GCSE

C720U20-1

S18-C720U20-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE
COMPONENT 2
Post-1914 Prose/Drama, 19th Century Prose and Unseen Poetry

FRIDAY, 25 MAY 2018 – MORNING

2 hours 30 minutes

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS
A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet. **The use of a dictionary is not permitted in this examination.**

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES
Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.
Answer **one** question in Section A, **one** question in Section B and **both** questions in Section C.
Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.
Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.
Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer, e.g. **2** **1** .
Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES
Each section carries 40 marks.
You are advised to spend your time as follows:
Section A - about 45 minutes, Section B - about 45 minutes, Section C - about one hour
The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.
5 marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures in Section A.

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SECTION A (Post 1914 Prose/Drama)

Answer on **one** *text only.*

0 1 ***Lord of the Flies***

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

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

In *Lord of the Flies* rules are broken and law and order breaks down. Write about how Golding presents this at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Ralph pushed between them and got a thump on the chest. He wrested the conch from someone and sat down breathlessly.

'There's too much talk about ghosts. We ought to have left all this for daylight.'

A hushed and anonymous voice broke in.

'Perhaps that's what the beast is—a ghost.'

The assembly was shaken as by a wind.

'There's too much talking out of turn,' Ralph said, 'because we can't have proper assemblies if you don't stick to the rules.'

He stopped again. The careful plan of this assembly had broken down.

'What d'you want me to say then? I was wrong to call this assembly so late. We'll have to vote on them; on ghosts I mean; and then go to the shelters because we're all tired. No—Jack is it?—wait a minute. I'll say here and now that I don't believe in ghosts. Or I don't think I do. But I don't like the thought of them. Not now that is, in the dark. But we were going to decide what's what.'

He raised the conch for a moment.

'Very well then. I suppose what's what is whether there are ghosts or not—'

He thought for a moment, formulating the question.

'Who thinks there may be ghosts?'

For a long time there was silence and no apparent movement. Then Ralph peered into the gloom and made out the hands. He spoke flatly.

'I see.'

The world, that understandable and lawful world, was slipping away. Once there was this and that; and now—and the ship had gone.

The conch was snatched from his hands and Piggy's voice shrilled.

'I didn't vote for no ghosts!'

He whirled round on the assembly.

'Remember that all of you!'

They heard him stamp.

'What are we? Humans? Or animals? Or savages? What's grown-ups going to think? Going off—hunting pigs—letting fires out—and now!'

A shadow fronted him tempestuously.

'You shut up, you fat slug!'

There was a moment's struggle and the glimmering conch jigged up and down. Ralph leapt to his feet.

'Jack! Jack! You haven't got the conch! Let him speak.'

Jack's face swam near him.

'And you shut up! Who are you, anyway? Sitting there—telling people what to do. You can't hunt, you can't sing—'

'I'm chief. I was chosen.'

'Why should choosing make any difference? Just giving orders that don't make any sense—'

'Piggy's got the conch.'

'That's right—favour Piggy as you always do—'

'Jack!'

Jack's voice sounded in bitter mimicry.

'Jack! Jack!' .

'The rules!' shouted Ralph, 'you're breaking the rules!'

'Who cares?'

Ralph summoned his wits.

'Because the rules are the only thing we've got!'

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0 2 ***Anita and Me***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Meena's Papa and how he is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Papa was jingling his loose change in his jacket pocket and I knew he wanted to make his way over to the skittle stall. Papa loved gambling; I had watched him playing rummy with my Uncles, everyone sitting cross-legged in a huge circle on our carpet, their coins and tumblers of whisky at their knees, throwing down cards with whoops of triumph or dismay. Or I had followed him into penny arcades during shopping trips, when he would slip away whilst mama was taking too long over a purchase, and would watch him feed the one-arm bandits carefully, holding his breath as the tumbling oranges and lemons spun to a halt as if expecting a jackpot win every time. Whilst papa thought of himself as a rakish risk taker, I could see how hard it was for him to gamble without guilt by the way he reluctantly handed over notes for change at the penny arcade booths, or how hesitantly he would place his bets on the carpet whilst my more flamboyant Uncles would be flinging shillings and sometimes notes onto the floor with optimistic battle cries.

