GCSE

C720U20-1

S25-C720U20-1

TUESDAY, 20 MAY 2025 – MORNING

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

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 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, following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.
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.

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

Write about some of the times there is conflict in *Lord of the Flies* 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. [40]

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

Maurice took a breath–
"My daddy says there's things, what d'you call'em that make ink-squids-that are hundreds of yards long and eat whales whole." He paused again and laughed gaily. "I don't believe in the beast of course. As Piggy says, life's scientific, but we don't know, do we? Not certainly, I mean —"

Someone shouted.

"A squid couldn't come up out of the water!"

"Could!"

"Couldn't!"

In a moment the platform was full of arguing, gesticulating shadows. To Ralph, seated, this seemed the breaking-up of sanity. Fear, beasts, no general agreement that the fire was all-important: and when one tried to get the thing straight the argument sheered off, bringing up fresh, unpleasant matter.

He could see a whiteness in the gloom near him so he grabbed it from Maurice and blew as loudly as he could. The assembly was shocked into silence. Simon was close to him, laying hands on the conch. Simon felt a perilous necessity to speak; but to speak in assembly was a terrible thing to him.

"Maybe," he said hesitantly, "maybe there is a beast."

The assembly cried out savagely and Ralph stood up in amazement.

"You, Simon? You believe in this?"

"I don't know," said Simon. His heartbeats were choking him. "But …"

The storm broke.

"Sit down!"

"Shut up!"

"Take the conch!"

"Sod you!"

"Shut up!"

Ralph shouted.

"Hear him! He's got the conch!"

"What I mean is … maybe it's only us."

"Nuts!"

That was from Piggy, shocked out of decorum.

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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 Mama in *Anita and Me* and how Syal presents her importance 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. [40]

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

My mother would right now be standing in a haze of spicy steam, crowded by huge bubbling saucepans where onions and tomatoes simmered and spat, molehills of chopped vegetables and fresh herbs jostling for space with bitter, bright heaps of turmeric, masala, cumin and coarse black pepper whilst a softly breathing mound of dough would be waiting in a china bowl, ready to be divided and flattened into round, grainy chapatti. And she, sweaty and absorbed, would move from one chaotic work surface to another, preparing the fresh, home-made meal that my father expected, needed like air, after a day at the office about which he never talked.

From the moment mama stepped in from her teaching job, swapping saris for M&S separates, she was in that kitchen; it would never occur to her, at least not for many years, to suggest instant or take-away food which would give her a precious few hours to sit, think, smell the roses – that would be tantamount to spouse abuse. This food was not just something to fill a hole, it was soul food, it was the food their far-away mothers made and came seasoned with memory and longing, this was the nearest they would get for many years, to home.

So far, I had resisted all my mother's attempts to teach me the rudiments of Indian cuisine; she'd often pull me in from the yard and ask me to stand with her while she prepared a simple *sabzi* or rolled out a chapatti before making it dance and blow out over a naked gas flame. 'Just watch, it is so easy, beti,' she'd say encouragingly. I did not see what was easy about peeling, grinding, kneading and burning your fingers in this culinary Turkish bath, only to present your masterpiece and have my father wolf it down in ten minutes flat in front of the nine o'clock news whilst sitting cross-legged on the floor surrounded by spread sheets from yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*.

Once, she made the fatal mistake of saying, 'You are going to have to learn to cook if you want to get married, aren't you?'

I reeled back, horrified, and vowed if I ended up with someone who made me go through all that, I would poison the bastard immediately. My mother must have cottoned on; she would not mention marriage again for another fifteen years.

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0 3 ***Boys Don't Cry***

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.

Boys Don't Cry is a novel about growing up. Write about growing up in *Boys Don't Cry* and how it is 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. [40]

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

Collette spoke of my daughter like Emma was a fence which needed to be knocked down and trampled underfoot.

'Collette, *she* has a name – Emma. And Emma happens to be my daughter.'

'Not from choice.'

I had to restrain myself from answering for a few seconds.

'What exactly did you tell your sister?' I asked when I could trust myself to speak.

'Only what you told me,' Collette replied. 'That Emma had been dumped on you and you didn't want her.'

