



GCSE

4202/04

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2b

(Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)

HIGHER TIER

P.M. THURSDAY, 22 May 2014

2 hours

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

QUESTION 1

Answer questions on **one** text.

(a) *The History Boys*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract show how Alan Bennett creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) Alan Bennett said, "One of the hardest things to learn is that a teacher is human."

How does he present this idea in *The History Boys*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) What do you think of Posner and the way he is presented to an audience? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Classroom.

Hector is in sombre and distracted mood.

- POSNER: (young) 'Apotheosis: a perfect example of its type. Moment of highest fulfilment.'
Hector is miles away.
- HECTOR: Sir. Apotheosis. Moment of highest fulfilment.
- HECTOR: Oh yes. Very good, dictionary person. Now. Can I have your attention. I ... I have something I have to ... tell you.
- Pause.*
- AKTHAR: We know, sir.
- HECTOR: Oh.
- DAKIN: About sharing lessons with Mr Irwin, sir?
- HECTOR: Ah.
- LOCKWOOD: Why is that, sir?
- HECTOR: That?
- LOCKWOOD: Oh. It's just a question of timetable, apparently. No. What I was going to tell you ...
- LOCKWOOD: What's the point, sir? Your lessons are so different from his. The whole ethos is different, sir.
- TIMMS: And we relish the contrast, sir.
- CROWTHER: Revel in it, sir.
- LOCKWOOD: Yin and yang, sir.
- AKTHAR: The rapier cut and thrust, sir.
- TIMMS: It's all about variety, sir.
- HECTOR: Hush, boys. Hush. Sometimes ... sometimes you defeat me.
- DAKIN: Oh no, sir. If we wanted to defeat you we would be like Cordelia and say nothing.
- HECTOR: Can't you see I'm not in the mood?
- DAKIN: What mood is that, sir? The subjunctive? The mood of possibility? The mood of might-have-been?
- HECTOR: Get on with some work. Read.
- LOCKWOOD: Read, sir? Oh come on, sir. That's no fun.
- AKTHAR: Boring.
- HECTOR: Am I fun? Is that what I am?
- TIMMS: Not today, sir. No fun at all.
- HECTOR: Is that what you think these lessons are? Fun?
- LOCKWOOD: But fun is good, sir. You always say ...
- POSNER: Not just fun, sir.
- AKTHAR: (*pointing at Posner*) Would you like him to sing to you, sir? Would that help?
- HECTOR: Shut up! Just shut up. All of you. SHUT UP, you mindless fools. What made me piss my life away in this god-forsaken place? There's nothing of me left. Go away. Class dismissed. Go.
- He puts his head down on the desk.*
- There are some giggles and face-pullings before they realise it's serious.*
- Now they're nonplussed and embarrassed.*
- Scripps indicates to Dakin that Hector is crying.*
- Scripps is nearest to him and ought to touch him, but doesn't, nor does Dakin.*
- Posner is the one who comes and after some hesitation pats Hector rather awkwardly on the back, saying, 'Sir.'*
- Then he starts, still very awkwardly, to rub his back.*

(b) Blood Brothers

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Willy Russell creates mood and atmosphere for an audience here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How does Willy Russell show the influence society has on individuals in *Blood Brothers*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) Show how Willy Russell presents the changing relationship between Mickey and Edward throughout the play, from their first encounter, to their deaths. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

MR and MRS LYONS *enter their house and we see them looking at the child in its cot.*

MRS JOHNSTONE *enters and immediately goes about her work.*

MRS JOHNSTONE *stops work for a moment and glances into the cot, beaming and cooing.* MR LYONS *is next to her with MRS LYONS in the background, obviously agitated at MRS JOHNSTONE's fussing.*

MRS JOHNSTONE: Aw, he's really comin' on now, isn't he, Mr Lyons? I'll bet y' dead proud of him, aren't y', aren't y' eh?

MR LYONS: (*good naturedly*): Yes ... yes I am, aren't I Edward? I'm proud of Jennifer, too.

MR LYONS *beams at his wife who can hardly raise a smile.*

MRS JOHNSTONE: Ah ... he's lovely. (*She coos into the cot.*) Ah look, he wants to be picked up, I'll just ...

