GCSE

C720U20-1

O20-C720U20-1

THURSDAY, 12 NOVEMBER 2020 – 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 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 below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Ralph 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.

Ralph saw that for the time being he was safe. He limped away through the fruit trees, drawn by the thought of the poor food yet bitter when he remembered the feast. Feast to-day, and then to-morrow…

He argued unconvincingly that they would let him alone; perhaps even make an outlaw of him. But then the fatal unreasoning knowledge came to him again. The breaking of the conch and the deaths of Piggy and Simon lay over the island like a vapour. These painted savages would go further and further. Then there was that indefinable connection between himself and Jack; who therefore would never let him alone; never.

He paused, sun-flecked, holding up a bough, prepared to duck under it. A spasm of terror set him shaking and he cried aloud.

"No. They're not as bad as that. It was an accident."

He ducked under the bough, ran clumsily, then stopped and listened.

He came to the smashed acres of fruit and ate greedily. He saw two littluns and, not having any idea of his own appearance, wondered why they screamed and ran.

When he had eaten he went towards the beach. The sunlight was slanting now into the palms by the wrecked shelter. There was the platform and the pool. The best thing to do was to ignore this leaden feeling about the heart and rely on their common sense, their daylight sanity. Now that the tribe had eaten, the thing to do was to try again. And anyway, he couldn't stay here all night in an empty shelter by the deserted platform. His flesh crept and he shivered in the evening sun. No fire; no smoke; no rescue. He turned and limped away through the forest towards Jack's end of the island.

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 Anita and how she 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.

I followed Anita around like a shadow for the rest of the afternoon, keeping a respectful distance behind her, letting her know I was there without going too close to the dark mood that hung around her like a forcefield. By now I was used to Anita's tempers and knew how to ride them as skilfully as Uncle Hugo rode the unbroken ponies in my favourite Saturday morning programme, *White Horses*. I knew if I got too close to her during one of her wordless seething tempers, I would be sucked into it like a speck into a cyclone. Her fury was so powerful it was almost tangible, drew the energy and will from me until the world reversed like a negative and I found myself inside her head, looking out of her eyes and feeling an awful murderous hatred. But if I retreated too far she would sense my fear and detachment and turn on me, accusing me of betrayal.

Now I understood what had made Sherrie and Fat Sally do their merry dance of repulsion and attraction around Anita, for like the girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead, the good and the horrid in her were equally irresistible. I used her thin rigid back as a compass, pursuing her through the crowd as she passed from stall to stall, watching her finger the knitted baby bootees, tinker with vases and dried flower arrangements, rifle through stacks of old magazines until she finally nicked a couple of lemon curd tarts off a cake stall which we ate in quick hurried gulps.

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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 Kathy and how she 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.

My name is Kathy H. I'm thirty-one years old, and I've been a carer now for over eleven years. That sounds long enough, I know, but actually they want me to go on for another eight months, until the end of this year. That'll make it almost exactly twelve years. Now I know my being a carer so long isn't necessarily because they think I'm fantastic at what I do. There are some really good carers who've been told to stop after just two or three years. And I can think of one carer at least who went on for all of fourteen years despite being a complete waste of space. So I'm not trying to boast. But then I do know for a fact they've been pleased with my work, and by and large, I have too. My donors have always tended to do much better than expected. Their recovery times have been impressive, and hardly any of them have been classified as 'agitated', even before fourth donation. Okay, maybe I *am* boasting now. But it means a lot to me, being able to do my work well, especially that bit about my donors staying 'calm'. I've developed a kind of instinct around donors. I know when to hang around and comfort them, when to leave them to themselves; when to listen to everything they have to say, and when just to shrug and tell them to snap out of it.

