

Tuesday 17 January 2012 – Morning

GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

A664/02 Unit 4: Literary Heritage Prose and Contemporary Poetry
(Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet.

OCR supplied materials:

- 8 page Answer Booklet
(sent with general stationery)

Other materials required:

- This is an open book paper. Texts should be taken into the examination.
They must not be annotated.

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet. Please write clearly and in capital letters.
- Use black ink.
- Answer **two** questions: **one** on Literary Heritage Prose and **one** on Contemporary Poetry.

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

Answer **one** question on the prose text you have studied.

Pride and Prejudice: Jane Austen pages 2–3 questions 1(a)–(b)

Silas Marner: George Eliot pages 4–5 questions 2(a)–(b)

Lord of the Flies: William Golding pages 6–7 questions 3(a)–(b)

The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales: Thomas Hardy pages 8–9 questions 4(a)–(b)

Animal Farm: George Orwell pages 10–11 questions 5(a)–(b)

The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde: R L Stevenson pages 12–13 questions 6(a)–(b)

R L Stevenson

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

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

Simon Armitage pages 14–15 questions 7(a)–(c)

Gillian Clarke page 16 questions 8(a)–(c)

Wendy Cope page 17 questions 9(a)–(c)

Carol Ann Duffy pages 18–19 questions 10(a)–(c)

Seamus Heaney pages 20–21 questions 11(a)–(c)

Benjamin Zephaniah pages 22–23 questions 12(a)–(c)

UNSEEN POEM page 24 question 13

- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- Your Quality of Written Communication is assessed in this paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **40**.
- This document consists of **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 (a)

Mrs. Bennet, to whose apartment they all repaired, after a few minutes conversation together, received them exactly as might be expected; with tears and lamentations of regret, invectives against the villanous conduct of Wickham, and complaints of her own sufferings and ill usage. Blaming everybody but the person to whose ill judging indulgence the errors of her daughter must be principally owing. 5

“If I had been able,” said she, “to carry my point of going to Brighton, with all my family *this* would not have happened; but poor dear Lydia had nobody to take care of her. Why did the Forsters ever let her go out of their sight? I am sure there was some great neglect or other on their side, for she is not the kind of girl to do such a thing, if she had been well looked after. I always thought they were very unfit to have the charge of her; but I was overruled, as I always am. Poor dear child! And now here’s Mr. Bennet gone away, and I know he will fight Wickham, wherever he meets him, and then he will be killed, and what is to become of us all? The Collinses will turn us out, before he is cold in his grave; and if you are not kind to us, brother, I do not know what we shall do.” 10 15

They all exclaimed against such terrific ideas; and Mr. Gardiner, after general assurances of his affection for her and all her family, told her that he meant to be in London the very next day, and would assist Mr. Bennet in every endeavour for recovering Lydia. 20

“Do not give way to useless alarm,” added he; “though it is right to be prepared for the worst, there is no occasion to look on it as certain. It is not quite a week since they left Brighton. In a few days more, we may gain some news of them, and till we know that they are not married, and have no design of marrying, do not let us give the matter over as lost. As soon as I get to town, I shall go to my brother, and make him come home with me to Gracechurch Street, and then we may consult together as to what is to be done.” 25

“Oh! my dear brother,” replied Mrs. Bennet, “that is exactly what I could most wish for. And now do, when you get to town, find them out, wherever they may be; and if they are not married already, *make* them marry. And as for wedding clothes, do not let them wait for that, but tell Lydia she shall have as much money as she chuses, to buy them, after they are married. And above all things, keep Mr. Bennet from fighting. Tell him what a dreadful state I am in,—that I am frightened out of my wits; and have such tremblings, such flutterings, all over me, such spasms in my side, and pains in my head, and such beatings at heart, that I can get no rest by night nor by day. And tell my dear Lydia, not to give any directions about her clothes, till she has seen me, for she does not know which are the best warehouses. Oh, brother, how kind you are! I know you will contrive it all.” 30 35 40

