



GCSE

153/03

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
SPECIFICATION A
HIGHER TIER**

A.M. TUESDAY, 25 May 2010

2½ hours

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SECTION B

9.	<i>Under Milk Wood</i>	18 - 19
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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 creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Momma. Write about some of your memories of bringing up your grandchildren, Maya and Bailey Junior. Remember how Momma would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) Why do you think Maya Angelou decided to call the story of her early life *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Amazingly the great day finally dawned and I was out of bed before I knew it. I threw open the back door to see it more clearly, but Momma said, “Sister, come away from that door and put your robe on.”

I hoped the memory of that morning would never leave me. Sunlight was itself still young, and the day had none of the insistence maturity would bring it in a few hours. In my robe and barefoot in the backyard, under cover of going to see about my new beans, I gave myself up to the gentle warmth and thanked God that no matter what evil I had done in my life He had allowed me to live to see this day. Somewhere in my fatalism I had expected to die, accidentally, and never have the chance to walk up the stairs in the auditorium and gracefully receive my hard-earned diploma. Out of God’s merciful bosom I had won reprieve.

Bailey came out in his robe and gave me a box wrapped in Christmas paper. He said he had saved his money for months to pay for it. It felt like a box of chocolates, but I knew Bailey wouldn’t save money to buy candy when we had all we could want under our noses.

He was as proud of the gift as I. It was a soft-leather-bound copy of a collection of poems by Edgar Allan Poe, or, as Bailey and I called him, “Eap.” I turned to “Annabel Lee” and we walked up and down the garden rows, the cool dirt between our toes, reciting the beautifully sad lines.

Momma made a Sunday breakfast although it was only Friday. After we finished the blessing, I opened my eyes to find the watch on my plate. It was a dream of a day. Everything went smoothly and to my credit. I didn’t have to be reminded or scolded for anything. Near evening I was too jittery to attend to chores, so Bailey volunteered to do all before his bath.

Days before, we had made a sign for the Store, and as we turned out the lights Momma hung the cardboard over the doorknob. It read clearly: CLOSED. GRADUATION.

My dress fitted perfectly and everyone said that I looked like a sunbeam in it. On the hill, going toward the school, Bailey walked behind with Uncle Willie, who muttered, “Go on, Ju.” He wanted him to walk ahead with us because it embarrassed him to have to walk so slowly. Bailey said he’d let the ladies walk together, and the men would bring up the rear. We all laughed, nicely.

Little children dashed by out of the dark like fireflies. Their crepe-paper dresses and butterfly wings were not made for running and we heard more than one rip, dryly, and the regretful “uh uh” that followed.

The school blazed without gaiety. The windows seemed cold and unfriendly from the lower hill. A sense of ill-fated timing crept over me, and if Momma hadn’t reached for my hand I would have drifted back to Bailey and Uncle Willie, and possibly beyond. She made a few slow jokes about my feet getting cold, and tugged me along to the now-strange building.

Around the front steps, assurance came back. There were my fellow “greats,” the graduating class. Hair brushed back, legs oiled, new dresses and pressed pleats, fresh pocket handkerchiefs and little handbags, all homesewn. Oh, we were up to snuff, all right.

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 Mrs. Bennet speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

Either,

(b) What do you think of Mr. Bennet, and the way he is presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

(c) Jane Austen's original title for her novel was *First Impressions*. How effective a title would this have been, in your opinion? [20]

A few days after this visit, Mr. Bingley called again, and alone. His friend had left him that morning for London, but was to return home in ten days time. He sat with them above an hour, and was in remarkably good spirits. Mrs. Bennet invited him to dine with them; but, with many expressions of concern, he confessed himself engaged elsewhere.

‘Next time you call,’ said she, ‘I hope we shall be more lucky.’

He should be particularly happy at any time, &c.&c.; and if she would give him leave, would take an early opportunity of waiting on them.

‘Can you come to-morrow?’

Yes, he had no engagement at all for to-morrow; and her invitation was accepted with alacrity.

He came, and in such very good time, that the ladies were none of them dressed. In ran Mrs. Bennet to her daughter’s room, in her dressing-gown, and with her hair half finished, crying out,

‘My dear Jane, make haste and hurry down. He is come—Mr. Bingley is come.—He is, indeed. Make haste, make haste. Here, Sarah, come to Miss Bennet this moment, and help her on with her gown. Never mind Miss Lizzy’s hair.’

‘We will be down as soon as we can,’ said Jane; ‘but I dare say Kitty is forwarder than either of us, for she went upstairs half an hour ago.’

‘Oh! hang Kitty! what has she to do with it? Come be quick, be quick! where is your sash my dear?’

But when her mother was gone, Jane would not be prevailed on to go down without one of her sisters.

The same anxiety to get them by themselves, was visible again in the evening. After tea, Mr. Bennet retired to the library, as was his custom, and Mary went upstairs to her instrument. Two obstacles of the five being thus removed, Mrs. Bennet sat looking and winking at Elizabeth and Catherine for a considerable time, without making any impression on them. Elizabeth would not observe her; and when at last Kitty did, she very innocently said, ‘What is the matter mamma? What do you keep winking at me for? What am I to do?’

