GCSE

C720U20-1

S23-C720U20-1

WEDNESDAY, 24 MAY 2023 – MORNING

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

2 hours 30 minutes

SECTION A	Pages
Lord of the Flies	2
Anita and Me	3
Never Let Me Go	4
The Woman in Black	5
Oranges are not the Only Fruit	6
The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time	7
A Taste of Honey	8–9
An Inspector Calls	10–11
The History Boys	12–13
Blood Brothers	14–15
SECTION B	
A Christmas Carol	16
Silas Marner	17
War of the Worlds	18
Pride and Prejudice	19
Jane Eyre	20
The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde	21
SECTION C	
Unseen Poetry	22–23

C720U201
01

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 gel pen or 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, for example - **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.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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 below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the breakdown of civilisation in *Lord of the Flies* and 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.

The hunters were looking uneasily at the sky, flinching from the stroke of the drops. A wave of restlessness set the boys swaying and moving aimlessly. The flickering light became brighter and the blows of the thunder were only just bearable. The littluns began to run about, screaming.

Jack leapt on to the sand.

'Do our dance! Come on! Dance!'

He ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of rock beyond the fire.

Between the flashes of lightning the air was dark and terrible; and the boys followed him, clamorously. Roger became the pig, grunting and charging at Jack, who side-stepped. The hunters took their spears, the cooks took spits, and the rest clubs of fire-wood. While Roger mimed the terror of the pig, the littluns ran and jumped on the outside of the circle. Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the sky, found themselves eager to take a place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch the brown backs of the fence that hemmed in the terror and made it governable.

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'

The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became a hunter, so that the centre of the ring yawned emptily. Some of the littluns started a ring on their own; and the complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was the throb and stamp of a single organism.

The dark sky was shattered by a blue-white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like the blow of a gigantic whip. The chant rose in a tone in agony.

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'

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.

Anita and Me is a novel about Meena's experiences of trying to fit into two different ways of life in Tollington in the 1970s. Write about some of these experiences and how Syal presents them 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.

'You're so lovely. You know, I never think of you as, you know, foreign. You're just like one of us.'

My mother would smile and graciously accept this as a compliment. And yet afterwards, in front of the Aunties, she would reduce them to tears of laughter by gently poking fun at the habits of her English friends. It was only much later on that I realised in the thirteen years we lived there, during which every weekend was taken up with visiting Indian families or being invaded by them, only once had any of our neighbours been invited in further than the step of our back door.

The Aunties all had individual names and distinct personalities, but fell into the role of Greek chorus to mama's epic solo role in my life. Although none of them, nor their husbands, the uncles, were actually related to me by blood, Auntie and Uncle were the natural respectful terms given to them, to any Asian person old enough to boss me around. This was an endless source of confusion to our English neighbours, who would watch tight-lipped as mama and papa's friends would phut-phut into the communal dirt yard and heave themselves and their several kids out of their hatchbacks, unfurling shimmering saris and clinking with jewellery, holding up their embroidered hemlines from the dirt floor. As I dutifully kissed every powdered or stubbly cheek with a 'Namaste Auntie, Namaste Uncle' and led them towards our back door, I could see our neighbours shift uncomfortably, contemplating the apparent size of my family and the fact we had somehow managed to bring every one of them over here.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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 lies and deception in *Never Let Me Go* and how they are 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.

Miss Emily raised her eyebrows. 'Lucy Wainright? She was important to you? Forgive me, dear students, I'm forgetting again. Lucy wasn't with us for long, so for us she's just a peripheral figure in our memory of Hailsham. And not an altogether happy one. But I appreciate, if you were there during just those years …' She laughed to herself and seemed to be remembering something. In the hall, Madame was telling the men off really loudly, but Miss Emily now seemed to have lost interest. She was going through her memories with a look of concentration. Finally she said: 'She was a nice enough girl, Lucy Wainright. But after she'd been with us for a while, she began to have these ideas. She thought you students had to be made more aware. More aware of what lay ahead of you, who you were, what you were for. She believed you should be given as full a picture as possible. That to do anything less would be somehow to cheat you. We considered her view and concluded she was mistaken.'

'Why?' Tommy asked. 'Why did you think that?'