But Mr. Gardiner, though he assured her again of his earnest endeavours in the cause, could not avoid recommending moderation to her, as well in her hopes as her fears; and, after talking with her in this manner till dinner was on the table, they left her to vent all her feelings on the housekeeper, who attended, in the absence of her daughters. 45

Though her brother and sister were persuaded that there was no real occasion for such a seclusion from the family, they did not attempt to oppose it, for they knew that she had not prudence enough to hold her tongue before the servants, while they waited at table, and judged it better that *one* only of the household, and the one whom they could most trust, should comprehend all her fears and solicitude on the subject. 50

Either 1 **(a)** How does Austen's writing make Mrs Bennet's behaviour here so entertaining? **[24]**

Or 1 **(b)** Mr Bennet describes Mr Darcy as "a proud, unpleasant sort of man".

How far does Austen's writing persuade you that Mr Bennet is right?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[24]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

2 (a)

His life had reduced itself to the mere functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love – only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy, now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere: and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him 'Old Master Marner'.

Yet even in this stage of withering a little incident happened, which showed that the sap of affection was not all gone. It was one of his daily tasks to fetch his water from a well a couple of fields off, and for this purpose, ever since he came to Raveloe, he had had a brown earthenware pot, which he held as his most precious utensil among the very few conveniences he had granted himself. It had been his companion for twelve years, always standing on the same spot, always lending its handle to him in the early morning, so that its form had an expression for him of willing helpfulness, and the impress of its handle on his palm gave a satisfaction mingled with that of having the fresh clear water. One day as he was returning from the well, he stumbled against the step of the stile, and his brown pot, falling with force against the stones that overarched the ditch below him, was broken in three pieces. Silas picked up the pieces and carried them home with grief in his heart. The brown pot could never be of use to him any more, but he stuck the bits together and propped the ruin in its old place for a memorial.

This is the history of Silas Marner until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry: at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew out his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver – the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labour; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half-earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children – thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless

days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once familiar herbs; these too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread, that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand. 55
60

Either **2** **(a)** How does Eliot's writing here portray such vivid impressions of Marner's life at this point in the novel? **[24]**

Or **2** **(b)** How does Eliot portray Eppie as such a lovable character?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[24]**

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

3 (a)

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became a hunter, so that the centre of the ring yawned empty. Some of the littluns started a ring on their own; and the complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was the throb and stamp of a single organism.

5

The dark sky was shattered by a blue-white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like the blow of a gigantic whip. The chant rose a tone in agony.

10

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

Now out of the terror rose another desire, thick, urgent, blind.

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

Again the blue-white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littluns screamed and blundered about, fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of biguns in his terror.

15

"Him! Him!"

The circle became a horseshoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly, uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain. The beast stumbled into the horseshoe.

20

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

The blue-white scar was constant, the noise unendurable. Simon was crying out something about a dead man on a hill.

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood! Do him in!"

25

The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the centre, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise something about a body on the hill. The beast struggled forward, broke the ring and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once the crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words, and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws.

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Then the clouds opened and let down the rain like a waterfall. The water bounded from the mountain-top, tore leaves and branches from the trees, poured like a cold shower over the struggling heap on the sand. Presently the heap broke up and figures staggered away. Only the beast lay still, a few yards from the sea. Even in the rain they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand.

35

Now a great wind blew the rain sideways, cascading the water from the forest trees. On the mountain-top the parachute filled and moved; the figure slid, rose to its feet, spun, swayed down through a vastness of wet air and trod with ungainly feet the tops of the high trees; falling, still falling, it sank toward the beach and the boys rushed screaming into the darkness. The parachute took the figure forward, furrowing the lagoon, and bumped it over the reef and out to sea.

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Either 3 (a) How does Golding's writing here make this such a frightening moment in the novel? [24]

Or 3 (b) How much sympathy for Piggy does Golding's writing make you feel?