‘Nothing child, nothing. I did not wink at you.’ She then sat still five minutes longer; but unable to waste such a precious occasion, she suddenly got up, and saying to Kitty,

‘Come here, my love, I want to speak to you,’ took her out of the room. Jane instantly gave a look at Elizabeth, which spoke her distress at such premeditation, and her entreaty that *she* would not give into it. In a few minutes, Mrs. Bennet half opened the door and called out,

‘Lizzy, my dear, I want to speak with you.’

Elizabeth was forced to go.

‘We may as well leave them by themselves you know;’ said her mother as soon as she was in the hall. ‘Kitty and I are going upstairs to sit in my dressing-room.’

Elizabeth made no attempt to reason with her mother, but remained quietly in the hall, till she and Kitty were out of sight, then returned into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Bennet’s schemes for this day were ineffectual. Bingley was everything that was charming, except the professed lover of her daughter. His ease and cheerfulness rendered him a most agreeable addition to their evening party; and he bore with the ill-judged officiousness of the mother, and heard all her silly remarks with a forbearance and command of countenance, particularly grateful to the daughter.

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:

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

Either,

(b) Imagine that Paddy's brother Sinbad, now grown up, looks back on the events of the novel. Write down his thoughts and feelings. Remember how Sinbad would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* is written from the point of view of a ten-year-old boy. How effective do you find this? [20]

Think about:

- Paddy's view of events;
- Paddy's impressions of other characters;
- the way the novel is written;
- anything else you think important.

There was a huge brown suitcase under our parents' bed. It was like leather but it made a noise like wood. There were creases on it. When I rubbed it hard a brown stain came off on my hand. There was nothing in it. Sinbad got in. He lay down like he did in bed. I closed it over.

–What's it like?

–Nice.

I got the clasp on one side and shoved it in; it made a big click. I waited for Sinbad to do something. I did the other one as well.

–What's it like now?

–Still nice.

I went away. I stamped my feet on the floor, bang bang on the lino, and I got the door and I swung it so there'd be a whoosh and closed it with just less than a slam. My da went mad when we slammed doors. I waited. I wanted to hear Sinbad kicking, crying, scratching his hands on the lid. Then I'd let him out.

I waited.

I sang as I went down the stairs.

–SON YOU ARE A BACHELOR BOY–

AND THAT'S THE WAY TO STAY-EE-AY–

I crept back up; I got over the creaks. I slid to the door. It was brilliant. But suddenly I was up on my feet, through the door; I was scared.

–Sinbad?

I pushed down the lock thing to release the clasp. It sprang out and hurt my hand.

–Francis.

The other one wouldn't come up, the lock thing. I pulled up a corner of the lid but it only came up a small bit; I couldn't see anything. I got about two fingers in but I couldn't feel anything and I scraped the skin. I kept the fingers there so air would get in, but then I felt teeth on them, I thought I did.

I heard a whimper. It was me.

I closed the door after me, so nothing could follow. I held onto the banister all the way. It was dark in the hall. My da was in the living room but the television wasn't on.

I told him.

He just got up; he didn't say anything. I didn't tell him I'd locked it, just that I couldn't unlock it. When he got into the hall he waited for me.

–Show me, he said.

He followed me up the stairs. He could have easily gone quicker than me but he didn't. Sinbad would be alright.

–Alright in there, Francis?

–He might be asleep, I said.

My da pushed and the lock clicked out. He lifted the lid back and Sinbad was still in there, wide awake; his eyes were open. He turned on his stomach, pushed up, stood up and stepped out. He didn't say anything. He stood there. He didn't look at us or anything.

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:

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

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Dolly Winthrop. At the end of the novel you think back over your life since Silas Marner arrived in Raveloe. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Dolly Winthrop would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) How does George Eliot present family life in *Silas Marner*? [20]

There was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfuls of fragrant milk. People were not so busy then as they must become when the full cheese-making and the mowing had set in; and besides, it was a time when a light bridal dress could be worn with comfort and seen to advantage.

Happily the sunshine fell more warmly than usual on the lilac tufts the morning that Eppie was married, for her dress was a very light one. She had often thought, though with a feeling of renunciation, that the perfection of a wedding-dress would be a white cotton, with the tiniest pink sprig at wide intervals; so that when Mrs. Godfrey Cass begged to provide one, and asked Eppie to choose what it should be, previous meditation had enabled her to give a decided answer at once.

Seen at a little distance as she walked across the churchyard and down the village, she seemed to be attired in pure white, and her hair looked like the dash of gold on a lily. One hand was on her husband's arm, and with the other she clasped the hand of her father Silas.

'You won't be giving me away, father,' she had said before they went to church; 'you'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you.'

Dolly Winthrop walked behind with her husband; and there ended the little bridal procession.