'You had no right!' I shouted.

'Excuse me?'

'You had no right to poke your nose in and interfere. You had no right to set your sister on me like some pit bull just 'cause you were feeling neglected,' I said with scorn.

'That's not why I did it. I was trying to help you …'

'By letting your sister take Emma away from me?'

'But you don't want her …'

'Collette, get this into your head because I'm only going to say it once. Emma is my daughter and she belongs with me. She's staying with me. If you don't like that, then tough. Tell your sister I'm coping just fine and both of you can keep your bloody noses out of my business. Enjoy university.' I hung up. Within seconds the phone was ringing. I accepted the call, then immediately hung up again. Hopefully now she'd get the message.

I headed back into the sitting room.

'Come with Daddy, Emma.' I held out my hand. 'Let's get you a drink.'

Emma waddled over to me and took my hand without hesitation. Her hand was warm in mine and so tiny. We shared a smile as I led the way to the kitchen. Popping her in her highchair, I poured out some diluted blackcurrant juice into her beaker. I stood and watched as she drank it thirstily. Grit or dirt or something was making my eyes smart. And I must've tried swallowing down my breakfast too quickly because it felt like there was a ball of concrete stuck in my throat.

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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 shock and horror 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 realized that the mist played tricks with sound as well as sight, for not only did the noise of the trap stay further away from me for longer than I might have expected but also it seemed to come not from directly behind me, straight down the causeway path, but instead to be away to my right, out on the marsh. I tried to work out the direction of the wind but there was none. I turned around but then the sound began to recede further away again. Baffled, I stood and waited, straining to listen through the mist. What I heard next chilled and horrified me, even though I could neither understand nor account for it. The noise of the pony trap grew fainter and then stopped abruptly and away on the marsh was a curious draining, sucking, churning sound, which went on, together with the shrill neighing and whinnying of a horse in panic, and then I heard another cry, a shout, a terrified sobbing – it was hard to decipher – but with horror I realized that it came from a child, a young child. I stood absolutely helpless in the mist that clouded me and everything from my sight, almost weeping in an agony of fear and frustration, and I knew that I was hearing, beyond any doubt, appalling last noises of a pony and trap, carrying a child in it, as well as whatever adult – presumably Keckwick – was driving and was even now struggling desperately. It had somehow lost the causeway path and fallen into the marshes and was being dragged under by the quicksand and the pull of the incoming tide.

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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 Mrs Winterson, Jeanette's mother, in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* and how she is 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. [40]

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

We went into the market next. My mother always got her mince cheap because the butcher had been her sweetheart once. She said he was a devil, but she still took the mince. While he was wrapping it up, I got my mac caught on a meat hook and pulled the sleeve off.

'Mum,' I wailed, waving it at her.

'Beezum,' she cried. And she took out a roll of sellotape and started to wind it round my arm. At that moment we saw Mrs Clifton, who gave singing lessons, and did her shopping at Marks and Spencers.

'Is something the matter with Jeanette's arm?' she enquired.

'It's just her sleeve,' replied my mother, keeping her 'H' as best she could.

'Oh, but I think she needs a new one, don't you?'

My mother shifted her shopping bag.

'No I don't,' I piped up. 'I really like this one.'

She looked at me with distaste.

'Well, I do think …'

'We're getting a new one this afternoon,' said my mother firmly. 'Goodbye.' She moved us away, leaving Mrs Clifton alone beside the belly of pork.

'You're a disgrace,' hissed my mother, as soon as she could. 'What would your grandad say?'

'He's dead.'

'That's not the point.'

'She's stuck up and I don't like her.'

'You be quiet, she has a lovely home.'

Before I could protest any further she pushed me inside a shop that sold oddments and seconds.

'They haven't got any,' I said, peering about with some relief.

'Oh yes they have,' answered my mother triumphantly.

She was rummaging behind a pile of cardboard boxes that had SURPLUS written on the side, like branded sheep.

'Try this one.'

I put it on.

It was enormous.

'Look, it's got a hat with it.'

She thrust a shapeless piece of plastic towards the place she thought my hand would be.

