



GCSE

153/03

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
SPECIFICATION A
HIGHER TIER**

A.M. TUESDAY, 19 May 2009

2½ hours

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **three** questions: **one** from Section A (Questions 1 - 8); **one** from Section B (Questions 9 - 16); and **Question 17** (Section C).

All questions in Sections A and B consist of two parts. Part (a) is based on an extract from the set text. You are then asked to answer **either** (b) **or** (c), which requires some longer writing on the text.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A: 30 marks Section B: 30 marks Section C: 10 marks.

You are advised to spend your time as follows: Section A - about one hour
Section B - about one hour
Section C - about 30 minutes.

SECTION A

1. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

With close reference to the extract, show how Maya Angelou suggests her feelings at this time. [10]

Either,

(b) Of all the adults with whom Maya came into contact as she was growing up, who had the greatest influence on her, in your opinion? Give reasons for your choice. [20]

Or,

(c) In *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* Maya Angelou creates a strong sense of place. With reference to one or two of the places where Maya lived, show how she creates this strong sense of place. [20]

A tall white policeman asked for Mrs. Baxter. Had they found out about the lie? Maybe the policeman was coming to put me in jail because I had sworn on the Bible that everything I said would be the truth, the whole truth, so help me, God. The man in our living room was taller than the sky and whiter than my image of God. He just didn't have the beard.

"Mrs. Baxter, I thought you ought to know. Freeman's been found dead on the lot behind the slaughterhouse."

Softly, as if she were discussing a church program, she said, "Poor man." She wiped her hands on the dishtowel and just as softly asked, "Do they know who did it?"

The policeman said, "Seems like he was dropped there. Some say he was kicked to death."

Grandmother's color only rose a little. "Tom, thanks for telling me. Poor man. Well, maybe it's better this way. He *was* a mad dog. Would you like a glass of lemonade? Or some beer?"

Although he looked harmless, I knew he was a dreadful angel counting out my many sins.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Baxter. I'm on duty. Gotta be getting back."

"Well, tell your ma that I'll be over when I take up my beer and remind her to save some kraut for me."

And the recording angel was gone. He was gone, and a man was dead because I lied. Where was the balance in that? One lie surely wouldn't be worth a man's life. Bailey could have explained it all to me, but I didn't dare ask him. Obviously I had forfeited my place in heaven forever, and I was as gutless as the doll I had ripped to pieces ages ago. Even Christ Himself turned His back on Satan. Wouldn't He turn His back on me? I could feel the evilness flowing through my body and waiting, pent up, to rush off my tongue if I tried to open my mouth. I clamped my teeth shut, I'd hold it in. If it escaped, wouldn't it flood the world and all the innocent people?

Grandmother Baxter said, "Ritie and Junior, you didn't hear a thing. I never want to hear this situation nor that evil man's name mentioned in my house again. I mean that." She went back into the kitchen to make apple strudel for my celebration.

Even Bailey was frightened. He sat all to himself, looking at a man's death—a kitten looking at a wolf. Not quite understanding it but frightened all the same.

In those moments I decided that although Bailey loved me he couldn't help. I had sold myself to the Devil and there could be no escape. The only thing I could do was to stop talking to people other than Bailey.

2. *Pride and Prejudice*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how Mr Collins speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

Either,

(b) Explain how and why Elizabeth's feelings for Darcy change, from their first meeting, to their marriage at the end of the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) Show how Jane Austen presents attitudes to social class in *Pride and Prejudice*. [20]

Mrs Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr Collins began.

“Believe me, my dear Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying – and moreover for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther and he continued:

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly – which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford – between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh’s foot-stool, that she said, ‘Mr Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. – Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond any thing I can describe; and your wit and vivacity I think must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place – which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother’s decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.”

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

“You are too hasty, Sir,” she cried. “You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.”

3. Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

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

Either,

(b) For which character in *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* do you have the most sympathy? Explain how Roddy Doyle's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20]

Or,

(c) "Extremely funny and desperately sad at the same time." To what extent do you agree with this view of *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*? [20]

– I was thinking of getting pork for a change.

He said nothing; he didn't look.

– It might be nice.

His face was stuck to the page. His eyes weren't moving down. He wasn't reading. He made her say it.

– What do you think?