There were many eyes to look at it, and Miss Priscilla Lammeter was glad that she and her father had happened to drive up to the door of the Red House just in time to see this pretty sight. They had come to keep Nancy company to-day, because Mr. Cass had had to go away to Lytherly, for special reasons. That seemed to be a pity, for otherwise he might have gone, as Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Osgood certainly would, to look on at the wedding-feast which he had ordered at the Rainbow, naturally feeling a great interest in the weaver who had been wronged by one of his own family.

'I could ha' wished Nancy had had the luck to find a child like that and bring her up,' said Priscilla to her father, as they sat in the gig; 'I should ha' had something young to think of then, besides the lambs and the calves.'

'Yes, my dear, yes,' said Mr. Lammeter; 'one feels that as one gets older. Things look dim to old folks: they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be.'

Nancy came out now to welcome her father and sister; and the wedding group had passed on beyond the Red House to the humbler part of the village.

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:

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

Either,

(b) Show how the character of Boo Radley is important to the novel as a whole. [20]

Or,

(c) Atticus tells Jem and Scout that they should “walk about in someone’s skin” in order to understand them. Show how they learn to do this at different points in the novel. [20]

‘Mr Ewell, can you read and write?’

Mr Gilmer interrupted. ‘Objection,’ he said. ‘Can’t see what witness’s literacy has to do with the case, irrelevant’n’immaterial.’

Judge Taylor was about to speak but Atticus said, ‘Judge, if you’ll allow the question plus another one you’ll soon see.’

‘All right, let’s see,’ said Judge Taylor, ‘but make sure we see, Atticus. Overruled.’

Mr Gilmer seemed as curious as the rest of us as to what bearing the state of Mr Ewell’s education had on the case.

‘I’ll repeat the question,’ said Atticus. ‘Can you read and write?’

‘I most positively can.’

‘Will you write your name and show us?’

‘I most positively will. How do you think I sign my relief checks?’

Mr Ewell was endearing himself to his fellow citizens. The whispers and chuckles below us probably had to do with what a card he was.

I was becoming nervous. Atticus seemed to know what he was doing – but it seemed to me that he’d gone frog-sticking without a light. Never, never, never, on cross-examination ask a witness a question you don’t already know the answer to, was a tenet I absorbed with my baby-food. Do it, and you’ll often get an answer you don’t want, an answer that might wreck your case.

Atticus was reaching into the inside pocket of his coat. He drew out an envelope, then reached into his vest pocket and unclipped his fountain-pen. He moved leisurely, and had turned so that he was in full view of the jury. He unscrewed the fountain-pen cap and placed it gently on his table. He shook the pen a little, then handed it with the envelope to the witness. ‘Would you write your name for us?’ he asked. ‘Clearly now, so the jury can see you do it.’

Mr Ewell wrote on the back of the envelope and looked up complacently to see Judge Taylor staring at him as if he were some fragrant gardenia in full bloom on the witness stand, to see Mr Gilmer half-sitting, half-standing at his table. The jury was watching him, one man was leaning forward with his hands over the railing.

‘What’s so interestin’?’ he asked.

‘You’re left-handed, Mr Ewell,’ said Judge Taylor.

Mr Ewell turned angrily to the judge and said he didn’t see what his being left-handed had to do with it, that he was a Christ-fearing man and Atticus Finch was taking advantage of him. Tricking lawyers like Atticus Finch took advantage of him all the time with their tricking ways. He had told them what happened, he’d say it again and again – which he did. Nothing Atticus asked him after that shook his story, that he’d looked through the window, then ran the nigger off, then ran for the sheriff. Atticus finally dismissed him.

Mr Gilmer asked him one more question. ‘About your writing with your left hand, are you ambidextrous, Mr Ewell?’

‘I most positively am not, I can use one hand good as the other. One hand good as the other,’ he added, glaring at the defence table.

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 Curley's wife speaks and behaves here. How does it affect your feelings towards her? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

(c) A critic said about *Of Mice and Men*: "the characters are powerless." Do you agree? Give reasons to support your opinions. [20]

Curley's wife came around the end of the last stall. She came very quietly, so that Lennie didn't see her. She wore her bright cotton dress and the mules with the red ostrich feathers. Her face was made up and the little sausage curls were all in place. She was quite near to him before Lennie looked up and saw her.

In a panic he shovelled hay over the puppy with his fingers. He looked sullenly up at her.

She said; 'What you got there, sonny boy?'

Lennie glared at her. 'George says I ain't to have nothing to do with you – talk to you or nothing.'

She laughed. 'George giving you orders about everything?'

Lennie looked down at the hay. 'Says I can't tend no rabbits if I talk to you or anything.'

She said quietly: 'He's scared Curley'll get mad. Well, Curley got his arm in a sling – an' if Curley gets tough, you can break his other han'. You didn't put nothing over on me about gettin' it caught on no machine.'

But Lennie was not to be drawn. 'No, sir. I ain't gonna talk to you or nothing.'