Actually, papa won quite often. Uncle Amman was always saying that 'Lakshmi mata must be sitting on your right hand, Shyam saab,' as papa raked yet another heap of winnings into his lap. But for papa, every win was tainted by the memory of all those other times he had gambled and lost; this little war of sacrifice and gain plagued him every time, and I wondered why a man who had risked so much by setting foot in a foreign country with five pounds in his pocket and no friends to call on, could not simply throw caution to the wind and just let go. Later on, when mama had begun to treat me like a grown-up and had released nuggets of information about her and papa's experiences in India that would have given me nightmares as a child, this battle between desire and duty made perfect sense.

Of course, papa courted chance like an old friend; as a seventeen-year-old in a refugee camp who owned only what he wore, he could afford to decide anything on the flip of a coin because, at that point in his life, there was nothing left to lose and any gain, even the smallest *anna*, would be a victory. However, papa was not a recreational gambler, a rich man playing with his wealth for whom poverty was an unimaginable and distant maybe; he had lived, breathed and smelled it, and the prospect of returning there due to a miscalculated bet must have haunted him. It sat on his shoulder whilst he fed change into a Lucky Waterfall machine, shook its head and tutted every time he picked up his hand of cards and scanned the diamonds and hearts. And whilst his peculiar brand of fiery caution often irritated me, it was only because I had not yet realised how he, and everyone else of his generation, had taken enough risks already to last a lifetime.

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0 3 ***Never Let Me Go***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Kathy and Tommy and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

'Tommy, let's talk now. There's something I want to talk to you about.'

As soon as I said this, he let the ball roll away and came to sit down beside me. It was typical of Tommy that once he knew I was willing to talk, there was suddenly no trace left of any sulkiness; just a kind of grateful eagerness that reminded me of the way we were back in the Juniors when a guardian who'd been telling us off went back to being normal. He was panting a bit, and though I knew this was from the football, it added to his overall impression of eagerness. In other words, before we'd said anything, he'd already got my back up. Then when I said to him: 'Tommy, I can tell. You haven't been too happy lately,' he said: 'What do you mean? I'm perfectly happy. I really am.' And he did a big beam, followed by this hearty laugh. That was what did it. Years later, when I saw a shadow of it every now and then, I'd just smile. But back then, it really used to get to me. If Tommy happened to say to you: 'I'm really upset about it,' he'd have to put on a long, downcast face, then and there, to back up his words. I don't mean he did this ironically. He actually thought he'd be more convincing. So now, to prove he was happy, here he was, trying to sparkle with bonhomie. As I say, there would come a time when I'd think this was sweet; but that summer all I could see was that it advertised what a child he still was, and how easily you could take advantage of him. I didn't know much then about the world that awaited us beyond Hailsham, but I'd guessed we'd need all our wits about us, and when Tommy did anything like this, I felt something close to panic. Until that afternoon I'd always let it go–it always seemed too difficult to explain–but this time I burst out, saying:

'Tommy, you look so *stupid*, laughing like that! If you want to pretend you're happy, you don't do it that way! Just take it from me, you don't do it that way! You definitely don't! Look, you've got to grow up. And you've got to get yourself back on track. Everything's been falling apart for you just lately, and we both know why.'

Tommy was looking puzzled. When he was sure I'd finished, he said: 'You're right. Things have been falling apart for me. But I don't see what you mean, Kath. What do you mean, we both know? I don't see how you could know. I haven't told anyone.'

'Obviously I don't have all the details. But we all know about you splitting with Ruth.'

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Turn over.

0 4 ***The Woman in Black***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Arthur Kipps and how he is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

It was the woman who moved. She slipped behind the gravestone and, keeping close to the shadow of the wall, went through one of the broken gaps and out of sight.

The very second that she had gone, my nerve and the power of speech and movement, my very sense of life itself, came flooding back through me, my head cleared and, all at once, I was angry, yes, *angry*, with her for the emotion she had aroused in me, for causing me to experience such fear, and the anger led at once to determination, to follow her and stop her, and then to ask some questions and receive proper replies, to get to the bottom of it all.

I ran quickly and lightly over the short stretch of rough grass between the graves towards the gap in the wall, and came out almost on the edge of the estuary. At my feet, the grass gave way within a yard or two to sand, then shallow water. All around me the marshes and the flat salt dunes stretched away until they merged with the rising tide. I could see for miles. There was no sign at all of the woman in black, nor any place in which she could have concealed herself.

