

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

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.

Tuesday 18 January 2011
Morning

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.
- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- 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

<i>Pride and Prejudice</i> : Jane Austen	pages 2–3	questions 1(a)–(b)
<i>Silas Marner</i> : George Eliot	pages 4–5	questions 2(a)–(b)
<i>Lord of the Flies</i> : William Golding	pages 6–7	questions 3(a)–(b)
<i>The Withered Arm and Other Stories</i> : Thomas Hardy	page 8	questions 4(a)–(b)
<i>Animal Farm</i> : George Orwell	page 9	questions 5(a)–(b)
<i>The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i> : R L Stevenson	page 10	questions 6(a)–(b)

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

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

Simon Armitage	page 11	questions 7(a)–(c)
Gillian Clarke	page 12	questions 8(a)–(c)
Wendy Cope	page 13	questions 9(a)–(c)
Carol Ann Duffy	pages 14–15	questions 10(a)–(c)
Seamus Heaney	page 16	questions 11(a)–(c)
Benjamin Zephaniah	page 17	questions 12(a)–(c)
UNSEEN POEM	page 18	question 13

- 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 **20** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 (a)

As Elizabeth had no longer any interest of her own to pursue, she turned her attention almost entirely on her sister and Mr Bingley, and the train of agreeable reflections which her observations gave birth to, made her perhaps almost as happy as Jane. She saw her in idea settled in that very house in all the felicity which a marriage of true affection could bestow: and she felt capable under such circumstances, of endeavouring even to like Bingley's two sisters. Her mother's thoughts she plainly saw were bent the same way, and she determined not to venture near her, lest she might hear too much. When they sat down to supper, therefore, she considered it a most unlucky perverseness which placed them within one of each other; and deeply was she vexed to find that her mother was talking to that one person (Lady Lucas) freely, openly, and of nothing else but of her expectation that Jane would be soon married to Mr Bingley. – It was an animating subject, and Mrs Bennet seemed incapable of fatigue while enumerating the advantages of the match. His being such a charming young man, and so rich, and living but three miles from them, were the first points of self-gratulation; and then it was such a comfort to think how fond the two sisters were of Jane, and to be certain that they must desire the connection as much as she could do. It was, moreover, such a promising thing for her younger daughters, as Jane's marrying so greatly must throw them in the way of other rich men; and lastly, it was so pleasant at her time of life to be able to consign her single daughters to the care of their sister, that she might not be obliged to go into company more than she liked. It was necessary to make this circumstance a matter of pleasure, because on such occasions it is the etiquette; but no one was less likely than Mrs Bennet to find comfort in staying at home at any period of her life. She concluded with many good wishes that Lady Lucas might soon be equally fortunate, though evidently and triumphantly believing there was no chance of it.

In vain did Elizabeth endeavour to check the rapidity of her mother's words, or persuade her to describe her felicity in a less audible whisper; for to her inexpressible vexation, she could perceive that the chief of it was overheard by Mr Darcy, who sat opposite to them. Her mother only scolded her for being nonsensical.

'What is Mr Darcy to me, pray, that I should be afraid of him? I am sure we owe him no such particular civility as to be obliged to say nothing *he* may not like to hear.'

'For heaven's sake, madam, speak lower. – What advantage can it be to you to offend Mr Darcy? – You will never recommend yourself to his friend by so doing.'

Nothing that she could say, however, had any influence. Her mother would talk of her views in the same intelligible tone. Elizabeth blushed and blushed again with shame and vexation. She could not help frequently glancing her eye at Mr Darcy, though every glance convinced her of what she dreaded; for though he was not always looking at her mother, she was convinced that his attention was invariably fixed by her. The expression of his face changed gradually from indignant contempt to a composed and steady gravity.

At length however Mrs Bennet had no more to say; and Lady Lucas, who had been long yawning at the repetition of delights which she saw no likelihood of sharing, was left to the comforts of cold ham and chicken.

Either 1 **(a)** How does Austen's writing here show Mrs Bennet's behaviour in such a bad light? [24]

Or 1 **(b)** How does Austen make Elizabeth's relationship with her sister Jane so fascinating and significant in the novel?