Anyway, I'm not making any big claims for myself. I know carers, working now, who are just as good and don't get half the credit. If you're one of them, I can understand how you might get resentful − about my bedsit, my car, above all, the way I get to pick and choose who I look after. And I'm a Hailsham student − which is enough by itself sometimes to get people's backs up. Kathy H., they say, she gets to pick and choose, and she always chooses her own kind: people from Hailsham, or one of the other privileged estates. No wonder she has a great record. I've heard it said enough, so I'm sure you've heard it plenty more, and maybe there's something in it. But I'm not the first to be allowed to pick and choose, and I doubt if I'll be the last. And anyway, I've done my share of looking after donors brought up in every kind of place. By the time I finish, remember, I'll have done twelve years of this, and it's only for the last six they've let me choose.

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.

Arthur Kipps says, "I did not believe in ghosts". Write about some of the events in the novel which cause Arthur to change his mind and how they are presented.

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 was breathing fast as I ran to the corner and my heart seemed to be leaping about madly within me. But, if I had been afraid at what had happened in this house so far, when I reached the end of the short corridor and saw what I did see now, my fear reached a new height, until for a minute I thought I would die of it, *was* dying, for I could not conceive of a man's being able to endure such shocks and starts and remain alive, let alone in his right senses.

The door of the room from which the noise came, the door which had been securely locked, so that I had not been able to break it down, the door to which there could not be a key − that door was now standing open. Wide open.

Beyond it lay a room, in complete darkness, save for the first yard or two immediately at the entrance, where the dim light from the bulb on the landing outside fell onto some shining, brown floor-covering. Within, I could hear both the noise − louder now because the door was open − and the sound of the dog, pattering anxiously about and sniffing and snuffling as she went.

I do not know how long I stood there in fear and trembling and in dreadful bewilderment. I lost all sense of time and ordinary reality. Through my head went a tumbling confusion of half-thoughts and emotions, visions of spectres and of real fleshy intruders, ideas of murder and violence, and all manner of odd, distorted fears. And, all the time, the door stood wide open and the rocking continued. Rocking.

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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 some of the different types of love in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* and how Winterson 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.

'I'll bring in the calor gas,' said Katy, 'so we won't be cold.'

We weren't cold, not that night nor any of the others we spent together over the years that followed. She was my most uncomplicated love affair, and I loved her because of it. She seemed to have no worries at all, and though she still denies it, I think she planned the caravan.

'Are you sure this is what you want?' I murmured, not intending to stop.

'Oh yes,' she cried, 'yes.'

We stopped talking about it quickly because the dialogue was getting too embarrassing. She was blissful. I took care never to look at her when I preached, though she always sat in the front row. We did have a genuinely spiritual dimension. I taught her a lot, and she put all her efforts into the church, quite apart from me. It was a good time. To the pure all things are pure…

A year has passed since Melanie's Easter and my illness. It was Easter time again and the Church of England was winding its way up the hill, carrying the cross. On Palm Sunday Melanie returned, beaming with an important announcement. She was to be married that autumn to an army man. To be fair he had given up the bad fight for the Good Fight, but as far as I was concerned he was revolting. I had no quarrel with men. At that time there was no reason that I should. The women in our church were strong and organised. If you want to talk in terms of power I had enough to keep Mussolini happy. So I didn't object to Melanie getting married.

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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 Christopher's relationship with his parents and how Haddon 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.

JUDY Where's your father, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER I think he's in Swindon.

ROGER Thank God for that.

JUDY But how did you get here?

CHRISTOPHER I came on the train.

JUDY Oh my God, Christopher. I didn't … I didn't think I'd ever … Why are you here on your own?
Christopher, you're soaking. Roger, don't just stand there.

ROGER Are you going to come in or are you going to stay out here all night?

CHRISTOPHER I'm going to live with you because Father killed Wellington with a garden fork and I'm frightened of him.

ROGER Jumping Jack Christ.

JUDY Roger, please. Come on. Christopher, let's go inside and get you dried off.
Go on or you'll catch your death.
CHRISTOPHER *doesn't move.*

JUDY You follow Roger.
CHRISTOPHER *doesn't move.*
Are you OK, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER I'm very tired.