Who she was–or *what*–and how she had vanished, such questions I did not ask myself. I tried not to think about the matter at all but, with the very last of the energy that I could already feel draining out of me rapidly, I turned and began to run, to flee from the graveyard and the ruins and to put the woman at as great a distance behind as I possibly could. I concentrated everything upon my running, hearing only the thud of my own body on the grass, the escape of my own breath. And I did not look back.

By the time I reached the house again I was in a lather of sweat, from exertion and from the extremes of my emotions, and as I fumbled with the key my hand shook, so that I dropped it twice upon the step before managing at last to open the front door. Once inside, I slammed it shut behind me. The noise of it boomed through the house but, when the last reverberation had faded away, the place seemed to settle back into itself again and there was a great, seething silence. For a long time, I did not move from the dark, wood-panelled hall. I wanted company, and I had none, lights and warmth and a strong drink inside me, I needed reassurance. But, more than anything else, I needed an *explanation*. It is remarkable how powerful a force simple curiosity can be. I had never realized that before now. In spite of my intense fear and sense of shock, I was consumed with the desire to find out exactly who it was that I had seen, and how, I could not rest until I had settled the business, for all that, while out there, I had not dared to stay and make any investigations.

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0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Jeanette and Elsie and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Elsie Norris, 'Testifying Elsie' as she was called, was a great encouragement to our church. Whenever the pastor asked for a testimony on God's goodness, Elsie leapt to her feet and cried, 'Listen to what the Lord has done for me this week.'

She needed eggs, the Lord had sent them.

She had a bout of colic, the Lord took it away.

She always prayed for two hours a day;

once in the morning at seven a.m.

and once in the evening at seven p.m.

Her hobby was numerology, and she never read the Word without first casting the dice to guide her.

'One dice for the chapter, and one dice for the verse' was her motto.

Someone once asked her what she did for books of the Bible that had more than six chapters.

'I have my ways,' she said stiffly, 'and the Lord has his.'

I liked her a lot because she had interesting things in her house. She had an organ that you had to pedal if you wanted it to make a noise. Whenever I went there she played *Lead Kindly Light*. Her doing the keys, and me doing the pedals because she had asthma. She collected foreign coins and kept them in a glass case that smelled of linseed oil. She said it reminded her of her late husband who had used to play cricket for Lancashire.

'Hard Hand Stan they called him,' she said every time I went to see her. She could never remember what she told people. She could never remember how long she kept her fruit cake. There was a time when I got offered the same piece of cake for five weeks. I was lucky, she never remembered what you said to her either, so every week I made the same excuse.

'Colic,' I said.

'I'll pray for you,' she said.

Best of all, she had a collage of Noah's Ark. It showed the two parent Noah's leaning out looking at the flood, while the other Noah's tried to catch one of the rabbits. But for me, the delight was a detachable chimpanzee, made out of a Brillo pad; at the end of my visit she let me play with it for five minutes. I had all kinds of variations, but usually I drowned it.

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0 6 ***The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Judy, Christopher's mother, and how she is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Judy Dear Christopher. I said that I wanted to explain to you why I went away when I had the time to do it properly. Now I have lots of time. So I'm sitting on the sofa here with this letter and the radio on and I'm going to try and explain.

I was not a very good mother Christopher. Maybe if things had been different, maybe if you'd been different, I might have been better at it. But that's just the way things turned out.

I'm not like your father. Your father is a much more patient person. He just gets on with things and if things upset him he doesn't let it show.

But that's not the way I am and there's nothing I can do to change it.

Do you remember once when we were shopping in town together? And we went into Bentalls and it was really crowded and we had to get a Christmas present for Grandma? And you were frightened because of all the people in the shop. It was the middle of Christmas shopping when everyone was in town. And I was talking to Mr Land who works on the kitchen floor and went to school with me. And you crouched down on the floor and put your hands over your ears and you were in the way of everyone so I got cross because I don't like shopping at Christmas either, and I told you to behave and I tried to pick you up and move you. But you shouted and you knocked those mixers off the shelf and there was a big crash. And everyone turned round to see what was going on and Mr Land was really nice about it but there were boxes and bits of string and bits of broken bowl on the floor and everyone was staring and I saw that you had wet yourself and I was so cross and I wanted to take you out of the shop but you wouldn't let me touch you and you just lay on the floor and screamed and banged your hands and feet on the floor and the manager came and asked me what the problem was and I was at the end of my tether and I had to pay for two broken mixers and we just had to wait until you stopped screaming. And then I had to walk you all the way home, which took hours because I knew you wouldn't go on the bus again.