She knelt in the hay beside him. 'Listen,' she said. 'All the guys got a horseshoe tenement goin' on. It's on'y about four o'clock. None of them guys is goin' to leave that tenement. Why can't I talk to you? I never get to talk to nobody. I get awful lonely.'

Lennie said: 'Well, I ain't supposed to talk to you or nothing.'

'I get lonely,' said she. 'You can talk to people, but I can't talk to nobody but Curley. Else he gets mad. How'd you like not to talk to anybody?'

Lennie said: 'Well, I ain't supposed to. George's scared I'll get in trouble.'

She changed the subject. 'What you got covered up there?'

Then all of Lennie's woe came back on him. 'Jus' my pup,' he said sadly. 'Jus' my little pup.' And he swept the hay from on top of it.

'Why, he's dead,' she cried.

'He was so little,' said Lennie. 'I was jus' playin' with him ... an' he made like he's gonna bite me ... an' I made like I was gonna smack him ... an' ... an' I done it. An' then he was dead.'

She consoled him. 'Don't you worry none. He was jus' a mutt. You can get another one easy. The whole country is fulla mutts.'

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:

Look closely at how Shelter speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his state of mind? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

(c) “It is impossible to read the novel without feeling sorry for Link.”
How does Robert Swindells create sympathy for the character of Link in *Stone Cold*? [20]

Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That's the sound of Shelter having the last laugh, and no wonder. The enemy has attacked in strength and has been repulsed.

I'd just got back from buying boots and was feeding the damn cat when they arrived. Two officers in an Escort. One male, one female. I considered not answering the door but then I thought, why not? This was bound to happen eventually. Confront the enemy, Shelter old lad. No retreat. No surrender.

I was magnificent. Stowed my purchases in the cupboard. Smiled on the step, invited 'em in, offered coffee which they declined. How could I be of help? We're making inquiries about a young woman, they said. This woman. They pushed a snapshot at me, suddenly, hoping I'd flinch or something - give myself away. Not a chance. 'Oh, yes,' I said, cool as a cucumber. 'We've met. In fact she was here, in this very flat, just the other day. A week last Tuesday, to be precise.'

Well, of course they wanted to know *why* she'd been here – under what circumstances, at which point I went all shy and modest. 'Ah, well,' I said. 'You see, I'm lucky enough to be quite comfortably off. I have money in the bank and a good pension, and I feel terribly sorry for those unfortunate young persons one sees sleeping out of doors in cardboard boxes and so forth, so now and then I – I invite one of them back here for a bath and a hot meal. I never let them stay overnight because – well – because I'm afraid I might be murdered in my bed, I suppose, but I usually give them a pound or two to help them on their way.' At this point I shrugged and gave them my daftest grin. 'It's silly, I know, but it makes me feel better.'

'It could be dangerous, sir, in all sorts of ways.'

'I know, officer, but–' The stupid grin again.

'So you fed this young woman and gave her money?'

'Yes.'

'Did you talk to her, sir – did she mention going away at all?'

I shook my head. 'They tend not to talk about themselves, Inspector, and I don't pry.' He was a constable but I addressed him as inspector.

'Of course not, sir. What time of day was it when she left the house?'

'It was evening. Late evening. Tenuish, ten thirty. It was raining.' I did my rueful smile. 'I hate to turn 'em out, but as I said–'

'Quite, sir. And she didn't say where she was going?'

'No.' I'd practised the concerned frown and I employed it now. 'I do hope nothing terrible's befallen her, Inspector. She was a charming girl – charming.'

'Yes, sir. From a good home. I believe.' They moved towards the door. 'We won't take up any more of your time, sir. Thanks for your help – and do be careful who you bring into your home. Some of 'em are dead wrong 'uns, y'know.'

'I know, Inspector. I'll be careful.'

I stood in the doorway with the bloody cat in my arms. When they were half-way down the path I called after them. 'Will you let me know if – you know – if she turns up?'

'Of course, sir. G'night, sir.'

'Good night, Inspector. Good night. Sergeant.'

Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

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) Imagine you are Meena's mother. At the end of the story you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Meena's mother would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) A review of *Anita and Me* said it is about "the strangeness and violence of childhood." To what extent do you agree with this description of the novel? [20]

‘Now,’ said papa. ‘For the last time, did Mr Ormerod give you those sweets for nothing? Or did you take that shilling from mummy’s bag and spend it on yourself?’ I was mute with shame and anger. I hated him for forcing me to stoop to such a grubby act; if he had listened to me in the first place and just given me the sodding money, I would not have had to steal anything. I lifted up my head slightly, saw the ice in his expression and felt doomed. If papa was so angry now, what would he be like when he found out what had happened to me at school only last week?

