GCSE

3720UC0-1

S19-3720UC0-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2b
(Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)
HIGHER TIER

THURSDAY, 23 MAY 2019 – MORNING

2 hours

SECTION A

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The History Boys	2 - 3
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.
Answer **both** Section A and Section B. Answer on **one** text in each section.
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

Section A: 30 marks Section B: 30 marks
You are advised to spend your time as follows: Section A – about one hour
Section B – about one hour

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.
You are reminded that the accuracy and organisation of your writing will be assessed.

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SECTION A

Answer questions on **one** *text.*

The History Boys

Answer **1 1** *and* ***either*** **1 2** ***or*** **1 3** *.*

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

1 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Hector speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about his character? [10]

Either,

1 2 How is the character of Irwin presented to an audience in *The History Boys*? Refer closely to the text in your answer. [20]

Or,

1 3 For which character in *The History Boys* do you have the greatest sympathy? Show how Bennett creates sympathy for your chosen character. [20]

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Classroom.

HECTOR Now fades the thunder of the youth of England clearing summer's obligatory hurdles.
Felicitations to you all. Well done, Scripps! Bravo, Dakin! Crowther, congratulations. And Rudge, too. Remarkable. All, all deserve prizes. All, all have done that noble and necessary thing, you have satisfied the examiners of the Joint Matriculation Board, and now, proudly jingling your A Levels, those longed-for emblems of your conformity, you come before me once again to resume your education.

RUDGE What were A Levels, then?

HECTOR Boys, boys, boys.
A Levels, Rudge are credentials, qualifications, the footings of your CV. Your Cheat's Visa. Time now for the bits in between. You will see from the timetable that our esteemed Headmaster has given these periods the euphemistic title –

Posner looks up the word in the dictionary.

– of General Studies.

POSNER 'Euphemism …substitution of mild or vague or roundabout expression for a harsh or direct one.'

HECTOR A verbal fig-leaf. The mild or vague expression being General Studies. The harsh or direct one, Useless Knowledge. The otiose – *(Points at Posner.)* – the trash, the department of why bother?

POSNER 'Otiose: serving no practical purpose, without function.'

HECTOR If, heaven forfend, I was ever entrusted with the timetable, I would call these lessons A Waste of Time.
Nothing that happens here has anything to do with getting on, but remember, open quotation marks, 'All knowledge is precious whether or not it serves the slightest human use,' close quotation marks.
Who said? Lockwood? Crowther? Timms? Akthar?

Pause.

'Loveliest of trees the cherry now.'

AKTHAR A. E. Housman, sir.

HECTOR 'A. E. Housman, sir.'

TIMMS Wasn't he a nancy, sir?

HECTOR Foul, festering grubby-minded little trollop. Do not use that word. *(He hits him on the head with an exercise book.)*

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Blood Brothers

Answer **1 4** *and* ***either*** **1 5** ***or*** **1 6** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **1 4** *, and about 40 minutes on* **1 5** *or* **1 6** *.*

1 4 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Mickey and Edward speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their characters? [10]

Either,

1 5 How is the character of Mrs Johnstone important to the play as a whole? [20]

Or,

1 6 'Jealousy and anger cause the death of the twins, Mickey and Edward.' How far do you agree with this statement? [20]

EDWARD: Hello.

MICKEY: *(suspiciously):* Hello.

EDWARD: I've seen you before.

MICKEY: Where?

EDWARD: You were playing with some other boys near my house.

MICKEY: Do you live up in the park?

EDWARD: Yes. Are you going to come and play up there again?

MICKEY: No. I would do but I'm not allowed.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: 'Cos me mam says.

EDWARD: Well, my mummy doesn't allow me to play down here actually.

MICKEY: 'Gis a sweet.

EDWARD: All right. *(He offers a bag from his pocket.)*

MICKEY: *(shocked):* What?

EDWARD: Here.

MICKEY: *(trying to work out the catch. Suspiciously taking one):* Can I have another one. For our Sammy?

EDWARD: Yes, of course. Take as many as you want.

MICKEY: *(taking a handful)*: Are you soft?

EDWARD: I don't think so.

MICKEY: Round here if y' ask for a sweet, y' have to ask about, about twenty million times. An' y' know what?

EDWARD: *(sitting beside* MICKEY): What?