He cracked the paper. He folded it. He concentrated hard on it. He spoke but it was hardly like he was speaking; it was like the words came out with a sigh – not even a whisper.

– Do what you want.

Face on the paper, legs crossed and stiff, no rhythm.

– Whatever you want.

I didn't look back at my ma yet; not yet.

– You always do.

I still didn't look.

She didn't say anything.

I listened.

He was the only one I could hear breathing. He was pushing the air out, of his nose. Oxygen in, carbon dioxide out. Plants did it the other way round. I heard hers now, her breathing.

– Can I turn on the telly? I said.

I wanted to remind him that I was there. There was a fight coming and I could stop it by being there.

– Television, she said, corrected me.

There was nothing wrong. She'd never have said that if there had been. Ma hated half-words and bits of words and words that weren't real ones. Only full, proper words.

– Television, I said.

She didn't mind Don't and Amn't and shortened words like that. They were different. – It's a television, she'd say, not really giving out. – It's a wellington. It's a toilet.

Her voice was normal.

– Television, I said. – Can I?

– What's on? she asked.

I didn't know. It didn't matter. The sound would fill the room. He'd look up.

– Something, I said. – There might be, maybe a programme about politics. Something of interest.

– Like what?

– Fianna Fail versus Fine Gael, I said.

That made Da look at me.

– What's on? he said

– There might be, I said. – Not for definite.

– A match between them?

– No, I said. – Talking.

The only programmes he didn't pretend he wasn't watching were ones with people talking in them, and The Virginian.

– You want the television on? he said.

– Yeah.

– Why didn't you say just that?

– I did say it, I said.

– Fire away, he said.

His leg was moving, the one on top of the one on the ground, up and down. He sometimes put Catherine and Deirdre on his foot and carried them up and down. He did it to Sinbad as well once – I could remember it – so he must have done it to me as well. I got up.

4. *Silas Marner*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how Dunsey and Godfrey speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship? [10]

Either,

(b) Show how George Eliot presents the changes in the character of Silas Marner, from his time in Lantern Yard to the end of the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) For which of the female characters in the novel do you have the most sympathy? Show how George Eliot's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for her. [20]

The door opened, and a thick-set, heavy-looking young man entered, with the flushed face and the gratuitously elated bearing which mark the first stage of intoxication. It was Dunsey, and at the sight of him Godfrey's face parted with some of the gloom to take on the more active expression of hatred. The handsome brown spaniel that lay on the hearth retreated under the chair in the chimney-corner.

'Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me?' said Dunsey, in a mocking tone. 'You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when you sent for me.'

'Why, this is what I want – and just shake yourself sober and listen, will you?' said Godfrey, savagely. He had himself been drinking more than was good for him, trying to turn his gloom into uncalculating anger. 'I want to tell you, I must hand over that rent of Fowler's to the Squire, or tell him I gave it you; for he's threatening to distrain for it, and it'll all be out soon, whether I tell him or not. He said, just now, before he went out, he should send word to Cox to distrain, if Fowler didn't come and pay up his arrears this week. The Squire's short o' cash, and in no humour to stand any nonsense; and you know what he threatened, if ever he found you making away with his money again. So, see and get the money, and pretty quickly, will you?'

'Oh!' said Dunsey, sneeringly, coming nearer to his brother and looking in his face. 'Suppose, now, you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble, eh? Since you was so kind as to hand it over to me, you'll not refuse me the kindness to pay it back for me: it was your brotherly love made you do it, you know.'

Godfrey bit his lips and clenched his fist. 'Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down.'

'Oh, no, you won't,' said Dunsey, turning away on his heel, however. 'Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home, and cut off with a shilling any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman, Molly Faren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. But, you see, I don't do it – I'm easy and good-natured. You'll take any trouble for me. You'll get the hundred pounds for me – I know you will.'

'How can I get the money?' said Godfrey, quivering. 'I haven't a shilling to bless myself with.'

5. *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

How does Harper Lee's presentation of Miss Caroline affect your thoughts and feelings towards her? [10]

Either,

(b) How is the character of Calpurnia important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

(c) Why do you think Harper Lee chose *To Kill A Mockingbird* as the title of her novel? [20]

Before the first morning was over, Miss Caroline Fisher, our teacher, hauled me up to the front of the room and patted the palm of my hand with a ruler, then made me stand in the corner until noon.