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

THOMAS HARDY: *The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales*

Absent-Mindedness in a Parish Choir

4 (a)

'Well, this Christmas they'd been out to one rattling randy after another every night, and had got next to no sleep at all. Then came the Sunday after Christmas, their fatal day. 'Twas so mortal cold that year that they could hardly sit in the gallery; for though the congregation down in the body of the church had a stove to keep off the frost, the players in the gallery had nothing at all. So Nicholas said at morning service, when 'twas freezing an inch an hour, "Please the Lord I won't stand this numbing weather no longer: this afternoon we'll have something in our insides to make us warm, if it cost a king's ransom."

'So he brought a gallon of hot brandy and beer, ready mixed, to church with him in the afternoon, and by keeping the jar well wrapped up in Timothy Thomas's bass-viol bag it kept drinkably warm till they wanted it, which was just a thimbleful in the Absolution, and another after the Creed, and the remainder at the beginning o' the sermon. When they'd had the last pull they felt quite comfortable and warm, and as the sermon went on—most unfortunately for 'em it was a long one that afternoon—they fell asleep, every man jack of 'em; and there they slept on as sound as rocks.

"'Twas a very dark afternoon, and by the end of the sermon all you could see of the inside of the church were the pa'son's two candles alongside of him in the pulpit, and his spaking face behind 'em. The sermon being ended at last, the pa'son gie'd out the Evening Hymn. But no choir set about sounding up the tune, and the people began to turn their heads to learn the reason why, and then Levi Limpet, a boy who sat in the gallery, nudged Timothy and Nicholas, and said, "Begin! begin!"

"Hey? what?" says Nicholas, starting up; and the church being so dark and his head so muddled he thought he was at the party they had played at all the night before, and away he went, bow and fiddle, at "The Devil among the Tailors," the favourite jig of our neighbourhood at that time. The rest of the band, being in the same state of mind and nothing doubting, followed their leader with all their strength, according to custom. They poured out that there tune till the lower bass notes of the "The Devil among the Tailors" made the cobwebs in the roof shiver like ghosts; then Nicholas, seeing nobody moved, shouted out as he scraped (in his usual commanding way at dances when the folk didn't know the figures), "Top couples cross hands! And when I make the fiddle squeak at the end, every man kiss his pardner under the mistletoe!"

'The boy Levi was so frightened that he bolted down the gallery stairs and out homeward like lightning. The pa'son's hair fairly stood on end when he heard the evil tune raging through the church, and thinking the choir had gone crazy he held up his hand and said: "Stop, stop, stop! Stop, stop! What's this?" But they didn't hear'n for the noise of their own playing, and the more he called the louder they played.'

Either 4 (a) How does Hardy's writing make this such an entertaining moment in *Absent-Mindedness in a Parish Choir*? [24]

Or 4 (b) Explore some of the ways in which Hardy movingly portrays Matthäus Tina in *The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion*.

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

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

5 (a)

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked and some of it was already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and Pinchfield, had entered the five-barred gate and were coming up the cart-track that led to the farm. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching ahead with a gun in his hands. Obviously they were going to attempt the recapture of the farm.

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This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations. He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.

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As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and fro over the men's heads and dropped their dung on them from mid-air; and while the men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a little disorder, and the men easily drove the geese off with their sticks. Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned round and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hobnailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat, all the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

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The men gave a shout of triumph. They saw, as they imagined, their enemies in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. This was just what Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying in ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones, Jones saw him coming, raised his gun, and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting for an instant Snowball flung his fifteen stone against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance on them after his own fashion. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof on to a cowman's shoulders and sank her claws in his neck, at which he yelled horribly. At a moment when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to rush out of the yard and make a bolt for the main road. And so within five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

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Either 5 **(a)** How does Orwell's writing make this moment in the novel so exciting? **[24]**

Or 5 **(b)** Does Orwell's portrayal of Napoleon persuade you that he is even worse than Mr Jones?

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

R L STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

The Last Night

6 (a)

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for, struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was all full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white, and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken. 5

“Well, sir,” he said, “here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong.”

“Amen, Poole,” said the lawyer. 10

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, “Is that you, Poole?”

“It’s all right,” said Poole. “Open the door.”