I had been publicly beaten in front of all my class mates whom I now hated without exception. It had been during a Modern History lesson, when our bullfrog-faced teacher, Mrs Blakey, asked us if we knew why the area we lived in was called the Black Country. Peter Bradley, who had a stammer and a predictable habit of deliberately dropping pencils so he could peer up the girls’ dresses, raised a sleeve covered in snail trails of snot and said, ‘B...b... because so m...many darkies ... live here, miss?’ I laughed along with everyone else but the next time I heard Peter snuffling around under the desk, pencil in hand, peering optimistically past reinforced gussets and woolly tights, I aimed a quick kick and was surprised to see him emerge with a fist clamped over a bloody nose. As Mrs Blakey karate-chopped the back of my legs with a splintered wooden ruler, I tried to explain that we were the only Indians that had ever lived in Tollington and that the country looked green if anything to me.

My humiliation had been compounded by the fact that mama was an infants’ teacher in the adjoining school; we were separated by a mere strip of playground, and I knew it would only be a matter of time before she got to hear of my behaviour. I knew I should tell papa everything now, Confess said the Lord and Ye Shall Be Saved. Papa’s expression made me wonder if this only ever worked with English people, but I had to say something because if we entered Mr Ormerod’s shop, my crime would become public shame as opposed to personal failure and that, I knew, was something papa hated more than anything.

Somewhere a front door slammed shut. It seemed to reverberate along the terrace, houses nudging each other to wake up and listen in on us, net curtains and scalloped lace drapes all a-flutter now. Everyone must have been watching, they always did, what else was there to do?

‘Right then. We’ll ask Mr Ormerod what happened.’

Papa pushed open the door of the shop, the brass bell perched on its top rang jauntily. Its clapper looked like a quivering tonsil in a golden throat and it vibrated to the beat of my heart.

‘I was lying,’ I said in a whisper.

Papa’s face sagged, he looked down and then up at me, disappointment dimming his eyes. He let go of my hand and walked back towards our house without looking back.

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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Dylan Thomas creates mood and atmosphere here.

[10]

Either,

(b) *Under Milk Wood* has been described as “a complex blend of dream and reality.” To what extent do you agree with this description of the play? [20]

Or,

(c) How does Dylan Thomas present different types of love in *Under Milk Wood*? [20]

- FIRST VOICE Up the street, in the Sailors Arms, Sinbad Sailors, grandson of Mary Ann Sailors, draws a pint in the sunlit bar. The ship's clock in the bar says half past eleven. Half past eleven is opening time. The hands of the clock have stayed still at half past eleven for fifty years. It is always opening time in the Sailors Arms.
- SINBAD Here's to me, Sinbad.
- FIRST VOICE All over town, babies and old men are cleaned and put into their broken prams and wheeled on to the sunlit cockled cobbles or out into the backyards under the dancing underclothes, and left. A baby cries.
- OLD MAN I want my pipe and he wants his bottle.
[School bell rings]
- FIRST VOICE Noses are wiped, heads picked, hair combed, paws scrubbed, ears boxed, and the children shrilled off to school.
- SECOND VOICE Fishermen grumble to their nets. Nogood Boyo goes out in the dinghy *Zanzibar*, ships the oars, drifts slowly in the dab-filled bay, and, lying on his back in the unbaled water, among crabs' legs and tangled lines, looks up at the spring sky.
- NOGOOD BOYO (*Softly, lazily*)
I don't know who's up there and I don't care.
- FIRST VOICE He turns his head and looks up at Llareggub Hill, and sees, among green lathered trees, the white houses of the strewn away farms, where farmboys whistle, dogs shout, cows low, but all too far away for him, or you, to hear. And in the town, the shops squeak open. Mr Edwards, in butterfly-collar and straw-hat at the doorway of Manchester House, measures with his eye the dawdlers-by for striped flannel shirts and shrouds and flowery blouses, and bellows to himself in the darkness behind his eye.
- MR EDWARDS (*Whispers*)
I love Miss Price.
- FIRST VOICE Syrup is sold in the post-office. A car drives to market, full of fowls and a farmer. Milk-churns stand at Coronation Corner like short silver policemen. And, sitting at the open window of Schooner House, blind Captain Cat hears all the morning of the town.
[School bell in background. Children's voices.
The noise of children's feet on the cobbles]
- CAPTAIN CAT (*Softly, to himself*)
Maggie Richards, Ricky Rhys, Tommy Powell, our Sal, little Gerwain, Billy Swansea with the dog's voice, one of Mr Waldo's, nasty Humphrey, Jackie with the sniff ... Where's Dicky's Albie? and the boys from Ty-pant? Perhaps they got the rash again.
[A sudden cry among the children's voices]
- CAPTAIN CAT Somebody's hit Maggie Richards. Two to one it's Billy Swansea. Never trust a boy who barks.
[A burst of yelping crying]
Right again! It's Billy.
- FIRST VOICE And the children's voices cry away.