'Which way round does it go?' I was feeling trapped.

'It'll keep you dry which every way.'

I remembered a film I had seen called *The Man in the Iron Mask*.

'It's a bit big,' I ventured.

'You can grow into it.'

'But Mum …'

'We'll have it.'

'But Mum.'

It was bright pink.

We walked in silence to the fish stall.

I hated her.

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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 Ed, Christopher's father, and how Stephens presents his importance to the play as a whole.

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.

Ed Come on, you're the memory man. Not to go round sticking your nose into other people's business. And what do you do? You go around sticking your nose into other people's business. You go around raking up the past and sharing it with every Tom, Dick and Harry you bump into. What am I going to do with you, Christopher? What am I going to do with you, Christopher?

Christopher I was just chatting with Mrs Alexander. I wasn't doing investigating.

Ed I ask you to do one thing for me, Christopher. One thing.

Christopher I didn't want to talk to Mrs. Alexander. It was Mrs Alexander who …

Ed *grabs* Christopher's *arm*.

Christopher *screams*.

Ed *shakes* Christopher *hard with both hands*.

Christopher *punches* Ed *repeatedly in the face*. *He cuts his mouth*.

Ed *hits the side of* Christopher's *head*.

Christopher *falls unconscious for a few seconds*.

Ed *stands above him. He is still holding the book*.

Ed I need a drink.

He leaves.

He comes back without the book. He looks at Christopher *for a while before he speaks. Everybody else on stage watches what he says.*

Ed I'm sorry I hit you.
I didn't mean to.
I love you very much, Christopher. Don't ever forget that. I know I lose my rag occasionally. And I know I shouldn't. But I only do it because I worry about you, because I don't want to see you getting into trouble, because I don't want you to get hurt. Do you understand?

Christopher Where's my book?

Ed Christopher, do you understand that I love you?

Ed *holds his right hand up and spreads his fingers out in a fan.*

Christopher *does the same with his left hand.*

They make their fingers and thumbs touch each other.

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0 7 ***Leave Taking***

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 Enid 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.

Very late that night. ENID's *living room.* ENID *sits on the sofa with a drink. The lights are out but the room is lit with the lights from outside.* ENID *sips her drink.* VIV *puts her head round the door and looks in, stands in the doorway in her nightdress, watching* ENID. ENID *picks up her glass again.*

VIV Mum. (*Moves into the room.*) Can't you sleep?

ENID *doesn't answer, sips from the glass.*

You can't sit here in the dark all night.

ENID Don't turn the light on.

Pause. VIV *watches* ENID.

I'm used to sitting in the dark. You think me mother could afford electricity? Hot an' cold running water? Flush toilet? We shower in waterfall.

VIV That sounds amazing.

ENID You ever been hungry, Viv?

VIV Yeah. I've been hungry…

ENID Not that little nibbling English lunchtime hunger. I talking 'bout the sort that roar in your belly day and night till you think you going mad with the thought a food. You think is easy living off the land? The land fail you, you might as well be dead.

VIV You don't live off the land any more.

ENID Oh yes. I did escape didn't I? Lucky me. (*Beat.*) You know where I come from? I come from the dirt. I come from the poorest family in the whole a Jamaica. People used to laugh at us, pick on us. An' we still use to walk around like we was something. (*Laughs at herself, bitter.*) Escape. To what? Where I going run to now?

VIV Why should you want to run anywhere?

ENID Sometime I feel like a cat chasing him own tail. Going round and round and getting nowhere but dizzy. (*Slight pause. Deep in thought.*) You think I want to come here? I never want to come here. I wanted to go to America like me uncle.

VIV I never knew you had an uncle in America.

ENID I never tell you?

VIV You never tell us anything.

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

Write about Gerald Croft in *An Inspector Calls* and how he is important to the play as a whole.

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.

