But there wasn't anything she could do this time. She wasn't going to move him to another school, and even if she did it wouldn't make a whole lot of difference. He'd still be who he was, and that, it seemed to him, was the basic problem.

He just wasn't right for schools. Not secondary schools, anyway. That was it. And how could you explain that to any-one? It was OK not to be right for some things (he already knew he wasn't right for parties, because he was too shy, or for baggy trousers, because his legs were too short), but not being right for school was a big problem. Everyone went to school. There was no way round it. Some kids, he knew, got taught by their parents at home, but his mum couldn't do that because she went out to work. Unless he paid her to teach him – but she'd told him not long ago that she got three hundred and fifty pounds a week from her job. Three hundred and fifty pounds a week! Where was he going to get that kind of money from? Not from a paper round, he knew that much. The only other kind of person he could think of who didn't go to school was the Macaulay Culkin kind. They'd had something about him on Saturday-morning TV once, and they said he got taught in a caravan sort of thing by a private tutor. That would be OK, he supposed. Better than OK, because Macaulay Culkin probably got three hundred and fifty pounds a week, maybe even more, which meant that if he were Macaulay Culkin he could pay his mum to teach him. But if being Macaulay Culkin meant being good at drama, then forget it: he was crap at drama, because he hated standing up in front of people. Which was why he hated school. Which was why he wanted to be Macaulay Culkin. Which was why he was never going to be Macaulay Culkin in a thousand years, let alone in the next few days. He was going to have to go to school tomorrow.

All that night he thought like boomerangs fly: an idea would shoot way off into the distance, all the way to a caravan in Hollywood and, for a moment, when he had got as far away from school and reality as it was possible to go, he was reasonably happy; then it would begin the return journey, thump him on the head, and leave him in exactly the place he had started from. And all the time it got nearer and nearer to the morning.

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Fiona, Marcus's mother? [20+4]

Think about:

- her relationship with Marcus;
- her relationships with other characters;
- the way she speaks and behaves at different times in the novel.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *About a Boy* tells the story of Marcus and the story of Will. Which of these stories interests you the more, and why? [20+4]

Think about:

- what you learn about your chosen character from their story;
- your chosen character's relationships with others;
- why your chosen character's story interests you.

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

**(e) Resistance**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What are your thoughts and feelings about Sarah here? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

It was her birthday, however much she'd tried to forget it. She hadn't mentioned it to any of the other women and she'd tried not to even mention it to herself. There was, she felt, nothing to celebrate. Twenty-seven years old. Childless. Abandoned in a world gone sour. Just the afternoon before she'd ridden Bess up on the hill and watched a pair of crows circle and dance about each other in the air. When they'd landed they'd rubbed shoulders and Sarah had felt again, as if for the first time, the pain of her solitude. Even the carrion crows who ate the eyes of her dead ewes had companionship while she, as ever, had just the blood-pulse of the wind in her ears and the heat of Bess's neck to keep her company. Not for the first time, she'd wanted Tom dead. Not because of what he'd done, but instead of what he'd done. In death he would have given her an answer. She would have known where he was. As it was, she just had nothing. Even the women whose husbands had gone to war, they'd always had something: letters, days of leave.

She'd once seen a crowd of these women down at the station in Pandy. They were wearing their best dresses, their cheeks rouged and their lips bright red, waiting for a train to take them into Newport. There, they would wait on the platform for the fast train carrying troops from the training fields of west Wales up to London and the ports of the south coast. The train didn't stop at Newport, just gave a couple of blasts on its whistle and steamed on through. But these women always went to watch it pass, dressed as if for a dance. Just for the chance of seeing the faces of their husbands, their lovers, as the long line of carriages clattered and rushed past them trailing its heavy plume of steam. It was often a hopeless journey but the women still went, just for the chance, that glimpse. But Sarah didn't even have that. There was nowhere she could go in the hope of seeing Tom. No reports she could read with her heart in her mouth. And no letters she could wait for. Just an empty vigilance for some sign, some hidden message and her long rides up on the hills, forever facing up to their blank answer.