MRS LYONS: No, no, Mrs Johnstone. He's fine. He doesn't want to be picked up.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Ah, but look he's gonna cry ...

MRS LYONS: If he needs picking up, I shall pick him up. All right?

MRS JOHNSTONE: Well, I just thought, I'm sorry I ...

MRS LYONS: Yes. Erm, has the bathroom been done? Time is getting on.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Oh. Yeh, yeh ...

MRS JOHNSTONE *exits.*

MR LYONS: Darling. Don't be hard on the woman. She only wanted to hold the baby. All women like to hold babies, don't they?

MRS LYONS: I don't want her to hold the baby, Richard. She's ... I don't want the baby to catch anything. Babies catch things very easily, Richard.

MR LYONS: All right, all right, you know best.

MRS LYONS: You don't see her as much as I do. She's always fussing over him; any opportunity and she's cooing and cuddling as if she were his mother. She's always bothering him, Richard, always. Since the baby arrived she ignores most of her work. (*She is about to cry.*)

MR LYONS: Come on, come on ... It's all right Jennifer. You're just a little ... it's this depression thing that happens after a woman's had a ...

MRS LYONS: I'm not depressed Richard; it's just that she makes me feel ... Richard, I think she should go.

MR LYONS: And what will you do for help in the house?

MRS LYONS: I'll find somebody else. I'll find somebody who doesn't spend all day fussing over the baby.

MR LYONS: (*glancing at his watch*): Oh well, I suppose you know best. The house is your domain. Look, Jen, I've got a board meeting. I really must dash.

(c) A View From The Bridge

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Arthur Miller creates mood and atmosphere for an audience here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) To what extent do you find *A View From The Bridge* an effective title for the play? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) How is the character of Rodolfo important to the play as a whole? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Light rises on the street. In a moment EDDIE appears. He is unsteady, drunk. He mounts the stairs. He enters the apartment, looks around, takes out a bottle from one pocket, puts it on the table. Then another bottle from another pocket, and a third from an inside pocket. He sees the pattern and cloth, goes over to it and touches it, and turns toward upstage.

- EDDIE: Beatrice? *(He goes to the open kitchen door and looks in.)*
Beatrice? Beatrice?
CATHERINE *enters from bedroom; under his gaze she adjusts her dress.*
- CATHERINE: You got home early.
- EDDIE: Knocked off for Christmas early. *(Indicating the pattern)* Rodolfo makin' you a dress?
- CATHERINE: No. I'm makin' a blouse.
RODOLFO *appears in the bedroom doorway. EDDIE sees him and his arm jerks slightly in shock. RODOLFO nods to him testingly.*
- RODOLFO: Beatrice went to buy presents for her mother.
Pause
- EDDIE: Pack it up. Go ahead. Get your stuff and get outa here. *(CATHERINE instantly turns and walks toward the bedroom, and EDDIE grabs her arm.)* Where you goin'?
- CATHERINE: *(trembling with fright)* I think I have to get out of here, Eddie.
- EDDIE: No, you ain't goin' nowheres, he's the one.
- CATHERINE: I think I can't stay here no more. *(She frees her arm, steps back toward the bedroom.)*
I'm sorry, Eddie. *(She sees the tears in his eyes.)* Well, don't cry. I'll be around the neighbourhood; I'll see you. I just can't stay here no more. You know I can't. *(Her sobs of pity and love for him break her composure.)* Don't you know I can't? You know that, don't you? *(She goes to him.)* Wish me luck. *(She clasps her hands prayerfully.)*
Oh, Eddie, don't be like that!
- EDDIE: You ain't goin' nowheres.
- CATHERINE: Eddie, I'm not gonna be a baby any more! You –
He reaches out suddenly, draws her to him, and as she strives to free herself he kisses her on the mouth.
- RODOLFO: Don't! *(He pulls on EDDIE's arm.)* Stop that! Have respect for her!
- EDDIE: *(spun round by RODOLFO)* You want something?
- RODOLFO: Yes! She'll be my wife. That is what I want. My wife!
- EDDIE: But what're you gonna be?
- RODOLFO: I show you what I be!
- CATHERINE: Wait outside; don't argue with him!
- EDDIE: Come on, show me! What're you gonna be? Show me!
- RODOLFO: *(with tears of rage)* Don't say that to me!
RODOLFO *flies at him in attack. EDDIE pins his arms, laughing, and suddenly kisses him.*
- CATHERINE: Eddie! Let go, ya hear me! I'll kill you! Leggo of him!
She tears at EDDIE's face and EDDIE releases RODOLFO. EDDIE stands there with tears rolling down his face as he laughs mockingly at RODOLFO. She is staring at him in horror. RODOLFO is rigid. They are like animals that have torn at one another and broken up without a decision, each waiting for the other's mood.
- EDDIE: *(to CATHERINE)* You see? *(To RODOLFO)* I give you till tomorrow, kid. Get outa here. Alone. You hear me? Alone.
- CATHERINE: I'm going with him, Eddie. *(She starts toward RODOLFO.)*
- EDDIE: *(Indicating RODOLFO with his head)* Not with that. *(She halts, frightened. He sits, still panting for breath, and they watch him helplessly as he leans toward them over the table.)* Don't make me do nuttin', Catherine. Watch your step, submarine. By rights they oughta throw you back in the water. But I got pity for you. *(He moves uneasily toward the door, always facing RODOLFO.)* Just get outa here and don't lay another hand on her unless you wanna go out feet first. *(He goes out of the apartment.)*