Miss Caroline was no more than twenty-one. She had bright auburn hair, pink cheeks, and wore crimson finger-nail polish. She also wore high-heeled pumps and a red-and-white-striped dress. She looked and smelled like a peppermint drop. She boarded across the street one door down from us in Miss Maudie Atkinson's upstairs front room, and when Miss Maudie introduced us to her, Jem was in a haze for days.

Miss Caroline printed her name on the blackboard and said, 'This says I am Miss Caroline Fisher. I am from North Alabama, from Winston County.' The class murmured apprehensively, should she prove to harbour her share of the peculiarities indigenous to that region. (When Alabama seceded from the Union on January 11th, 1861, Winston County seceded from Alabama, and every child in Maycomb County knew it.) North Alabama was full of Liquor Interests, Big Mules, steel companies, Republicans, professors, and other persons of no background.

Miss Caroline began the day by reading us a story about cats. The cats had long conversations with one another, they wore cunning little clothes and lived in a warm house beneath a kitchen stove. By the time Mrs Cat called the drugstore for an order of chocolate malted mice the class was wriggling like a bucketful of catawba worms. Miss Caroline seemed unaware that the ragged, denim-shirted and floursack-skirted first grade, most of whom had chopped cotton and fed hogs from the time they were able to walk, were immune to imaginative literature. Miss Caroline came to the end of the story and said, 'Oh, my, wasn't that nice?'

Then she went to the blackboard and printed the alphabet in enormous square capitals, turned to the class and asked, 'Does anybody know what these are?'

Everybody did; most of the first grade had failed it last year.

I suppose she chose me because she knew my name; as I read the alphabet a faint line appeared between her eyebrows, and after making me read most of *My First Reader* and the stock-market quotations from *The Mobile Register* aloud, she discovered that I was literate and looked at me with more than faint distaste. Miss Caroline told me to tell my father not to teach me any more, it would interfere with my reading.

'Teach me?' I said in surprise. 'He hasn't taught me anything, Miss Caroline. Atticus ain't got time to teach me anything,' I added, when Miss Caroline smiled and shook her head. 'Why, he's so tired at night he just sits in the living-room and reads.'

'If he didn't teach you, who did?' Miss Caroline asked good-naturedly. 'Somebody did. You weren't born reading *The Mobile Register*.'

'Jem says I was. He read in a book where I was a Bullfinch instead of a Finch. Jem says my name's really Jean Louise Bullfinch, that I got swapped when I was born and I'm really a -'

Miss Caroline apparently thought I was lying. 'Let's not let our imaginations run away with us, dear,' she said. 'Now you tell your father not to teach you any more. It's best to begin reading with a fresh mind. You tell him I'll take over from here and try to undo the damage -'

'Ma'am?'

'Your father does not know how to teach. You can have a seat now.'

I mumbled that I was sorry and retired meditating upon my crime.

6. *Of Mice and Men*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how George and Lennie speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Candy. At the end of the novel, you think back over what has happened since George and Lennie arrived at the ranch. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Candy would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) How does John Steinbeck present the relationship between George and Lennie throughout the novel? [20]

Lennie crawled slowly and cautiously around the fire until he was close to George. He sat back on his heels. George turned the bean-cans so that another side faced the fire. He pretended to be unaware of Lennie so close beside him.

‘George,’ very softly. No answer. ‘George!’

‘Whatta you want?’

‘I was only foolin’, George. I don’t want no ketchup. I wouldn’t eat no ketchup if it was right here beside me.’

‘If it was here, you could have some.’

‘But I wouldn’t eat none, George. I’d leave it all for you. You could cover your beans with it and I wouldn’t touch none of it.’

George still stared morosely at the fire. ‘When I think of the swell time I could have without you, I go nuts. I never get no peace.’

Lennie still knelt. He looked off into the darkness across the river. ‘George, you want I should go away and leave you alone?’

‘Where the hell could you go?’

‘Well I could. I could go off in the hills there. Some place I’d find a cave.’

‘Yeah? How’d you eat? You ain’t got sense enough to find nothing to eat.’

‘I’d find things, George. I don’t need no nice food with ketchup. I’d lay out in the sun and nobody’d hurt me. An’ if I foun’ a mouse, I could keep it. Nobody’d take it away from me.’

George looked quickly and searchingly at him. ‘I been mean, ain’t I?’

