OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

GCSE

A664/02/QPI

ENGLISH LITERATURE

Unit 4: Literary Heritage Prose and Contemporary Poetry (Higher Tier)

QUESTION PAPER INSERT

THURSDAY 23 MAY 2013: Afternoon

DURATION: 1 hour 30 minutes plus your additional time allowance

MODIFIED ENLARGED

READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF

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INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- **This Question Paper Insert is for your reference only.**
- **Answer TWO questions: ONE on Literary Heritage Prose and ONE on Contemporary Poetry.**

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

Answer ONE question on the prose text you have studied.

Pride and Prejudice: Jane Austen	**pages 5–7**	**questions 1(a)–(b)**
Silas Marner: George Eliot	**pages 8–9**	**questions 2(a)–(b)**
Lord of the Flies: William Golding	**pages 10–11**	**questions 3(a)–(b)**
The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales: Thomas Hardy	**pages 12–13**	**questions 4(a)–(b)**
Animal Farm: George Orwell	**pages 14–15**	**questions 5(a)–(b)**
The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde: R L Stevenson	**pages 16–17**	**questions 6(a)–(b)**

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

EITHER answer ONE question on the poet you have studied OR answer the question on the Unseen Poem.

Simon Armitage	**pages 18–20**	**questions 7(a)–(c)**
Gillian Clarke	**pages 22–23**	**questions 8(a)–(c)**
Wendy Cope	**pages 24–25**	**questions 9(a)–(c)**
Carol Ann Duffy	**pages 26–27**	**questions 10(a)–(c)**
Seamus Heaney	**pages 28–30**	**questions 11(a)–(c)**
Benjamin Zephaniah	**pages 32–33**	**questions 12(a)–(c)**
UNSEEN POEM	**pages 34–36**	**question 13**

- **Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.**

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- **The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.**
- **Your Quality of Written Communication is assessed in this paper.**
- **The total number of marks for this paper is 40.**
- **Any blank pages are indicated.**

INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER / INVIGILATOR

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SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

1 (a) After a few minutes reflection, however, she continued, "I *do* remember his boasting one day, at Netherfield, of the implacability of his resentments, of his having an unforgiving temper. His disposition must be dreadful."

"I will not trust myself on the subject," replied Wickham, "*I* can hardly be just to him."

Elizabeth was again deep in thought, and after a time exclaimed, "To treat in such a manner, the godson, the friend, the favourite of his father!"—She could have added, "A young man too, like *you*, whose very countenance may vouch for your being amiable"—but she contented herself with "And one, too, who had probably been his own companion from childhood, connected together, as I think you said, in the closest manner!"

"We were born in the same parish, within the same park, the greatest part of our youth was passed together; inmates of the same house, sharing the same amusements, objects of the same parental care. *My* father began life in the profession which your uncle, Mr. Philips, appears to do so much credit to—but he gave up everything to be of use to the late Mr. Darcy, and devoted all his time to the care of the Pemberley property. He was most highly esteemed by Mr. Darcy, a most intimate, confidential friend. Mr. Darcy often acknowledged himself to be under the greatest obligations to my father's active superintendance, and when immediately before my father's death, Mr. Darcy gave him a voluntary promise of providing for me, I am convinced that he felt it to be as much a debt of gratitude to *him*, as of affection to myself."

"How strange!" cried Elizabeth. "How abominable!—I wonder that the very pride of this Mr. Darcy has not made him just to you!—If from no better motive, that he should not have been too proud to be dishonest,—for dishonesty I must call it."

"It *is* wonderful,"—replied Wickham,—"for almost all his actions may be traced to pride;—and pride has often been his best friend. It has connected him nearer with virtue than any other feeling. But we are none of us consistent; and in his behaviour to me, there were stronger impulses even than pride."

"Can such abominable pride as his, have ever done him good?"