JUDY I know, love. Will you let me help you get your clothes off? I can get you a clean T-shirt. And some runners.
You could get yourself into bed.
She changes him.
He wears one of her old T-shirts.
You're very brave.

CHRISTOPHER Yes.

JUDY You never wrote to me.

CHRISTOPHER I know.

JUDY Why didn't you write to me, Christopher? I wrote you all those letters. I kept thinking something dreadful had happened or you'd moved away and I'd never find out where you were.

CHRISTOPHER Father said you were dead.

JUDY What?

CHRISTOPHER He said you went into hospital because you had something wrong with your heart. And then you had a heart attack and died.

JUDY Oh my God.
JUDY *starts to howl.*

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

A Taste of Honey is a play about love. Write about love 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.

Jo	Will you stay here for Christmas?
Boy	If that's what you want.
Jo	It's what you want.
Boy	That's right.
Jo	Then stay.
Boy	You naughty girl!
Jo	I may as well be naughty while I've got the chance. I'll probably never see you again. I know it.
Boy	What makes you say that?
Jo	I just know it. That's all. But I don't care. Stay with me now, it's enough, it's all I want, and if you do come back I'll still be here.
Boy	You think I'm only after one thing, don't you?
Jo	I know you're only after one thing.
Boy	You're so right. (*He kisses her.*) But I will come back, I love you.
Jo	How can you say that?
Boy	Why or how I say these things I don't know, but whatever it means it's true.
Jo	Anyway, after this you might not want to come back. After all, I'm not very experienced in these little matters.
Boy	I am.
Jo	Anyway, it's a bit daft for us to be talking about you coming back before you've gone. Can I leave that hot milk?
Boy	It would have done you good. Never mind.
	(Embraces her.)
Jo	Don't do that.
Boy	Why not?
Jo	I like it.

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 the Inspector 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.

EDNA	*(opening door, and announcing)* Inspector Goole. *The* INSPECTOR *enters, and* EDNA *goes, closing door after her. The* INSPECTOR *need not be a big man but he creates at once an impression of massiveness, solidity and purposefulness. He is a man in his fifties, dressed in a plain darkish suit of the period. He speaks carefully, weightily, and has a disconcerting habit of looking hard at the person he addresses before actually speaking.*
INSPECTOR	Mr Birling?
BIRLING	Yes. Sit down, Inspector.
INSPECTOR	*(sitting)* Thank you, sir.
BIRLING	Have a glass of port – or a little whisky?
INSPECTOR	No, thank you, Mr Birling. I'm on duty.
BIRLING	You're new, aren't you?
INSPECTOR	Yes, sir. Only recently transferred.
BIRLING	I thought you must be. I was an alderman for years – and Lord Mayor two years ago – and I'm still on the Bench – so I know the Brumley police officers pretty well – and I thought I'd never seen you before.
INSPECTOR	Quite so.
BIRLING	Well, what can I do for you? Some trouble about a warrant?
INSPECTOR	No, Mr Birling.
BIRLING	*(after a pause, with a touch of impatience)* Well, what is it then?
INSPECTOR	I'd like some information, if you don't mind, Mr Birling. Two hours ago a young woman died in the Infirmary. She'd been taken there this afternoon because she'd swallowed a lot of strong disinfectant. Burnt her inside out, of course.
ERIC	*(involuntarily)* My God!
INSPECTOR	Yes, she was in great agony. They did everything they could for her at the Infirmary, but she died. Suicide, of course.
BIRLING	*(rather impatiently)* Yes, yes. Horrid business. But I don't understand why you should come here, Inspector—
INSPECTOR	*(cutting through, massively)* I've been round to the room she had, and she'd left a letter there and a sort of diary. Like a lot of these young women who get into various kinds of trouble, she'd used more than one name. But her original name – her real name – was Eva Smith.

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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 on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the Headmaster 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.