SHEILA	*And* I'm supposed to be engaged to Gerald. And I'm not a child, don't forget. I've a right to know. *Were* you in love with her, Gerald?
GERALD	(*hesitatingly*) It's hard to say. I didn't feel about her as she felt about me.
SHEILA	(*with sharp sarcasm*) Of course not. You were the wonderful Fairy Prince. You must have adored it, Gerald.
GERALD	All right – I did for a time. Nearly any man would have done.
SHEILA	That's probably about the best thing you've said tonight. At least it's honest. Did you go and see her every night?
GERALD	No. I wasn't telling you a complete lie when I said I'd been very busy at the works all that time. We were very busy. But of course I did see a good deal of her.
MRS B.	I don't think we want any further details of this disgusting affair–
SHEILA	(*cutting in*) I do. And, anyhow, we haven't had any details yet.
GERALD	And you're not going to have any. (*To* MRS BIRLING.) You know, it wasn't disgusting.
MRS B.	It's disgusting to me.
SHEILA	Yes, but after all, you didn't come into this, did you, Mother?
GERALD	Is there anything else you want to know – that you ought to know?
INSPECTOR	Yes. When did this affair end?
GERALD	I can tell you exactly. In the first week of September. I had to go away for several weeks then – on business – and by that time Daisy knew it was coming to an end. So I broke it off definitely before I went.
INSPECTOR	How did she take it?
GERALD	Better than I'd hoped. She was – very gallant – about it.
SHEILA	(*with irony*) That was nice for you.
GERALD	No, it wasn't. (*He waits a moment, then in low, troubled tone.*) She told me she'd been happier than she'd ever been before – but that she knew it couldn't last – hadn't expected it to last. She didn't blame me at all. I wish to God she had now. Perhaps I'd feel better about it.
INSPECTOR	She had to move out of those rooms?
GERALD	Yes, we'd agreed about that. She'd saved a little money during the summer – she'd lived very economically on what I'd allowed her – and didn't want to take any more from me, but I insisted on a parting gift of enough money – though it wasn't so very much – to see her through to the end of the year.

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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 in *The History Boys* and how Bennett presents his importance 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.

Another pause while Irwin regards the class.

IRWIN Has anybody been to Rome? No? Well, you will be competing against boys and girls who have. And they will have been to Rome and Venice, Florence and Perugia, and they will doubtless have done courses on what they have seen there. So they will know when they come to do an essay like this on the Church on the eve of the Reformation that some silly nonsense on the foreskins of Christ will come in handy so that their essays, unlike yours, will not be dull.
Think bored examiners.
Think sixty, think a hundred and sixty papers even more competent than the last so that the fourteen foreskins of Christ will come as a real ray of sunshine.
Come the fourteen foreskins of Christ and they'll think they've won the pools.
Irwin pauses as before.
You should hate them.

CROWTHER Who, sir?

IRWIN Hate them because these boys and girls against whom you are to compete have been groomed like thoroughbreds for this one particular race. Put head to head with them and, on the evidence of these essays, you have none of you got a hope.

CROWTHER So why are we bothering?

IRWIN I don't know. I don't know at all.
You want it, I imagine. Or your parents want it. The Headmaster certainly wants it.
But I wouldn't waste the money. Judging by these, there is no point.
Go to Newcastle and be happy.
Long pause.
Of course, there is another way.

CROWTHER How?

TIMMS Cheat?

IRWIN Possibly.
The bell rings and he is going out.
And Dakin.

DAKIN Yes, sir?

IRWIN Don't take the piss.
There isn't time. (*He goes.*)

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1 0 ***Blood Brothers***

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 Mrs Lyons in *Blood Brothers* and how she is important to the play as a whole.