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 and Catherine speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship at this point in the play? [10]

Either,

(b) Show how Arthur Miller presents the development of the relationship between Catherine and Rodolfo. [20]

Or,

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

EDDIE *goes into the house, as light rises in the apartment. CATHERINE is waving to LOUIS from the window and turns to him.*

- CATHERINE Hi, Eddie!
EDDIE *is pleased and therefore shy about it; he hangs up his cap and jacket.*
- EDDIE Where you goin' all dressed up?
- CATHERINE *(running her hands over her skirt)* I just got it. You like it?
- EDDIE Yeah, it's nice. And what happened to your hair?
- CATHERINE You like it? I fixed it different. *(Calling to kitchen)* He's here, B.!
- EDDIE Beautiful. Turn around, lemme see in the back. *(She turns for him.)* Oh, if your mother was alive to see you now! She wouldn't believe it.
- CATHERINE You like it, huh?
- EDDIE You look like one of them girls that went to college. Where you goin'?
- CATHERINE *(taking his arm)* Wait'll B. comes in, I'll tell you something. Here, sit down. *(She is walking him to the armchair. Calling offstage.)* Hurry up, will you, B.?
- EDDIE *(sitting)* What's goin' on?
- CATHERINE I'll get you a beer, all right?
- EDDIE Well, tell me what happened. Come over here, talk to me.
- CATHERINE I want to wait till B. comes in. *(She sits on her heels beside him.)* Guess how much we paid for the skirt.
- EDDIE I think it's too short, ain't it?
- CATHERINE *(standing)* No! not when I stand up.
- EDDIE Yeah, but you gotta sit down sometimes.
- CATHERINE Eddie, it's the style now. *(She walks to show him.)* I mean, if you see me walkin' down the street –
- EDDIE Listen, you been givin' me the willies the way you walk down the street, I mean it.
- CATHERINE Why?
- EDDIE Catherine, I don't want to be a pest, but I'm tellin' you you're walkin' wavy.
- CATHERINE I'm walkin' wavy?
- EDDIE Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavy! I don't like the looks they're givin' you in the candy store. And with them new high heels on the sidewalk – clack, clack, clack. The heads are turnin' like windmills.
- CATHERINE But those guys look at all the girls, you know that.
- EDDIE You ain't 'all the girls'.
- CATHERINE *(almost in tears because he disapproves)* What do you want me to do? You want me to –
- EDDIE Now don't get mad, kid.
- CATHERINE Well, I don't know what you want from me.

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 Eric speaks and behaves here. How might it affect an audience's attitudes towards him? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

(c) Show how J.B. Priestley keeps the interest of the audience throughout *An Inspector Calls*. [20]

ACT THREE

Exactly as at the end of Act Two. ERIC is standing just inside the room and the others are staring at him.

ERIC You know, don't you?

INSPECTOR *(as before)* Yes, we know.

ERIC shuts the door and comes farther in.

MRS B. *(distressed)* Eric, I can't believe it. There must be some mistake. You don't know what we've been saying.

SHEILA It's a good job for him he doesn't, isn't it?

ERIC Why?

SHEILA Because mother's been busy blaming everything on the young man who got this girl into trouble, and saying he shouldn't escape and should be made an example of—

BIRLING That's enough, Sheila.

ERIC *(bitterly)* You haven't made it any easier for me, have you, Mother?

MRS B. But I didn't know it was *you*— I never dreamt. Besides, you're not the type — you don't get drunk—

SHEILA Of course he does. I told you he did.

ERIC *You* told her. Why, you little sneak!

SHEILA No, that's not fair, Eric. I could have told her months ago, but of course I didn't. I only told her tonight because I knew everything was coming out — it was simply bound to come out tonight — so I thought she might as well know in advance. Don't forget — I've already been through it.

MRS B. Sheila, I simply don't understand your attitude.

BIRLING Neither do I. If you'd had any sense of loyalty—

INSPECTOR *(cutting in, smoothly)* Just a minute, Mr Birling. There'll be plenty of time, when I've gone, for you all to adjust your family relationships. But now I must hear what your son has to tell me. *(Sternly, to the three of them.)* And I'll be obliged if you'll let us get on without any further interruptions. *(Turning to ERIC.)* Now then.

ERIC *(miserably)* Could I have a drink first?

BIRLING *(explosively)* No.

INSPECTOR *(firmly)* Yes. *(As BIRLING looks like interrupting explosively.)* I know — he's your son and this is your house — but look at him. He needs a drink now just to see him through.

BIRLING *(to ERIC)* All right. Go on.

ERIC goes for a whisky. His whole manner of handling the decanter and then the drink shows his familiarity with quick heavy drinking. The others watch him narrowly.

(Bitterly) I understand a lot of things now I didn't understand before.

INSPECTOR Don't start on that. I want to get on. *(To ERIC.)* When did you first meet this girl?

ERIC One night last November.

INSPECTOR Where did you meet her?

ERIC In the Palace bar. I'd been there an hour or so with two or three chaps. I was a bit squiffy.

INSPECTOR What happened then?

ERIC I began talking to her, and stood her a few drinks. I was rather far gone by the time we had to go.

INSPECTOR Was she drunk too?

ERIC She told me afterwards that she was a bit, chiefly because she'd not had much to eat that day.