HEADMASTER I am very angry.
My wife, Mrs Armstrong, does voluntary work. One afternoon a week at the charity shop. Normally Mondays. Except this week she did Wednesday as well.
The charity shop is not busy.
She reads, naturally, but periodically she looks out of the window.
Are you following me?
The road. The traffic lights. And so on.

Pause.

On three occasions now she has seen a motorbike.
Boy on pillion.
A man … fiddling.
Yesterday she took the number.
For the moment I propose to say nothing about this, but fortunately it is not long before you are due to retire. In the circumstances I propose we bring that forward.
I think we should be looking at the end of term.
Have you nothing to say?

HECTOR 'The tree of man was never quiet.
Then 'twas the Roman; now 'tis I.'

HEADMASTER This is no time for poetry.

HECTOR I would have thought it was just the time.

HEADMASTER Did I say I was angry?

HECTOR I believe you did, yes.

HEADMASTER Did you not *think*?

HECTOR Ah, think.

'To think that two and two are four
And never five nor three
The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be.'

HEADMASTER You are incorrigible. I am assuming your wife doesn't know?

HECTOR I have no idea. What women know or don't know has always been a mystery to me.
Incidentally, she helps out at the charity shop, too.
They all seem to do nowadays.
Philanthropy and its forms.

HEADMASTER And are you going to tell her?

HECTOR I don't know. I'm not sure she'd be interested.

HEADMASTER Well, there's another thing.
Strange how even the most tragic turns of events generally resolve themselves into questions about the timetable. Irwin has been badgering me for more lessons. In the circumstances a concession might be in order. In the future, I think you and he might share.

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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 the relationship between Mickey and Linda 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.

We see MICKEY *and* LINDA *making their way up the hill.* Linda *having some difficulty in high heeled shoes.*

LINDA Tch … you didn't tell me it was gonna be over a load of fields.

MICKEY I didn't tell y' nothin'. I didn't ask y' to come, y' followed me. (*He walks away from her.*)

LINDA (*watching him walk away*): Mickey, Mickey … I'm stuck … (*Holding out her helpless arms.*) Me foot's stuck. Honest.

MICKEY *goes back, timidly takes a wrist and ineffectually pulls.*

Mickey, I think y' might be more successful if you were to sort of put your arms around here. (*She puts her hands on her waist.*) Oh Mickey, be gentle, be gentle …

MICKEY (*managing to pull her free*): Will you stop takin' the piss out of me!

LINDA I'm not, I'm not.

MICKEY *points down in the direction they have come from.*

MICKEY Look … y' can see the estate from up here.

LINDA Have we come all this way just to look at the bleedin' estate? Mickey we're fourteen. *She beams at him. He can't take it and looks the other way.*

MICKEY Look.

LINDA What?

MICKEY There's that lad lookin' out the window. I see him sometimes when I'm up here.

LINDA Oh him … he's gorgeous, isn't he?

MICKEY What?

LINDA He's lovely lookin', isn't he?

MICKEY All right, all right! You've told me once.

LINDA Well, he is. An' what do you care if I think another feller's gorgeous eh?

MICKEY I don't.

LINDA You … I give up with you, Mickey Johnstone. I'm off. You get on my bleedin' nerves.

LINDA *exits.*

MICKEY What … Linda … Linda … Don't … Linda, I wanna kiss y', an' put me arms around y' an' kiss y' and kiss y' an even fornicate with y' but I don't know how to tell y', because I've got pimples an' me feet are too big an' me bum sticks out an' …

He becomes conscious of EDWARD *approaching, and affects nonchalance.*

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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.

At the beginning of *A Christmas Carol*, Scrooge says, ''I wish to be left alone''. Write about some of the events in the novel which cause Scrooge to change his mind and how they are presented.

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]

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panelling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty store-house door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with a softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments: wonderfully real and distinct to look at: stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood by the bridle.

'Why, it's Ali Baba!' Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. 'It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine,' said Scrooge, 'and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!'

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his heightened and excited face; would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

'There's the Parrot!' cried Scrooge. 'Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. "Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?" The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!'

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, 'Poor boy!' and cried again.