‘If you don’ want me I can go off in the hills an’ find a cave. I can go away any time.’

‘No – look! I was jus’ foolin’, Lennie. Course I want you to stay with me.’

7. *Stone Cold*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

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

Either,

(b) How does Robert Swindells present Link attempting to cope with his changing situation in *Stone Cold*? [20]

Or,

(c) *Stone Cold* is written using the voices of both Shelter and Link. How effective do you think this is? [20]

Have you ever seen that famous diagram of a slave ship – slaves crammed like sardines into every square centimetre of space? Well, that's what it was like on the boat me and Ginger ended up on.

We'd parted with our six quid on the tow path, where Probyn had his office in one of those yellow plastic watchman shelters. He didn't look like Captain Hook. He was sitting on a folding canvas chair wearing wellies, a waxed jacket, a muffler, a knitted cap and gloves with the fingers cut out. He had a smooth, pink complexion and pale eyes and looked about thirty-five. When he smiled, as he did when he grabbed our dosh, he showed very small, very even white teeth. He stuffed the notes into a bulging wallet which he returned to an inside pocket. I was wondering why some guy hadn't mugged him for this when I heard a low growl and saw a Rottweiler the size of a horse gazing out from between his feet. Probyn showed his teeth again. 'Don't even think about it, kid,' he purred. He must've been a mind reader or something. Then he pointed to the nearest of his boats, moored fore and aft to bollards on the bank. 'That one,' he said. 'Mind the gap.'

I've told you it looked like a slave ship. What I haven't said is that it stank like one, too. You went through a narrow door and it hit you – the stench of too many damp, unwashed bodies, too much lingering flatulence. There were three steps down and then you were falling over sleepers, looking for a space in the poor light from a paraffin lamp which dangled unlawfully from the deckhead. We found a sliver of unoccupied floorspace and bedded down, drawing grunts and curses from those we kicked and elbowed in doing so.

One thing, though – it was certainly warm, and you weren't straining your ears all the time listening for potential assailants. The boat rocked very gently on the water, and once you stopped noticing the smell the whole thing was quite pleasant. It's amazing how resilient wooden planks feel after lying night after night on stone. I dropped off almost at once; and dreamt I was sailing my yacht through blue, tropic waters of breathtaking clarity under a cloudless sky, while Vince hurried back and forth with long, cool drinks for me, and my rat-faced former landlord cooled me with a peacock fan. It was terrific while it lasted, but waking up was a drag.

8. *Anita and Me*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

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

Either,

(b) How does Meera Syal's presentation of Anita affect your attitudes towards her? [20]

Or,

(c) *Anita and Me* has been described a "as funny, sad book." To what extent do you agree with this description? [20]

Mama had gone to the trouble of preparing two menus, which was fortunate considering Anita's reaction when the serving dishes of various curries were placed in front of her. 'What's that!' she demanded, as if confronted with a festering sheep's head on a platter. 'Oh that's mattar-paneer,' mama said proudly, always happy to educate the sad English palate. 'A sort of Indian cheese, and these are peas with it, of course . . .'

'Cheese and peas?' said Anita faintly. 'Together?'

'Well,' mama went on hurriedly. 'This is chicken curry . . . You have had chicken before, haven't you?'

'What's that stuff round it?'

'Um, just gravy, you know, tomatoes, onions, garlic . . .'

Mama was losing confidence now, she trailed off as she picked up Anita's increasing panic.

'Chicken with tomatoes? What's garlic?'

'Don't you worry!' papa interjected heartily, fearing a culinary cat fight was about to shatter his fragile peace. 'We've also got fishfingers and chips. Is tomato sauce too dangerous for you?'

Anita's relief made her oblivious to his attempt at a joke. She simply picked up her knife and fork and rested her elbows on the table, waiting to be served with something she could recognise. 'I'll have fishfingers, mum! Um, please!' I called out after her. I could tell from the set of mama's back that her charity was wearing a little thin. Although I had yet to cast Anita in the mould of one of the Rainbow orphan kids, I did wonder if food was a problem at her house after seeing her eat. Any romantic idea I had about witty stories over the dinner table disappeared when Anita made a fortress of her arms and chewed stolidly behind it, daring anyone to approach and disturb her concentration or risk losing an eye if they attempted to steal a chip. She looked up only twice, once when my parents began eating, as always, with their fingers, using their chapatti as scoops to ferry the banquet of curries into their mouths.

