



GCSE

3720U30-1



S23-3720U30-1

WEDNESDAY, 24 MAY 2023 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2b

(Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)

FOUNDATION TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

| | Pages |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>The History Boys</i> | 2–3 |
| <i>Blood Brothers</i> | 4–5 |
| <i>A View from the Bridge</i> | 6–7 |
| <i>Be My Baby</i> | 8–9 |
| <i>My Mother Said I Never Should</i> | 10–11 |

SECTION B

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>Silas Marner</i> | 12–13 |
| <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> | 14–15 |
| <i>A Christmas Carol</i> | 16–17 |
| <i>Lord of the Flies</i> | 18–19 |
| <i>Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve</i> | 20–21 |

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use gel pen or correction fluid.

Answer **both** Section A and Section B. Answer on **one** text in each section.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided, following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer,

for example

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Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A: 30 marks Section B: 30 marks

You are advised to spend your time as follows: Section A – about one hour

Section B – about one hour

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

You are reminded that the accuracy and organisation of your writing will be assessed.

SECTION A

Answer questions on **one** text.

The History Boys

Answer

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

What do you think of the way the Headmaster and Irwin speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

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 What do you think about Posner and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the play?

You may wish to write about:

- what you learn about Posner's background
- Posner's relationships with the other boys
- Posner's relationships with the teachers
- anything else you think is important.

[20]

Or,

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 Write about the relationship in *The History Boys* that you find the most interesting and give reasons for your choice. [20]

- SCRIPPS I'd been on playground duty, so I saw him on what must have been his first morning waiting outside the study. I thought he was a new boy, which of course he was, so I smiled.
Then Felix turned up.
Irwin is a young man, about twenty-five or so.
- HEADMASTER You are?
- IRWIN Irwin.
- HEADMASTER Irwin?
- IRWIN The supply teacher.
- HEADMASTER Quite so.
He beckons Irwin cagily into the study.
- SCRIPPS Hector had said that if I wanted to write I should keep a notebook, and there must have been something furtive about Irwin's arrival because I wrote it down. I called it clandestine, a word I'd just learnt and wasn't sure how to pronounce.
- HEADMASTER The examinations are in December, which gives us three months at the outside ... Well, you were at Cambridge, you know the form.
- IRWIN Oxford, Jesus.
- HEADMASTER I thought of going, but this was the fifties. Change was in the air. A spirit of adventure.
- IRWIN So, where did you go?
- HEADMASTER I was a geographer. I went to Hull.
- IRWIN Oh. Larkin.
- HEADMASTER Everybody says that. 'Hull? Oh, Larkin.' I don't know about the poetry ... as I say, I was a geographer ... but as a librarian he was pitiless. The Himmler of the Accessions Desk. And now, we're told, women in droves. Art. They get away with murder. They are a likely lot, the boys. All keen. One oddity. Rudge. Determined to try for Oxford and Christ Church of all places. No hope. Might get in at Loughborough in a bad year. Otherwise all bright. But they need polish. Edge. Your job. We are low in the league. I want to see us up there with Manchester Grammar School, Haberdashers' Aske's. Leighton Park. Or is that an open prison? No matter.
Pause.
There is a vacancy in history.
- IRWIN (*thoughtfully*) That's very true.
- HEADMASTER In the school.
- IRWIN Ah.
- HEADMASTER Get me scholarships, Irwin, pull us up the table, and it is yours. I am corseted by the curriculum, but I can find you three lessons a week.
- IRWIN Not enough.
- HEADMASTER I agree. However, Mr Hector, our long-time English master, is General Studies. There is passion there. Or, as I prefer to call it, commitment. But not curriculum-directed. Not curriculum-directed at all.
In the circumstances we may be able to filch an hour. (*going*) You are very young.
Grow a moustache.
I am thinking classroom control.

Blood Brothers

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

How do you think an audience would respond to this part of the play? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

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 What do you think of Mickey Johnstone and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the play?

You may wish to write about:

- Mickey as a child at the beginning of the play
- Mickey as a teenager
- Mickey as an adult
- anything else you think is important.

