



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

A Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H474/02 The language of poetry and plays

Friday 8 June 2018 – Afternoon

Time allowed: 2 hours



You must have:

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet
(OCR12 sent with general stationery)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink.
- Complete the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.
- Answer **two** questions. **One** from Section A and **one** from Section B.
- Write your answers in the Answer Booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.
- Do **not** write in the barcodes.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **64**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document consists of **24** pages.

Section A – Poetry: stylistic analysis

William Blake
 Emily Dickinson
 Seamus Heaney
 Eavan Boland
 Carol Ann Duffy
 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

1 William Blake

Explore how William Blake presents ideas about the natural world in 'The Lamb' (I) and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Blake's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]**'The Lamb'**

Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
 By the stream & o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing wooly bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice:
 Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb:
 He is meek & he is mild,
 He became a little child:
 I a child & thou a lamb,
 We are called by his name.
 Little Lamb God bless thee,
 Little Lamb God bless thee.

2 Emily Dickinson

Explore how Emily Dickinson presents ideas and feelings about religious faith in 'This World is not Conclusion' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Dickinson's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'This World is not Conclusion'

This World is not Conclusion.
 A Species stands beyond –
 Invisible, as Music –
 But positive, as Sound –
 It beckons, and it baffles –
 Philosophy – don't know –
 And through a Riddle, at the last –
 Sagacity, must go –
 To guess it, puzzles scholars –
 To gain it, Men have borne
 Contempt of Generations
 And Crucifixion, shown –
 Faith slips – and laughs, and rallies –
 Blushes, if any see –
 Plucks at a twig of Evidence –
 And asks a Vane, the way –
 Much Gesture, from the Pulpit –
 Strong Hallelujahs roll –
 Narcotics cannot still the Tooth
 That nibbles at the soul –

3 Seamus Heaney

Explore how Seamus Heaney presents thoughts and feelings about sacrifice and violence in 'The Tollund Man' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Heaney's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'The Tollund Man'

I

Some day I will go to Aarhus
To see his peat-brown head,
The mild pods of his eyelids,
His pointed skin cap.

In the flat country nearby
Where they dug him out,
His last gruel of winter seeds
Caked in his stomach,

Naked except for
The cap, noose and girdle,
I will stand a long time.
Bridegroom to the goddess,

She tightened her torc on him
And opened her fen,
Those dark juices working
Him to a saint's kept body,

Trove of the turfcutters'
Honeycombed workings.
Now his stained face
Reposes at Aarhus.

5

II

I could risk blasphemy,
Consecrate the cauldron bog
Our holy ground and pray
Him to make germinate

The scattered, ambushed
Flesh of labourers,
Stockinged corpses
Laid out in the farmyards,

Tell-tale skin and teeth
Flecking the sleepers
Of four young brothers, trailed
For miles along the lines.

III

Something of his sad freedom
As he rode the tumbrel
Should come to me, driving,
Saying the names

Tollund, Grauballe, Nebelgard,
Watching the pointing hands
Of country people,
Not knowing their tongue.

Out there in Jutland
In the old man-killing parishes
I will feel lost,
Unhappy and at home.

4 Eavan Boland

Explore how Eavan Boland presents ideas about the rituals of the working day in 'From the Irish of Pangur Ban' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Boland's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'From the Irish of Pangur Ban' (for Mairin)

Myself and Pangur, cat and sage
Go each about our business;
I harass my beloved page,
He his mouse.

Fame comes second to the peace
Of study, a still day.
Unenvying, Pangur's choice
Is child's play.

Neither bored, both hone
At home a separate skill,
Moving after hours alone
To the kill.

When at last his net wraps,
After a sly fight,
Around a mouse, mine traps
Sudden insight.

On my cell wall here,
His sight fixes, burning,
Searching; my old eyes peer
At new learning,

And his delight when his claws
close on his prey
Equals mine when sudden clues
Light my way.