Anita stopped in mid-chew, looking from her knife and fork to mama and papa's fingers with faint disgust, apparently unaware that all of us had a great view of a lump of half masticated fishfinger sitting on her tongue. It had never occurred to me that this would be a moment of controversy. It had never occurred to me because I had never eaten Indian food in the presence of a white person before. In fact, I only then realised that Anita Rutter was the first non-relative to sit and break bread with us, and the same thought had just hit my parents, who had gradually slowed down their eating and were eyeing a nearby box of paper hankies with longing. I snapped to attention, I would not have Anita play the same games with my parents that had made me dizzy and confused. The girl had not even said a simple thank you yet. 'We always eat our food with our fingers,' I said loudly to Anita. 'Like in all the top restaurants. Bet you didn't know that, did you?'

SECTION B**9. *Under Milk Wood***

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

How does Dylan Thomas's presentation of Mr and Mrs Pugh here reveal their relationship?
[10]

Either,

(b) Which one or two male characters in *Under Milk Wood* do you consider to be most interesting? Show how Thomas's presentation of your chosen characters makes them interesting. [20]

Or,

(c) "*Under Milk Wood* introduces the audience to a world of secrets." Show how Dylan Thomas presents the theme of secrets in the play. [20]

- FIRST VOICE In the blind-drawn dark dining-room of School House, dusty and echoing as a dining-room in a vault, Mr and Mrs Pugh are silent over cold grey cottage pie. Mr Pugh reads, as he forks the shroud meat in, from *Lives of the Great Poisoners*. He has bound a plain brown-paper cover round the book. Slyly, between slow mouthfuls, he sidespies up at Mrs Pugh, poisons her with his eye, then goes on reading. He underlines certain passages and smiles in secret.
- MRS PUGH Persons with manners do not read at table,
- FIRST VOICE says Mrs. Pugh. She swallows a digestive tablet as big as a horse-pill, washing it down with clouded peasoup water.
- [Pause
- MRS PUGH Some persons were brought up in pigsties.
- MR PUGH Pigs don't read at table, dear.
- FIRST VOICE Bitterly she flicks dust from the broken cruet. It settles on the pie in a thin gnat-rain.
- MR PUGH Pigs can't read, my dear.
- MRS PUGH I know one who can.
- FIRST VOICE Alone in the hissing laboratory of his wishes, Mr Pugh minces among bad vats and jero-boams, tiptoes through spinneys of murdering herbs, agony dancing in his crucibles, and mixes especially for Mrs Pugh a venomous porridge unknown to toxicologists which will scald and viper through her until her ears fall off like figs, her toes grow big and black as balloons, and steam comes screaming out of her navel.
- MR PUGH You know best, dear.
- FIRST VOICE says Mr Pugh, and quick as a flash he ducks her in rat soup.
- MRS PUGH What's that book by your trough, Mr Pugh?
- MR PUGH It's a theological work, my dear. *Lives of the Great Saints*.
- FIRST VOICE Mrs Pugh smiles. An icicle forms in the cold air of the dining-vault.

10. A View From The Bridge

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how Eddie speaks and behaves here. How might it affect an audience's feelings towards him? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Catherine. At the end of the play you think back over your relationship with Rodolfo and the impact it has had. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Catherine would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) Show how Arthur Miller presents Eddie and Beatrice's changing relationship, from the first time the audience meets them to the end of the play. [20]

EDDIE Okay, I only wanted the best for you, Katie. I hope you know that.

CATHERINE Okay. *(She starts out again.)*

EDDIE Catherine? *(She turns to him.)* I was tellin' Beatrice ... if you wanna go out, like ... I mean I realize maybe I kept you home too much. Because he's the first guy you ever knew, y'know? I mean now that you got a job, you might meet some fellas, and you get a different idea, y'know? I mean you could always come back to him, you're still only kids, the both of yiz. What's the hurry? Maybe you'll get around a little bit, you grow up a little more, maybe you'll see different in a couple of months. I mean you be surprised, it don't have to be him.

CATHERINE No, we made it up already.

EDDIE *(with increasing anxiety)* Katie, wait a minute.

CATHERINE No, I made up my mind.

