



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

A Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H474/02 The language of poetry and plays

Tuesday 20 June 2017 – Morning

Time allowed: 2 hours



You must have:

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet
(OCR12 sent with general stationery)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink.
- Complete the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.
- Answer **two** questions. **One** from Section A and **one** from Section B.
- Write your answer to each question on the Answer Booklet.
- Write the number of each question you have answered in the margin.
- Do **not** write in the barcodes.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **64**
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document consists of **24** pages.

Section A – Poetry: stylistic analysis

William Blake
 Emily Dickinson
 Seamus Heaney
 Eavan Boland
 Carol Ann Duffy
 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

1 William Blake

Explore how William Blake presents the life of the city in 'London' (E) and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Blake's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]**'London'**

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
 Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
 And mark in every face I meet
 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
 In every Infants cry of fear,
 In every voice; in every ban,
 The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
 Every blackning Church appalls,
 And the hapless Soldiers sigh
 Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful Harlots curse
 Blasts the new-born Infants tear
 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

2 Emily Dickinson

Explore how Emily Dickinson presents ideas and feelings about the natural world in 'A Narrow Fellow in the Grass' (986) and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Dickinson's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'A Narrow Fellow in the Grass'

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides –
You may have met Him – did you not
His notice sudden is –

The Grass divides as with a Comb –
A spotted shaft is seen –
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on –

He likes a Boggy Acre
A Floor too cool for Corn –
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot –
I more than once at Noon
Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled, and was gone –

Several of Nature's People
I know, and they know me –
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality –

But never met this Fellow
Attended, or alone
Without a tighter breathing
And Zero at the Bone –

3 Seamus Heaney

Explore how Seamus Heaney presents disappeared practices and country rituals in 'Churning Day' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Heaney's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'Churning Day'

S Heaney, 'Churning Day', from 'Opened Ground: Poems 1966-1996', page unknown, Faber & Faber, 2002. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

4 Eavan Boland

Explore how Eavan Boland presents thoughts and feelings about childhood in 'An Irish Childhood in England: 1951' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Boland's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'An Irish Childhood in England: 1951'

The bickering of vowels on the buses,
the clicking thumbs and the big hips of
the navy-skirted ticket collectors with
their crooked seams brought it home to me:
Exile. Ration-book pudding.
Bowls of dripping and the fixed smile
of the school pianist playing 'Iolanthe',
'Land of Hope and Glory' and 'John Peel'.

I didn't know what to hold, to keep.
At night, filled with some malaise
of love for what I'd never known I had,
I fell asleep and let the moment pass.
The passing moment has become a night
of clipped shadows, freshly painted houses,
the garden eddying in dark and heat,
my children half-awake, half-asleep.

Airless, humid dark. Leaf-noise.
The stirrings of a garden before rain.
A hint of storm behind the risen moon.
We are what we have chosen. Did I choose to? –
in a strange city, in another country,
on nights in a north-facing bedroom,
waiting for the sleep that never did
restore me as I'd hoped to what I'd lost –

let the world I knew become the space
between the words that I had by heart
and all the other speech that always was
becoming the language of the country that
I came to in nineteen-fifty-one:
barely-gelled, a freckled six-year-old,
overdressed and sick on the plane
when all of England to an Irish child
was nothing more than what you'd lost and how:
was the teacher in the London convent who
when I produced 'I amn't' in the classroom
turned and said – 'you're not in Ireland now'.

5 Carol Ann Duffy

Explore how Carol Ann Duffy presents the experience of pain and loss in 'Wintering' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Duffy's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'Wintering'

All day, slow funerals have ploughed the rain.
We've done again
that trick we have of turning love to pain.

Grey fades to black. The stars begin their lies,
nothing to lose.
I wear a shroud of cold beneath my clothes.

Night clenches in its fist the moon, a stone.
I wish it thrown.
I clutch the small stiff body of my phone.

Dawn mocks me with a gibberish of birds.
I hear your words,
they play inside my head like broken chords.

*

The garden tenses, lies face down, bereaved,
has wept its leaves.
The Latin names of plants blur like belief.

I walk on ice, it grimaces, then breaks.
All my mistakes
are frozen in the tight lock of my face.

Bare trees hold out their arms, beseech, entreat,
cannot forget.
The clouds sag with the burden of their weight.

The wind screams at the house, bitter, betrayed.
The sky is flayed,
the moon a fingernail, bitten and frayed.