'Why? She meant well, I'm sure of that. I can see you were fond of her. She had the makings of an excellent guardian. But what she was wanting to do, it was too theoretical. We had run Hailsham for many years, we had a sense of what could work, what was best for the students in the long run, beyond Hailsham. Lucy Wainright was idealistic, nothing wrong with that. But she had no grasp of practicalities. You see, we were able to give you something, something which even now no one will ever take from you, and we were able to do that principally by sheltering you. Hailsham would not have been Hailsham if we hadn't. Very well, sometimes that meant we kept things from you, lied to you. Yes, in many ways we fooled you. I suppose you could even call it that. But we sheltered you during those years, and we gave you your childhoods. Lucy was well-meaning enough. But if she'd had her way, your happiness at Hailsham would have been shattered. Look at you both now! I'm so proud to see you both. You built your lives on what we gave you. You wouldn't be who you are today if we'd not protected you. You wouldn't have become absorbed in your lessons, you wouldn't have lost yourselves in your art and your writing. Why should you have done, knowing what lay in store for each of you? You would have told us it was all pointless, and how could we have argued with you? So she had to go.'

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 how Susan Hill creates sympathy for Arthur Kipps 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.

I looked directly at her and she at me. There was no mistake. My eyes were not deceiving me. It was she, the woman in black with the wasted face, the ghost of Jennet Humfrye. For a second, I simply stared in incredulity and astonishment, then in cold fear. I was paralysed, rooted to the spot on which I stood, and all the world went dark around me and the shouts and happy cries of all the children faded. I was quite unable to take my eyes away from her. There was no expression on her face and yet I felt all over again the renewed power emanating from her, the malevolence and hatred and passionate bitterness. It pierced me through.

At that same moment, to my intense relief, the pony cart came trotting back down the avenue, through the shaft of sunlight that lay across the grass, with my dear Stella sitting in it and holding up the baby, who was bouncing and calling and waving his little arms with delight. They were almost back, they had almost reached me, I would retrieve them and then we would go, for I didn't want to stay here for a second longer. I made ready. They had almost come to a halt when they passed the tree beside which the woman in black was still standing and, as they did so, she moved quickly, her skirts rustling as if to step into the pony's path. The animal swerved violently and then reared a little, its eyes filled with sudden fright, and then it took off and went careering away through the glade between the trees, whinnying and quite out of control. There was a moment of dreadful confusion, with several people starting off after it, and women and children shrieking. I began to run crazily and then I heard it, the sickening crack and thud as the pony and its cart collided with one of the huge tree trunks. And then silence – a terrible silence which can only have lasted for seconds, and seemed to last for years. As I raced towards where it had fallen, I glanced back over my shoulder. The woman had disappeared.

They lifted Stella gently from the cart. Her body was broken, her neck and legs fractured, though she was still conscious. The pony had only stunned itself but the cart was overturned and its harness tangled, so that it could not move, but lay on the ground whinnying and snorting in fright.

Our baby son had been thrown clear, clear against another tree. He lay crumpled on the grass below it, dead.

This time, there was no merciful loss of consciousness, I was forced to live through it all, every minute and then every day thereafter, for ten long months, until Stella, too, died from her terrible injuries.

I had seen the ghost of Jennet Humfrye and she had had her revenge.

They asked for my story. I have told it. Enough.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd. **Turn over.**

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 relationships between Jeanette and her family in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* and how they are 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.

That Awful Occasion was the time my natural mother had come back to claim me. I'd had an idea that there was something curious about the circumstance of my birth, and once found my adoption papers hidden under a stack of flannels in the holiday drawer. 'Formalities,' my mother had said, waving me away. 'You were always mine, I had you from the Lord.' I didn't think about it again until there was a knock on the door one Saturday. My mother got there before me because she was praying in the parlour. I followed her down the lobby.

'Who is it Mum?'

She didn't answer.

'Who is it?'

'Go inside until I tell you.'

I slunk off, thinking it was either Jehovah's Witnesses or the man from the Labour party. Before long I could hear voices, angry voices; my mother seemed to have let the person in, which was strange. She didn't like having the Heathen in the house. 'Leaves a bad atmosphere,' she always said.