[20]

Or,

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 Write about the character in *Blood Brothers* you have the most sympathy for. Give reasons for what you say. [20]

- MRS LYONS I need about fifty pounds.
- MR LYONS My God, what for?
- MRS LYONS I've got lots of things to buy for the baby, I've got the nursery to sort out ...
- MR LYONS All right, all right, here. (*He hands her the money.*)
MR LYONS *exits.*
MRS LYONS *considers what she is about to do and then calls*
- MRS LYONS Mrs Johnstone. Mrs Johnstone, would you come out here for a moment, please.
MRS JOHNSTONE *enters.*
- MRS JOHNSTONE Yes?
- MRS LYONS Sit down. Richard and I have been talking it over and, well the thing is, we both think it would be better if you left.
- MRS JOHNSTONE Left where?
- MRS LYONS It's your work. Your work has deteriorated.
- MRS JOHNSTONE But, I work the way I've always worked.
- MRS LYONS Well, I'm sorry, we're not satisfied.
- MRS JOHNSTONE What will I do? How are we gonna live without my job?
- MRS LYONS Yes, well we've thought of that. Here, here's ... (*She pushes the money into MRS JOHNSTONE's hands.*) It's a lot of money ... but, well ...
- MRS JOHNSTONE (*thinking, desperate. Trying to get it together.*) OK. All right. All right, Mrs Lyons, right. If I'm goin', I'm takin' my son with me, I'm takin' ...
As MRS JOHNSTONE moves towards the cot MRS LYONS roughly drags her out of the way.
- MRS LYONS Oh no, you're not. Edward is my son. Mine.
- MRS JOHNSTONE I'll tell someone ... I'll tell the police ... I'll bring the police in an' ...
- MRS LYONS No ... no you won't. You gave your baby away. Don't you realise what a crime that is. You'll be locked up. You sold your baby.
MRS JOHNSTONE, *horrified, sees the bundle of notes in her hand, and throws it across the room.*
- MRS JOHNSTONE I didn't ... you told me, you said I could see him every day. Well, I'll tell someone, I'm gonna tell ...
MRS JOHNSTONE *starts to leave but MRS LYONS stops her.*
- MRS LYONS No. You'll tell nobody.
Music.
Because ... because if you tell anyone... and these children learn of the truth, then you know what will happen, don't you? You do know what they say about twins, secretly parted, don't you?
- MRS JOHNSTONE (*terrified*) What? What?
- MRS LYONS They say ... they say that if either twin learns that he once was a pair, they shall both immediately die. It means, Mrs Johnstone, that these brothers shall grow up, unaware of the other's existence. They shall be raised apart and never, ever told what was once the truth. You won't tell anyone about this, Mrs Johnstone, because if you do, you will kill them.
MRS LYONS *picks up the money and thrusts it into MRS JOHNSTONE's hands.*
MRS LYONS *turns and walks away.*

A View from the Bridge

Answer

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

What do you think of the way Eddie and Catherine speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

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 What do you think of Beatrice?

Write about:

- her relationship with Eddie
- her relationship with Catherine
- her relationships with other characters in the play
- anything else you think is important. [20]

Or,

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 Some of the characters in *A View from the Bridge* cannot always control their feelings. Write about **one** or **two** times when you think this is true. [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.

EDDIE Katie, I promised your mother on her deathbed. I'm responsible for you. You're a baby, you don't understand these things. I mean like when you stand here by the window, wavin' outside.

CATHERINE I was wavin' to Louis!

EDDIE Listen, I could tell you things about Louis which you wouldn't wave to him no more.

CATHERINE, *trying to joke him out of his warning:* Eddie, I wish there was one guy you couldn't tell me things about!

EDDIE Catherine, do me a favor, will you? You're gettin' to be a big girl now, you gotta keep yourself more, you can't be so friendly, kid.

Be My Baby

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

How do you think an audience would respond to this part of the play? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

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 What do you think of Mary?

Write about:

- Mary's relationship with her mother, Mrs Adams
- Mary's relationships with other characters in the play
- what happens to Mary during the play.

[20]

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 'Music is the only thing that keeps the girls happy in *Be My Baby*.' Do you agree? Give reasons for what you say. [20]

Laundry. Two weeks later. QUEENIE and MARY are washing sheets whilst DOLORES and NORMA each read from a teen annual and a medical book.