MICKEY: They still don't bleedin' give y' one. Sometimes our Sammy does but y' have to be dead careful if our Sammy gives y' a sweet.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: 'Cos, if our Sammy gives y' a sweet he's usually weed on it first.

EDWARD: *(exploding in giggles)*: Oh, that sounds like super fun.

MICKEY: It is. If y' our Sammy.

EDWARD: Do you want to come and play?

MICKEY: I might do. But I'm not playin' now 'cos I'm pissed off.

EDWARD: *(awed)*: Pissed off. You say smashing things don't you? Do you know any more words like that?

MICKEY: Yeh. Yeh, I know loads of words like that. Y' know, like the 'F' word.

EDWARD: *(clueless)*: Pardon?

MICKEY: The 'F' word.

Edward *is still puzzled.* Mickey *looks round to check that he cannot be overheard, then whispers the word to* Edward. *The two of them immediately wriggle and giggle with glee.*

EDWARD: What does it mean?

MICKEY: I don't know. It sounds good though, doesn't it?

EDWARD: Fantastic. When I get home I'll look it up in the dictionary.

MICKEY: In the what?

EDWARD: The dictionary. Don't you know what a dictionary is?

MICKEY: 'Course I do.… It's a, it's a thingy innit?

EDWARD: A book which explains the meaning of words.

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Turn over.

A View From The Bridge

Answer **1 7** *and* ***either*** **1 8** ***or*** **1 9** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **1 7** *, and about 40 minutes on* **1 8** *or* **1 9** *.*

1 7 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Eddie and Alfieri speak and behave here. How does it create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

Either,

1 8 How is the character of Catherine important to the play as a whole? [20]

Or,

1 9 'Jealousy destroys Eddie and then his whole family.' How far do you agree with this statement? [20]

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EDDIE: I'm tellin' you I know–he ain't right. Somebody that don't want it can break it. Even a mouse, if you catch a teeny mouse and you hold it in your hand, that mouse can give you the right kind of fight. He didn't give me the right kind of fight, I know it, Mr. Alfieri, the guy ain't right.

ALFIERI: What did you do that for, Eddie?

EDDIE: To show her what he is! So she would see, once and for all! Her mother'll turn over in the grave! *He gathers himself almost peremptorily*. So what do I gotta do now? Tell me what to do.

ALFIERI: She actually said she's marrying him?

EDDIE: She told me, yeah. So what do I do?

Slight pause.

ALFIERI: This is my last word, Eddie, take it or not, that's your business. Morally and legally you have no rights, you cannot stop it; she is a free agent.

EDDIE: *angering*: Didn't you hear what I told you?

ALFIERI: *with a tougher tone:* I heard what you told me, and I'm telling you what the answer is. I'm not only telling you now, I'm warning you–the law is nature. The law is only a word for what has a right to happen. When the law is wrong it's because it's unnatural, but in this case it is natural and a river will drown you if you buck it now. Let her go. And bless her. *A phone booth begins to glow on the opposite side of the stage; a faint, lonely blue. Eddie stands up, jaws clenched.* Somebody had to come for her, Eddie, sooner or later. *Eddie starts turning to go and Alfieri rises with new anxiety.* You won't have a friend in the world, Eddie! Even those who understand will turn against you, even the ones who feel the same will despise you! *Eddie moves off.* Put it out of your mind! Eddie! *He follows into the darkness, calling desperately.*

EDDIE *is gone*. *The phone is glowing in light now. Light is out on* ALFIERI. EDDIE *has at the same time appeared beside the phone.*

EDDIE: Give me the number of the Immigration Bureau. Thanks. *He dials.* I want to report something. Illegal immigrants. Two of them. That's right. Four-forty-one Saxon Street, Brooklyn, yeah. Ground floor. Heh? *With greater difficulty*: I'm just around the neighborhood, that's all. Heh?

Evidently he is being questioned further, and he slowly hangs up.

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Be My Baby

Answer **2 0** *and* ***either*** **2 1** ***or*** **2 2** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **2 0** *, and about 40 minutes on* **2 1** *or* **2 2** *.*

2 0 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Matron and Mrs Adams speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their characters? [10]

Either,

2 1 How is the character of Queenie important to the play as a whole? [20]

Or,

2 2 How effective do you find the ending of *Be My Baby*? [20]

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MRS ADAMS. We had a long wait for Mary, Mr Adams and I. At least we know she won't have that trouble.