"Yes. It has often led him to be liberal and generous,—to give his money freely, to display hospitality, to assist his tenants, and relieve the poor. Family pride, and *filial* pride, for he is very proud of what his father was, have done this. Not to appear to disgrace his family, to degenerate from the popular qualities, or lose the influence of the Pemberley House, is a powerful motive. He has also *brotherly* pride, which with *some* brotherly affection, makes him a very kind and careful guardian of his sister; and you will hear him generally cried up as the most attentive and best of brothers."

"What sort of a girl is Miss Darcy?"

He shook his head.—"I wish I could call her amiable. It gives me pain to speak ill of a Darcy. But she is too much like her brother,—very, very proud.—As a child, she was affectionate and pleasing, and extremely fond of me; and I have devoted hours and hours to her amusement. But she is nothing to me now. She is a handsome girl, about fifteen or sixteen, and I understand highly accomplished. Since her father's death, her home has been London, where a lady lives with her, and superintends her education."

After many pauses and many trials of other subjects, Elizabeth could not help reverting once more to the first, and saying,

"I am astonished at his intimacy with Mr. Bingley! How can Mr. Bingley, who seems good humour itself, and is, I really believe, truly amiable, be in friendship with such a man? How can they suit each other?—Do you know Mr. Bingley?"

"Not at all."

"He is a sweet tempered, amiable, charming man. He cannot know what Mr. Darcy is."

"Probably not;—but Mr. Darcy can please where he chuses. He does not want abilities. He can be a conversible companion if he thinks it worth his while. Among those who are at all his equals in consequence, he is a very different man from what he is to the less prosperous. His pride never deserts him; but with the rich, he is liberal-minded, just, sincere, rational, honourable, and perhaps agreeable,—allowing something for fortune and figure." *55*

EITHER 1 (a) How does Austen make this conversation between Wickham and Elizabeth so significant and revealing? [24]

OR 1 (b) How does Austen's portrayal of Lady Catherine de Bourgh make her such a dislikeable character?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

2 (a) As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once – only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark water seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him – looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought

them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage – and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night – footsteps? When had the thief come? During Silas's absence in the daytime the door had been locked, and there had been no marks of any inroad on his return by daylight. And in the evening, too, he said to himself, everything was the same as when he had left it. The sand and bricks looked as if they had not been moved. *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags? or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach, which had delighted in making him a second time desolate?

EITHER 2 (a) How does Eliot's writing make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? [24]

OR 2 (b) How does Eliot make the Lammeter family so attractive and significant?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

3 (a) Ralph lay in a covert, wondering about his wounds. The bruised flesh was inches in diameter over his right ribs, with a swollen and bloody scar where the spear had hit him. His hair was full of dirt and tapped like the tendrils of a creeper. All over he was scratched and bruised from his flight through the forest. By the time his breathing was normal again, he had worked out that bathing these injuries would have to wait. How could you listen for naked feet if you were splashing in water? How could you be safe by the little stream or on the open beach?

Ralph listened. He was not really far from the Castle Rock, and during the first panic he had thought he heard sounds of pursuit. But the hunters had only sneaked into the fringes of the greenery, retrieving spears perhaps, and then had rushed back to the sunny rock as if terrified of the darkness under the leaves. He had even glimpsed one of them, striped brown, black, and red, and had judged that it was Bill. But really, thought Ralph, this was not Bill. This was a savage whose image refused to blend with that ancient picture of a boy in shorts and shirt.

The afternoon died away; the circular spots of sunlight moved steadily over green fronds and brown fibre but no sound came from behind the Rock. At last Ralph wormed out of the ferns and sneaked forward to the edge of that impenetrable thicket that fronted the neck of land. He peered with elaborate caution between branches at the edge and could see Robert sitting on guard at the top of the cliff. He held a spear in his left hand and was tossing up a pebble and catching it again with the right. Behind him a column of smoke rose thickly, so that Ralph's nostrils flared and his mouth dribbled. He wiped his nose and mouth with the back of his hand and for the first time since the morning felt hungry. The tribe must be sitting round the gutted pig, watching the fat ooze and burn among the ashes. They would be intent.