I remembered something I'd seen Mrs White do on the fornication occasion. Reaching far back into the War Cupboard, behind the dried egg, I found a wine glass and put it against the wall. It worked. I could hear every word. After five minutes I put the glass away, picked up our dog, and cried and cried and cried.

Eventually my mother came in.

'She's gone.'

'I know who she was, why didn't you tell me?'

'It's nothing to do with you.'

'She's my mother.'

No sooner had I said that than I felt a blow that wrapped round my head like a bandage. I lay on the lino looking up into the face.

'I'm your mother,' she said very quietly. 'She was a carrying case.'

'I wanted to see her.'

'She's gone and she'll never come back.' My mother turned away and locked herself in the kitchen. I couldn't think and I couldn't breathe so I started to run.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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 Christopher's relationship with his mother, Judy, and how Stephens presents this 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.

CHRISTOPHER I have to go to Swindon to take my A-Level.

JUDY Christopher, not now.

I'm getting phone calls from your father threatening to take me to court. I'm getting it in the neck from Roger. It's not a good time.

CHRISTOPHER But I have to go because it's been arranged and the Reverend Peters is going to invigilate.

JUDY It's only an exam. I can ring the school. We can get it postponed. You can take it some other time.

CHRISTOPHER I can't take it another time. It's been arranged. And I've done lots of revision. And Mrs Gascoyne says we could use a room at school.

JUDY Christopher, I am just about holding this together. But I am this close to losing it, all right? So just give me some …

She breaks. She cries. She holds her fist to her mouth to try to stop herself. She leaves the room. She comes back.

JUDY Would you like an iced lolly?

CHRISTOPHER Yes I would, please.

JUDY Would you like a strawberry one?

CHRISTOPHER Yes I would, please, because that's red. What's it called here?

JUDY It's called Hampstead Heath. I love it. You can see all over London.

CHRISTOPHER Where are the planes going to?

JUDY Heathrow, I think.

Christopher, I rang Mrs Gascoyne.
I told her that you're going to take your Maths A-Level next year.

CHRISTOPHER *screams. He throws his iced lolly away.*

Christopher, please. Calm down. OK. OK, Christopher. Just calm down, love.

WOMAN ON HEATH Is he OK?

JUDY Well, what does it look like to you?

CHRISTOPHER *screams and screams. He only stops because his chest hurts and he runs out of breath.*

© WJEC CBAC Ltd. **Turn over.**

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 the relationship between Jo and Geof and how it 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.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

Jo What's in the oven, Geoffrey?

GEOF You what?

Jo What's cooking?

GEOF A cake.

Jo Mm, you're wonderful, aren't you?

GEOF Pretty good.

Jo I know, you make everything work. The stove goes, now we eat. You've reformed me, some of the time at any rate.

[GEOFFREY *shifts the sofa. There is old rubbish and dirt under it*.]

GEOF Oh, Jo!

Jo I wondered where that had got to.

GEOF Now you know. It's disgusting, it really is.

Jo Oh Geof, the bulbs I brought with me!

GEOF Haven't you shifted the sofa since then?

Jo They never grew.

GEOF No, I'm not surprised.

Jo They're dead. It makes you think, doesn't it?

GEOF What does?

Jo You know, some people like to take out an insurance policy, don't they?

GEOF I'm a bit young for you to take out one on me.

Jo No. You know, they like to pray to the Almighty just in case he turns out to exist when they snuff it.

GEOF [*brushing under the sofa*]: Well, I never think about it. You come, you go, it's simple.

Jo It's not, it's chaotic—a bit of love, a bit of lust and there you are. We don't ask for life, we have it thrust upon us.

GEOF What's frightened you? Have you been reading the newspapers?

Jo No, I never do. Hold my hand, Geof.

GEOF Do you mind? Halfway through this?

Jo Hold my hand.

[*He does*.]

GEOF Hey, Jo. Come on, silly thing, it's all right. Come on there.

Jo You've got nice hands, hard. You know I used to try and hold my mother's hands, but she always used to pull them away from me. So silly really. She had so much love for everyone else, but none for me.

GEOF If you don't watch it, you'll turn out exactly like her.