MARY. You'll be grandparents one day, I've no doubt about that.

MRS ADAMS. 1931, we were married. Set up home in a rented room and just assumed it'd happen. We were both from big families but we'd set our hearts on two. A boy for my husband, a girl for me. A couple of years passed but we weren't unduly worried. With both of us working, we could save for a house. After seven years married, I went to the doctor. Keep trying, he said. Then the war came along. My husband went to Burma, he won't speak of it still. But he came home on leave, for a night before he left and I really don't know why I'm telling you this.

MATRON. I lost my husband at Dunkirk.

MRS ADAMS. You were married?

MATRON. Just a year. Please go on.

MRS ADAMS. I've lost my thread.

MATRON. He came home.

MRS ADAMS. For a night before he left. I mistook the first signs for missing him. But nine months later came a miracle. Mary Elizabeth, named after our mothers. I didn't know such happiness was possible. We've not had it easy, what with one thing and another. We've not had it easy but for Mary.

MATRON. You do know, Mrs Adams, that once adoption takes place, it's irreversible?

MRS ADAMS. Of course.

MATRON. Forgive me, Mrs Adams, but I'm duty-bound to ask; are you absolutely sure it's what you want?

MRS ADAMS *considers her reply*.

MRS ADAMS. They don't look kindly on these girls where we come from. Not kindly at all, I'm afraid. I've seen how they're treated, I know what they're called and while there's breath in my body, they won't do that to Mary. Not to my little girl – and not to hers. It has to be.

MATRON *stands and gestures for* MRS ADAMS *to leave*.

MATRON. After you.

Exit MRS ADAMS *and* MATRON.

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Turn over.

My Mother Said I Never Should

Answer **2 3** *and* ***either*** **2 4** ***or*** **2 5** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **2 3** *, and about 40 minutes on* **2 4** *or* **2 5** *.*

2 3 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Margaret and Doris speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their characters? [10]

Either,

2 4 How does Charlotte Keatley present the relationship between Jackie and her daughter, Rosie? [20]

Or,

2 5 For which character in *My Mother Said I Never Should* do you have the greatest sympathy? Show how Charlotte Keatley creates sympathy for your chosen character. [20]

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The garden of Doris's house in Cheadle Hulme, Manchester, 1951. A hot August day. A distant rumble of thunder
Doris, wearing a sensible beige skirt, and Margaret, wearing ski pants, are folding sheets. One more sheet remains on the line and one of Jack's shirts. Socks lie on the grass, one maroon one a little way off. The rest of the washing is folded in a washing basket. Doris is fifty-one and Margaret is twenty
The swish and plop of a tennis game played next door

Doris I'll be glad when they put an end to clothes rationing. These sheets are quite threadbare in the middle.

The sound of light aircraft going overhead

(She studies the sky) RAF from the base at Padgate.

Margaret They're B twenty-nines, not Lancasters!

Doris I'll be glad when they're gone. *(Disdainfully)* Americans.

Margaret Mother! Without them we couldn't have won the–

Doris Are you going to help me fold this sheet, or are you just going to stand there all afternoon identifying aircraft!

Margaret *(staring at the sky)* Maybe one of them's Ken.

They hold the sheet by the corners and tug

Doris I don't see how it can be, if he's calling in half an hour.

They shake the sheet vigorously

Margaret I can't wait to live in London!

No reply

Ken says he can get a job there. He's frightfully clever.

They balloon the sheet up into the air

I'm in love, Mother.

A distant rumble of thunder
Doris looks up at the sky

Doris It's not going to hold.

Pause
They pull diagonals to stretch the sheet

Margaret And I'm going to learn to type! Ken says it will be helpful if we need a second income. *(As they shake the sheet)* Typing's far more modern than all those useless school certificates. I'll get a *proper* job.

Doris What do you call running a home? *(She looks up at the sky)* I knew we were in for a storm.

Margaret I'm not wasting my life.

Doris *(angry)* Thank you Margaret!

They fold the sheet lengthwise

Pull!

Margaret pulls so hard that Doris lets go and they jerk back from each other.

There's no need to snatch it out of my hands! *(Pause)* There see, now you've spoiled it all.

Margaret Well you can pick it up again, can't you!

Pause
Doris picks it up; they resume folding

I'm not going to have a family, babies and all that. Ken and I have decided.

A distant rumble of thunder

Doris It will break, soon.