So we find by degrees
Peace in solitude,
Both of us, solitaires,
Have each the trade

We love: Pangur, never idle
Day or night
Hunts mice; I hunt each riddle
From dark to light.

5 Carol Ann Duffy

Explore how Carol Ann Duffy presents the physical and emotional distance between lovers in 'Ithaca' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Duffy's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'Ithaca'

And when I returned,
I pulled off my stiff and salty sailor's clothes,
slipped on the dress of the girl I was,
and slid overboard.
A mile from Ithaca, I anchored the boat.

The evening softened and spread,
the turquoise water mentioning its silver fish,
the sky stooping to hear.
My hands moved in the water, moved on the air,
the lover I was, tracing your skin, your hair,

and Ithaca there, the bronze mountains
shouldered like rough shields,
the caves, where dolphins hid,
dark pouches for jewels,
the olive trees ripening their tears in our pale fields.

Then I drifted in on a ribbon of light,
tracking the scents of rosemary, lemon, thyme,
the fragrances of your name,
which I chanted again in my heart,
like the charm it was, bringing me back

to Ithaca, all hurt zeroed now
by the harm you could do with a word,
me as hero plainly absurd,
wading in, waist-high, from the shallows at dusk,
dragging my small white boat.

6 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Explore how Jacob Sam-La Rose presents the experience of searching for answers in 'Magnitude' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Sam-La Rose's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

'Magnitude'

*when I say 'night',
it is your name I am calling,
when I say 'field',
your thousand, thousand names,
your million names.*

ARACELIS GIRMAY, 'Arroz Poetica'

I

There are a million grains in a 20 kilogram sack of rice.
Give or take. It's a hard enough number to imagine,

the kind that slips through the fingers, like digging
your hands in that same sack, trying to feel

for individuals; a number that surpasses
counting, bigger than the mind's computational eye

like the full, unending girth of sky, like death,
the kind of threshold you give up on

and take for granted. Imagine the sum
in eleven of those sacks and I'm trying to find a way

to make that number real, like how many pots and how long
it might take to cook that much rice and still retain the detail

of each swollen grain; a real, fleshy equation that might capture
the percentage of wastage, the amount that would fall

and be forgotten even while trying to keep count,
the appetite that might be necessary to take it all in.

II

In a lesson on trying to make the abstract more concrete,
one of my students, a Guyanese boy, late teens,

shares a draft in which he's counting
the breaths of a sleeping girlfriend.

He's met her father, shook his hand.
Weeks later, the girl explains

that her Akan blood arrows back up to royalty,
that the boy is the son of a slave,

that there is no future for them, only a past.
I understand that the counting makes it easier,

lends a sense of a narrative, a march into the future
of something as simple as breath, but it's not working.

As much as I try, I can't suggest anything
to make the poem any easier, until he offers his own

resolution: a memory of sitting on the seawall in Georgetown,
facing the Atlantic, following darts of sunlight riding

the backs of waves, wondering where each began,
how each follows the heels of another as they furl

towards wall or shore, how he can only understand
as much of it as his eye can drink in,

how the rest, for him, is a mystery.

Section B – Plays: dramatic and stylistic analysis

William Shakespeare: *Othello*
 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*
 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*
 Brian Friel: *Translations*
 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*
 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: *Othello*

Explore how Shakespeare presents the build-up to the murder of Desdemona in this extract from *Othello*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Enter OTHELLO, with a light, and DESDEMONA in bed.

Othello: It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
 And smooth as monumental alabaster –
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again;
 It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree.

He kisses her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one more!
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last.
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep.
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly –
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona: Who's there? Othello?

Othello: Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona: Will you come to bed, my lord?