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

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 2 (a) DUNSTAN CASS, setting off in the raw morning, at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter, had to take his way along the lane which, at its farther extremity, passed by the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stone-pit, where stood the cottage, once a stone-cutter's shed, now for fifteen years inhabited by Silas Marner. The spot looked very dreary at this season, with the moist trodden clay about it, and the red, muddy water high up in the deserted quarry. That was Dunstan's first thought as he approached it; the second was, that the old fool of a weaver, whose loom he heard rattling already, had a great deal of money hidden somewhere. How was it that he, Dunstan Cass, who had often heard talk of Marner's miserliness, had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade the old fellow into lending the money on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects? The resource occurred to him now as so easy and agreeable, especially as Marner's hoard was likely to be large enough to leave Godfrey a handsome surplus beyond his immediate needs, and enable him to accommodate his faithful brother, that he had almost turned the horse's head towards home again. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept the suggestion: he would snatch eagerly at a plan that might save him from parting with Wildfire. But when Dunstan's meditation reached this point, the inclination to go on grew strong and prevailed. He didn't want to give Godfrey that pleasure: he preferred that Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover, Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and possibly taking somebody in. He might have all the satisfaction attendant on selling his brother's horse, and not the less have the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover. 5
- Bryce and Keating were there, as Dunstan was quite sure they would be – he was such a lucky fellow. 10
- 'Hey-day,' said Bryce, who had long had his eye on Wildfire, 'you're on your brother's horse today: how's that?' 15
- 'O, I've swopped with him,' said Dunstan, whose delight in lying, grandly independent of utility, was not to be diminished by the likelihood that his hearer would not believe him – 'Wildfire's mine now.' 20
- 'What! has he swopped with you for that big-boned hack of yours?' said Bryce, quite aware that he should get another lie in answer. 25
- 'O, there was a little account between us,' said Dunsey, carelessly, 'and Wildfire made it even. I accommodated him by taking the horse, though it was against my will, for I'd got an itch for a mare o' Jortin's – as rare a bit o' blood as ever you threw your leg across. But I shall keep Wildfire, now I've got him, though I'd a bid of a hundred and fifty for him the other day, from a man over at Flitton – he's buying for Lord Cromleck – a fellow with a cast in his eye, and a green waistcoat. But I mean to stick to Wildfire: I shan't get a better at a fence in a hurry. The mare's got more blood, but she's a bit too weak in the hind-quarters.' 30 35 40 45

- Either** 2 (a) How does Eliot vividly portray Dunstan Cass as so dislikeable in this passage? **[24]**
- Or** 2 (b) Does Eliot's writing persuade you that Godfrey Cass deserves Nancy as his wife?
- Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[24]**