INSPECTOR Why had she gone there—?

ERIC She wasn't the usual sort. But — well, I suppose she didn't know what to do. There was some woman who wanted her to go there. I never quite understood about that.

INSPECTOR You went with her to her lodgings that night?

ERIC Yes, I insisted — it seems. I'm not very clear about it, but afterwards she told me she didn't want me to go in but that — well, I was in that state when a chap easily turns nasty — and I threatened to make a row.

INSPECTOR So she let you in?

ERIC Yes. And that's when it happened. And I didn't even remember — that's the hellish thing. Oh — my God! — how stupid it all is!

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 Jessica and Lorenzo speak and behave here. What impressions would an audience receive of them? [10]

Either,

(b) For which character in the play do you have the most sympathy? Show how Shakespeare creates sympathy for your chosen character. [20]

Or,

(c) How does Shakespeare present the theme of justice in *The Merchant of Venice*? [20]

Enter LORENZO

SALARINO Here comes Lorenzo; more of this hereafter.

LORENZO Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode.
Not I but my affairs have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach –
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! Who's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes

JESSICA Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LORENZO Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LORENZO Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JESSICA Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange.
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LORENZO Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

JESSICA What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.

LORENZO So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some moe ducats, and be with you straight.
Exit Jessica above

GRATIANO Now by my hood, a gentle and no Jew!

LORENZO Beshrew me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself:
And therefore like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA

What, art thou come? On, gentleman, away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit with Jessica

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) How is the character of Benvolio important to the play as a whole? [20]

Or,

(c) How does Shakespeare present love in *Romeo and Juliet*? [20]

NURSE *(Going in and calling)* Mistress! What, mistress! – Fast,
I warrant her, she.
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.
Sleep for a week – for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. – God forgive me!
Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay – let the County take you in your bed –
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
She pulls aside the bed-curtain.
What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
O well-a-day that ever I was born!
Some aqua-vitae, ho! My lord! My lady!
Enter LADY CAPULET.
LADY CAPULET What noise is here?
NURSE O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET What is the matter?
NURSE Look, Look! O heavy day!
LADY CAPULET O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help!
Enter CAPULET
CAPULET For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.
NURSE She's dead, deceased! She's dead, alack the day!
LADY CAPULET Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
CAPULET Ha, let me see her! Out, alas! She's cold! –
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
NURSE O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET O woeful time!
CAPULET Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.
Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and Count PARIS, followed by MUSICIANS, for the wedding.
FRIAR LAWRENCE Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
CAPULET Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all. Life, living – all is Death's!
PARIS Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
LADY CAPULET Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child –
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath caught it from my sight!
NURSE O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day, O woeful day!

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 Emilia speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

(c) “All the women in *Othello* are victims of men.” To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

EMILIA: 'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA : I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think – tell me, Emilia –
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMILIA: There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA : Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA: Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA : No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA: Nor I neither, by this heavenly light–
I might do it as well i' the dark.

DESDEMONA : Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA: The world's a huge thing: it is a great price for a small vice.

DESDEMONA : In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA: In troth, I think I should – and undo it when I had done it. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps – nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world? Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

DESDEMONA : Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

EMILIA: Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world – and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA : I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA: Yes, a dozen – and as many to the vantage as would
Store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us – or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite –
Why, we have galls – and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them. They see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport – and frailty – as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

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 impressions would an audience receive of her character? [10]

Either,

(b) What do you think of Maggie and the way she is presented to an audience throughout the play? [20]

Or,

(c) A critic said that *Hobson's Choice* "is about the balance of power between men and women." To what extent do you agree? [20]