'I wish,' Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: 'but it's too late now.'

'What is the matter?' asked the Spirit.

'Nothing,' said Scrooge. 'Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that's all.'

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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 Marner 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]

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called 'North'ard.' So had his way of life: – he invited no comer to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's: he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will – quite as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again.

This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that one evening as he was returning homeward he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Marner's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like, as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said 'Good night,' and walked off. All this Jem swore he had seen, more by token that it was the very day he had been mole-catching on Squire Cass's land, down by the old saw-pit. Some said Marner must have been in a 'fit,' a word which seemed to explain things otherwise incredible; but the argumentative Mr Macey, clerk of the parish, shook his head, and asked if anybody was ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down. A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? and it was in the nature of a stroke to partly take away the use of a man's limbs and throw him on the parish, if he'd got no children to look to. No, no; it was no stroke that would let a man stand on his legs, like a horse between the shafts, and then walk off as soon as you can say 'Gee!' But there might be such a thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and in, like a bird out of its nest and back; and that was how folks got over-wise, for they went to school in this shell-less state to those who could teach them more than their neighbours could learn with their five senses and the parson. And where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from − and charms too, if he liked to give them away? Jem Rodney's story was no more than what might have been expected by anybody who had seen how Marner had cured Sally Oates, and made her sleep like a baby, when her heart had been beating enough to burst her body, for two months and more, while she had been under the doctor's care. He might cure more folks if he would; but he was worth speaking fair, if it was only to keep him from doing you a mischief.

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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.

War of the Worlds is about the struggle for survival. Write about the struggle for survival at different points in the novel and how H.G. Wells presents this.

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]

'Very likely these Martians will make pets of some of them; train them to do tricks − who knows? − get sentimental over the pet boy who grew up and had to be killed. And some, maybe, they will train to hunt us.'

'No,' I cried, 'that's impossible! No human being—'

'What's the good of going on with such lies?' said the artilleryman. 'There's men who'd do it cheerful. What nonsense to pretend there isn't!'

And I succumbed to his conviction.

'If they come after me,' he said − 'Lord! if they come after me!' and subsided into a grim meditation.

I sat contemplating these things. I could find nothing to bring against this man's reasoning. In the days before the invasion no one would have questioned my intellectual superiority to his − I, a professed and recognized writer on philosophical themes, and he, a common soldier − and yet he had already formulated a situation that I had scarcely realized.

'What are you doing?' I said presently. 'What plans have you made?'

He hesitated.

'Well, it's like this,' he said. 'What have we to do? We have to invent a sort of life where men can live and breed, and be sufficiently secure to bring the children up. Yes − wait a bit, and I'll make it clearer what I think ought to be done. The tame ones will go like all tame beasts; in a few generations they'll be big, beautiful, rich-blooded, stupid − rubbish! The risk is that we who keep wild will go savage − degenerate into a sort of big savage rat. … You see, how I mean to live is underground. I've been thinking about the drains. Of course, those who don't know drains think horrible things; but under this London are miles and miles − hundreds of miles − and a few days' rain and London empty will leave them sweet and clean. The main drains are big enough and airy enough for anyone. Then there's cellars, vaults, stores, from which bolting passages may be made to the drains. And the railway tunnels and subways. Eh? You begin to see? And we form a band − able-bodied, clean-minded men. We're not going to pick up any rubbish that drifts in. Weaklings go out again.'

'As you meant me to go?'

'Well − I parleyed, didn't I?'

'We won't quarrel about that. Go on.'

'Those who stop obey orders. Able-bodied, clean-minded women we want also − mothers and teachers. No lackadaisical ladies − no blasted rolling eyes. We can't have any weak or silly. Life is real again, and the useless and cumbersome and mischievous have to die. They ought to die. They ought to be willing to die. It's a sort of disloyalty, after all, to live and taint the race.

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 relationships within the Bennet 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]

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In every thing else she is as good natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out as she entered the library,

"Oh! Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him, and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her*."