(d) Be My Baby

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Amanda Whittington creates mood and atmosphere for an audience here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'Be My Baby has warmth and humour throughout.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) Imagine you are Mary. Some time after the events of the play, you look back on your time at St. Saviour's. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Mary would speak when you write your answer. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

- NORMA: I was in the white room. They were shouting ... 'lie flat, lift your legs, bend your knees, pull up ... bear down ... down ... and there he was. 'A boy', they said. And they took him.
- MARY: Didn't you hold him?
- NORMA: I could hear him cry.
- MARY: They must have let her hold him?
- NORMA: They put him with the others. There were lots of them crying but I knew when it was him.
- MARY: You didn't even see him?
- NORMA: And I know why.
- MARY: Why?
- NORMA: Because I can't make a nappy.
- QUEENIE: She's been on the ale.
- NORMA: And they wouldn't show me how. I kept asking but they won't show me how.
- MARY: You won't need to, Norma. The thing is ...
- NORMA: Listen.
- MARY: What?
- NORMA: He's crying. Can't you hear? He's crying.
- QUEENIE: Right! Doll?
QUEENIE finds a towel and lays it flat.
- DOLORES: What?
- QUEENIE: On your back, love.
- MARY: What are you doing?
DOLORES lies down on the towel. QUEENIE demonstrates how to make a nappy.
- QUEENIE: Legs in the air; peg on the nose; clean the mucky bum. Slap a bit a cream on so it don't get sore.
- DOLORES: You're tickling.
- QUEENIE: Open legs, wider please, you know you can ...
NORMA starts to laugh. Unnoticed by the girls, the door opens. Enter MATRON, who watches the proceedings.
- QUEENIE: Fold once, twice, pin through nappy, not leg of baby. Fold once and twice and pin again. Pull baby up, dip dummy in gin, stick in gob and ...
For the dummy, QUEENIE uses the handle of a hairbrush.
- MATRON: On your feet.
The girls stand to attention.
- MATRON: Dolores? Take Norma back to the sick room.
- NORMA: Is he there?
- DOLORES: Can I stay with her?
- MATRON: It's past your bedtime.
- DOLORES: She's upset.
- MATRON: For tonight.
- DOLORES: Thank you, Matron.
- MATRON: And tonight only.