- DOLORES 'Which are the great days in a girl's life? A hard question to answer but you can be sure that on her greatest days, there will be a boy in the picture somewhere ...'
- NORMA 'The actual onset of labour is probably governed by the endocrine secretion of the posterior part of the pituitary gland.'
- DOLORES 'First Date is one of the millstones in a girl's life.'
- MARY Milestones.
- DOLORES 'The day she stops being a child and becomes a woman. This is why the first date should be a happy affair – but it won't if you go all ... all ...'
- DOLORES *shows the magazine to MARY.*
- MARY Neurotic, Doll.
- DOLORES Did you go neurotic?
- MARY No, I went dancing.
- DOLORES Me and Alfie went dancing. Round and round our yard to the wireless.
- MARY Jonathan took me to the Palais on our first date.
- DOLORES Is that where you met him?
- QUEENIE Am I the only scrubber left in this laundry?
- MARY I used to sit behind him on the bus home from work. Couldn't take my eyes off the back of his neck. Eventually he turned, walked me home and we never looked back.
- DOLORES *DOLORES returns to her book.*
- DOLORES 'Saying goodnight to your date is left to your good taste and judgement – and to the way you have been brought up.'
- NORMA 'This finally overcomes the opposite influences from the progesterone and placental hormones.'
- DOLORES 'Remember as you say goodbye and thank you that your date wants to respect you as well as like you.'
- NORMA 'And produces the rhythmic, painful contractions of labour.'
- DOLORES 'Deep inside, he wants you to reject his offer of a goodnight kiss.'
- MARY Painful?
- DOLORES 'Even if his actions may not support that idea.'
- MARY Painful like a headache? Toothache? Earache?
- QUEENIE I'll give you earache if you don't get working.
- DOLORES 'Ey, Norma? Is there owt on wind?'
- QUEENIE I've heard we're due for rain.
- DOLORES In your doctor's book. Between you and me, I've had shocking wind.
- MARY I can't stop spending a penny.
- NORMA It bears down on the bladder.
- MARY Bears down?
- NORMA The uterus.
- MARY Uterus?
- NORMA Womb.
- DOLORES You what?
- NORMA What the baby's in, look.
- NORMA *shows DOLORES a picture in the book.*

My Mother Said I Never Should

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

How do you think an audience would respond to this part of the play? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

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 Write about the relationship between Doris and her daughter, Margaret.

Think about:

- what happens when Margaret is a child
- what happens later in the play
- anything else you think is important.

[20]

Or,

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 'All four women in *My Mother Said I Never Should* are very different.' Do you agree? Give reasons for what you say. [20]

- DORIS Come along Rosie, put your anorak on.
As Doris helps Rosie into her anorak, the room is suddenly plunged into darkness
Oh!
- ROSIE I left the big torch on the landing!—Wait there, Gran.
Rosie Exits
Doris goes to the french windows
The sound of wind
- DORIS Jack? Jack ... You should see how the roses have all blown down in the garden ... crushed ... You rattle like a dry pod, now. Skin on your skull like frayed paper (*Pause*) I tried so hard, even in those last few years ... Something nourishing and not difficult to chew ... The tray pushed aside on your bed. You did that deliberately, didn't you?
The wind rattles the windows
When you died and the nurses left me alone with you, to pray I suppose, I climbed into bed beside you, yes I did, lay beside you then ... the sun was shining through the window, hot; only you were cold as ice.
Rosie enters, carrying a round wooden board and the flashlight. She swings the flashlight around the room until the beam comes to rest on Doris's face. Doris has been crying.
- ROSIE —Gran?
- DORIS Give me a minute. I'll put my hat and gloves on.
- ROSIE Gran? Hurry, what are you doing?
A car horn honks outside
- DORIS Are they waiting for us?
- ROSIE (*gently*) You haven't got any gloves ... Oh Gran. (*She goes to Doris. A split second of hesitation*)
- DORIS Don't kiss—
- ROSIE Yes!
Rosie kisses Doris. Doris strokes Rosie's hair
- DORIS Lovely hair ... mine are all old grey hairs ...
- ROSIE (*holds up the wooden board*) Look, Gran, look what I found in the spare room. What is it?
- DORIS Solitaire. Why, that was my mother's, she gave it me. It's a game. I used to sit and play it in the evenings, while Jack read the papers. You have to get rid of all the marbles from the holes in the board, until there is just one left, in the centre. Solitaire.
The car horn sounds again
- ROSIE Can we take it with us?
- DORIS Yes, if you want, Rosie.
- ROSIE Will you show me how to do it?
- DORIS If you come and visit me. Put your hood up now, it's snowing out.
Rosie takes the Solitaire board and flashlight. She swings the beam round the room one last time
They exit
The sound of wind and snow increases
Black-out

SECTION B

Answer questions on **one** text.

Silas Marner

Answer

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| 5 | 1 |
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

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 Write about the character in *Silas Marner* you have the most sympathy for. Give reasons for what you say. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

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 What do you think is the most important message in *Silas Marner*? Give reasons for what you say. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

'I wish we had a little garden, father, with double daisies in, like Mrs Winthrop's,' said Eppie, when they were out in the lane; 'only they say it 'ud take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil – and you couldn't do that, could you, father? Anyhow, I shouldn't like you to do it, for it 'ud be too hard work for you.'