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- 3 (a) "We wanted smoke –"
 "Now look –"
 A pall stretched for miles away from the island. All the boys except Piggy started to giggle; presently they were shrieking with laughter.
 Piggy lost his temper. 5
 "I got the conch! Just you listen! The first thing we ought to have made was shelters down there by the beach. It wasn't half cold down there in the night. But the first time Ralph says 'fire' you goes howling and screaming up this here mountain. Like a pack of kids!"
 By now they were listening to the tirade. 10
 "How can you expect to be rescued if you don't put first things first and act proper?"
 He took off his glasses and made as if to put down the conch; but the sudden motion towards it of most of the older boys changed his mind. He tucked the shell under his arm, and crouched back on a rock. 15
 "Then when you get here you build a bonfire that isn't no use. Now you been and set the whole island on fire. Won't we look funny if the whole island burns up? Cooked fruit, that's what we'll have to eat, and roast pork. And that's nothing to laugh at! You said Ralph was chief and you don't give him time to think. Then when he says something you rush off, like, like –" 20
 He paused for breath, and the fire growled at them.
 "And that's not all. Them kids. The little 'uns. Who took any notice of 'em? Who knows how many we got?"
 Ralph took a sudden step forward.
 "I told you to. I told you to get a list of names!" 25
 "How could I," cried Piggy indignantly, "all by myself? They waited for two minutes, then they fell in the sea; they went into the forest; they just scattered everywhere. How was I to know which was which?"
 Ralph licked pale lips.
 "Then you don't know how many of us there ought to be?" 30
 "How could I with them little 'uns running round like insects? Then when you three came back, as soon as you said make a fire, they all ran away, and I never had a chance –"
 "That's enough!" said Ralph sharply, and snatched back the conch. "If you didn't you didn't." 35
 "– then you come up here an' pinch my specs –"
 Jack turned on him.
 "You shut up!"
 "– and them little 'uns was wandering about down there where the fire is. How d'you know they aren't still there?" 40
 Piggy stood up and pointed to the smoke and flames. A murmur rose among the boys and died away. Something strange was happening to Piggy, for he was gasping for breath.
 "That little 'un –" gasped Piggy – "him with the mark on his face, I don't see him. Where is he now?" 45
 The crowd was as silent as death.
 "Him that talked about the snakes. He was down there –"
 A tree exploded in the fire like a bomb. Tall swathes of creepers rose for a moment into view, agonized, and went down again. The little boys screamed at them. 50
 "Snakes! Snakes! Look at the snakes!"
 In the west, and unheeded, the sun lay only an inch or two above the sea. Their faces were lit redly from beneath. Piggy fell against a rock and clutched it with both hands.

“That little ’un that had a mark on his – face – where is – he now? I tell you I don’t see him.” 55

The boys looked at each other fearfully, unbelieving.

“– where is he now?”

Ralph muttered the reply as if in shame.

“Perhaps he went back to the, the –” 60

Beneath them, on the unfriendly side of the mountain, the drum-roll continued.

Either 3 (a) How does Golding’s writing in this passage so powerfully portray the boys and the situation they are in? [24]

Or 3 (b) How does Golding make Roger such a horrifying figure?

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

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

4 (a)

The Withered Arm

One night, two or three weeks after the bridal return, when the boy was gone to bed, Rhoda sat a long time over the turf ashes that she had raked out in front of her to extinguish them. She contemplated so intently the new wife, as presented to her in her mind's eye over the embers, that she forgot the lapse of time. At last, wearied with her day's work, she too retired. 5

But the figure which had occupied her so much during this and the previous days was not to be banished at night. For the first time Gertrude Lodge visited the supplanted woman in her dreams. Rhoda Brook dreamed – since her assertion that she really saw, before falling asleep, was not to be believed – that the young wife, in the pale silk dress and white bonnet, but with features shockingly distorted, and wrinkled as by age, was sitting upon her chest as she lay. The pressure of Mrs. Lodge's person grew heavier; the blue eyes peered cruelly into her face; and then the figure thrust forward its left hand mockingly, so as to make the wedding-ring it wore glitter in Rhoda's eyes. Maddened mentally, and nearly suffocated by pressure, the sleeper struggled; the incubus, still regarding her, withdrew to the foot of the bed, only, however, to come forward by degrees, resume her seat, and flash her left hand as before. 10

Gasping for breath, Rhoda, in a last desperate effort, swung out her right hand, seized the confronting spectre by its obtrusive left arm, and whirled it backward to the floor, starting up herself as she did so with a low cry. 15

'O, merciful heaven!' she cried, sitting on the edge of the bed in a cold sweat; 'that was not a dream – she was here!'

She could feel her antagonist's arm within her grasp even now – the very flesh and bone of it, as it seemed. She looked on the floor whither she had whirled the spectre, but there was nothing to be seen. 20

Rhoda Brook slept no more that night, and when she went milking at the next dawn they noticed how pale and haggard she looked. The milk that she drew quivered into the pail; her hand had not calmed even yet, and still retained the feel of the arm. She came home to breakfast as wearily as if it had been supper-time. 25

'What was that noise in your chimmer, mother, last night?' said her son. 'You fell off the bed, surely?'

'Did you hear anything fall? At what time?'