They fold the sheet lengthwise

And what makes you so sure you can keep Mother Nature at bay?

They close in chest to chest and Margaret gives her corners to Doris, who folds the sheet in half and half again during the following

Margaret *(grandly)* There's THINGS you can get … I've heard about them.

Doris I'm not talking about that. *(She cradles the folded sheets)* I'm talking about the *desire* … for little arms reaching up and clinging round your neck. *(She buries her face in the sheet, then holds it out to Margaret to do likewise)* Smell: lavender. From the beds, there. Mother Nature is very hard to fight. It's not just a question of rubber things or what have you.

Margaret "Little arms clinging" … There, see, that's what I don't want. That's the difference between our generations, Mother.

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Turn over.

SECTION B

Answer questions on **one** *text.*

Silas Marner

Answer **2 6** *and* ***either*** **2 7** ***or*** **2 8** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **2 6** *, and about 40 minutes on* **2 7** *or* **2 8** *.*

2 6 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does George Eliot create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2 7 How is the character of Eppie important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

2 8 '*Silas Marner* is a tale of weak men and admirable women.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Silas's first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom; and he went on with this unremittingly, never asking himself why, now he was come to Raveloe, he worked far on into the night to finish the tale of Mrs Osgood's table-linen sooner than she expected – without contemplating beforehand the money she would put into his hand for the work. He seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends in this way to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life. Silas's hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort.

Then there were the calls of hunger; and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner, and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped, along with the weaving, to reduce his life to the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come amongst; and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him. Thought was arrested by utter bewilderment, now its old narrow pathway was closed, and affection seemed to have died under the bruise that had fallen on its keenest nerves.

But at last Mrs Osgood's table-linen was finished, and Silas was paid in gold. His earnings in his native town, where he worked for a wholesale dealer, had been after a lower rate; he had been paid weekly, and of his weekly earnings a large proportion had gone to objects of piety and charity. Now, for the first time in his life, he had five bright guineas put into his hand; no man expected a share of them, and he loved no man that he should offer him a share. But what were the guineas to him who saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving? It was needless for him to ask that, for it was pleasant to him to feel them in his palm, and look at their bright faces, which were all his own: it was another element of life, like the weaving and the satisfaction of hunger, subsisting quite aloof from the life of belief and love from which he had been cut off. The weaver's hand had known the touch of hard-won money even before the palm had grown to its full breadth; for twenty years, mysterious money had stood to him as the symbol of earthly good, and the immediate object of toil. He had seemed to love it little in the years when every penny had its purpose for him; for he loved the *purpose* then. But now, when all purpose was gone, that habit of looking towards the money and grasping it with a sense of fulfilled effort made a loam that was deep enough for the seeds of desire; and as Silas walked homeward across the fields in the twilight, he drew out the money and thought it was brighter in the gathering gloom.

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Pride and Prejudice

Answer **2 9** *and* ***either*** **3 0** ***or*** **3 1** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **2 9** *, and about 40 minutes on* **3 0** *or* **3 1** *.*

2 9 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Jane Austen create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3 0 How is the character of Elizabeth Bennet important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

3 1 'Pleasing their families is more important to the characters in *Pride and Prejudice* than pleasing themselves.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

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Miss Bingley's attention was quite as much engaged in watching Mr. Darcy's progress through *his* book, as in reading her own; and she was perpetually either making some inquiry, or looking at his page. She could not win him, however, to any conversation; he merely answered her question, and read on. At length, quite exhausted by the attempt to be amused with her own book, which she had only chosen because it was the second volume of his, she gave a great yawn and said, "How pleasant it is to spend an evening in this way! I declare after all there is no enjoyment like reading! How much sooner one tires of any thing than of a book!–When I have a house of my own, I shall be miserable if I have not an excellent library."

No one made any reply. She then yawned again, threw aside her book, and cast her eyes round the room in quest of some amusement; when hearing her brother mentioning a ball to Miss Bennet, she turned suddenly towards him and said,

"By the bye, Charles, are you really serious in meditating a dance at Netherfield?– I would advise you, before you determine on it, to consult the wishes of the present party; I am much mistaken if there are not some among us to whom a ball would be rather a punishment than a pleasure."

"If you mean Darcy," cried her brother, "he may go to bed, if he chuses, before it begins–but as for the ball, it is quite a settled thing; and as soon as Nicholls has made white soup enough I shall send round my cards."