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Albrecht? [20+4]

Write about:

- his relationship with other Germans;
- his relationships with Sarah;
- his relationships with other characters;
- his behaviour at different parts of the novel, including the end.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Why do you think Owen Sheers decided to call his novel *Resistance*? [20+4]

Think about:

- the situation described in the novel;
- people who show different types of resistance in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

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

## **ENGLISH LITERATURE**

### **Foundation Tier**

### **UNIT 2b (Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)**

### **Specimen Assessment Materials**

For teaching from 2010

For examination from 2012

2 hours

<b>Question 1.</b>	(a) <i>The History Boys</i>	2 - 3
	(b) <i>Blood Brothers</i>	4 - 5
	(c) <i>A View From The Bridge</i>	6 - 7
	(d) <i>Be My Baby</i>	8 - 9
	(e) <i>My Mother Said I Never Should</i>	10 - 11
<b>Question 2.</b>	(a) <i>Silas Marner</i>	12
	(b) <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>	13
	(c) <i>A Christmas Carol</i>	14
	(d) <i>Lord of the Flies</i>	15
	(e) <i>Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve</i>	16

### **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

Twelve page answer booklet.

### **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

### **INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

**Turn over.**

**QUESTION 1**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) *The History Boys***

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Irwin speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about the boy in *The History Boys* for whom you have the most sympathy. Explain why you have the most sympathy for him. [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What impression of education do you get from the play *The History Boys*? [20+4]

Think about:

- the school the boys attend;
- the teachers;
- the boys' hopes and ambitions;
- anything else you think important.

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

*Classroom*

- IRWIN So we arrive eventually at the less-than-startling discovery that so far as the poets are concerned, the First World War gets the thumbs-down.  
We have the mountains of dead on both sides, right . . . ‘hecatombs’, as you all seem to have read somewhere . . .  
Anybody know what it means?
- POSNER ‘Great public sacrifice of many victims, originally of oxen.’
- DAKIN Which, sir, since Wilfred Owen says men were dying like cattle, is the appropriate word.
- IRWIN True, but no need to look so smug about it. What else? Come on, tick them all off.
- CROWTHER Trench warfare.
- LOCKWOOD Barrenness of the strategy.
- TIMMS On both sides.
- AKTHAR Stupidity of the generals.
- TIMMS Donkeys, sir.
- DAKIN Haig particularly.
- POSNER Humiliation of Germany at Versailles. Re-drawing of national borders.
- CROWTHER Ruhr and the Rhineland.
- AKTHAR Mass unemployment. Inflation.
- TIMMS Collapse of the Weimar Republic. Internal disorder. And . . . The Rise of Hitler!
- IRWIN So. Our overall conclusion is that the origins of the Second War lie in the unsatisfactory outcome of the First.
- TIMMS *(doubtfully)* Yes. *(with more certainty)* Yes.  
*Others nod.*
- IRWIN First class. Bristol welcomes you with open arms. Manchester longs to have you. You can walk into Leeds. But I am a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and I have just read seventy papers all saying the same thing and I am asleep . . .
- SCRIPPS But it’s all true.
- IRWIN What has that got to do with it? What has that got to do with anything?  
Let’s go back to 1914 and I’ll put you a different case.  
Try this for size.  
Germany does not want war and if there is an arms race it is Britain who is leading it. Though there’s no reason why we should want war. Nothing in it for us. Better stand back and let Germany and Russia fight it out while we take the imperial pickings.  
These are facts.  
Why do we not care to acknowledge them? The cattle, the body count. We still don’t like to admit the war was even partly our fault because so many of our people died. A photograph on every mantelpiece. And all this mourning has veiled the truth. It’s not so much lest we forget, as lest we remember. Because you should realise that so far as the Cenotaph and the Last Post and all that stuff is concerned, there’s no better way of forgetting something than by commemorating it.  
And Dakin.
- DAKIN Sir?
- IRWIN You were the one who was morally superior about Haig.
- DAKIN Passchendaele. The Somme. He was a butcher, sir.
- IRWIN Yes, but at least he delivered the goods. No, no the real enemy to Haig’s subsequent reputation was the Unknown Soldier. If Haig had had any sense he’d have had him disinterred and shot all over again for giving comfort to the enemy.
- LOCKWOOD So what about the poets, then?
- IRWIN What about them? If you read what they actually say as distinct from what they write, most of them seem to have enjoyed the war.  
Siegfried Sassoon was a good officer. Saint Wilfred Owen couldn’t wait to get back to his company. Both of them surprisingly blood thirsty.  
Poetry is good up to a point. Adds flavour.