Another figure, an unrecognizable one, appeared by Robert and gave him something, then turned and went back behind the rock. Robert laid his spear on

the rock beside him and began to gnaw between his raised hands. So the feast was beginning and the watchman had been given his portion.

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.'

EITHER 3 (a) How does Golding's writing here create such strong sympathy for Ralph? [24]

OR 3 (b) How does Golding's writing make Jack such a frightening figure in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

THOMAS HARDY:
THE WITHERED ARM AND OTHER WESSEX TALES

THE DISTRACTED PREACHER

4 (a) Lizzy rose, and put her hand upon his shoulder. 'Don't ask that,' she whispered. 'You don't know what you are asking. I must tell you, though I meant not to do it. What I make by that trade is all I have to keep my mother and myself with.'

He was astonished. 'I did not dream of such a thing,' he said. 'I would rather have scraped the roads, had I been you. What is money compared with a clear conscience?' *5*

'My conscience is clear. I know my mother, but the king I have never seen. His dues are nothing to me. But it is a great deal to me that my mother and I should live.'

'Marry me, and promise to give it up. I will keep your mother.'

'It is good of you,' she said, moved a little. 'Let me think of it by myself. I would rather not answer now.' *10*

She reserved her answer till the next day, and came into his room with a solemn face. 'I cannot do what you wished!' she said passionately. 'It is too much to ask. My whole life ha' been passed in this way.' Her words and manner showed that before entering she had been struggling with herself in private, and that the contention had been strong. *15*

Stockdale turned pale, but he spoke quietly. 'Then, Lizzy, we must part. I cannot go against my principles in this matter, and I cannot make my profession a mockery. You know how I love you, and what I would do for you; but this one thing I cannot do.'

'But why should you belong to that profession?' she burst out. 'I have got this large house; why can't you marry me, and live here with us, and not be a Methodist preacher *20* any more? I assure you, Richard, it is no harm, and I wish you could only see it as I do! We only carry it on in winter: in summer it is never done at all. It stirs up one's dull life at this time o' the year, and gives excitement, which I have got so used to now that I should hardly know how to do 'ithout it. At nights, when the wind blows, instead of

being dull and stupid, and not noticing whether it do blow or not, your mind is afield, even if you are not afield yourself; and you are wondering how the chaps are getting on; and you walk up and down the room, and look out o' window, and then you go out yourself, and know your way about as well by night as by day, and have hairbreadth escapes from old Latimer and his fellows, who are too stupid ever to really frighten us, and only make us a bit nimble.'

'He frightened you a little last night, anyhow: and I would advise you to drop it before it is worse.'

She shook her head. 'No, I must go on as I have begun. I was born to it. It is in my blood, and I can't be cured. O, Richard, you cannot think what a hard thing you have asked, and how sharp you try me when you put me between this and my love for 'ee!'

Stockdale was leaning with his elbow on the mantelpiece, his hands over his eyes. 'We ought never to have met, Lizzy,' he said. 'It was an ill day for us! I little thought there was anything so hopeless and impossible in our engagement as this. Well, it is too late now to regret consequences in this way. I have had the happiness of seeing you and knowing you at least.'

'You dissent from Church, and I dissent from State,' she said. 'And I don't see why we are not well matched.'

He smiled sadly, while Lizzy remained looking down, her eyes beginning to overflow.

EITHER 4 (a) How does Hardy's writing make this encounter between Lizzy and Stockdale so dramatic? [24]

OR 4 (b) How does Hardy's writing make Phyllis's life so moving in The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the story. [24]

5 (a) It was a few days later than this that the pigs came upon a case of whisky in the cellars of the farmhouse. It had been overlooked at the time when the house was first occupied. That night there came from the farmhouse the sound of loud singing, in which, to everyone's surprise, the strains of 'Beasts of England' were mixed up. At about half-past nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler hat of Mr Jones's, was distinctly seen to emerge from the back door, gallop rapidly round the yard and disappear indoors again. But in the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse. Not a pig appeared to be stirring. It was nearly nine o'clock when Squealer made his appearance, walking slowly and dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail hanging limply behind him, and with every appearance of being seriously ill. He called the animals together and told them that he had a terrible piece of news to impart. Comrade Napoleon was dying!

