OXFORD

INTERNATIONAL
AQA EXAMINATIONS

INTERNATIONAL GCSE
ENGLISH LITERATURE

Paper 2A Poetry and unseen texts

Monday 2 November 2020 07:00 GMT Time allowed: 2 hours 15 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an Oxford International AQA Examinations 16-page answer book
- a clean copy of the Oxford International AQA Poetry Anthology *People and Places*.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Do **not** use pencil.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book.
- Answer **one** question from **Section A**.
- Answer the question in **Section B and** the question in **Section C**.
- For **Section A**, you must have a clean copy of the Oxford International AQA Poetry Anthology *People and Places* in the examination room.
- The text must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- There are 30 marks available for each section.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 90.

Section A: Poetry Anthology: People and Places

Answer **one** question from **Section A**.

Either

0 1 Read the poem below.

Answer the question that follows.

Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
Winds stampeding the fields under the window
Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky
The hills had new places, and wind wielded
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as
The coal-house door. Once I looked up –
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap;
The wind flung a magpie away and a black-
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
That any second would shatter it. Now deep
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
Seeing the window tremble to come in,
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

Ted Hughes

Write about the ways that poets present danger in *Wind* and **one** other poem from *People and Places.*

[30 marks]

or

0 2 Write about **one or more** poems from *People and Places* in which people enjoy particular places. Show how the poet(s) create a sense of enjoyment.

[30 marks]

Section B: Unseen poetry

Answer **Question 3**.

0 3 Read the poem below and answer the question that follows.

Young Woman

Young Woman, fragile shoot
I am afraid for you
You are so vulnerable.

Young Woman, Tender vine
I am afraid for you
You are denied guidance.

Young Woman, slender leafy plant
I am afraid for you
You are so innocent
Glorying the discovery
Of your beauty.

Young Woman, blossoming palm-tree
You are on the threshold
Of life in all its fullness
I am afraid for you
You are exposed to the elements

Of violence, disillusionment
And discrimination,
Fruits of an unjust social and
Economic arrangement.

Young Woman
Be a sealed fountain
In an enclosed garden
Whose walls are to be scaled
When you are Woman, Conscious, Positive,
Goal setting, Confident Woman.

Young Woman, be wise
Guard your dignity
Acknowledge your potential.

Father, Mother, Older Man, Older Woman,
Uncle, Aunt, Brother, Sister, Young Woman,
Be a hedge around her
Bruise not the flower.

Nelcia Robinson

How does the poet present her ideas about the young woman by the ways she writes?

[30 marks]

Section C: Unseen prose

Answer **Question 4**.

0 4 Read the passage below and then answer the question that follows.

In *Cider with Rosie* by Laurie Lee the writer describes his early childhood. In this passage he has strayed into a field and doesn't know where he is.

I was lost and didn't know where to move. A tropic heat oozed up from the ground, rank with sharp odours of roots and nettles. Snow-clouds of elder-blossom banked in the sky, showering upon me the fumes and flakes of their sweet and giddy suffocation. High overhead ran frenzied larks, screaming, as though the sky were tearing apart.

For the first time in my life I was out of the sight of humans. For the first time in my life I was alone in a world whose behaviour I could neither predict nor fathom: a world of birds that squealed, of plants that stank, of insects that sprang about without warning. I was lost and I did not expect to be found again. I put back my head and howled, and the sun hit me smartly on the face, like a bully.

From this daylight nightmare I was awakened, as from many another, by the appearance of my sisters. They came scrambling and calling up the steep rough bank, and parting the long grass found me. Faces of rose, familiar, living; huge, shining faces hung up like shields between me and the sky; faces with grins and white teeth (some broken) to be conjured up like genii with a howl, brushing off terror with their broad scoldings and affection. They leaned over me – one, two, three – their mouths smeared with red currants and their hands dripping with juice.

'There, there, it's all right, don't you wail any more. Come down 'ome and we'll stuff you with currants.'

How does the writer present the boy's feelings through the ways that he writes?

[30 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

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