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 *enters*
MRS JOHNSTONE Yes?
MRS LYONS Sit down. Richard and I have been talking it over and, well the thing is, we both think it would be better if you left.
MRS JOHNSTONE Left where?
MRS LYONS It's your work. Your work has deteriorated.
MRS JOHNSTONE But, I work the way I've always worked.
MRS LYONS Well, I'm sorry, we're not satisfied.
MRS JOHNSTONE What will I do? How are we gonna live without my job?
MRS LYONS Yes, well we've thought of that. Here, here's …
(*She pushes the money into* MRS JOHNSTONE's *hands*.) It's a lot of money … but, well …
MRS JOHNSTONE (*thinking, desperate. Trying to get it together*.)
OK. All right. All right, Mrs Lyons, right. If I'm goin', I'm takin' my son with me, I'm takin' …
As MRS JOHNSTONE *moves towards the cot* MRS LYONS *roughly drags her out of the way*.
MRS LYONS Oh no, you're not. Edward is my son. Mine.
MRS JOHNSTONE I'll tell someone … I'll tell the police …
I'll bring the police in an' …
MRS LYONS No … no you won't. You gave your baby away. Don't you realize what a crime that is. You'll be locked up. You sold your baby.
MRS JOHNSTONE, *horrified, sees the bundle of notes in her hand, and throws it across the room.*
MRS JOHNSTONE I didn't …you told me, you said I could see him every day. Well, I'll tell someone, I'm gonna tell …
MRS JOHNSTONE *starts to leave but* MRS LYONS *stops her*.
MRS LYONS No. You'll tell nobody.
Music.
Because … because if you tell anyone … and these children learn of the truth, then you know what will happen, don't you? You do know what they say about twins, secretly parted, don't you?
MRS JOHNSTONE (*terrified*) What? What?
MRS LYONS They say … they say that if either twin learns that he once was a pair, they shall both immediately die. It means, Mrs Johnstone, that these brothers shall grow up, unaware of the other's existence. They shall be raised apart and never, ever told what was once the truth. You won't tell anyone about this, Mrs Johnstone, because if you do, you will kill them.
MRS LYONS *picks up the money and thrusts it into* MRS JOHNSTONE's *hands.* MRS LYONS *turns and walks away.*

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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.

Write about Scrooge 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 Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

'Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point,' said Scrooge, 'answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be only?'

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

'Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead,' said Scrooge. 'But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!'

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

'Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?' he cried upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

'No, Spirit! Oh no, no!'

The finger still was there.

'Spirit!' he cried, tight clutching at its robe, 'hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?'

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

'Good Spirit,' he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, 'your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life?'

The kind hand trembled.

'I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!'

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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 Silas in *Silas Marner* and how he is presented as 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]

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes.

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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 the narrator in *War of the Worlds* and how he is presented as 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]

> The hot water from the Martian's overthrow drifted downstream with me, so that for the best part of a mile I could see little of either bank. Once, however, I made out a string of black figures hurrying across the meadows from the direction of Weybridge. Halliford, it seemed, was deserted, and several of the houses facing the river were on fire. It was strange to see the place quite tranquil, quite desolate under the hot blue sky, with the smoke and little threads of flame going straight up into the heat of the afternoon. Never before had I seen houses burning without the accompaniment of an obstructive crowd. A little farther on the dry reeds up the bank were smoking and glowing, and a line of fire inland was marching steadily across a late field of hay.
>
> For a long time I drifted, so painful and weary was I after the violence I had been through, and so intense the heat upon the water. Then my fears got the better of me again, and I resumed my paddling. The sun scorched my bare back. At last, as the bridge at Walton was coming into sight round the bend, my fever and faintness overcame my fears, and I landed on the Middlesex bank and lay down, deadly sick, amid the long grass. I suppose the time was then about four or five o'clock. I got up presently, walked perhaps half a mile without meeting a soul, and then lay down again in the shadow of a hedge. I seem to remember talking, wanderingly, to myself during that last spurt. I was also very thirsty, and bitterly regretful I had drunk no more water. It is a curious thing that I felt angry with my wife; I cannot account for it, but my impotent desire to reach Leatherhead worried me excessively.

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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 as 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]