'Just when the clock struck two.'

 30

35

Either 4 (a) How does Hardy make this moment in *The Withered Arm* so dramatic and significant? [24]

Or 4 (b) How far does Hardy make you sympathise with Lizzie Newberry in *The Distracted Preacher*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the story.

[24]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

- 5 (a) When the animals had assembled in the big barn, Snowball stood up and, though occasionally interrupted by bleating from the sheep, set forth his reasons for advocating the building of the windmill. Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it, and promptly sat down again; he had spoken for barely thirty seconds, and seemed almost indifferent as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating again, broke into a passionate appeal in favour of the windmill. Until now the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies, but in a moment Snowball's eloquence had carried them away. In glowing sentences he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was lifted from the animals' backs. His imagination had now run far beyond chaff-cutters and turnip-slicers. Electricity, he said, could operate threshing-machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers and reapers and binders, besides supplying every stall with its own electric light, hot and cold water and an electric heater. By the time he had finished speaking there was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball, uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter before. 5
- At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across the long pasture that led to the road. He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster than ever, then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but closed his jaws on Snowball's tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare, slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more. 10
- Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately. Though not yet full-grown they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do to Mr Jones. 15
- 20
- 25
- 30
- 35
- 40

- Either** 5 (a) How does Orwell's writing make this moment in the novel so dramatic and significant? [24]
- Or** 5 (b) Boxer is given the award 'Animal Hero, First Class'. How far does Orwell's portrayal of Boxer persuade you that he is a hero? [24]
- Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

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

- 6 (a) It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers which may at times assail the most honest. 5
- As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and two-penny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling. 10
- An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again in less than an hour: there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday. 15
- "Very well then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen, of Scotland Yard." 20
- A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?" 25

- Either** 6 (a) How does Stevenson's writing here make this area of London so sinister? [24]
- Or** 6 (b) Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel when Stevenson makes Mr Hyde's behaviour particularly horrifying.

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

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

SIMON ARMITAGE

7 (a)

Hitcher

I'd been tired, under
 the weather, but the ansaphone kept screaming:
One more sick-note, mister, and you're finished. Fired.
 I thumbed a lift to where the car was parked.
 A Vauxhall Astra. It was hired.

5

I picked him up in Leeds.
 He was following the sun to west from east
 with just a toothbrush and the good earth for a bed. The truth,
 he said, was blowin' in the wind,
 or round the next bend.

10

I let him have it
 on the top road out of Harrogate – once
 with the head, then six times with the krooklok
 in the face – and didn't even swerve.
 I dropped it into third

15

and leant across
 to let him out, and saw him in the mirror
 bouncing off the kerb, then disappearing down the verge.
 We were the same age, give or take a week.
 He'd said he liked the breeze

20

to run its fingers
 through his hair. It was twelve noon.
 The outlook for the day was moderate to fair.
 Stitch that, I remember thinking,
 you can walk from there.

25

Either 7 (a) How does Armitage makes this poem so unsettling? [16]

Or 7 (b) Explore the ways in which Armitage vividly portrays a relationship with a parent in **EITHER** *Mother, any distance greater than a single span* **OR** *My father thought it bloody queer.*

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

Or 7 (c) How does Armitage make **EITHER** *To Poverty* **OR** *True North* so amusing and entertaining?

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

GILLIAN CLARKE

8 (a)

My Box

My box is made of golden oak,
 my lover's gift to me.
 He fitted hinges and a lock
 of brass and a bright key. 5
 He made it out of winter nights,
 sanded and oiled and planed,
 engraved inside the heavy lid
 in brass, a golden tree.

In my box are twelve black books
 where I have written down 10
 how we have sanded, oiled and planed,
 planted a garden, built a wall,
 seen jays and goldcrests, rare red kites,
 found the wild heartsease, drilled a well,
 harvested apples and words and days 15
 and planted a golden tree.

On an open shelf I keep my box.
 Its key is in the lock.
 I leave it there for you to read,
 or them, when we are dead, 20
 how everything is slowly made,
 how slowly things made me,
 a tree, a lover, words, a box,
 books and a golden tree.