**(b) Blood Brothers**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think about the way Linda speaks and behaves at different parts of the play: when Linda is a child, a teenager, and an adult, at the end? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about the different ways Mickey and Edward are brought up, and the effects these differences have on them both. [20+4]

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



EDWARD *reaches his home and walks in. His mother hugs him and his father produces a toy gun for him. EDWARD, delighted, seizes it and 'shoots' his father, who spiritedly 'dies' to EDWARD's great amusement. EDWARD and his father romp on the floor. MRS LYONS settles herself in an armchair with a story book, calling EDWARD over to her. EDWARD goes and sits with her, MR LYONS joining them and sitting on the arm of the chair.*

MRS JOHNSTONE *turns and goes into her house at the end of the song.*

MR LYONS *gets up and walks towards the door.*

EDWARD Daddy . . . we haven't finished the story yet.

MR LYONS Mummy will read the story, Edward. I've got to go to work for an hour.

MRS LYONS *gets up and goes to her husband, EDWARD goes to the bookshelf and leafs through a dictionary.*

MRS LYONS Richard you didn't say . . .

MR LYONS Darling, I'm sorry, but if, if we complete this merger I will, I promise you, have more time. That's why we're doing it, Jen, If we complete this, the firm will run itself and I'll have plenty of time to spend with you both.

MRS LYONS I just – it's not me, it's Edward. You should spend more time with him. I don't want – I don't want him growing away from you.

EDWARD Daddy, how do you spell bogey man?

MR LYONS Ask mummy. Darling, I'll see you later now. Must dash.

MR LYONS *exits.*

EDWARD Mummy, how do you spell bogey man?

MRS LYONS Mm?

EDWARD Bogey man?

MRS LYONS *(laughing)* Edward, wherever did you hear such a thing?

EDWARD I'm trying to look it up.

MRS LYONS There's no such thing as a bogey man. It's a – a superstition. The sort of thing a silly mother might say to her children – 'the bogey man will get you'.

EDWARD Will he get me?

MRS LYONS Edward, I've told you, there's no such thing.

*A doorbell is heard.*

MRS LYONS *goes to answer the door.*

MICKEY *(off)* Does Eddie live here?

MRS LYONS *(off)* Pardon?

MICKEY *(off)* Does he? Is he comin' out to play, eh?

EDWARD *(shouting)* Mickey!

MICKEY *enters pursued by MRS LYONS*

MICKEY Hi-ya, Eddie. I've got our Sammy's catapult. Y' comin' out?

**Turn over.**

**(c) A View From The Bridge**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Catherine speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract.[10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Some people think that Eddie Carbone had only himself to blame for what happens at the end of the play. Some people think that what happens is out of his control. What do **you** think? [20+4]

Think about:

- his relationship with Beatrice;
- his relationship with Catherine;
- his relationships with Marco and Rodolpho;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the play.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) There are many emotions in this play: love; hatred; jealousy; anger. Choose **one** or **two** of these emotions and write about two or three parts in the play where your chosen emotion or emotions are shown. [20+4]

Think about:

- the characters involved;
- how the characters show your chosen emotion or emotions.

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

CATHERINE *enters from bedroom.*

CATHERINE Its after three; we're supposed to be there already, Beatrice. The priest won't wait.

BEATRICE Eddie. It's her wedding. There'll be nobody there from her family. For my sister let me go. I'm goin' for my sister.

EDDIE *(as though hurt)* Look, I been arguin' with you all day already, Beatrice, and I said what I'm gonna say. He's gonna come here and apologize to me or nobody from this house is goin' into that church today. Now if that's more to you than I am, then go. But don't come back. You be on my side or on their side, that's all.