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out, “Bless God! it’s Mr. Utterson,” ran forward as if to take him in her arms. 20

“What, what? Are you all here?” said the lawyer, peevishly. “Very irregular, very unseemly: your master would be far from pleased.” 25

“They’re all afraid,” said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted up her voice, and now wept loudly.

“Hold your tongue!” Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. “And now,” continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, “reach me a candle, and we’ll get this through hands at once.” And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden. 30

“Now, sir,” said he, “you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don’t go.” 35

“Now, sir,” said he, “you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don’t go.” 40

Either 6 (a) How does Stevenson's writing make this such an exciting and dramatic moment in the novel? [24]

Or 6 (b) How does Stevenson make Utterson such a significant figure in the novel?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

SIMON ARMITAGE

7 (a)

Wintering Out

To board six months
 at your mother's place, pay
 precious little rent
 and not lift a finger, don't think
 for a minute I'm moaning. 5

It's a doll's house end-terrace
 with all the trimmings: hanging baskets,
 a double garage,
 a rambling garden with
 a fairy-tale ending and geese 10

on the river. Inside
 it's odd, dovetailed into next door
 with the bedrooms
 back-to-back, wallpaper walls
 so their phone calls ring out 15

loud and clear
 and their footsteps on the stairs
 run up and down like the practice scales
 of a Grade I cornet lesson:
 their daughter's. From day one 20

I've been wondering, from the morning
 I hoisted the blind
 and found
 your mother on the lawn
 in a housecoat and leggings 25

expertly skewering fallen fruit
 with the outside tine
 of the garden fork,
 then casting it off, overboard
 into the river. I've said 30

nothing, held my breath
 for a whole season, waited
 like Johnny Weismuller
 under the ice, held on
 to surface in a new house, our own 35

where the wood
 will be treated and buffed and the grain
 will circle like weather
 round the knots
 of high pressure. Here 40

we've had to button it: not fly
off the handle or stomp upstairs
yelling *That's it you bastard*
and sulk for a week
over nothing. Here 45

the signs are against us:
some fluke
in the spring water
turning your golden hair lime-green, honey.
Even the expert 50

from Yorkshire Water
taking pH tests
and fur from the kettle
can't put his finger on it.
We'll have to go; leave 55

the bathroom with
no lock, the door that opens
of its own accord, the frostless glass
and pretty curtains
that will not meet. 60

It only takes one night,
your mother
having one of her moments, out
at midnight
undercoating the gutter to catch us 65

in the bath, fooling around
in Cinemascope. Nothing for it but to dip
beneath the bubbles,
take turns to breathe through the tube
of the loofah, sit tight 70

and wait for summer.

Either 7 (a) How does Armitage vividly convey to you the difficulties of “wintering out” in this poem?

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

Or 7 (b) How does Armitage's writing make **EITHER** *To Poverty* **OR** *Kid* such a striking poem?

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

Or 7 (c) How does Armitage's writing bring memories of childhood alive for you in **EITHER** *My father thought it bloody queer* **OR** *Without Photographs*?

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

GILLIAN CLARKE

8 (a)

Cold Knap Lake

We once watched a crowd
pull a drowned child from the lake.
Blue-lipped and dressed in water's long green silk
she lay for dead.

Then kneeling on the earth, 5
a heroine, her red head bowed,
her wartime cotton frock soaked,
my mother gave a stranger's child her breath.
The crowd stood silent,
drawn by the dread of it. 10

The child breathed, bleating
and rosy in my mother's hands.
My father took her home to a poor house
and watched her thrashed for almost drowning.

Was I there? 15
Or is that troubled surface something else
shadowy under the dipped fingers of willows
where satiny mud blooms in cloudiness
after the treading, heavy webs of swans
as their wings beat and whistle on the air? 20

All lost things lie under closing water
in that lake with the poor man's daughter.

Either 8 (a) How does Clarke make this such a disturbing poem?

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

Or 8 (b) Explore the ways in which Clarke powerfully conveys feelings about children in **EITHER** *Baby-sitting* **OR** *The Angelus*.