EDDIE But you never knew no other fella, Katie! How could you make up your mind?

CATHERINE 'Cause I did. I don't want nobody else.

EDDIE But, Katie, suppose he gets picked up.

CATHERINE That's why we gonna do it right away. Soon as we finish the wedding he's goin' right over and start to be a citizen. I made up my mind, Eddie, I'm sorry. *(To BEATRICE)* Could I take two more pillow cases for the other guys?

BEATRICE Sure, go ahead. Only don't let her forget where they came from.

CATHERINE *goes into the bedroom.*

EDDIE She's got other boarders up there?

BEATRICE Yeah, there's two guys that just came over.

EDDIE What do you mean, came over?

CATHERINE From Italy. Lipari the butcher – his nephew. They come from Bari, they just got here yesterday. I didn't even know till Marco and Rodolfo moved up there before. *(CATHERINE enters, going toward exit with two pillow cases.)* It'll be nice, they could all talk together.

EDDIE Catherine! *(She halts near the exit door. He takes in BEATRICE too.)* What're you, got no brains? You put them up there with two other submarines?

CATHERINE Why?

EDDIE *(in a driving fright and anger)* Why! How do you know they're not trackin' these guys? They'll come up for them and find Marco and Rodolfo! Get them out of the house!

BEATRICE But they been here so long already –

EDDIE How do you know what enemies Lipari's got? Which they'd love to stab him in the back?

CATHERINE Well what'll I do with them?

EDDIE The neighbourhood is full of rooms. Can't you stand to live a couple of blocks away from him? Get them out of the house!

CATHERINE Well maybe tomorrow night I'll –

EDDIE Not tomorrow, do it now. Catherine, you never mix yourself with somebody else's family! These guys get picked up, Lipari's liable to blame you or me and we got his whole family on our head. They got a temper, that family.

Two men in overcoats appear outside, start into the house.

CATHERINE How'm I gonna find a place tonight?

EDDIE Will you stop arguin' with me and get them out! You think I'm always tryin' to fool you or sump'm? What's the matter with you, don't you believe I could think of your good? Did I ever ask sump'm for myself? You think I got no feelin's? I never told you nothin' in my life that wasn't for your good. Nothin'!

And look at the way you talk to me! Like I was an enemy! Like I – *(A knock on the door. His head swerves. They all stand motionless. Another knock. EDDIE, in a whisper, pointing upstage.)* Go up the fire escape, get them out over the back fence.

CATHERINE stands motionless, uncomprehending.

FIRST OFFICER *(in the hall)* Immigration! Open up in there!

EDDIE Go, go. Hurry up! *(She stands a moment staring at him in a realized horror.)* Well, what're you lookin' at!

FIRST OFFICER Open up!

EDDIE *(calling towards door.)* Who's that there?

11. *An Inspector Calls*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how Mrs Birling speaks and behaves here. What impressions would an audience receive of her character? [10]

Either,

(b) To what extent is it possible to feel sympathy for the character of Eric Birling? [20]

Or,

(c) Each member of the Birling family and Gerald Croft is guilty of abusing their position of power. Who would you consider the most guilty of abusing his or her power, and why? [20]

BIRLING Is there any reason why my wife should answer questions from you, Inspector?
INSPECTOR Yes, a very good reason. You'll remember that Mr Croft told us – quite truthfully, I believe – that he hadn't spoken to or seen Eva Smith since last September. But Mrs Birling spoke to and saw her only two weeks ago.