A cry of lamentation went up. Straw was laid down outside the doors of the farmhouse, and the animals walked on tiptoe. With tears in their eyes they asked one another what they should do if their Leader were taken away from them. A rumour went round that Snowball had after all contrived to introduce poison into Napoleon's food. At eleven o'clock Squealer came out to make another announcement. As his last act upon earth, Comrade Napoleon had pronounced a solemn decree: the drinking of alcohol was to be punished by death.

By the evening, however, Napoleon appeared to be somewhat better, and the following morning Squealer was able to tell them that he was well on the way to recovery. By the evening of that day Napoleon was back at work, and on the next day it was learned that he had instructed Whymper to purchase in Willingdon some booklets on brewing and distilling. A week later Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it had previously been intended to set aside as a grazing-ground for animals who were past work, was to be ploughed up. It was given

out that the pasture was exhausted and needed re-seeding; but it soon became known that Napoleon intended to sow it with barley.

EITHER **5** **(a) How does Orwell's writing make this moment in the novel both entertaining and saddening? [24]**

OR **5** **(b) Explore any ONE or TWO moments in the novel when you feel that Orwell's writing vividly portrays the cruelty of the pigs. [24]**

R L STEVENSON:
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE

STORY OF THE DOOR

6 (a) "Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession, and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross-street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut-and-dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us:

every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turned sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer, and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed.

EITHER 6 (a) How does Stevenson's writing here powerfully suggest that Mr Hyde is evil? [24]

OR 6 (b) How does Stevenson's writing make the chapter The Last Night so intense and exciting?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the chapter. [24]

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

SIMON ARMITAGE

7 (a)

TO POVERTY

after Laycock

You are near again, and have been there
or thereabouts for years. Pull up a chair.
I'd know that shadow anywhere, that silhouette
without a face, that shape. Well, be my guest.
We'll live like sidekicks – hip to hip,
like Siamese twins, joined at the pocket. *5*

I've tried too long to see the back of you.
Last winter when you came down with the flu
I should have split, cut loose, but
let you pass the buck, the bug. Bad blood. *10*
It's cold again; come closer to the fire, the light,
and let me make you out.

How have you hurt me, let me count the ways:
the months of Sundays
when you left me in the damp, the dark, *15*
the red, or down and out, or out of work.
The weeks on end of bread without butter,
bed without supper.

That time I fell through Schofield's shed
and broke both legs, *20*
and Schofield couldn't spare to split
one stick of furniture to make a splint.
Thirteen weeks I sat there till they set.
What can the poor do but wait? And wait.

How come you're struck with me? Go see the Queen, *25*
lean on the doctor or the dean,
breathe on the major,
squeeze the mason or the manager,
go down to London, find a novelist at least
to bother with, to bleed, to leech. *30*

On second thoughts, stay put.
A person needs to get a person close enough
to stab him in the back.
Robert Frost said that. Besides,
I'd rather keep you in the corner of my eye *35*
than wait for you to join me side by side
at every turn, on every street, in every town.
Sit down. I said sit down.

EITHER **7** **(a)** **How does Armitage's writing make this poem so unsettling?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR **7** **(b)** **How does Armitage's writing memorably portray people's strange behaviour in EITHER Hitcher OR Poem ?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR **7** **(c)** **How does Armitage's writing bring memories of the past vividly to life in EITHER True North OR Without Photographs?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

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TURN TO PAGES 22–23 FOR QUESTIONS 8(a), 8(b), 8(c).

GILLIAN CLARKE

8 (a)

SUNDAY

From the mahogany sideboard in the dining-room
she'd unhook the golden question mark
that unlocked her wedding silver,
slide creamy bone from velvet slots,
spoons and forks still powdery with Sylvo, *5*
from their shallow heelprints.