- MAGGIE: *(To Vickey and Alice):* You'd better put your hats on now, or you'll be late at the church.
- VICKEY: But aren't we to know first –?
- MAGGIE: *(herding them to exit):* You'll know all right. Be quick with your things now.
ALICE and VICKEY go out.
- MAGGIE: *(turns):* Good morning, Albert. Have you got what Freddy asked you for?
- ALBERT: Yes, but I'm afraid –
WILLIE re-enters from street.
- MAGGIE: Never mind being afraid. Freddy, I told you I'd a job here for you. You go upstairs with Will. There's a sofa to come down. Get your coat off to it. Now, then, Albert.
- FREDDIE: But –
- MAGGIE: I've told you what to do, and you can't do it in your coat. If that sofa isn't here in two minutes, I'll leave the lot of you to tackle this yourselves and a nice hash you'll make of it.
FREDDIE takes his coat off.
- FREDDIE: All right, Maggie.
FREDDIE goes out. ALBERT produces blue paper. She reads.
- MAGGIE: Do you call this English?
- ALBERT: Legal English, Miss Hobson.
- MAGGIE: I thought it weren't the sort we talk in Lancashire. What is it when you've got behind the whereases and the saids and to wits?
- ALBERT: It's what you told Freddy to instruct me. Action against Henry Horatio Hobson for trespass on the premises of Jonathan Beenstock & Co., Corn Merchants, of Chapel Street, Salford, with damages to certain corn bags caused by falling on them and further damages claimed for spying on the trade secrets of the aforesaid J.B. & Co.
- MAGGIE: Well, I'll take your word that this means that – I shouldn't have thought it, but I suppose lawyers are like doctors. They've each a secret language of their own so that if you get a letter from one lawyer you've to take it to another to get it read, just like a doctor sends you to a chemist with a rigmarole that no one else can read, so they can charge you what they like for a drop of coloured water.
- ALBERT: I've made this out to your instructions, Miss Hobson, but I'm far from saying it's good law, and I'd not be keen on going into court with it.
- MAGGIE: Nobody asked you to. It won't come into court.
WILLIE and FREDDIE enter with a ramshackle horsehair sofa.
- MAGGIE: Open that door for them, Albert.
ALBERT opens street door. They pass out.
- MAGGIE: What's the time? You can see the clock from there.
- ALBERT: *(outside street door):* It's a quarter to one.
- MAGGIE: *(flying to living-room door, opening it, and calling):* Girls, if you're late for my wedding I'll never forgive you.
She turns as WILLIE and FREDDIE return.
- MAGGIE: Put your coats on. Now, then, Freddy, you take that paper and put it on *my* father in *your* cellar.
- FREDDIE: Now?
- MAGGIE: Now? Yes, of course now. He might waken any time.
- FREDDIE: He looked fast enough. Aren't I to come to the church?
- MAGGIE: Yes, if you do that quick enough to get there before we're through.
- FREDDIE: All right. *(He goes out, pocketing the paper. MAGGIE follows him to the door.)*
- MAGGIE: Now there's that hand-cart. Are we to take it with us?
- ALBERT: To church! You can't do that.
- WILLIE: I'll take it home. *(Slight move.)*
- MAGGIE: And have me waiting for you at the church? That's not for me, my lad.

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:

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

Either,

- (b) Imagine you are Mrs. Johnstone. At the end of the play you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Mrs. Johnstone would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

- (c) At the beginning of *Blood Brothers*, the narrator's first speech tells the audience how the story ends. How, then, does Willy Russell keep the interest of an audience throughout the play? [20]

We see MRS LYONS staring at a piece of paper. EDWARD is standing before her.

MRS LYONS: (*incredulously*): Suspended? Suspended? (*She looks at the paper.*) Because of a locket?

EDWARD: Because I wouldn't let them have my locket.

MRS LYONS: But what's so . . . Can I see this locket?

There is a pause.

EDWARD: I suppose so . . . if you want to.

EDWARD *takes off the locket from around his neck and hands it to his mother. She looks at it without opening it.*

MRS LYONS: Where did you get this?

EDWARD: I can't tell you that. It's a secret.

MRS LYONS: (*finally smiling in relief*): I know it's from a girlfriend, isn't it? (*She laughs.*) Is there a picture in here?

EDWARD: Yes, Mummy. Can I have it back now?

MRS LYONS: You won't let Mummy see your girlfriend. Oh, Edward, don't be so . . . (*She playfully moves away.*) Is she beautiful?

EDWARD: Mummy can . . .

MRS LYONS: Oh, let me look, let me look. (*She beams a smile at him and then opens the locket.*)

Music.

EDWARD: Mummy . . . Mummy what's wrong . . . (*He goes to her and holds her steady.*) Mummy!

MRS LYONS *takes his arms away from her.*

What is it?

MRS LYONS: When . . . when were you photographed with this woman?

EDWARD: Pardon!

MRS LYONS: When! Tell me, Edward.

EDWARD *begins to laugh.*

Edward!

EDWARD: Mummy . . . you silly old thing. That's not me. That's Mickey.

MRS LYONS: What?

EDWARD: Mickey . . . you remember my friend when I was little. (*He takes the locket and shows it to her.*) Look. That's Mickey . . . and his mother. Why did you think it was me? (*He looks at it.*) I never looked a bit like Mickey.

EDWARD *replaces the locket around his neck. MRS LYONS watches him.*

MRS LYONS: No it's just . . . (*She stares, deep in thought.*)

EDWARD: (*looking at her*): Are you feeling all right Mummy? You're not ill again, like you used to be . . . are you?

MRS LYONS: Where did you get that . . . locket from, Edward? Why do you wear it?

EDWARD: I can't tell you that, Ma. I've explained, it's a secret, I can't tell you.

MRS LYONS: But . . . but I'm your mother.

EDWARD: I know but I still can't tell you. It's not important, I'm going up to my room. It's just a secret, everybody has secrets, don't you have secrets?

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]

The Summer Day

Who made the world? Who made the swan, and the black bear?
 Who made the grasshopper?
 This grasshopper, I mean - the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
 the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
 who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down -
 who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
 Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
 Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
 I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
 I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
 into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
 how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
 which is what I have been doing all day.
 Tell me, what else should I have done?
 Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
 Tell me, what is it you plan to do
 with your one wild and precious life?

MARY OLIVER

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