Either 8 (a) How does Clarke create such vivid impressions of her life in *My Box*? [16]

Or 8 (b) How does Clarke make **EITHER** *The Hare* **OR** *The Field-Mouse* so moving?

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

Or 8 (c) How does Clarke strikingly present the way things change over time in **EITHER** *Marged* **OR** *The Angelus*?

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

WENDY COPE

9 (a)

Engineers' Corner

Why isn't there an Engineers' Corner in Westminster Abbey? In Britain we've always made more fuss of a ballad than a blueprint ... How many schoolchildren dream of becoming great engineers?

Advertisement placed in The Times by the Engineering Council

We make more fuss of ballads than of blueprints –
That's why so many poets end up rich,
While engineers scrape by in cheerless garrets.
Who needs a bridge or dam? Who needs a ditch?

Whereas the person who can write a sonnet 5
Has got it made. It's always been the way,
For everybody knows that we need poems
And everybody reads them every day.

Yes, life is hard if you choose engineering – 10
You're sure to need another job as well;
You'll have to plan your projects in the evenings
Instead of going out. It must be hell.

While well-heeled poets ride around in Daimlers, 15
You'll burn the midnight oil to earn a crust,
With no hope of a statue in the Abbey,
With no hope, even, of a modest bust.

No wonder small boys dream of writing couplets 20
And spurn the bike, the lorry and the train.
There's far too much encouragement for poets –
That's why this country's going down the drain.

Either 9 (a) How does Cope make *Engineers' Corner* particularly amusing and entertaining for you? [16]

Or 9 (b) In what ways do you think Cope makes **EITHER** *Message* **OR** *Manifesto* a particularly fascinating love poem?

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

Or 9 (c) In what ways do you think that Cope's writing creates memorable impressions of the dull lives people lead in **EITHER** *Mr Strugnell* **OR** *Lonely Hearts*?

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

CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

Mrs Lazarus

I had grieved. I had wept for a night and a day
 over my loss, ripped the cloth I was married in
 from my breasts, howled, shrieked, clawed
 at the burial stones till my hands bled, retched
 his name over and over again, dead, dead. 5

Gone home. Guttled the place. Slept in a single cot,
 widow, one empty glove, white femur
 in the dust, half. Stuffed dark suits
 into black bags, shuffled in a dead man's shoes,
 noosed the double knot of a tie round my bare neck, 10

gaunt nun in the mirror, touching herself. I learnt
 the Stations of Bereavement, the icon of my face
 in each bleak frame; but all those months
 he was going away from me, dwindling
 to the shrunk size of a snapshot, going, 15

going. Till his name was no longer a certain spell
 for his face. The last hair on his head
 floated out from a book. His scent went from the house.
 The will was read. See, he was vanishing
 to the small zero held by the gold of my ring. 20

Then he was gone. Then he was legend, language;
 my arm on the arm of the schoolteacher – the shock
 of a man's strength under the sleeve of his coat –
 along the hedgerows. But I was faithful
 for as long as it took. Until he was memory. 25

So I could stand that evening in the field
 in a shawl of fine air, healed, able
 to watch the edge of the moon occur to the sky
 and a hare thump from a hedge; then notice
 the village men running towards me, shouting, 30

behind them the women and children, barking dogs,
 and I knew. I knew by the shrill light
 on the blacksmith's face, the sly eyes
 of the barmaid, the sudden hands bearing me
 into the hot tang of the crowd parting before me. 35

He lived. I saw the horror on his face.
 I heard his mother's crazy song. I breathed
 his stench; my bridegroom in his rotting shroud,
 moist and dishevelled from the grave's slack chew,
 croaking his cuckold name, disinherited, out of his time. 40

Either 10 (a) How does Duffy's writing make this such a fascinating and intriguing poem? [16]

Or 10 (b) How does Duffy portray teachers so memorably in **EITHER** *Head of English* **OR** *The Good Teachers*?