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

Or 8 (c) Explore the ways in which Clarke's writing strikingly portrays a relationship in **EITHER** *My Box* **OR** *Overheard in County Sligo*.

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

WENDY COPE

9 (a)

Being Boring

'May you live in interesting times.' – Chinese curse.

If you ask me 'What's new?', I have nothing to say
 Except that the garden is growing.
 I had a slight cold but it's better today.
 I'm content with the way things are going.
 Yes, he is the same as he usually is,
 Still eating and sleeping and snoring.
 I get on with my work. He gets on with his.
 I know this is all very boring.

5

There was drama enough in my turbulent past:
 Tears and passion – I've used up a tankful.
 No news is good news, and long may it last.
 If nothing much happens, I'm thankful.
 A happier cabbage you never did see,
 My vegetable spirits are soaring.
 If you're after excitement, steer well clear of me.
 I want to go on being boring.

10

15

I don't go to parties. Well, what are they for,
 If you don't need to find a new lover?
 You drink and you listen and drink a bit more
 And you take the next day to recover.
 Someone to stay home with was all my desire
 And, now that I've found a safe mooring,
 I've just one ambition in life: I aspire
 To go on and on being boring.

20

Either 9 (a) Do you think that Cope's writing makes *Being Boring* interesting and entertaining, or not?

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

Or 9 (b) Explore the ways in which Cope's writing makes **EITHER** *Lonely Hearts* **OR** *Message* both sad and amusing.

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

Or 9 (c) Explore the ways in which Cope presents the relationship between **EITHER** "Song of the First Snowdrop" and "Death of the Zeitgeist" (in *Exchange of Letters*) **OR** the landlady and Mr Strugnell (in *Mr Strugnell*).

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

CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

Head of English

Today we have a poet in the class.
 A real live poet with a published book.
 Notice the inkstained fingers girls. Perhaps
 we're going to witness verse hot from the press.
 Who knows. Please show your appreciation
 by clapping. Not too loud. Now 5

sit up straight and listen. Remember
 the lesson on assonance, for not all poems,
 sadly, rhyme these days. Still. Never mind.
 Whispering's, as always, out of bounds – 10
 but do feel free to raise some questions.
 After all, we're paying forty pounds.

Those of you with English Second Language
 see me after break. We're fortunate
 to have this person in our midst. 15
 Season of mists and so on and so forth.
 I've written quite a bit of poetry myself,
 am doing Kipling with the Lower Fourth.

Right. That's enough from me. On with the Muse.
 Open a window at the back. We don't
 want winds of change about the place. 20
 Take notes, but don't write reams. Just an essay
 on the poet's themes. Fine. Off we go.
 Convince us that there's something we don't know.

Well. Really. Run along now girls. I'm sure 25
 that gave an insight to an outside view.
 Applause will do. Thank you
 very much for coming here today. Lunch
 in the hall? Do hang about. Unfortunately
 I have to dash. Tracey will show you out. 30

Either 10 (a) How does Duffy make her portrayal of the teacher so entertaining for you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem.

[16]

Or 10 (b) How do you think Duffy's writing brings memories vividly to life in **EITHER** *In Your Mind* **OR** *Nostalgia*?

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

[16]

Or 10 (c) How does Duffy's writing create such powerful pictures of the natural world in **EITHER** *Answer* **OR** *Wintering*?

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

[16]

SEAMUS HEANEY

11 (a)

Punishment

I can feel the tug
of the halter at the nape
of her neck, the wind
on her naked front.

It blows her nipples
to amber beads,
it shakes the frail rigging
of her ribs.

5

I can see her drowned
body in the bog,
the weighing stone,
the floating rods and boughs.

10

Under which at first
she was a barked sapling
that is dug up
oak-bone, brain-firkin:

15

her shaved head
like a stubble of black corn,
her blindfold a soiled bandage,
her noose a ring

20

to store
the memories of love.
Little adulteress,
before they punished you

you were flaxen-haired,
undernourished, and your
tar-black face was beautiful.
My poor scapegoat,

25

I almost love you
but would have cast, I know,
the stones of silence.
I am the artful voyeur

30

of your brain's exposed
and darkened combs,
your muscles' webbing
and all your numbered bones:

35

I who have stood dumb
when your betraying sisters,
cauled in tar,
wept by the railings,

40

who would connive
in civilized outrage
yet understand the exact
and tribal, intimate revenge.