Jo I'm not like her at all.

GEOF In some ways you are already, you know.

[*She pushes his hand away*.]

Can I go now?

Jo Yes.

GEOF Thank you very much! [*He is pushing the couch back into position*.]

Jo "And he took up his bed and walked." You can stay here if you tell me what you do. Do you remember, Geoffrey? I used to think you were such an interesting, immoral character before I knew you. I thought you were like that … for one thing.

[GEOFFREY *chases her with the mop all through this speech*.]

You're just like an old woman really. You just unfold your bed, kiss me good night and sing me to sleep.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

Turn over.

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.

In *An Inspector Calls* characters react to the discovery of truths in different ways. Write about **some** of these reactions and how they are 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.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

INSPECTOR And if her story is true – that he was stealing money –

MRS BIRLING [*rather agitated now*] There's no point in assuming that –

INSPECTOR But suppose we do, what then?

MRS BIRLING Then he'd be entirely responsible – because the girl wouldn't have come to us, and have been refused assistance, if it hadn't been for him –

INSPECTOR So he's the chief culprit anyhow.

MRS BIRLING Certainly. And he ought to be dealt with very severely –

SHEILA [*with sudden alarm*] Mother – stop – stop!

BIRLING Be quiet, Sheila!

SHEILA But don't you see –

MRS BIRLING [*severely*] You're behaving like an hysterical child tonight.

[SHEILA *begins crying quietly*. MRS BIRLING *turns to* INSPECTOR.]

And if you'd take some steps to find this young man and then make sure that he's compelled to confess in public his responsibility – instead of staying here asking quite unnecessary questions – then you really would be doing your duty.

INSPECTOR [*grimly*] Don't worry, Mrs Birling. I shall do my duty. [*He looks at his watch*.]

MRS BIRLING [*triumphantly*] I'm glad to hear it.

INSPECTOR No hushing up, eh? Make an example of the young man, eh? Public confession of responsibility – um?

MRS BIRLING Certainly. I consider it your duty. And now no doubt you'd like to say good night.

INSPECTOR: Not yet. I'm waiting.

MRS BIRLING Waiting for what?

INSPECTOR To do my duty.

SHEILA [*distressed*] Now, Mother – don't you see?

MRS BIRLING [*understanding now*] But surely… I mean… it's ridiculous…

[*She stops, and exchanges a frightened glance with her husband*.]

BIRLING [*terrified now*] Look, Inspector, you're not trying to tell us that – that my boy – is mixed up in this –?

INSPECTOR [*sternly*] If he is, then we know what to do, don't we? Mrs Birling has just told us.

BIRLING [*thunderstruck*] My God! But – look here –

MRS BIRLING [*agitated*] I don't believe it. I *won't* believe it …

SHEILA Mother – I begged you and begged you to stop –

[INSPECTOR *holds up a hand. We hear the front door. They wait, looking towards door*. ERIC *enters, looking extremely pale and distressed. He meets their inquiring stares. Curtain falls quickly*.]

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

Turn over.

0 9 ***The History Boys***

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.

Irwin and Hector are very different characters and very different teachers. Write about some of the differences between Irwin and Hector and how they are presented throughout 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.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

IRWIN	It's just that the boys seem to know more than they're telling.
HECTOR	Don't most boys? Diffidence is surely to be encouraged.
IRWIN	In an examination? They seem to have got hold of the notion that the stuff they do with you is off-limits so far as the examination is concerned.
HECTOR	That's hardly surprising. I count examinations, even for Oxford and Cambridge, as the enemy of education. Which is not to say that I don't regard education as the enemy of education, too. However, if you think it will help, I will speak to them.
IRWIN	I'd appreciate it. For what it's worth, I sympathise with your feelings about examinations, but they are a fact of life. I'm sure you want them to do well and the gobbets you have taught them might just tip the balance.
HECTOR	What did you call them? Gobbets? Is that what you think they are, gobbets? Handy little quotes that can be trotted out to make a point? Gobbets? Codes, spells, runes – call them what you like, but do not call them *gobbets*.
IRWIN	I just thought it would be useful …
HECTOR	Oh, it would be useful … every answer a Christmas tree hung with the appropriate gobbets. Except that they're learned *by heart*. And that is where they belong and like the other components of the heart not to be defiled by being trotted out to order.
IRWIN	So what are they meant to be storing them up for, these boys? Education isn't something for when they're old and grey and sitting by the fire. It's for now. The exam is next month.
HECTOR	And what happens after the exam? Life goes on. Gobbets!