*

Another night, the smuggling in of snow.
You come and go,
your footprints like a love letter below.

Then something shifts, elsewhere and out of sight,
a hidden freight
that morning brings in on a tide of light.

The soil grows hesitant, it blurts in green,
so what has been
translates to what will be, certain, unseen,

as pain turns back again to love, like this,
your flower kiss,
and winter thaws and melts, cannot resist.

6 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Explore how Jacob Sam-La Rose presents ideas about relationships with parents and the need to discover identity in 'A Spell for Forgetting a Father' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Sam-La Rose's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'A Spell for Forgetting a Father'

*He was whole years, Son
& even at this moment,
he walks through your face*

TERRANCE HAYES
'Mother to Son' (*Hip Logic*)

For this spell you will need candles, feathers
and your own strong head for heights.

Find a place in full view of the sun. Before dawn,
inscribe your father's name on each candle. Light them

while repeating your own name under your breath.
Wax each feather's nib; lay them on the ground

to form a pair of wings. Your wings can be as ornate
or as simple as you wish. Keep the largest feather in hand.

As the sun's light strengthens, lie back so the wings
meet your shoulders. Imagine them powerful, beating

against air, lifting your full weight. Hold the largest feather
above you so its shadow falls on your face; say

*as I release you
so you release me.*

Let the feather fall. When you are finished
leave that feather on the ground. Bury the rest.

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Section B – Plays: dramatic and stylistic analysis

William Shakespeare: *Othello*
 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*
 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*
 Brian Friel: *Translations*
 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*
 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: *Othello*

Explore how Shakespeare presents the significance of the handkerchief in this extract from *Othello*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Othello: I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona: Here, my lord.

Othello: That which I gave you.

Desdemona: I have it not about me.

Othello: Not?

Desdemona: No, faith, my lord.

Othello: That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She dying gave it me,
And bid me when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't:
Make it a darling, like your precious eye.
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Desdemona: Is't possible?

Othello: 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona: I'faith, is't true?

Othello: Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Desdemona: Then would to God that I had never seen't!

Othello: Ha? Wherefore?

Desdemona: Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Othello: Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak; is't out of th'way?

Desdemona: Heaven bless us!

Othello: Say you?

Desdemona: It is not lost, but what and if it were?

Othello: How?

Desdemona: I say it is not lost.

Othello: Fetch't, let me see't.

Desdemona: Why so I can, sir; but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit.
Pray you let Cassio be received again.

Othello: Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind misgives.

Desdemona: Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Othello: The handkerchief!

Desdemona. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Othello: The handkerchief!

Desdemona: A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you –

Othello: The handkerchief!

Desdemona: I'faith, you are to blame.

Othello: Zounds! *Exit*

Emilia: Is not this man jealous?

Desdemona: I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia: 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

8 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Explore how Wilde presents Cecily and Gwendolen's conversation in this extract from *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Cecily: Oh, but it is not Mr Ernest Worthing who is my guardian. It is his brother—his elder brother.

Gwendolen: (*sitting down again*) Ernest never mentioned to me that he had a brother.

Cecily: I am sorry to say they have not been on good terms for a long time.

Gwendolen: Ah! that accounts for it. And now that I think of it I have never heard any man mention his brother. The subject seems distasteful to most men. Cecily, you have lifted a load from my mind. I was growing almost anxious. It would have been terrible if any cloud had come across a friendship like ours, would it not? Of course you are quite, quite sure that it is not Mr Ernest Worthing who is your guardian?

Cecily: Quite sure. (*A pause*) In fact, I am going to be his.

Gwendolen: (*enquiringly*) I beg your pardon?

Cecily: (*rather shy and confidingly*) Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you. Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

Gwendolen: (*quite politely, rising*) My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the *Morning Post* on Saturday at the latest.

Cecily: (*very politely, rising*) I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. (*Shows diary*)

Gwendolen: (*examines diary through her lorgnette carefully*) It is very curious, for he asked me to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. (*Produces diary of her own*) I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. I am so sorry, dear Cecily, if it is any disappointment to you, but I am afraid I have the prior claim.

Cecily: It would distress me more than I can tell you, dear Gwendolen, if it caused you any mental or physical anguish, but I feel bound to point out that since Ernest proposed to you he clearly has changed his mind.

Gwendolen: (*meditatively*) If the poor fellow has been entrapped into any foolish promise I shall consider it my duty to rescue him at once, and with a firm hand.