And I remember that night I just cried and cried and cried and your father was really nice about it at first and he made you supper and put you to bed and he said these things happen and it would be OK. But I said I couldn't take it anymore and eventually he got really cross and he told me I was being stupid and said I should pull myself together and I hit him, which was wrong, but I was so upset.

We had a lot of arguments like that.

Because I often thought I couldn't take it any more. And your father is really patient, but I'm not. I get cross, even though I don't mean to. And by the end we stopped talking to each other very much because we knew it would always end up in an argument. And I felt really lonely.

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0 7 ***A Taste of Honey***

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

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Jo and how she is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

GEOF *[from his pack he takes a life-sized doll]*: There—isn't it nice? I thought you could practise a few holds on it over the weekend. You've got to be able to establish your superiority over the little devils. I don't know where that goes. There, look, isn't it good?

JO *[seeing the doll]*: The colour's wrong.

GEOF: Jo.

JO: The colour's wrong. *[Suddenly and violently flinging the doll to the ground.]* I'll bash its brains out. I'll kill it. I don't want his baby, Geof. I don't want to be a mother. I don't want to be a woman.

GEOF: Don't say that, Jo.

JO: I'll kill it when it comes, Geof, I'll kill it.

GEOF: Do you want me to go out and find that chap and bring him back? Is that what you want?

JO: I don't want that. I don't want any man.

GEOF: Well, if you're going to feel like that about it you might as well have it adopted. I thought you'd feel differently as time went on.

JO: I won't.

GEOF: Perhaps you will when you see the baby.

JO: No, I won't.

GEOF: Do you still love him?

JO: I don't know. He was only a dream I had. You know, he could sing and he was so tender. Every Christmas Helen used to go off with some boy friend or other and leave me all on my own in some sordid digs, but last Christmas I had him.

GEOF: Your black prince.

JO: What was his name?

GEOF: Prince Ossini.

JO: No, it was Jimmie!

GEOF: Oh well, the dream's gone, but the baby's real enough.

JO: My mother always used to say you remember the first time all your life, but until this moment I'd forgotten it.

GEOF: Do you remember when I asked you to marry me?

JO: Yes.

GEOF: Do you?

JO: No. What did I say?

GEOF: You just went and lay on the bed.

JO: And you didn't go and follow me, did you?

GEOF: No.

JO: You see, it's not marrying love between us, thank God.

GEOF: You mean you just like having me around till your next prince comes along?

JO: No.

GEOF: Oh well, you need somebody to love you while you're looking for someone to love.

JO: Oh Geof, you'd make a funny father. You are a funny little man. I mean that. You're unique.

GEOF: Am I?

JO: I always want to have you with me because I know you'll never ask anything from me. Where are you going?

*[*GEOFFREY *goes to the kitchen.]*

GEOF: To see the cake.

*[*JO *follows him.]*

JO: I'll set the cups and we'll have a celebration, then you'll have to study for your exams. It's a bit daft talking about getting married, isn't it? We're already married. We've been married for a thousand years.

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0 8 ***An Inspector Calls***

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

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Mrs Birling and how she is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

INSPECTOR Was it or was it not your influence?

MRS B. *(stung)* Yes, it was. I didn't like her manner. She'd impertinently made use of our name, though she pretended afterwards it just happened to be the first she thought of. She had to admit, after I began questioning her, that she had no claim to the name, that she wasn't married, and that the story she told at first – about a husband who'd deserted her – was quite false. It didn't take me long to get the truth – or some of the truth – out of her.

INSPECTOR Why did she want help?

MRS B. You know very well why she wanted help.

INSPECTOR No, I don't. I know why she needed help. But as I wasn't there, I don't know what she asked from your committee.

MRS B. I don't think we need discuss it.

INSPECTOR You have no hope of *not* discussing it, Mrs Birling.

MRS B. If you think you can bring any pressure to bear upon me, Inspector, you're quite mistaken. Unlike the other three, I did nothing I'm ashamed of or that won't bear investigation. The girl asked for assistance. We were asked to look carefully into the claims made upon us. I wasn't satisfied with the girl's claim – she seemed to me to be not a good case – and so I used my influence to have it refused. And in spite of what's happened to the girl since, I consider I did my duty. So if I prefer not to discuss it any further, you have no power to make me change my mind.

INSPECTOR Yes I have.