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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 Mickey 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.

MICKEY *stops a couple of yards from* EDWARD. *He is unsteady and breathing awkwardly.*

EDWARD *(eventually)*: Hello, Mickey.

MICKEY I stopped takin' the pills.

EDWARD *(pause)*: Oh.

MICKEY *(eventually)*: I began thinkin' again. Y'see. *(To the* COUNCILLOR.) Just get her out of here, mister, now!
The COUNCILLORS *hurry off.*
EDWARD *and* MICKEY *are now alone on the platform.*
I had to start thinkin' again. Because there was one thing left in my life. *(Pause.)* Just one thing I had left, Eddie – Linda – an' I wanted to keep her. So, so I stopped takin' the pills. But it was too late. D' y' know who told me about … you … an' Linda … Your mother … she came to the factory and told me.

EDWARD Mickey, I don't know what she told you but Linda and I are just friends …

MICKEY *(shouting for the first time)*: Friends! I could kill you. We were friends weren't we? Blood brothers, wasn't it? Remember?

EDWARD Yes, Mickey, I remember.

MICKEY Well, how come you got everything … an' I got nothin'? *(Pause.)* Friends.
I've been thinkin' again Eddie. You an' Linda were friends when she first got pregnant, weren't y'?

EDWARD Mickey!

MICKEY Does my child belong to you as well as everythin' else? Does she, Eddie, does she?

EDWARD *(shouting)* No, for God's sake!
Pause.
From the back of the auditorium we hear a POLICEMAN *through a loudhailer.*

POLICEMAN 1 Now listen, son, listen to me; I've got armed marksmen with me. But if you do exactly as I say we won't need to use them, will we? Now look, Michael, put down the gun, just put the gun down, son.

MICKEY *(dismissing their presence)*: What am I doin' here Eddie? I thought I was gonna shoot y'. But I can't even do that. I don't even know if the thing's loaded.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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.

A Christmas Carol is full of supernatural and ghostly happenings. Write about some of the supernatural events in *A Christmas Carol* and how they are important to the novel as a whole.

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]

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change: not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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 **one** or **two** of the relationships within the Cass family and how they are 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]

Nancy and Godfrey walked home under the starlight in silence. When they entered the oaken parlour, Godfrey threw himself into his chair, while Nancy laid down her bonnet and shawl, and stood on the hearth near her husband, unwilling to leave him even for a few minutes, and yet fearing to utter any word lest it might jar on his feeling. At last Godfrey turned his head towards her, and their eyes met, dwelling in that meeting without any movement on either side. That quiet mutual gaze of a trusting husband and wife is like the first moment of rest or refuge from a great weariness or a great danger—not to be interfered with by speech or action which would distract the sensations from the fresh enjoyment of repose.

But presently he put out his hand, and as Nancy placed hers within it, he drew her towards him, and said,—

'That's ended!'

She bent to kiss him, and then said, as she stood by his side, 'Yes, I'm afraid we must give up the hope of having her for a daughter. It wouldn't be right to want to force her to come to us against her will. We can't alter her bringing up and what's come of it.'

'No,' said Godfrey, with a keen decisiveness of tone, in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech—'there's debts we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door: it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish.'

Nancy did not speak immediately, but after a little while she asked—'You won't make it known, then, about Eppie's being your daughter?'

'No: where would be the good to anybody?—only harm. I must do what I can for her in the state of life she chooses.'

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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.

In *War of the Worlds* the Martian invasion causes law and order to break down. Write about some of the times that law and order breaks down and how Wells presents this 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]

He saw few fugitives until, in a grass lane towards High Barnet, he happened upon two ladies who became his fellow travellers. He came upon them just in time to save them.