Cecily: (*thoughtfully and sadly*) Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

- Gwendolen:** Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.
- Cecily:** Do you suggest, Miss Fairfax, that I entrapped Ernest into an engagement? How dare you? This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.
- Gwendolen:** (*satirically*) I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

9 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Explore how Williams presents Stanley's power over Blanche in this extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Stanley: Was this before or after the telegram came from the Texas oil millionaire?

Blanche: What telegram? No! No, after! As a matter of fact, the wire came just as –

Stanley: As a matter of fact there wasn't no wire at all!

Blanche: Oh, oh!

Stanley: There isn't no millionaire! And Mitch didn't come back with roses 'cause I know where he is –

Blanche: Oh!

Stanley: There isn't a goddam thing but imagination!

Blanche: Oh!

Stanley: And lies and conceit and tricks!

Blanche: Oh!

Stanley: And look at yourself! Take a look at yourself in that worn-out Mardi Gras outfit, rented for fifty cents from some rag-picker! And with the crazy crown on! What queen do you think you are!

Blanche: Oh – God ...

Stanley: I've been on to you from the start! Not once did you pull any wool over this boy's eyes! You come in here and sprinkle the place with powder and spray perfume and cover the light-bulb with a paper lantern, and lo and behold the place has turned into Egypt and you are the Queen of the Nile! Sitting on your throne and swilling down my liquor! I say – *Ha – Ha!* Do you hear me? *Ha – ha – ha!* [*He walks into the bedroom.*]

Blanche: Don't come in here!

[Lurid reflections appear on the walls around BLANCHE. The shadows are of a grotesque and menacing form. She catches her breath, crosses to the phone, and jiggles the hook. STANLEY goes into the bathroom and closes the door.]

Operator, operator! Give me long-distance, please ... I want to get in touch with Mr Shep Huntleigh of Dallas. He's so well known he doesn't require any address. Just ask anybody who – Wait! – No, I couldn't find it right now ... Please understand, I – No! No, wait! ... One moment! Someone is – Nothing! Hold on, please!

[She sets the phone down and crosses warily into the kitchen. The night is filled with inhuman voices like cries in a jungle. The shadows and lurid reflections move sinuously as flames along the wall spaces.

Through the back wall of the rooms, which have become transparent, can be seen the sidewalk. A prostitute has rolled a drunkard. He pursues her along the walk, overtakes her, and there is a struggle. A policeman's whistle breaks it up. The figures disappear.

Some moments later the NEGRO WOMAN appears around the corner with a sequined bag which the prostitute had dropped on the walk. She is rooting excitedly through it.

BLANCHE presses her knuckles to her lips and returns slowly to the phone. She speaks in a hoarse whisper.]

Operator! Operator! Never mind long-distance. Get Western Union. There isn't time to be – Western – Western Union.

[She waits anxiously.]

Western Union? Yes! I – want to – Take down this message! 'In desperate, desperate circumstances! Help me! Caught in a trap. Caught in –' Oh!

[The bathroom door is thrown open and STANLEY comes out in the brilliant silk pyjamas. He grins at her as he knots the tasselled sash about his waist. She gasps and backs away from the phone. He stares at her for a count of ten. Then a clicking becomes audible from the telephone, steady and rasping.]

Stanley: You left th' phone off th' hook.

[He crosses to it deliberately and sets it back on the hook. After he has replaced it, he stares at her again, his mouth slowly curving into a grin, as he waits between BLANCHE and the outer door.

The barely audible 'blue piano' begins to drum up louder. The sound of it turns into the roar of an approaching locomotive. BLANCHE crouches, pressing her fists to her ears until it has gone by.]

10 Brian Friel: *Translations*

Explore how Friel presents the conflict between Lancey and the Irish community in this extract from *Translations*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

(LANCEY indicates to OWEN to translate. OWEN hesitates, trying to assess the change in LANCEY's manner and attitude.)

Lancey: ... I'm in a hurry, O'Donnell.

Owen: The captain has an announcement to make.

Lancey: Lieutenant Yolland is missing. We are searching for him. If we don't find him, or if we receive no information as to where he is to be found, I will pursue the following course of action. (*He indicates to OWEN to translate.*)

Owen: They are searching for George. If they don't find him—

Lancey: Commencing twenty-four hours from now we will shoot all livestock in Ballybeg.

(OWEN stares at LANCEY.)

At once.

Owen: Beginning this time tomorrow they'll kill every animal in Baile Beag—unless they're told where George is.