MRS B. No you haven't. Simply because I've done nothing wrong – and you know it.

INSPECTOR *(very deliberately)* I think you did something terribly wrong – and that you're going to spend the rest of your life regretting it. I wish you'd been with me tonight in the Infirmary. You'd have seen–

SHEILA *(bursting in)* No, no, please! Not that again. I've imagined it enough already.

INSPECTOR *(very deliberately)* Then the next time you imagine it, just remember that this girl was going to have a child.

SHEILA *(horrified)* No! Oh – horrible – horrible! How could she have wanted to kill herself?

INSPECTOR Because she'd been turned out and turned down too many times. This was the end.

SHEILA Mother, you must have known.

INSPECTOR It was because she was going to have a child that she went for assistance to your mother's committee.

BIRLING Look here, this wasn't Gerald Croft–

INSPECTOR *(cutting in, sharply)* No, no. Nothing to do with him.

SHEILA Thank goodness for that! Though I don't know why I should care now.

INSPECTOR *(to MRS BIRLING)* And you've nothing further to tell me, eh?

MRS B. I'll tell you what I told her. Go and look for the father of the child. It's his responsibility.

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0 9 ***The History Boys***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Irwin and how he is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

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 bloodthirsty.

Poetry is good up to a point. Adds flavour.

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1 0 ***Blood Brothers***

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

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Mrs Johnstone and how she is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

MRS JOHNSTONE *answers the door.*

EDWARD: Hello, Mrs Johnstone. How are you?

MRS JOHNSTONE: You what?

EDWARD: I'm sorry. Is there something wrong?

MRS JOHNSTONE: No, I just... I don't usually have kids enquiring about my health. I'm er... I'm all right. An' how are you, Master Lyons?

EDWARD: Very well, thank you.

MRS JOHNSTONE *looks at* EDWARD *for a moment.*

MRS JOHNSTONE: Yeh. You look it. Y' look very well. Does your mother look after you?

EDWARD: Of course.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Now listen, Eddie, I told you not to come around here again.

EDWARD: I'm sorry but I just wanted to see Mickey.

MRS JOHNSTONE: No. It's best... if...

EDWARD: I won't be coming here again. Ever. We're moving away. To the country.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Lucky you.

EDWARD: But I'd much rather live here.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Would you? When are y' goin'?

EDWARD: Tomorrow.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Oh. So we really won't see you again, eh...
EDWARD *shakes his head and begins to cry.*
What's up?

EDWARD: *(through his tears)*: I don't want to go. I want to stay here where my friends are... where Mickey is.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Come here.
She takes him, cradling him, letting him cry.
No listen... listen, don't you be soft. You'll probably love it in your new house. You'll meet lots of new friends an' in no time at all you'll forget Mickey ever existed.

EDWARD: I won't... I won't. I'll never forget.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Shush, shush. Listen, listen Eddie, here's you wantin' to stay here, an' here's me, I've been tryin' to get out for years. We're a right pair, aren't we, you an' me?

EDWARD: Why don't you Mrs Johnstone? Why don't you buy a new house near us?

MRS JOHNSTONE: Just like that?

EDWARD: Yes, yes.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Ey.

EDWARD: Yes.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Would you like a picture of Mickey, to take with you? So's you could remember him?

EDWARD: Yes, please.
She removes a locket from around her neck.

MRS JOHNSTONE: See, look... there's Mickey, there. He was just a young kid when that was taken.

EDWARD: And is that you Mrs Johnstone?
She nods:
Can I really have this?

MRS JOHNSTONE: Yeh. But keep it a secret eh, Eddie? Just our secret, between you an' me.

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SECTION B (19th Century Prose)

Answer on **one** *text only.*

2 1 ***A Christmas Carol***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

The characters in *A Christmas Carol* view Christmas in different ways. Write about some of these views and how Dickens presents them at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

'A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

'Bah!' said Scrooge, 'Humbug!'

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

'Christmas a humbug, uncle!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'You don't mean that, I am sure?'

'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.'

'Come, then,' returned the nephew gaily. 'What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.'

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, 'Bah!' again; and followed it up with 'Humbug.'

'Don't be cross, uncle,' said the nephew.

'What else can I be,' returned the uncle, 'when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,' said Scrooge, indignantly, 'every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas," on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!'

'Uncle!' pleaded the nephew.

'Nephew!' returned the uncle, sternly, 'keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.'