'Yes, I could do it, child, if you want a bit o' garden: these long evenings, I could work at taking in a little bit o' the waste, just enough for a root or two o' flowers for you; and again, i' the morning, I could have a turn wi' the spade before I sat down to the loom. Why didn't you tell me before as you wanted a bit o' garden?'

'I can dig it for you, Master Marner,' said the young man in fustian, who was now by Eppie's side, entering into the conversation without the trouble of formalities. 'It'll be play to me after I've done my day's work, or any odd bits o' time when the work's slack. And I'll bring you some soil from Mr Cass's garden – he'll let me, and willing.'

'Eh, Aaron, my lad, are you there?' said Silas; 'I wasn't aware of you; for when Eppie's talking o' things, I see nothing but what she's a-saying. Well, if you could help me with the digging, we might get her a bit o' garden all the sooner.'

'Then, if you think well and good,' said Aaron, 'I'll come to the Stone-pits this afternoon, and we'll settle what land's to be taken in, and I'll get up an hour earlier i' the morning, and begin on it.'

'But not if you don't promise me not to work at the hard digging, father,' said Eppie. 'For I shouldn't ha' said anything about it,' she added, half bashfully, half roguishly, 'only Mrs Winthrop said as Aaron 'ud be so good and –'

'And you might ha' known it without mother telling you,' said Aaron. 'And Master Marner knows too, I hope, as I'm able and willing to do a turn o' work for him, and he won't do me the unkindness to anyways take it out o' my hands.'

'There, now, father, you won't work in it till it's all easy,' said Eppie, 'and you and me can mark out the beds, and make holes and plant the roots. It'll be a deal livelier at the Stone-pits when we've got some flowers, for I always think the flowers can see us and know what we're talking about. And I'll have a bit o' rosemary, and bergamot, and thyme, because they're so sweet-smelling; but there's no lavender; only in the gentlefolks' gardens, I think.'

'That's no reason why you shouldn't have some,' said Aaron, 'for I can bring you slips of anything; I'm forced to cut no end of 'em when I'm gardening, and throw 'em away mostly. There's a big bed o' lavender at the Red House: the missis is very fond of it.'

'Well,' said Silas, gravely, 'so as you don't make free for us, or ask for anything as is worth much at the Red House: for Mr Cass's been so good to us, and built us up the new end o' the cottage and given us beds and things, as I couldn't abide to be imposin' for garden-stuff or anything else.'

Pride and Prejudice

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

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 Write about Mrs Bennet and the way she speaks and behaves at different points in *Pride and Prejudice*. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context.

Think about:

- her relationship with Mr Bennet
- her relationships with her daughters
- anything else you think is important.

[20]

Or,

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 'Love wins in the end in *Pride and Prejudice*.' Do you agree? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

When the ladies returned to the drawing room, there was little to be done but to hear Lady Catherine talk, which she did without any intermission till coffee came in, delivering her opinion on every subject in so decisive a manner as proved that she was not used to have her judgment controverted. She enquired into Charlotte's domestic concerns familiarly and minutely, and gave her a great deal of advice, as to the management of them all; told her how every thing ought to be regulated in so small a family as her's, and instructed her as to the care of her cows and her poultry. Elizabeth found that nothing was beneath this great Lady's attention, which could furnish her with an occasion of dictating to others. In the intervals of her discourse with Mrs. Collins, she addressed a variety of questions to Maria and Elizabeth, but especially to the latter, of whose connections she knew the least, and who she observed to Mrs. Collins, was a very genteel, pretty kind of girl. She asked her at different times, how many sisters she had, whether they were older or younger than herself, whether any of them were likely to be married, whether they were handsome, where they had been educated, what carriage her father kept, and what had been her mother's maiden name?—Elizabeth felt all the impertinence of her questions, but answered them very composedly.—Lady Catherine then observed,

“Your father's estate is entailed on Mr. Collins, I think. For your sake,” turning to Charlotte, “I am glad of it; but otherwise I see no occasion for entailing estates from the female line.—It was not thought necessary in Sir Lewis de Bourgh's family.—Do you play and sing, Miss Bennet?”

“A little.”

“Oh! then—some time or other we shall be happy to hear you. Our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to—You shall try it some day.—Do your sisters play and sing?”

“One of them does.”

“Why did not you all learn?—You ought all to have learned. The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as your's.—Do you draw?”

“No, not at all.”

“What, none of you?”

“Not one.”

“That is very strange. But I suppose you had no opportunity. Your mother should have taken you to town every spring for the benefit of masters.”

“My mother would have had no objection, but my father hates London.”

“Has your governess left you?”

“We never had any governess.”