CATHERINE *(suddenly)* Who the hell do you think you are?

BEATRICE Sssh!

CATHERINE You got no more right to tell nobody nothin'! Nobody! The rest of your life, nobody!

BEATRICE Shut up, Katie! *(She turns CATHERINE around.)*

CATHERINE You're gonna come with me!

BEATRICE I can't Katie, I can't . . .

CATHERINE How can you listen to him? This rat!

BEATRICE *(shaking CATHERINE)* Don't you call him that!

CATHERINE *(clearing from BEATRICE)* What're you scared of? He's a rat! He belongs in the sewer!

BEATRICE Stop it!

CATHERINE *(weeping)* He bites people when they sleep! He comes when nobody's lookin' and poisons decent people. In the garbage he belongs!

EDDIE *seems about to pick up the table and fling it at her.*

BEATRICE No, Eddie! Eddie! *(To CATHERINE)* Then we all belong in the garbage. You, and me too. Don't say that. Whatever happened we all done it, and don't you ever forget it, Catherine. *(She goes to CATHERINE.)* Now go, go to your wedding, Katie, I'll stay home. Go, God bless you, God bless your children

**(d) Be My Baby**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How do you think an audience would respond to the way the characters speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What are your thoughts and feelings about Matron and the way she speaks and behaves at different points in the play? [20+4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *Be My Baby* is both funny and sad. Write about **one** part that you think an audience would find funny, and **one** part that you think an audience would find sad. Explain why you think your chosen parts would have these effects on an audience. [20+4]

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

*Enter MATRON and MRS ADAMS. Exit QUEENIE.*

MRS ADAMS Mary?  
 MARY Mother.  
 MATRON Nearly done?  
 MARY Not quite, Matron.  
 MRS ADAMS Nearly done.  
 MARY How was your journey?  
 MRS ADAMS Rather slow.  
 MARY Is Father . . .  
 MRS ADAMS Glad to hear your Aunt's on the mend.  
*MRS ADAMS gets MARY's coat and holds it open for her.*  
 MRS ADAMS I've spoken to the bank. You start a new job on Monday.  
 MARY This Monday?  
 MRS ADAMS City centre branch, no less.  
 MARY I liked it where I was.  
 MRS ADAMS We've been rather busy since you've been away. Father took the opportunity to decorate your room.  
 MARY It was a girl, Mother.  
*MARY puts on her coat.*  
 MRS ADAMS Button up, Mary.  
 MARY I held her.  
 MRS ADAMS You don't want to feel the cold.  
 MARY I kept her warm 'til morning.  
 MRS ADAMS Come along, Mary. You're a big girl, now.  
*MARY puts the Dansette and records on QUEENIE's bed.*  
 MARY For Queenie.  
 MATRON I'd rather you took it.  
 MARY So she doesn't forget.  
 MRS ADAMS The taxi's waiting.  
 MARY I'm not ready.  
 MRS ADAMS Then let me help you.  
 MARY No, Mother. I'll follow you down.  
 MATRON Shall I show you out?  
 MARY She knows the way.  
 MRS ADAMS Mary?  
 MATRON It's all right. I'll bring her down.  
*Exit MRS ADAMS.*  
 MATRON Well?  
 MARY Not really.  
 MATRON You will be.  
 MARY If you say so.  
 MATRON It's over, Mary. Time to go home  
*MARY hands her teddy bear to MATRON.*  
 MARY For Lucy. My baby.  
*MATRON takes the teddy bear. Exit MARY. MATRON holds the teddy bear as 'Be My Baby' plays to blackout.*  
*The End.*

**(e) My Mother Said I Never Should**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Jackie speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support what you say with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Margaret? [20+4]

Think about:

- her relationship with Doris;
- her relationship with Jackie;
- her relationship with Rosie;
- the way she speaks and behaves at different points in the play.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about some of the changes in women's lives during the 20th century that are shown in *My Mother Said I Never Should* and explain the effect they have on some of the characters. [20+4]

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

ROSIE If you were really my mum you wouldn't have been able to give me away!