"I should like balls infinitely better," she replied, "if they were carried on in a different manner; but there is something insufferably tedious in the usual process of such a meeting. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day."

"Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say, but it would not be near so much like a ball."

Miss Bingley made no answer, and soon afterwards got up and walked about the room. Her figure was elegant, and she walked well;–but Darcy, at whom it was all aimed, was still inflexibly studious. In the desperation of her feelings she resolved on one effort more; and, turning to Elizabeth, said,

"Miss Eliza Bennet, let me persuade you to follow my example, and take a turn about the room.–I assure you it is very refreshing after sitting so long in one attitude."

Elizabeth was surprised, but agreed to it immediately. Miss Bingley succeeded no less in the real object of her civility; Mr. Darcy looked up.

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A Christmas Carol

Answer **3 2** *and* ***either*** **3 3** ***or*** **3 4** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **3 2** *, and about 40 minutes on* **3 3** *or* **3 4** *.*

3 2 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Dickens create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3 3 How does Charles Dickens use the character of Fred to highlight some aspects of Victorian society? [20]

Or,

3 4 How does the presentation of children in *A Christmas Carol* highlight important issues in Victorian society? [20]

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"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be in days to come."

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and, wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man, whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

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.

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Lord of the Flies

Answer **3 5** *and* ***either*** **3 6** ***or*** **3 7** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **3 5** *, and about 40 minutes on* **3 6** *or* **3 7** *.*

3 5 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Golding create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3 6 How is the character of Ralph important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

3 7 'The boys on the island become more and more selfish the longer they are there.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

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

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

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

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

Now out of the terror rose another desire, thick, urgent, blind.

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

Again the blue-white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littluns screamed and blundered about, fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of biguns in his terror.

'Him! Him!'

The circle became a horseshoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly, uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain. The beast stumbled into the horseshoe.

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

The blue-white scar was constant, the noise unendurable. Simon was crying out something about a dead man on a hill.

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood! Do him in!'

The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the centre, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise something about a body on the hill. The beast struggled forward, broke the ring and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once the crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words, and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws.

Then the clouds opened and let down the rain like a waterfall. The water bounded from the mountain-top, tore leaves and branches from the trees, poured like a cold shower over the struggling heap on the sand. Presently the heap broke up and figures staggered away. Only the beast lay still, a few yards from the sea. Even in the rain they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand.

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Turn over.

Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve

Answer **3 8** *and* ***either*** **3 9** ***or*** **4 0** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **3 8** *, and about 40 minutes on* **3 9** *or* **4 0** *.*

3 8 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Dannie Abse create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3 9 For which character in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* do you have the greatest sympathy? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

4 0 'Friendship is as important as family in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

It was a winter's evening; Sidney was blowing on his hands. 'No more school till Monday,' said Sidney. It was silly to come home from school tea-time with the lamp-posts lit to keep away the ghosts. It was that cold: in the middle of the road, steam rose from a drain. We stood there, looking downwards, watching the steam rising. 'It's the devil smoking his pipe,' I said.

Adam and Eve and Pinchme
Went down to the river to bathe.
Adam and Eve got drownded
Who do you think was saved?

A policeman came round the comer and we ran and we ran and we ran.
'You don't believe in Christmas, do you?' Sidney said to me.
'What's it like to be Jewish?' asked Philip.
''S all right,' I said.
'What's the difference?' demanded Philip.
'They puts 'ats on when they pray, we takes them off,' Sidney said.
'It's more than that, their blood's different,' said Philip, 'makes their noses grow.'
'Megan's coming round our house this evening,' I interrupted, making a face. Sidney and I didn't like girls because they wore knickers and Megan was especially silly. Lots of things were silly. Girls were silly, Miss Morgan our schoolmistress was silly, washing behind the ears was silly, going to bed early was silly. Now Philip was silly, because he didn't know what it was like to be Jewish. It wasn't anything really, except on Saturdays. We walked down the street wishing for snow and letting our breath fly from our mouths like ectoplasm. Soon it would be Christmas holidays, and presents and parties. The shops were crowded with voices. We pressed our noses against the window-panes, breathed, and wrote our names with our fingers on the misted glass. 'Leo loves Megan,' I wrote. It was all cotton wool in the windows, and the smell of tangerine peel, and a man with a long white beard.

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