Under the house my father laid his drill,
his ringleted bits, graded and smeared
with a green iridescence of oil.
Screwdrivers, hammers, saws, chisels, *10*
a rising scale, tuned and ready.
Sunday was helping day.

Once, alone for a moment, I saw
the bright nails set for striking.
With my favourite hammer I rang them home. *15*
Some sank sweetly. Some hung sad heads.
Some lay felled, a toehold in the grain.
He stood like thunder at the door.

In the salt-blind dining-room
broken by bells and the silence after, *20*
sprouts steamed sourly in the blue tureen.
The cat mimed at the window.
I levelled myself against the small horizon
of the water jug. The mirrors steadied.

If I kept quiet, my eyes on the jug, *25*
tacking across that loop of water,
the day would mend. They'd nap, separately.
The cat would walk the garden at my heel,
and we'd watch the pond an hour, inching
a stone to the edge, until it fell. *30*

EITHER **8** **(a)** **How does Clarke's writing here make this particular Sunday so memorable?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR **8** **(b)** **How does Clarke's writing create such vivid memories of the past in EITHER Cold Knap Lake OR The Angelus?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR **8** **(c)** **How does Clarke's writing make EITHER Coming Home OR The Hare so memorable?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

WENDY COPE

9 (a)

THE LAVATORY ATTENDANT

I counted two and seventy stenches
All well defined and several stinks!
Coleridge

Slumped on a chair, his body is an S
That wants to be a minus sign.

His face is overripe Wensleydale
Going blue at the edges.

In overalls of sacerdotal white *5*
He guards a row of fonts

With lids like eye-patches. Snapped shut
They are castanets. All day he hears

Short-lived Niagaras, the clank
And gurgle of canescent cisterns. *10*

When evening comes he sluices a thin tide
Across sand-coloured lino,

Turns Medusa on her head
And wipes the floor with her.

EITHER **9** **(a)** **How does Cope's writing here create such a fascinating picture of the Lavatory Attendant?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR **9** **(b)** **How does Cope's writing make EITHER Engineers' Corner OR Reading Scheme such an amusing poem?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR **9** **(c)** **How does Cope's writing make the speaker in EITHER Being Boring OR Manifesto such a fascinating character?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

THE GOOD TEACHERS

You run round the back to be in it again.
No bigger than your thumbs, those virtuous women
size you up from the front row. Soon now,
Miss Ross will take you for double History.
You breathe on the glass, making a ghost of her, say *5*
South Sea Bubble Defenestration of Prague.

You love Miss Pirie. So much, you are top
of her class. So much, you need two of you
to stare out from the year, serious, passionate.
The River's Tale by Rudyard Kipling by heart. *10*
Her kind intelligent green eye. Her cruel blue one.
You are making a poem up for her in your head.

But not Miss Sheridan. Comment vous appelez.
But not Miss Appleby. Equal to the square
of the other two sides. Never Miss Webb. *15*
Dar es Salaam. Kilimanjaro. Look. The good teachers
swish down the corridor in long, brown skirts,
snobbish and proud and clean and qualified.

And they've got your number. You roll the waistband
of your skirt over and over, all leg, all *20*
dumb insolence, smoke-rings. You won't pass.
You could do better. But there's the wall you climb
into dancing, lovebites, marriage, the Cheltenham
and Gloucester, today. The day you'll be sorry one day.

EITHER 10 (a) How does Duffy memorably portray the ways pupils and teachers see each other in this poem?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR 10 (b) How does Duffy's writing make her portrayal of the speaker in EITHER Stealing OR Answer so striking?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR 10 (c) How does Duffy's writing convey worries or troubles to you so vividly in EITHER Who Loves You OR Nostalgia?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

SEAMUS HEANEY

11 (a)

A CONSTABLE CALLS

His bicycle stood at the window-sill,
The rubber cowl of a mud-splasher
Skirting the front mudguard,
Its flat black handlegrips

Heating in sunlight, the 'spud' *5*
Of the dynamo gleaming and cocked back,
The pedal treads hanging relieved
Of the boot of the law.