Lancey: If that doesn't bear results; commencing forty-eight hours from now we will embark on a series of evictions and levelling of every abode in the following selected areas—

Owen: You're not—!

Lancey: Do your job. Translate.

Owen: If they still haven't found him in two days' time they'll begin evicting and levelling every house starting with these townlands.

(LANCEY reads from his list.)

Lancey: Swinefort.

Owen: Lis na Muc.

Lancey: Burnfoot.

Owen: Bun na hAbhann.

Lancey: Dromduff.

Owen: Druim Dubh.

Lancey: Whiteplains.

Owen: Machaire Ban.

Lancey: Kings Head.

Owen: Cnoc na Ri.

Lancey: If by then the lieutenant hasn't been found, we will proceed until a complete clearance is made of this entire section.

Owen: If Yolland hasn't been got by then, they will ravish the whole parish.

Lancey: I trust they know exactly what they've got to do.

(Pointing to BRIDGET.) I know you. I know where you live.

(Pointing to SARAH.) Who are you? Name!

(SARAH's mouth open and shuts, opens and shuts. Her face becomes contorted.)

What's your name?

(Again SARAH tries frantically.)

Owen: Go on, Sarah. You can tell him.

(But SARAH cannot. And she knows she cannot. She closes her mouth. Her head goes down.)

Owen: Her name is Sarah Johnny Sally.

Lancey: Where does she live?

Owen: Bun na hAbhann.

Lancey: Where?

Owen: Burnfoot?

Lancey: I want to talk to your brother—is he here?

Owen: Not at the moment.

Lancey: Where is he?

Owen: He's at a wake.

Lancey: What wake?

(DOALTY, who has been looking out the window all through LANCEY's announcements, now speaks—calmly, almost casually.)

Doalty: Tell him his whole camp's on fire.

Lancey: What's your name? *(To OWEN.)* Who's that lout?

Owen: Doalty Dan Doalty.

Lancey: Where does he live?

Owen: Tulach Alainn.

Lancey: What do we call it?

Owen: Fair Hill. He says your whole camp is on fire.

(LANCEY rushes to the window and looks out. Then he wheels on DOALTY.)

Lancey: I'll remember you, Mr Doalty. *(To OWEN.)* You carry a big responsibility in all this. *(He goes off.)*

11 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*

Explore how Wertenbaker presents the convicts' identities and experiences in this extract from *Our Country's Good*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Liz: Luck? Don't know the word. Shifts its bob when I comes near. Born under a ha'penny planet I was. Dad's a nibbler, don't want to get crapped. Mum leaves. Five brothers, I'm the only titter. I takes in washing. Then. My own father. Lady's walking down the street, he takes her wiper. She screams, he's shoulder-clapped, says, it's not me, Sir, it's Lizzie, look, she took it. I'm stripped, beaten in the street, everyone watching. That night, I take my dad's cudgel and try to kill him, I prig all his clothes and go to my older brother. He don't want me. Liz, he says, why trine for a make, when you can wap for a winne? I'm no dimber mort, I says. Don't ask you to be a swell mollisher, Sister, men want Miss Laycock, don't look at your mug. So I begin to sell my mother of saints. I thinks I'm in luck when I meet the swell cove. He's a bobcull: sports a different wiper every day of the week. He says to me, it's not enough to sell your mossie face, Lizzie, it don't bring no shiners no more. Shows me how to spice the swells. So. Swell has me up the wall, flashes a pocket watch, I lifts it. But one time, I stir my stumps too slow, the swell squeaks beef, the snoozie hears, I'm nibbed. It's up the ladder to rest, I thinks when I goes up before the fortune teller, but no, the judge's a bobcull, I nap the King's pardon and it's seven years across the herring pond. Jesus Christ the hunger on the ship, sailors won't touch me; no rantum scantum, no food. But here, the Governor says, new life. You could nob it here, Lizzie, I thinks, bobcull Gov, this niffynaffy play, not too much work, good crew of rufflers, Kable, Arscott, but no, Ross don't like my mug, I'm nibbed again and now it's up the ladder to rest for good. Well. Lizzie Morden's life. And you, Wisehammer, how did you get here?

Wisehammer: Betrayal. Barbarous falsehood. Intimidation. Injustice.

Liz: Speak in English, Wisehammer.

Wisehammer: I am innocent. I didn't do it and I'll keep saying I didn't.