(e) My Mother Said I Never Should

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Doris and Margaret speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship at this point in the play? [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'My Mother Said I Never Should is about difficult relationships between mothers and daughters.' How does Charlotte Keatley present this in her play? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) Give advice to the actor playing Rosie on how she should present the character to an audience. In your advice, remember to include detailed reference to the play's events, characters, and themes. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

The backyard of Doris's terrace house in Oldham, early April 1987

Doris is eighty-seven and wears a floral overall; Margaret is fifty-six, dressed in the sensible suit she wears to work, wearing an apron she has borrowed from Doris. They are chatting as they come out of the back kitchen door. Margaret carrying a tray of small geraniums in pots, Doris carrying a tray and kneeler. They kneel beside a tub and a bag of potting compost

- DORIS: See dear, all those are from the one plant I brought with me from Cheadle Hulme.
 MARGARET: I've had mine in the kitchen all winter, but they've not done so well.
 DORIS: Oh you have to cut them right down until they're just dry sticks, then all of a sudden, it seems, they start producing new leaves.
 MARGARET: They'll look lovely in this tub.
 DORIS: I've had a postcard from Rosie. She and Jackie seem to be having a lovely time.
 MARGARET: Yes. It's very quiet at home.
Pause
Margaret continues planting a geranium in the tub
 DORIS: You look thinner. Are you eating properly?
 MARGARET: What do you mean?
 DORIS: Don't crowd the roots—Well—you coming all the way from London like this—on a Tuesday!
 MARGARET: Can't I even come and see you for the day without—
 DORIS: Usually you're so busy, at that office ... never have time to come and visit.
 MARGARET: Yes, well I took the day off!
 DORIS: No need to snap, dear.
Pause
Margaret digs a hole
 MARGARET: You've transformed this backyard. I must say.
 DORIS: Yes, I'm quite proud, it's only five years since the move. Cheadle Hulme will be a mass of blossom, now, of course. The jasmine hasn't done very well, but then it's been such a spring.
 MARGARET: Good (*Pause*) I mean, sorry, yes, it's been awful, spring, hasn't it.
 DORIS: How are your geranium tubs doing?
 MARGARET: Mmm.
 DORIS: I ate my shoe this afternoon.
 MARGARET: Yes. (*She picks a leaf and stares at it*)
 DORIS: Margaret, you're not listening to a word I'm saying, are you?
 MARGARET: Of course ...
 DORIS: What's wrong, Margaret?
 MARGARET: What do you mean, what's wrong?
 DORIS: You're upset.
 MARGARET: I'm probably upset because you're accusing me of being upset.
 DORIS: (*smoothly*) I'm not accusing you. Don't take umbrage.
 MARGARET: Really, Mother. I make the effort to come here for a friendly visit and you react as though there's something wrong! Can't I even have a normal conversation with my own mother?
 DORIS: I don't know, dear.
 MARGARET: What do you mean, you don't know? (*Pause*) And don't call me "dear"!
 DORIS: Trains from London are so expensive at this time of day.
 MARGARET: There, see? We can't even talk without the housekeeping coming into it.
Pause
 DORIS: (*gently*) What is it, dear? It's Ken, isn't it?
Silence
 He's not been made redundant?
Silence
 MARGARET: I don't know.
 DORIS: What do you mean, you don't know.
 MARGARET: I haven't seen Ken for a week, Mother. (*Pause*) I don't think it's another woman. He's not like that. And we've always been very happy. I know it happens to one in three marriages these days, but – you don't think of yourself as a statistic, do you? (*Pause*) Mummy, I still want him.

QUESTION 2

Answer questions on one text.

(a) *Silas Marner*

Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how George Eliot creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Godfrey Cass. At the end of the novel you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Godfrey Cass would speak when you write your answer. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) George Eliot gave her novel, *Silas Marner*, the subtitle, *The Weaver of Raveloe*. How is Raveloe presented in the novel? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew: her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched un-benumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness towards Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air, and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a bar-maid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

(b) *Pride and Prejudice*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Jane Austen suggests Elizabeth's changing feelings here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How is the character of Wickham important to the novel as a whole? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) 'Social class is a central theme in *Pride and Prejudice*.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Elizabeth, as they drove along, watched for the first appearance of Pemberley Woods with some perturbation; and when at length they turned in at the lodge, her spirits were in a high flutter.

The park was very large, and contained great variety of ground. They entered it in one of its lowest points, and drove for some time through a beautiful wood, stretching over a wide extent.