His cap was upside down
On the floor, next his chair. *10*
The line of its pressure ran like a bevel
In his slightly sweating hair.

He had unstrapped
The heavy ledger, and my father
Was making tillage returns *15*
In acres, roods, and perches.

Arithmetic and fear.
I sat staring at the polished holster
With its buttoned flap, the braid cord
Looped into the revolver butt. *20*

‘Any other root crops?
Mangolds? Marrowstems? Anything like that?’
‘No.’ But was there not a line
Of turnips where the seed ran out

In the potato field? I assumed *25*
Small guilts and sat
Imagining the black hole in the barracks.
He stood up, shifted the baton-case

Further round on his belt,
Closed the domesday book, *30*
Fitted his cap back with two hands,
And looked at me as he said goodbye.

A shadow bobbed in the window.
He was snapping the carrier spring
Over the ledger. His boot pushed off *35*
And the bicycle ticked, ticked, ticked.

EITHER **11 (a) How does Heaney's writing make the constable's visit so frightening for the boy?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR **11 (b) How does Heaney's writing bring childhood fears vividly to life in EITHER An Advancement of Learning OR Death of a Naturalist?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR **11 (c) How does Heaney's writing create great sympathy for a victim in EITHER Punishment OR The Summer of Lost Rachel?**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

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TURN TO PAGES 32–33 FOR QUESTIONS 12(a), 12(b), 12(c).

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

12 (a)

ROOM FOR RENT

Room for rent, apply within,
So I went in to see,
There was this big tall white man,
He looked afraid of me,
I told him I was homeless,
He said the room had gone, so try next door.
If they have not,
Then try number one.

Room for rent, apply within,
So I went in to see,
The woman said I must return when Tom comes home
for tea,
I came back hours later and still Tom was not there,
But I am wise, I am no fool,
I know that Tom don't care.

Room for rent, apply within,
So I went in to see,
This man was black, he's just like me,
Yes he should let me be,
He said, "Oh yes, come and sit down", *20*
I did just as he said,
I took my hat off to get dread air and he stared at my head,
He said "Mate I can't help you, the rumours say you're bad", *25*
So rumours make me homeless
And landlords make me mad.

EITHER 12 (a) How does Zephaniah make this such a depressing poem?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR 12 (b) How does Zephaniah's writing make EITHER Breakfast in East Timor OR Chant of a Homesick Nigga so disturbing?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR 12 (c) How does Zephaniah's writing memorably convey to you the lessons he has learned in EITHER Biko the Greatness OR What Stephen Lawrence Has Taught Us?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

13

VISITING HOUR

The hospital smell combs my nostrils
As they go bobbing along green and yellow corridors.
What seems a corpse is bundled into a lift
and vanishes heavenward
I will not feel, I will not
Feel until I have to.

Nurses walk lightly, swiftly,
here and up and down and there,
Their slender waists miraculously
carrying their burden
of so much pain, so
many deaths, their eyes
still clear after
so many farewells.

Ward 7. She lies
In a white cave of forgetfulness.
A withered hand
trembles on its stalk. Eyes move
behind eyelids too heavy to raise. Into an arm wasted
Of colour a glass fang is fixed,
not guzzling but giving.
And between her and me
distance shrinks till there is none left
But the distance of pain that neither she nor I
can cross.

She smiles a little at this
black figure in her white cave
who clumsily rises
in the round swimming waves of a bell
and dizzily goes off, growing fainter, not smaller, leaving behind only
books that will not be read
and fruitless fruits.

NORMAN MACCAIG

13 How does the poet make this such a moving poem?

You should consider:

what the visitor smells and sees in the first four lines;

the visitor's unwillingness to feel anything;

the description of the nurses;

the description of the patient and who she might be;

the feelings of the visitor as he leaves;

the language the poet uses;

how the poem is structured;

anything else you think is important about the poem. **[16]**

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