JACKIE How dare you! *(She goes to hit Rosie but cannot)* You're at the centre of everything I do! *(A slight pause)* Mummy treated me as though I'd simply fallen over and cut my knee, –picked me up and said you'll be all right now, it won't show much. She wanted to make it all better. *(Quietly)* . . . She was the one who wanted it kept secret . . . I WANTED you, Rosie. *(Angrily)* For the first time in my life I took care of myself–refused joints, did exercises went to clinic. *(Pause)* “It's a girl”. *(She smiles irresistibly)*– After you'd gone I tried to lose that memory. *(Pause. With effort)* Graham . . . your father. *(Silence)* He couldn't be there the day you were born, he had to be in Liverpool. He was married. *(Emphatically)* He loved me, he loved you, you must believe that! *(Pause)* He said he'd leave his wife, but I knew he wouldn't; there were two children, the youngest was only four . . . we'd agreed, separate lives. I wanted to bring you up. He sent money. *(Pause)* I took you to Lyme Park one day, I saw them together, across the lake, he was buying ice-creams, his wife was taking a photo. I think they live in Leeds now, I saw his name in the *Guardian* last year, an article about his photographs . . . *(Pause)* It was a very cold winter after you were born. There were power cuts. I couldn't keep the room warm; there were no lights in the tower blocks; I knew he had an open fire, it was trendy; so we took a bus to Didsbury, big gardens, pine kitchens, made a change from concrete. I rang the bell. *(She stops)* A Punjabi man answered, said he was sorry . . . they'd moved. By the time we got back to Hulme it was dark, the lift wasn't working–*(She stops)* That was the night I phoned Mummy. *(With difficulty)* Asked her. *(Pause)* I tried! I couldn't do it, Rosie. *(Pause)* It doesn't matter how much you succeed afterwards, if you've failed once. *(Pause)* After you'd gone . . . I kept waking in the night to feed you . . . A week . . . in the flat . . . Then I went back to art school. Sandra and Hugh thought I was inhuman. I remember the books that come out that winter–how to succeed as a single working mother – fairy-tales! *(Pause)* Sandra and Hugh have a family now. Quite a few of my friends do. *(Pause)* I could give you everything now. Rosie? . . .

*Pause*

ROSIE I used to hate you, only I never knew why. *(She gestures)* Sit down on the swing. I'm going to Oldham, to live with Gran – Great-Gran. Dad says I can.

*Jackie hesitates*

JACKIE I'm frightened.

**QUESTION 2**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) Silas Marner**

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie: she must have everything that was a good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, with which he could have no communion: as some man who has a precious plant to which he could give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain and sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold: the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly-earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about Nancy Lammeter and the way she speaks and behaves. [20+4]

You may wish to think about:

- her engagement to Godfrey Cass;
- her feelings about adopting a child;
- the discovery of Godfrey's secret;
- the end of the story.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about Lantern Yard and its importance to Silas Marner's story. [20+4]

Think about:

- what happened there;
- Silas Marner's relationships with people there;
- Silas and Eppie's return to Lantern Yard at the end of the novel;
- the way Lantern Yard is described.

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



**(b) *Pride and Prejudice***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What do you think of the way Mr. Darcy speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract.[10]

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spend the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour, was sharpened into particular resentment, by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his friend to join it.

‘Come, Darcy,’ said he, ‘I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance.’

‘I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room, whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with.’

‘I would not be so fastidious as you are,’ cried Bingley, ‘for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty.’

‘You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room,’ said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

‘Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say, very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.’

‘Which do you mean?’ and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, ‘She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.’

Mr Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him.

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about Mr. Bennet and the way he speaks and behaves. [20+4]

You may wish to think about:

- his relationships with his daughters;
- his relationship with his wife;
- his opinions of his daughters’ marriages;
- anything else you think important.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) There are some successful and some unsuccessful marriages in *Pride and Prejudice*. Choose **either** a successful **or** an unsuccessful marriage in the novel you find interesting. Write about it, explaining why you find it interesting. [20+4]

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

**(c) A Christmas Carol**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have when you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract.[10]

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowing sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the might Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder. Piercing, searching, biting cold.