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? — It seems an hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well — and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, Sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is not it so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. — Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to *insist* upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favours to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

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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 Jane and how she 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]

A pause.

"Why are you silent, Jane?"

I was experiencing an ordeal: a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment: full of struggle, blackness, burning! Not a human being that ever lived could wish to be loved better than I was loved; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshipped: and I must renounce love and idol. One drear word comprised my intolerable duty—"Depart!"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you? Just this promise—'I will be yours, Mr. Rochester.'"

"Mr. Rochester, I will *not* be yours."

Another long silence.

"Jane!" recommenced he, with a gentleness that broke me down with grief, and turned me stone-cold with ominous terror—for this still voice was the pant of a lion rising—"Jane, do you mean to go one way in the world, and to let me go another?"

"I do."

"Jane" (bending towards and embracing me), "do you mean it now?"

"I do."

"And now?" softly kissing my forehead and cheek.

"I do"—extricating myself from restraint rapidly and completely.

"Oh, Jane, this is bitter! This—this is wicked. It would not be wicked to love me."

"It would to obey you."

A wild look raised his brows—crossed his features: he rose; but he forbore yet. I laid my hand on the back of a chair for support: I shook, I feared—but I resolved.

"One instant, Jane. Give one glance to my horrible life when you are gone. All happiness will be torn away with you. What then is left? For a wife I have but the maniac upstairs: as well might you refer me to some corpse in yonder churchyard. What shall I do, Jane? Where turn for a companion, and for some hope?"

"Do as I do: trust in God and yourself. Believe in heaven. Hope to meet again there."

"Then you will not yield?"

"No."

"Then you condemn me to live wretched, and to die accursed?" His voice rose.

"I advise you to live sinless: and I wish you to die tranquil."

"Then you snatch love and innocence from me? You fling me back on lust for a passion—vice for an occupation?"

"Mr. Rochester, I no more assign this fate to you than I grasp at it for myself. We were born to strive and endure—you as well as I: do so. You will forget me before I forget you."

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 novel is about the conflict between Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Write about this conflict 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
- refer to the contexts of the novel [40]

Now, however, and in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this: that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite), now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered him as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals himself from pursuit. Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde was to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and for ever, despised and friendless. The bargain might appear unequal; but there was still another consideration in the scales; for while Jekyll would suffer smartingly in the fires of abstinence, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that he had lost. Strange as my circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and commonplace as man; much the same inducements and alarms cast the die for any tempted and trembling sinner; and it fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part, and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it.

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends, and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping pulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

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, *Watching a Dancer* by James Berry and *The Busker* by Gerard Benson. In both of these poems the poets write about people performing.

3 1 Write about the poem *Watching a Dancer* by James Berry, 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*

Watching a Dancer

She wears a red costume for her dance.
Her body is trim
and shapely and strong.

Before she begins
she waits composed,
waiting to hear the music start.

The music moves her.
She hears it keenly. The music
pulses her body with its rhythms.

It delights her. It haunts her body
into patterns of curves and angles.
She rocks. She spins.

She stretches entranced. She looks
she could swim and could fly.
She would stay airborne from a leap.

Her busy head, arms, legs, all know
she shows how the music looks.
Posture changes and movements are

the language of the sounds, that
she and the music use together
and reveal their unfolding story.

James Berry

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3 2 Now compare *The Busker* by Gerard Benson and *Watching a Dancer* by James Berry. [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

The Busker

His elbow jerks, an old mechanical toy.
Feet planted astride, knees flexed, one instep
Arched over the cobbles, he scratches a tune
From a bony violin, grating the spine.

His left hand, a dancing spider, performs
Its polka on the taut web strings, his right,
Daintier than a lady taking tea,
Guides the thin bow in dangerous little stabs,

Littering the yard with snips and snaps of sound,
Sharper than pins. Coins drop into his hat,
But sparingly, and pigeons on pink unhurried feet
Waddle, chatting by; refuse, point-blank, to dance.

Gerard Benson

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