SHEILA *(astonished)* Mother!
BIRLING Is this true?
MRS B. *(after a pause)* Yes, quite true.
INSPECTOR She appealed to your organization for help?
MRS B. Yes.
INSPECTOR Not as Eva Smith?
MRS B. No. Nor as Daisy Renton.
INSPECTOR As what then?
MRS B. First, she called herself Mrs Birling –
BIRLING *(astounded)* Mrs Birling!
MRS B. Yes, I think it was simply a piece of gross impertinence – quite deliberate – and naturally that was one of the things that prejudiced me against her case.
BIRLING And I should think so! Damned impudence!
INSPECTOR You admit being prejudiced against her case?
MRS B. Yes.
SHEILA Mother, she's just died a horrible death – don't forget.
MRS B. I'm very sorry. But I think she had only herself to blame.
INSPECTOR Was it owing to your influence, as the most prominent member of the committee, that help was refused the girl?
MRS B. Possibly.
INSPECTOR Was it or was it not your influence?
MRS B. *(stung)* Yes, it was. I didn't like her manner. She'd impudently made use of our name, though she pretended afterwards it just happened to be the first she thought of. She had to admit, after I began questioning her, that she had no claim to the name, that she wasn't married, and that the story she told at first – about a husband who'd deserted her – was quite false. It didn't take me long to get the truth – or some of the truth – out of her.
INSPECTOR Why did she want help?
MRS B. You know very well why she wanted help.
INSPECTOR No, I don't. I know why she needed help. But as I wasn't there, I don't know what she asked from your committee.
MRS B. I don't think we need discuss it.
INSPECTOR You have no hope of *not* discussing it, Mrs Birling.
MRS B. If you think you can bring any pressure to bear upon me, Inspector, you're quite mistaken. Unlike the other three, I did nothing I'm ashamed of or that won't bear investigation. The girl asked for assistance. We were asked to look carefully into the claims made upon us. I wasn't satisfied with the girl's claim – she seemed to me to be not a good case – and so I used my influence to have it refused. And in spite of what's happened to the girl since, I consider I did my duty. So if I prefer not to discuss it any further, you have no power to make me change my mind.
INSPECTOR Yes I have.
MRS B. No you haven't. Simply because I've done nothing wrong – and you know it.
INSPECTOR *(very deliberately)* I think you did something terribly wrong – and that you're going to spend the rest of your life regretting it.

12. *The Merchant Of Venice*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how Shylock, Antonio and Bassanio speak and behave here. What impressions would an audience receive of them? [10]

Either,

(b) Give advice to an actor playing Portia on how you think she should present the character to an audience. [20]

Or,

(c) Show how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Shylock and Antonio to an audience. [20]

13. *Romeo and Juliet*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

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

Either,

- (b) “Even though Mercutio dies at the beginning of Act 3, he is crucial to the play as a whole.” Show how Mercutio could be described as crucially important to the play. [20]

Or,

- (c) How does Shakespeare present the lack of understanding between the older and younger generations in *Romeo and Juliet*? [20]

14. Othello

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

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

Either,

(b) What do you think about Desdemona and the way she is presented to an audience? [20]

Or,

(c) Give advice to an actor playing Othello on how he should present the character to an audience. [20]

DUKE: Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO : (To IAGO) Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.

Exit IAGO, with attendants.

– And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE : Say it Othello.

OTHELLO : Her father loved me, oft invited me –
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through – even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And with it all my travels' history –
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak. Such was my process –
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline –
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent –
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs –
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed.
And I loved her that she did pity them,
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady. Let her witness it.

Re-enter IAGO, with attendants, bringing DESDEMONA.

DUKE: I think this tale would win my daughter too.

15. *Hobson's Choice*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

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

Either,

(b) Explain how and why Willie changes, from the first time the audience meets him to the end of the play. [20]

Or,

(c) The expression “Hobson’s choice” means to have no choice at all. To what extent do you think it an appropriate title for this play? [20]

- MAGGIE: Now tell me what it is you came about?
- HOBSON: I'm in sore trouble, Maggie.
- MAGGIE: *(rising and going towards the door)*: Then I'll leave you with my husband to talk it over.
- HOBSON: Eh?
- MAGGIE: You'll not be wanting me. Women are only in your way.
- HOBSON: *(rising)*: Maggie, you're not going to desert me in the hour of my need, are you?
- MAGGIE: Surely to goodness you don't want a woman to help you after all you've said! Will 'ull do his best, I make no doubt. *(She goes towards the door.)* Give me a call when you've finished, Will.
- HOBSON: *(following her)*: Maggie! It's private.
- MAGGIE: Why, yes, I'm going and you can discuss it man to man with no fools of women about.
- HOBSON: I tell you I've come to see you, not him. It's private from him.
- MAGGIE: Private from Will? Nay, it isn't. Will's in the family and you've nowt to say to me that can't be said to him.
- HOBSON: I've to tell you this with him there?
- MAGGIE: Will and me's one.
- WILLIE: Sit down, Mr Hobson.
- MAGGIE: You call him father now.
- WILLIE: *(astonished)*: Do I?
- HOBSON: Does he?
- MAGGIE: He does. Sit down, Will.
- WILLIE *sits right of table*. MAGGIE *stands at the head of the table*. HOBSON *sits on sofa*.
- MAGGIE: Now, if you're ready, father, we are. What's the matter?
- HOBSON: That – *(producing the blue paper)* – that's the matter.
- MAGGIE *accepts and passes it to Will and goes behind his chair. He is reading upside down. She bends over chair and turns it right way up.*
- MAGGIE: What is it, Will?
- HOBSON: *(banging on table)*: Ruin, Maggie that's what it is! Ruin and bankruptcy. Am I vicar's warden at St Philip's or am I not? Am I Hobson of Hobson's Boot Shop on Chapel Street, Salford? Am I respectable ratepayer and the father of a family or –
- MAGGIE: *(who has been reading over Will's shoulder)*: It's an action for damages for trespass, I see.