Elizabeth's mind was too full for conversation, but she saw and admired every remarkable spot and point of view. They gradually ascended for half a mile, and then found themselves at the top of a considerable eminence, where the wood ceased, and the eye was instantly caught by Pemberley House, situated on the opposite side of a valley, into which the road with some abruptness wound. It was a large, handsome, stone building, standing well on rising ground, and backed by a ridge of high woody hills;—and in front, a stream of some natural importance was swelled into greater, but without any artificial appearance. Its banks were neither formal, nor falsely adorned. Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more, or where natural beauty had been so little counteracted by an awkward taste. They were all of them warm in their admiration; and at that moment she felt that to be mistress of Pemberley might be something!

They descended the hill, crossed the bridge, and drove to the door; and, while examining the nearer aspect of the house, all her apprehensions of meeting its owner returned. She dreaded lest the chambermaid had been mistaken. On applying to see the place, they were admitted into the hall; and Elizabeth, as they waited for the housekeeper, had leisure to wonder at her being where she was.

The housekeeper came; a respectable-looking, elderly woman, much less fine, and more civil, than she had any notion of finding her. They followed her into the dining-parlour. It was a large, well-proportioned room, handsomely fitted up. Elizabeth, after slightly surveying it, went to a window to enjoy its prospect. The hill, crowned with wood, from which they had descended, receiving increased abruptness from the distance, was a beautiful object. Every disposition of the ground was good; and she looked on the whole scene, the river, the trees scattered on its banks, and the winding of the valley, as far as she could trace it, with delight. As they passed into other rooms, these objects were taking different positions; but from every window there were beauties to be seen. The rooms were lofty and handsome, and their furniture suitable to the fortune of their proprietor; but Elizabeth saw, with admiration of his taste, that it was neither gaudy nor uselessly fine; with less of splendour, and more real elegance, than the furniture of Rosings.

'And of this place,' thought she, 'I might have been mistress! With these rooms I might now have been familiarly acquainted! Instead of viewing them as a stranger, I might have rejoiced in them as my own, and welcomed to them as visitors my uncle and aunt.—But no,'—recollecting herself,—'that could never be: my uncle and aunt would have been lost to me: I should not have been allowed to invite them.'

This was a lucky recollection—it saved her from something like regret.

(c) A Christmas Carol

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Charles Dickens presents the character of Scrooge here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How are families and family life presented in *A Christmas Carol*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) How does Charles Dickens create sympathy for the character of Ebenezer Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

He dressed himself “all in his best,” and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said, “Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!” And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, “Scrooge and Marley’s, I believe.” It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

“My dear sir,” said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. “How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!”

“Mr Scrooge?”

“Yes,” said Scrooge. “That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness”—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

“Lord bless me!” cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. “My dear Mr Scrooge, are you serious?”

“If you please,” said Scrooge. “Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?”

“My dear sir,” said the other, shaking hands with him. “I don’t know what to say to such munifi—”

“Don’t say anything please,” retorted Scrooge. “Come and see me. Will you come and see me?”

“I will!” cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

“Thank ’ee,” said Scrooge. “I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!”

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew’s house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

“Is your master at home, my dear?” said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

“Yes, sir.”

“Where is he, my love?” said Scrooge.

“He’s in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I’ll show you upstairs, if you please.”

“Thank you. He knows me,” said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. “I’ll go in here, my dear.”

(d) Lord of the Flies

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how William Golding creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'Violence is always present in *Lord of the Flies*.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) What do you think of Ralph and the way he is presented in *Lord of the Flies*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

'I got the conch,' said Piggy indignantly. 'You let me speak!'

'The conch doesn't count on top of the mountain,' said Jack, 'so you shut up.'

'I got the conch in my hand.'

'Put on green branches,' said Maurice. 'That's the best way to make smoke.'

'I got the conch –

Jack turned fiercely.

'You shut up!'

Piggy wilted. Ralph took the conch from him and looked round the circle of boys.

'We've got to have special people for looking after the fire. Any day there may be a ship out there' – he waved his arm at the taut wire of the horizon – 'and if we have a signal going they'll come and take us off. And another thing. We ought to have more rules. Where the conch is, that's a meeting. The same up here as down there.'

They assented. Piggy opened his mouth to speak, caught Jack's eye and shut it again. Jack held out his hands for the conch and stood up, holding the delicate thing carefully in his sooty hands.

'I agree with Ralph. We've got to have rules and obey them. After all, we're not savages. We're English; and the English are best at everything. So we've got to do the right things.'