'Keep it!' repeated Scrooge's nephew. 'But you don't keep it.'

'Let me leave it alone, then,' said Scrooge. 'Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!'

'There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,' returned the nephew: 'Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round – apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that – as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!'

2 2 ***Silas Marner***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Godfrey Cass and how he is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

The door opened, and a thick-set, heavy-looking young man entered, with the flushed face and the gratuitously elated bearing which mark the first stage of intoxication. It was Dunsey, and at the sight of him Godfrey's face parted with some of its gloom to take on the more active expression of hatred. The handsome brown spaniel that lay on the hearth retreated under the chair in the chimney-corner.

'Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me?' said Dunsey, in a mocking tone. 'You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when you sent for me.'

'Why, this is what I want – and just shake yourself sober and listen, will you?' said Godfrey, savagely. He had himself been drinking more than was good for him, trying to turn his gloom into uncalculating anger. 'I want to tell you, I must hand over that rent of Fowler's to the Squire, or else tell him I gave it you; for he's threatening to distrain for it, and it'll all be out soon, whether I tell him or not. He said, just now, before he went out, he should send word to Cox to distrain, if Fowler didn't come and pay up his arrears this week. The Squire's short o' cash, and in no humour to stand any nonsense; and you know what he threatened, if ever he found you making away with his money again. So, see and get the money, and pretty quickly, will you?'

'Oh!' said Dunsey, sneeringly, coming nearer to his brother and looking in his face. 'Suppose, now, you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble, eh? Since you was so kind as to hand it over to me, you'll not refuse me the kindness to pay it back for me: it was your brotherly love made you do it, you know.'

Godfrey bit his lips and clenched his fist. 'Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down.'

'Oh no, you won't,' said Dunsey, turning away on his heel, however. 'Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home, and cut off with a shilling any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman, Molly Farren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. But you see, I don't do it – I'm so easy and good-natured. You'll take any trouble for me. You'll get the hundred pounds for me – I know you will.'

'How can I get the money?' said Godfrey, quivering. 'I haven't a shilling to bless myself with. And it's a lie that you'd slip into my place: you'd get yourself turned out too, that's all. For if you begin telling tales, I'll follow. Bob's my father's favourite – you know that very well, He'd only think himself well rid of you.'

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2 3 ***War of the Worlds***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about how Wells presents the narrator at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

Abruptly I heard a noise without, the run and smash of slipping plaster, and the triangular aperture in the wall was darkened. I looked up and saw the lower surface of a Handling Machine coming slowly across the hole. One of its gripping limbs curled amidst the débris; another limb appeared, feeling its way over the fallen beams. I stood petrified, staring. Then I saw through a sort of glass plate near the edge of the body the face, as we may call it, and the large dark eyes of a Martian peering, and then a long metallic snake of tentacle came feeling slowly through the hole.

I turned by an effort, stumbled over the curate, and stopped at the scullery door. The tentacle was now some way, two yards or more, in the room, and twisting and turning with queer sudden movements, this way and that. For a while I stood fascinated by that slow, fitful advance. Then, with a faint, hoarse cry, I forced myself across the scullery. I trembled violently; I could scarcely stand upright. I opened the door of the coal-cellar, and stood there in the darkness, staring at the faintly lit doorway into the kitchen, and listening. Had the Martian seen me? What was it doing now?

Something was moving to and fro there, very quietly; every now and then it tapped against the wall, or started on its movements with a faint metallic ringing, like the movement of keys on a split-ring. Then a heavy body – I knew too well what – was dragged across the floor of the kitchen towards the opening. Irresistibly attracted, I crept to the door and peeped into the kitchen. In the triangle of bright outer sunlight I saw the Martian in its Briareus of a Handling Machine, scrutinizing the curate's head. I thought at once that it would infer my presence from the mark of the blow I had given him.

I crept back to the coal-cellar, shut the door, and began to cover myself up as much as I could, and as noiselessly as possible, in the darkness, among the firewood and coal therein. Every now and then I paused rigid, to hear if the Martian had thrust its tentacle through the opening again.

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2 4 ***Pride and Prejudice***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Mr. Darcy and how he is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

"And this," cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, "is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps," added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, "these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design. These bitter accusations might have been suppressed, had I with greater policy concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by reflection, by every thing. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections? To congratulate myself on the hope of relations, whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?"

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said,

"You are mistaken, Mr Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner."