16. *Blood Brothers*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

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

Look closely at how Mr and Mrs Lyons speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship? [10]

Either,

(b) For which character in *Blood Brothers* do you have the most sympathy? Show how Willy Russell's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20]

Or,

(c) Write about the Johnstone family and the way they are presented to an audience. [20]

- MRS LYONS: Oh Richard, Richard.
- MR LYONS: For God's sake Jennifer, I told you on the phone, he'll just be out playing somewhere.
- MRS LYONS: But where?
- MR LYONS: Outside somewhere, with friends. Edward . . .
- MRS LYONS: But I don't want him out playing.
- MR LYONS: Jennifer, he's not a baby. Edward . . .
- MRS LYONS: I don't care. I don't care . . .
- MR LYONS: For Christ's sake, you bring me home from work in the middle of the day, just to say you haven't seen him for an hour. Perhaps we should be talking about you getting something for your nerves.
- MRS LYONS: There's nothing wrong with my nerves. It's just . . . just this place . . . I hate it. Richard, I don't want to stay here any more. I want to move.
- MR LYONS: Jennifer! Jennifer, how many times . . . the factory is here, my work is here . . .
- MRS LYONS: It doesn't have to be somewhere far away. But we have got to move, Richard. Because if we stay here I feel that something terrible will happen, something bad.
- MR LYONS *sighs and puts his arms round* MRS LYONS.
- MR LYONS: Look, Jen. What is this thing you keep talking about getting away from? Mm?
- MRS LYONS: It's just . . . it's these people . . . these people that Edward has started mixing with. Can't you see how he's drawn to them? They're . . . they're drawing him away from me.
- MR LYONS, *in despair, turns away from her.*
- MR LYONS: Oh Christ.
- He turns to look at her but she looks away. He sighs and absently bends to pick up a pair of children's shoes from the floor.*
- I really do think you should see a doctor.
- MRS LYONS: (*snapping*): I don't need to see a doctor. I just need to move away from this neighbourhood, because I'm frightened. I'm frightened for Edward.
- MR LYONS *places the shoes on the table before turning to her.*
- MR LYONS: Frightened of what, woman?
- MRS LYONS: (*wheeling to face him*): Frightened of . . . (*She is stopped by the sight of the shoes on the table. She rushes at the table and sweeps the shoes off.*)

SECTION C

Spend about 30 minutes on this section. Think carefully about the poem before you write your answer.

17. Write about the poem and its effect on you.

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

- *the poem's content – what it is about;*
- *the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;*
- *the mood or atmosphere of the poem;*
- *how it is written – words or phrases you find interesting, the way the poem is structured or organised, and so on;*
- *your response to the poem.*

[10]

Winter Swans

The clouds had given their all -
two days of rain and then a break
in which we walked,

the waterlogged earth
gulping for breath at our feet
as we skirted the lake, silent and apart,

until the swans came and stopped us
with a show of tipping in unison.
As if rolling weights down their bodies to their heads

they halved themselves in the dark water,
icebergs of white feather, paused before returning again
like boats righting in rough weather.

'They mate for life' you said as they left,
porcelain* over the stilling water. I didn't reply
but as we moved on through the afternoon light,

slow stepping in the lake's shingle and sand,
I noticed our hands, that had, somehow,
swum the distance between us

and folded, one after the other,
like a pair of wings settling after flight.

OWEN SHEERS

*porcelain - a type of fine white china, often used for ornaments