**Either,**

- (ii) What impressions do you get of life in 19th century London from your reading of *A Christmas Carol*? [20+4]

Think about:

- the lives of the characters;
- the way different characters speak and behave;
- the way London is described in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Explain how and why Scrooge changes at different points in *A Christmas Carol*. [20+4]

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

**(d) Lord of the Flies**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

The officer turned back to Ralph.

“We’ll take you off. How many of you are there?”

Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys.

“Who’s boss here?”

“I am,” said Ralph loudly.

A little boy who wore the remains of an extraordinary black cap on his red hair and who carried the remains of a pair of spectacles at his waist, started forward, then changed his mind and stood still.

“We saw your smoke. and you don’t know how many of you there are?”

“No, sir.”

“I should have thought,” said the officer as he visualized the search before him, “I should have thought that a pack of British boys—you’re all British aren’t you?—would have been able to put up a better show than that—I mean—”

“It was like that at first,” said Ralph, “before things—”

He stopped.

“We were together then—”

The officer nodded helpfully.

“I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral Island.”

Ralph looked at him dumbly. For a moment he had a fleeting picture of the strange glamour that had once invested the beaches. But the island was scorched up like dead wood—Simon was dead—and Jack had . . . The tears began to flow and sobs shook him. He gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island; great, shuddering spasms of grief that seemed to wrench his whole body. His voice rose under the black smoke before the burning wreckage of the island; and infected by that emotion, the other little boys began to shake and sob too. And in the middle of the, with filthy body, matted hair, and unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man’s heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.

The officer, surrounded by these noises, was moved and a little embarrassed. He turned away to give them time to pull themselves together; and waited, allowing his eyes to rest on the trim cruiser in the distance.

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think about Jack? [20+4]

Think about:

- the way he treats the other boys;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the novel;
- the way he is described.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) A review of *Lord of the Flies* said “William Golding knows exactly what boys are like.” Write about some incidents from the novel that you think either support or do not support this statement. Give reasons for what you say. [20+4]

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

**(e) *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

What impressions of Dannie's life do you get when you read this extract? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

June the first was our agreement, our day of peace. It came in that year with all sunshine and the windows open and the neighbours' radio. It was tennis-players and the yellow seasick trams grinding down Cathedral Road. It was the end of a school day where we left our carved initials, hurt and momentous, in the wooden desk, and school teacher (old Knobble-knees) rubbing off chalk from the blackboard like a nasty day from the calendar. 'Mind how you cross the road,' she said. 'Please, Miss Morgan,' asked Philip, 'can I have my yo-yo back? I won't talk again during lessons.'

Keith had asked me to his house for tea, for it was our day of peace, an interlude in our constant campaign of being mean to each other, of masterful vilification. We walked hardly together for we were enemies. Suddenly Keith said, 'There'll be bananas and cream, so you can leave as soon as you've eaten 'em.' 'I like bananas and cream,' I said. Other people's houses have a strange smell. Keith Thomas's home was no exception and I was sniffing. 'What's the matter?' Keith's mother asked. 'Is there something burning?' I went very red when the others sniffed. They just stood there, Keith and his mother, heads cocked, drawing air through their nostrils. 'I can't smell anything,' she said. I could. Perhaps it was the odour of sin or the past remains of previous tenants. I ate bread and butter and jam and Welsh cakes, and Keith sniffed and sniffed louder and louder, quite ostentatiously I can tell you. 'Blow your nose, Keith,' said his mother. I tipped the tea over the tablecloth and grew redder . . .

This was all a long time ago: I was ten years high and I lived in South Wales. There everything was different, more alive somehow.

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about Dannie's mother, and her relationships with her sons as they grew up. [20+4]

Think about:

- how she speaks;
- how she behaves.

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* has been described as "a funny, sad, story." Choose **one** part of the story you find sad, and **one** you find funny. Write about them, explaining why they had that effect on you. [20+4]

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