Either 11 (a) How does Heaney's writing make this such a disturbing poem?

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

Or 11 (b) How does Heaney bring personal relationships alive for you in **EITHER** *Scaffolding* **OR** *Serenades*?

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

Or 11 (c) How does Heaney's writing make the situation so frightening in **EITHER** *An Advancement of Learning* **OR** *A Constable Calls*?

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

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

12 (a)

Bought and Sold

Smart big awards and prize money
 Is killing off black poetry
 It's not censors or dictators that are cutting up our art.
 The lure of meeting royalty
 And touching high society 5
 Is damping creativity and eating at our heart.

The ancestors would turn in graves,
 Those poor black folk that once were slaves would wonder
 How our souls were sold
 And check our strategies. 10
 The empire strikes back and waves,
 Tamed warriors bow on parades,
 When they have done what they've been told
 They get their OBEs.

Don't take my word, go check the verse 15
 Cause every laureate gets worse,
 A family that you cannot fault as muse will mess your mind,
 And yeah, you may fatten your purse
 And surely they will check you first when subjects need to be amused
 With paid-for prose and rhymes. 20

Take your prize, now write more,
 Faster,
 F*** the truth
 Now you're an actor do not fault your benefactor,
 Write, publish and review, 25
 You look like a dreadlocks Rasta,
 You look like a ghetto blaster,
 But you can't diss your paymaster
 And bite the hand that feeds you.

What happened to the verse of fire 30
 Cursing cool the empire?
 What happened to the soul rebel that Marley had in mind,
 This bloodstained, stolen empire rewards you and you conspire
 (Yes Marley said that time will tell)
 Now look they've gone and joined. 35

We keep getting this beating,
 It's bad history repeating,
 It reminds me of those capitalists that say
 'Look you have a choice'.
 It's sick and self-defeating if our dispossessed keep weeping 40
 And we give these awards meaning
 But we end up with no voice.

Either 12 (a) How does Zephaniah's writing create such a powerful sense of disappointment in *Bought and Sold*? [16]

Or 12 (b) How does Zephaniah's writing memorably convey views about a death in **EITHER** *The Woman Has to Die* **OR** *What Stephen Lawrence Has Taught Us*?

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

Or 12 (c) In what ways does Zephaniah's writing memorably convey to you the way people's lives change in **EITHER** *Deep in Luv* **OR** *Jimmy Grows Old*?

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

UNSEEN POEM

In the following poem, a hospital secretary has been typing up a list of appointments.

13

The List

Flawlessly typed, and spaced
At the proper intervals,
Serene and lordly, they pace
Along tomorrow's list
Like giftbearers on a frieze*.

5

In tranquil order, arrayed
With the basic human equipment –
A name, a time, a number –
They advance on the future.

Not more harmonious who pace
Holding a hawk, a fish, a jar
(The customary offerings)
Along the Valley of the Kings*.

10

Tomorrow these names will turn nasty,
Senile, pregnant, late,
Handicapped, handcuffed, unhandy,
Muddled, moribund*, mute,

15

Be stained by living. But here,
Orderly, equal, right,
On the edge of tomorrow, they pause
Like giftbearers on a frieze.

20

With the proper offering,
A time, a number, a name.
I am the artist, the typist;
I did my best for them.

25

U A Fanthorpe

* frieze: wall-painting

* Valley of the Kings: place in ancient Egypt where kings were buried

* moribund: dying

- 13 Explore the ways in which Fanthorpe brings the secretary's thoughts and feelings so vividly to life in her poem.

You should consider:

- the secretary's thoughts and feelings about the patients
- the secretary's thoughts and feelings about the work
- what is suggested by the comparison between the list and a frieze
- what the poem suggests about the secretary's personality
- some of the language the poet uses
- the structure of the poem
- anything else that you think is important.

[16]

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