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

Or 10 (c) In what ways does Duffy make **EITHER** *Dream of a Lost Friend* **OR** *Stealing* so unsettling?

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

SEAMUS HEANEY

11 (a)

The Early Purges

I was six when I first saw kittens drown.
 Dan Taggart pitched them, 'the scraggy wee shits',
 Into a bucket; a frail metal sound,

Soft paws scraping like mad. But their tiny din
 Was soon soused. They were slung on the snout 5
 Of the pump and the water pumped in.

'Sure isn't it better for them now?' Dan said.
 Like wet gloves they bobbed and shone till he sluiced
 Them out on the dunghill, glossy and dead.

Suddenly frightened, for days I sadly hung 10
 Round the yard, watching the three sogged remains
 turn mealy and crisp as old summer dung

Until I forgot them. But the fear came back
 When Dan trapped big rats, snared rabbits, shot crows
 Or, with a sickening tug, pulled old hens' necks. 15

Still, living displaces false sentiments
 And now, when shrill pups are prodded to drown
 I just shrug, 'Bloody pups'. It makes sense:

'Prevention of cruelty' talk cuts ice in town
 Where they consider death unnatural, 20
 But on well-run farms pests have to be kept down.

Either 11 (a) Explore some of the ways in which Heaney vividly portrays farm life in this poem. [16]

Or 11 (b) How does Heaney so vividly convey to you what the child learns in **EITHER** *Death of a Naturalist* **OR** *An Advancement of Learning*?

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

Or 11 (c) Explore some of the ways in which Heaney brings the past so memorably to life in **EITHER** *Follower* **OR** *Digging*.

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

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

12 (a)

What if

If you can keep your money when governments about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 If you can trust your neighbour when they trust not you
 And they be very nosy too;
 If you can await the warm delights of summer 5
 Then summer comes and goes with sun not seen,
 And pay so much for drinking water
 Knowing that the water is unclean.

If you seek peace in times of war creation,
 And you can see that oil merchants are to blame, 10
 If you can meet a pimp or politician,
 And treat those two imposters just the same;
 If you cannot bear dis-united nations
 And you think dis new world order is a trick,
 If you've ever tried to build good race relations, 15
 And watch bad policing mess your work up quick.

If you can make one heap of all your savings
 And risk buying a small house and a plot,
 Then sit back and watch the economy inflating
 Then have to deal with the negative equity you've got; 20
 If you can force your mind and body to continue
 When all the social services have gone,
 If you struggle on when there is nothing in you,
 Except the knowledge that justice cannot be wrong.

If you can speak the truth to common people 25
 Or walk with Kings and Queens and live no lie,
 If you can see how power can be evil
 And know that every censor is a spy;
 If you can fill an unforgiving lifetime
 With years of working hard to make ends meet, 30
 You may not be wealthy but I am sure you will find
 That you can hold your head high as you walk the streets.

Either 12 (a) How does Zephaniah make his criticisms of modern society so striking in this poem? [16]

Or 12 (b) Explore the ways Zephaniah so strikingly expresses outrage in **EITHER** *What Stephen Lawrence Has Taught Us* **OR** *Chant of a Homesick Nigga*.

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

Or 12 (c) How do you think Zephaniah makes his attack on tyranny so powerful in **EITHER** *Biko the Greatness* **OR** *The Woman Has to Die*?

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

UNSEEN POEM

13

Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,
 The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
 Winds stampeding the fields under the window
 Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky 5
 The hills had new places, and wind wielded
 Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
 Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as 10
 The coal-house door. Once I looked up –
 Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
 The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
 At any second to bang and vanish with a flap:
 The wind flung a magpie away and a black- 15
 Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
 That any second would shatter it. Now deep
 In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
 Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought, 20

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
 And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
 Seeing the window tremble to come in,
 Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

Ted Hughes

13 Explore the ways in which Hughes so vividly portrays the power of the wind in this poem.

You should consider:

- the effect the wind has on the natural world
- the effect the wind has on the house and the people
- some of the language the poet uses
- some of the sounds in the poem
- the structure of the verses
- anything else you think is important.

[16]

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