> 'When I wrote that letter,' replied Darcy, 'I believed myself perfectly calm and cool, but I am since convinced that it was written in a dreadful bitterness of spirit.'
>
> 'The letter, perhaps, began in bitterness, but it did not end so. The adieu is charity itself. But think no more of the letter. The feelings of the person who wrote, and the person who received it, are now so widely different from what they were then, that every unpleasant circumstance attending it, ought to be forgotten. You must learn some of my philosophy. Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure.'
>
> 'I cannot give you credit for any philosophy of the kind. *Your* retrospections must be so totally void of reproach, that the contentment arising from them, is not of philosophy, but what is much better, of ignorance. But with *me*, it is not so. Painful recollections will intrude, which cannot, which ought not to be repelled. I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle. As a child I was taught what was *right*, but I was not taught to correct my temper. I was given good principles, but left to follow them in pride and conceit. Unfortunately an only son (for many years an only *child*), I was spoilt by my parents, who though good themselves (my father particularly, all that was benevolent and amiable), allowed, encouraged, almost taught me to be selfish and overbearing, to care for none beyond my own family circle, to think meanly of all the rest of the world, to *wish* at least to think meanly of their sense and worth compared with my own. Such I was, from eight to eight and twenty; and such I might still have been but for you, dearest, loveliest Elizabeth! What do I not owe you! You taught me a lesson, hard indeed at first, but most advantageous. By you, I was properly humbled. I came to you without a doubt of my reception. You showed me how insufficient were all my pretensions to please a woman worthy of being pleased.'

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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 as 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]

'Then you are mistaken, and you know nothing about me, and nothing about the sort of love of which I am capable. Every atom of your flesh is as dear to me as my own: in pain and sickness it would still be dear. Your mind is my treasure, and if it were broken, it would be my treasure still: if you raved, my arms should confine you, and not a strait waistcoat – your grasp, even in fury, would have a charm for me: if you flew at me as wildly as that woman did this morning, I should receive you in an embrace, at least as fond as it would be restrictive. I should not shrink from you with disgust as I did from her: in your quiet moments you should have no watcher and no nurse but me; and I could hang over you with untiring tenderness, though you gave me no smile in return; and never weary of gazing into your eyes, though they had no longer a ray of recognition for me. – But why do I follow that train of ideas? I was talking of removing you from Thornfield. All, you know, is prepared for prompt departure: tomorrow you shall go. I only ask you to endure one more night under this roof, Jane; and then, farewell to its miseries and terrors for ever! I have a place to repair to, which will be a secure sanctuary from hateful reminiscences, from unwelcome intrusion – even from falsehood and slander.'

'And take Adèle with you, sir,' I interrupted; 'she will be a companion for you.'

'What do you mean, Jane? I told you I would send Adèle to school; and what do I want with a child for a companion, and not my own child, – a French dancer's bastard? Why do you importune me about her! I say, why do you assign Adèle to me for a companion?'

'You spoke of a retirement, sir; and retirement and solitude are dull: too dull for you.'

'Solitude! solitude!' he reiterated with irritation. 'I see I must come to an explanation. I don't know what sphynx-like expression is forming in your countenance. *You* are to share my solitude. Do you understand?'

I shook my head: it required a degree of courage, excited as he was becoming, even to risk that mute sign of dissent. He had been walking fast about the room, and he stopped, as if suddenly rooted to one spot.

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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.

Write about Mr Hyde and how he is presented as 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]

> The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, would usurp the offices of life. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll, was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of life is wonderful; I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

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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, *Autumn* by Alan Bold and *Frost on the Shortest Day* by Patricia Beer. The two poems are about different times of the year.

3 1 Write about the poem *Autumn* by Alan Bold 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.

Autumn

Autumn arrives
Like an experienced robber
Grabbing the green stuff
Then cunningly covering his tracks
With a deep multitude
Of colourful distractions.
And the wind,
The wind is his accomplice
Putting an air of chaos
Into the careful diversions
So branches shake
And dead leaves are suddenly blown
In the faces of inquisitive strangers.
The theft chills the world
Changes the temper of the earth
Till the normally placid sky
Glows red with a quiet rage.

Alan Bold

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3 2 Now compare *Frost on the Shortest Day* by Patricia Beer and *Autumn* by Alan Bold. [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.

Frost on the Shortest Day

A heavy frost last night,
The longest night of the year,
Makes the land at first light
Look spruced up for death,
Incurably white.

But the earth moving fast
Tips the shadow across
The field. It rolls past
Sheep who hold their ground
And into the hedge at last.

Not far behind, a track
Of frost is following
That the sun cannot lick
Completely green in time,
Before night rolls back.

Patricia Beer

END OF PAPER

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