He heard their screams, and, hurrying round the corner, saw a couple of men struggling to drag them out of the little pony-chaise in which they had been driving, while a third with difficulty held the frightened pony's head. One of the ladies, a short woman dressed in white, was simply screaming; the other, a dark, slender figure, slashed at the man who gripped her arm with a whip she held in her disengaged hand.

My brother immediately grasped the situation, shouted, and hurried towards the struggle. One of the men desisted and turned towards him, and my brother, realising from his antagonist's face that a fight was unavoidable, and being an expert boxer, went into him forthwith and sent him down against the wheel of the chaise.

It was no time for pugilistic chivalry and my brother laid him quiet with a kick, and gripped the collar of the man who pulled at the slender lady's arm. He heard the clatter of hoofs, the whip stung across his face, a third antagonist struck him between the eyes, and the man he held wrenched himself free and made off down the lane in the direction from which he had come.

Partly stunned, he found himself facing the man who had held the horse's head, and became aware of the chaise receding from him down the lane, swaying from side to side, and with the women in it looking back. The man before him, a burly rough, tried to close, and he stopped him with a blow in the face. Then, realising that he was deserted, he dodged round and made off down the lane after the chaise, with the sturdy man close behind him, and the fugitive, who had turned now, following remotely.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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 some of the turning points in Elizabeth and Darcy's relationship and how they are presented 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]

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 hear 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 Mr. 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*; 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 toward him. She told the story, however, with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in anything ridiculous.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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.

There is a lot of conflict between the characters in *Jane Eyre*. Write about some of the times there is conflict and how this 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]

Accustomed to John Reed's abuse, I never had an idea of replying to it; my care was how to endure the blow which would certainly follow the insult.

"What were you doing behind the curtain?" he asked.

"I was reading."

"Show the book."

I returned to the window and fetched it thence.

"You have no business to take our books; you are a dependent, mama says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen's children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mama's expense. Now, I'll teach you to rummage my bookshelves: for they *are* mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows."

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm: not soon enough, however; the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded.

"Wicked and cruel boy!" I said. "You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!"

I had read Goldsmith's History of Rome, and had formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, etc. Also I had drawn parallels in silence, which I never thought thus to have declared aloud.

"What! what!" he cried. "Did she say that to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? Won't I tell mama? but first—"

He ran headlong at me: I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder: he had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent suffering: these sensations for the time predominated over fear, and I received him in frantic sort. I don't very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me "Rat! Rat!" and bellowed out aloud.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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.

Write about some of the ways Stevenson creates fear 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]

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

"Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?"

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door."

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out "Bless God! it's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted her voice and now wept loudly.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

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, *Nettles* by Vernon Scannell and *Swimming with Aidan, aged 4* by Luke Wright. In both of these poems the poets write about the experiences of fathers with their young sons.

3 1 Write about the poem *Nettles* by Vernon Scannell, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to:

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

Nettles

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed.
'Bed' seemed a curious name for those green spears,
That regiment of spite behind the shed:
It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears
The boy came seeking comfort and I saw
White blisters beaded on his tender skin.
We soothed him till his pain was not so raw.
At last he offered us a watery grin,
And then I took my billhook, honed the blade
And went outside and slashed in fury with it
Till not a nettle in that fierce parade
Stood upright any more. And then I lit
A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead,
But in two weeks the busy sun and rain
Had called up tall recruits behind the shed:
My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

Vernon Scannell

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.

3 2 Now compare *Swimming with Aidan, aged 4* by Luke Wright and *Nettles* by Vernon Scannell. [25]

You should:

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

Swimming with Aidan, aged 4

You struggle more than other kids your age,
can't help yourself: picked scabs, pulled threads, left feet.
The effort overwhelms. Half-drowned in rage,
life throws you angry tears and sodden sheets.
But here you're magic, boy. While others tip-toe,
too scared to dunk their heads or leave their depth,
you swagger: grace, grit, guts and get-me gusto.
You gulp existence down with each gasped breath.
But when our time is up, the shiver-showers
smash your short-lived victory to shards.
That sock just won't go on. You've lost your powers.
I try to offer word but, boy, it's hard.
Aloud, my wise old lines are arid spin;
and so, a hug to keep the victory in.

Luke Wright

END OF PAPER

© WJEC CBAC Ltd.