She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued,

"You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it."

Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on.

"From the very beginning, from the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that ground-work of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immoveable a dislike; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry."

"You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness."

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.

2 5 ***Jane Eyre***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Mr. Rochester and how he is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

Half reclined on a couch appeared Mr. Rochester, his foot supported by the cushion; he was looking at Adèle and the dog: the fire shone full on his face. I knew my traveller with his broad and jetty eyebrows; his square forehead, made squarer by the horizontal sweep of his black hair. I recognised his decisive nose, more remarkable for character than beauty; his full nostrils, denoting, I thought, choler; his grim mouth, chin, and jaw—yes, all three were very grim, and no mistake. His shape, now divested of cloak, I perceived harmonised in squareness with his physiognomy: I suppose it was a good figure in the athletic sense of the term—broad chested and thin flanked, though neither tall nor graceful.

Mr. Rochester must have been aware of the entrance of Mrs. Fairfax and myself; but it appeared he was not in the mood to notice us, for he never lifted his head as we approached.

"Here is Miss Eyre, sir," said Mrs. Fairfax, in her quiet way. He bowed, still not taking his eyes from the group of the dog and child.

"Let Miss Eyre be seated," said he: and there was something in the forced stiff bow, in the impatient yet formal tone, which seemed further to express, "What the deuce is it to me whether Miss Eyre be there or not? At this moment I am not disposed to accost her."

I sat down quite disembarrassed. A reception of finished politeness would probably have confused me: I could not have returned or repaid it by answering grace and elegance on my part; but harsh caprice laid me under no obligation; on the contrary, a decent quiescence, under the freak of manner, gave me the advantage. Besides, the eccentricity of the proceeding was piquant: I felt interested to see how he would go on.

He went on as a statue would, that is, he neither spoke nor moved. Mrs. Fairfax seemed to think it necessary that some one should be amiable, and she began to talk. Kindly, as usual—and, as usual, rather trite—she condoled with him on the pressure of business he had had all day; on the annoyance it must have been to him with that painful sprain: then she commended his patience and perseverance in going through with it.

"Madam, I should like some tea," was the sole rejoinder she got. She hastened to ring the bell; and, when the tray came, she proceeded to arrange the cups, spoons, etc., with assiduous celerity. I and Adèle went to the table; but the master did not leave his couch.

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2 6 ***The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde***

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

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde is about the struggle between good and evil. Write about how Stevenson presents this at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance, I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

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SECTION C (Unseen Poetry)

Answer **both** **3 1** **and** **3 2** .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **3 1** *and about 40 minutes on* **3 2** .

Read the two poems, *Teacher* by Carol Ann Duffy and *Change* by Dave Calder. In both of these poems the poets write about teachers.

3 1 Write about the poem *Teacher* by Carol Ann Duffy, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

- *what the poem is about and how it is organised*
- *the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about*
- *the poet's choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create*
- *how you respond to the poem*

Teacher

When you teach me,
your hands bless the air
where chalk dust sparkles.

And when you talk,
the six wives of Henry VIII
stand in the room like bridesmaids,

or the Nile drifts past the classroom window,
the Pyramids baking like giant cakes
on the playing fields.

You teach with your voice,
so a tiger prowls from a poem
and pads between desks, black and gold

in the shadow and sunlight,
or the golden apples of the sun drop
from a branch in my mind's eye.

I bow my head again
to this tattered, doodled book
and learn what love is.

Carol Ann Duffy

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3 2 Now compare *Change* by Dave Calder and *Teacher* by Carol Ann Duffy. [25]

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organised
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets' choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems

Change

For months he taught us, stiff-faced.
His old tweed jacket closely buttoned up,
his gestures careful and deliberate.

We didn't understand what he was teaching us.
It was as if a veil, a gauzy bandage, got between
what he was showing us and what we thought we saw.

He had the air of a gardener, fussily protective
of young seedlings, but we couldn't tell
if he was hiding something or we simply couldn't see it.

At first we noticed there were often scraps of leaves
on the floor where he had stood. Later, thin wisps
of thread like spider's web fell from his jacket.

Finally we grew to understand the work. And on that day
he opened his jacket, which to our surprise
seemed lined with patterned fabric of many shimmering hues.

Then he smiled and sighed. And with this movement
the lining rippled and instantly the room was filled
with a flickering storm of swirling butterflies.

Dave Calder

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