Liz: It doesn't matter what you say. If they say you're a thief, you're a thief.

Wisehammer: I am not a thief. I'll go back to England to the snuff shop of Rickett and Loads and say, see, I'm back, I'm innocent.

Liz: They won't listen.

Wisehammer: You can't live if you think that way.

Pause.

I'm sorry. Seven years and I'll go back.

Liz: What do you want to go back to England for? You're not English.

- Wisehammer:** I was born in England. I'm English. What do I have to do to make people believe I'm English?
- Liz:** You have to think English. I hate England. But I think English. And him, Arscott, he's not said anything since they brought him in but he's thinking English, I can tell.
- Caesar:** I don't want to think English. If I think English I will die. I want to go back to Madagascar and think Malagasy. I want to die in Madagascar and join my ancestors.
- Liz:** It doesn't matter where you die when you're dead.
- Caesar:** If I die here, I will have no spirit. I want to go home. I will escape again.
- Arscott:** There's no escape!
- Caesar:** This time I lost my courage, but next time I ask my ancestors and they will help me escape.
- Arscott:** (*shouts*) There's no escape!
- Liz:** See. That's English. You know things.
- Caesar:** My ancestors will know the way.
- Arscott:** There's no escape I tell you.
- Pause.*

12 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Explore how Butterworth presents the conflict between the Council and Johnny in this extract from *Jerusalem*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Fawcett: Mr Byron? (*She knocks.*) Mr Byron? Would you care to step outside for a moment? (*Pause. Knocks.*) Mr Byron? (*Pause.*) We know you're in there, Byron. Would you give us a moment of your time? Would you like to step outside and face the music for me?

Silence. A distant church bell rings nine. She touches up her lipstick. PARSONS removes a digital video camera from his bag.

Ready?

Parsons: Rolling.

Fawcett: Linda Fawcett, Kennet and Avon Senior Community Liaison Officer. 9 a.m., 23rd April. Serving Notice F-17003 in contravention of the Public Health Act of 1878, and the Pollution Control and Local Government Order 1974.

Loud barking can be heard from inside.

Parsons: I never knew he had –

Fawcett: He doesn't.

Parsons: But –

Fawcett: That is not a dog, Parsons.

The barking gets louder. More ferocious.

Very funny, Mr Byron. Extremely amusing.

Louder still. Snarling.

Parsons: Are you sure?

Fawcett: Shut up, Parsons.

Parsons: Rolling –

Plaintive howling throughout. A hatch opens on the top of the mobile home. A head appears, wearing a Second World War helmet and goggles, with loudhailer, like out of the top of a tank. Barking. The camera pans up to it. It disappears sharply.

Fawcett: Under Section 62 of the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act, supported by Order 24, the County Court ruling which was heard in Salisbury County Court on 12th March –

The loudhailer appears out of a window at the side of the vehicle to the blind side of the camera and barks over:

– And also employs the use of Order 113 of the Rules of the County Court. With the aforementioned notice, Kennet and Avon include a brochure outlining Unauthorised Encampment Policy, the Strategy and Partnership Section, issue date December 2002, reference 4.06.0001006.

She removes a piece of paper and a staple gun. She goes over to the front door and solemnly staples the page to the door. Four, five times.

(Calling out through the crack in the door.) Goodbye, Mr Byron. And see you tomorrow at 9 a.m. sharp, sir. *(She turns.)* Parsons.

She leads the way.

Parsons: *(to himself).* I'll say this. It's a lovely spot.

They leave. A man of about fifty, JOHNNY, sticks his head out the top of the trailer. He has the loudhailer.

Johnny: Testing. Testing, one two. This is Rooster Byron's dog, Shep, informing Kennet and Avon Council to go fuck itself. Woof woof!

The hatch shuts. Impossibly fast, the front door opens and the same man appears. Wiry. Weathered; drinker's mug. Bare chest. Helmet. Goggles. Loudhailer. Despite a slight limp, he moves with the balance of a dancer, or animal.

Hear ye, hear ye. With the power invested in me by Rooster Johnny Byron – who can't be here on account of the fact he's in Barbados this week with Kate Moss – I, his faithful hound Shep, hereby instruct Kennet and Avon to tell Bren Glewstone, and Ros Taylor, and her twat son, and all those sorry cunts on the New Estate, Rooster Byron ain't going nowhere. Happy St George's Day. Now kiss my beggar arse, you Puritans!

END OF QUESTION PAPER

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