He turned to Ralph.

'Ralph – I'll split up the choir – my hunters, that is – into groups, and we'll be responsible for keeping the fire going –'

This generosity brought a spatter of applause from the boys, so that Jack grinned at them, then waved the conch for silence.

'We'll let the fire burn out now. Who would see smoke at night-time anyway? And we can start the fire again whenever we like. Altos – you can keep the fire going this week; and trebles the next –'

The assembly assented gravely.

'And we'll be responsible for keeping a lookout too. If we see a ship out there' – they followed the direction of his bony arm with their eyes – 'we'll put green branches on. Then there'll be more smoke.'

They gazed intently at the dense blue of the horizon, as if a little silhouette might appear there at any moment.

The sun in the west was a drop of burning gold that slid nearer and nearer the sill of the world. All at once they were aware of the evening as the end of light and warmth.

Roger took the conch and looked round at them gloomily.

'I've been watching the sea. There hasn't been the trace of a ship. Perhaps we'll never be rescued.'

(e) *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Dannie Abse creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) '*Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* describes the experiences of growing up in a Jewish family in Wales.' Show how Dannie Abse presents this in his semi-autobiographical novel. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) Write about someone you think had an important influence on Dannie in *Ash On A Young Man's Sleeve*. Show how the presentation of your chosen person suggests the influence he or she had on Dannie. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Mother brought out the best crockery and prepared a tea fit for a queen. Evidently she had taken to Lydia. Certainly, mother asking a girlfriend of one of her sons to tea was a record. A phenomenal precedent.

When the front door bell rang I fell over a chair in an endeavour to reach the hall first. But it was too late: mother was out of the kitchen in a flash. I stood near the sideboard, my hands sweating. This would be an ordeal: worse than being at the dentist. I heard voices in the hall and mother saying, 'That's Clytemnestra.'

'Do you want to borrow my shaving tackle?' Leo mocked me.

'Shut up!' I hissed.

Nancy Roberts, of all people. There was some mistake. What was she doing here? God, this would give Keith a laugh.

'Come in, my dear,' said mother. 'This is Nancy.'

Of course, of course, Nancy Roberts's father was a civil servant.

Nancy smiled uncomfortably. Father stood up like a gentleman, shook hands with her and gave a grunt. I saw that he was about to offer her a cigarette but midway through the gesture he realized what he was doing. There was an awkward silence until mother said, 'That's a pretty dress.'

'Thank you,' said Nancy.

'Did you make it yourself, dear?'

'No ... my mother bought it for me. At Howell's.'

'A good shop Howell's,' mother affirmed.

'Very good shop,' said Dad, trying to make conversation.

'Yes, it is a good shop,' agreed Nancy.

We relapsed into silence again, and Leo suggested we should eat. We sat down at the table, mother choosing our chairs for us. There were tomato sandwiches, cucumber sandwiches and chocolate éclairs and, after – bananas and cream. Mother took a fork and started to mash the bananas – before passing them on to me.

'Don't bother, ' I said.

'Why,' said mother, 'you like them mashed.'

'Yes,' I protested, 'but I can do them myself.'

'I have practically to feed him,' said mother, and for the fourth time that afternoon I blushed scarlet. 'He's such a baby ... He's so particular about his food ... won't eat anything but chips.'

'I believe you know Philip Morris,' Nancy Roberts said.

'Oh yes,' Leo assented.

'He painted a picture of my sister-in-law,' mother said.

'Aunt Cecile,' I explained.

'He's a good artist,' mother said.

'You know him, do you, Nancy?' asked Leo.

'Yes.'

There was yet another silence. Father looked round the table waiting for somebody to speak. And mother poured out tea, an amber stream, into the egg-blue tea-cups.

'He's a good friend of mine,' Leo continued.

'He's a friend of the family,' mother insisted. 'He comes with us to Porthcawl sometimes on Sunday afternoons ... Don't smoke when you're eating,' mother said suddenly to Dad; then sweetly to Nancy Roberts, 'I bet your father doesn't smoke when he's eating?'

'No,' said Nancy.

Father said, 'I'm not hungry,' but he mumbled it so that you could hardly hear him.

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