“No governess! How was that possible? Five daughters brought up at home without a governess!—I never heard of such a thing. Your mother must have been quite a slave to your education.”

Elizabeth could hardly help smiling, as she assured her that had not been the case.

A Christmas Carol

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

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 Write about Scrooge and what he shows us about Victorian society.

Think about:

- Scrooge's relationships with other characters
- Scrooge's changing attitude to Christmas
- how Scrooge speaks and behaves at different points in the novel. [20]

Or,

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 Write about some of the times when you think families are important in *A Christmas Carol*. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

They stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house-fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off; and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain.

For, the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong.

Lord of the Flies

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

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 What do you think of Jack and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in *Lord of the Flies*? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context.

You may wish to write about:

- his relationship with Ralph
- his role as leader of the hunters
- his relationships with the other boys
- anything else you think is important.

[20]

Or,

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 Write about some of the times in the novel when characters behave like savages. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Simon stayed where he was, a small brown image, concealed by the leaves. Even if he shut his eyes, the sow's head still remained like an after-image. The half-shut eyes were dim with the infinite cynicism of adult life. They assured Simon that everything was a bad business.

'I know that.'

Simon discovered that he had spoken aloud. He opened his eyes quickly and there was the head grinning amusedly in the strange daylight, ignoring the flies, the spilled guts, even ignoring the indignity of being spiked on a stick.

He looked away, licking his dry lips.

A gift for the beast. Might not the beast come for it? The head, he thought, appeared to agree with him. Run away, said the head silently, go back to the others. It was a joke really—why should you bother? You were just wrong, that's all. A little headache, something you ate, perhaps. Go back, child, said the head silently.

Simon looked up, feeling the weight of his wet hair, and gazed at the sky. Up there, for once, were clouds, great bulging towers that sprouted away over the island, grey and cream and copper-coloured. The clouds were sitting on the land; they squeezed, produced moment by moment, this close, tormenting heat. Even the butterflies deserted the open space where the obscene thing grinned and dripped. Simon lowered his head, carefully keeping his eyes shut, then sheltered them with his hand. There were no shadows under the trees but everywhere a pearly stillness, so that what was real seemed illusive and without definition. The pile of guts was a black blob of flies that buzzed like a saw. After a while these flies found Simon. Gorged, they alighted by his runnels of sweat and drank. They tickled under his nostrils and played leapfrog on his thighs. They were black and iridescent green and without number; and in front of Simon, the Lord of the Flies hung on his stick and grinned. At last Simon gave up and looked back; saw the white teeth and dim eyes, the blood—and his gaze was held by that ancient, inescapable recognition. In Simon's right temple, a pulse began to beat on the brain.

Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve

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

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

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 Write about the relationship in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* that you find the most interesting and give reasons for your choice. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

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 Write about some of the times when you think love is important in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Now I sat in the park, emperor of my eighteen years, king of the tall fading trees, big boss of the grass that was covered with a net of leaves. For the leaves were falling. Some branches already leaned nakedly into the scant oxygen – grim, wintry, and dead looking. Other trees were but lightly dressed and, minute after minute, another leaf would drop silently to the damp earth. The breeze would catch one sometimes and, instead of descending like a dead bird perpendicular to the grass, it would float in the air blown this and that way, like a child's paper aeroplane thrown, before descending unwillingly to the ground below. This was the death of leaves. Their falling was their dying. Those that came down unhindered, straight down the vertical rope of air were lucky, falling as they did, without protestation, a quick, easy, silent journey to death everlasting. But those that danced so gracefully, so lightly, so sadly to earth shouted in their untranslatable leaf-vocabulary. I was one who heard, that late autumn afternoon, their death agony. They fought against falling, even as some of us might, at night, struggle against falling in our most vivid dreams. Their descent was a cry of longing; they looked up yearningly at the branches from which they fell – not wishing to go. Like hands they dropped, yellow khaki hands, cold red hands, sinking in the air, waving goodbye, goodbye, to the branches that, already in our war weather, ached with their absence.

Near the air-raid shelters I heard, also, the waterfall crashing down into its disaster and saw, in the harp of wind, pools of rain-water trembling on the gravel pathway, reflecting shuddering fragments of sky. Pieces of sky, water, leaves, hands all fallen, falling in the convalescent sunlight. I stood up and walked out of the park, crossing the brook over the toy bridge, only stopping when I reached the street to gaze back at the distant summerhouse, at the nearer tall trees, at one more leaf, like a coloured minute, poised between high branch and grass – and I heard not one lingering cry of a child playing in that park which was made for children. I lit a cigarette, turned up the collar of my mackintosh, and strolled home that was never to be home again.

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