- Othello:** Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?
- Desdemona:** Ay, my lord.
- Othello:** If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
- Desdemona:** Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
- Othello:** Well, do it, and be brief: I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No – heaven forbid! – I would not kill thy soul.
- Desdemona:** Talk you of killing?
- Othello:** Ay, I do.
- Desdemona:** Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
- Othello:** Amen, with all my heart!
- Desdemona:** If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
- Othello:** Hum!
- Desdemona:** And yet I fear you, for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.
- Othello:** Think on thy sins.
- Desdemona:** They are loves I bear to you.
- Othello:** Ay, and for that thou diest.
- Desdemona:** That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope
They do not point on me.
- Othello:** Peace, and be still!

8 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Explore how Wilde presents the discovery of ‘the hand-bag’ in this extract from *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Lady Bracknell: *(in a severe, judicial voice)*. Prism! *(Miss Prism bows her head in shame)* Come here, Prism! *(Miss Prism approaches in a humble manner)* Prism! Where is that baby? *(General consternation. The Canon starts back in horror. Algernon and Jack pretend to be anxious to shield Cecily and Gwendolen from hearing the details of a terrible public scandal)* Twenty-eight years ago, Prism, you left Lord Bracknell’s house, Number 104, Upper Grosvenor Square, in charge of a perambulator that contained a baby, of the male sex. You never returned. A few weeks later, through the elaborate investigations of the Metropolitan police, the perambulator was discovered at midnight standing by itself in a remote corner of Bayswater. It contained the manuscript of a three-volume novel of more than usually revolting sentimentality. *(Miss Prism starts in involuntary indignation)* But the baby was not there. *(Everyone looks at Miss Prism)* Prism! Where is that baby?

A pause.

Miss Prism: Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know. I only wish I did. The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is for ever branded on my memory, I prepared as usual to take the baby out in its perambulator. I had also with me a somewhat old, but capacious hand-bag in which I had intended to place the manuscript of a work of fiction that I had written during my few unoccupied hours. In a moment of mental abstraction, for which I can never forgive myself, I deposited the manuscript in the bassinette and placed the baby in the hand-bag.

Jack: *(who had been listening attentively)* But where did you deposit the hand-bag?

Miss Prism: Do not ask me, Mr Worthing.

Jack: Miss Prism, this is a matter of no small importance to me. I insist on knowing where you deposited the hand-bag that contained that infant.

Miss Prism: I left it in the cloak-room of one of the larger railway stations in London.

Jack: What railway station?

Miss Prism: *(quite crushed)* Victoria. The Brighton line. *(Sinks into a chair)*

Jack: I must retire to my room for a moment. Gwendolen, wait here for me.

Gwendolen: If you are not too long, I will wait here for you all my life.

Exit Jack in great excitement

Chasuble: What do you think this means, Lady Bracknell?

Lady Bracknell: I dare not even suspect, Dr Chasuble. I need hardly tell you that in families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur. They are hardly considered the thing.

*Noises heard overhead as if some one was throwing trunks about.
Everyone looks up*

Cecily: Uncle Jack seems strangely agitated.

Chasuble: Your guardian has a very emotional nature.

Lady Bracknell: This noise is extremely unpleasant. It sounds as if he was having an argument. I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar, and often convincing.

Chasuble: *(looking up)* It has stopped now. *(The noise is redoubled)*

Lady Bracknell: I wish he would arrive at some conclusion.

Gwendolen: This suspense is terrible. I hope it will last.

Enter Jack with a hand-bag of black leather in his hand

Jack: *(rushing over to Miss Prism)* Is this the hand-bag, Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The happiness of more than one life depends on your answer.

Miss Prism: *(calmly)* It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage, an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extravagant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years.

Jack: *(in a pathetic voice)* Miss Prism, more is restored to you than this hand-bag. I was the baby you placed in it.

Miss Prism: *(amazed)* You?

Jack: *(embracing her).* Yes—mother!

9 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Explore how Williams presents Stella and Stanley's relationship in this extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Stanley: Have you ever heard of the Napoleonic code?

Stella: No, Stanley, I haven't heard of the Napoleonic code and if I have, I don't see what it –

Stanley: Let me enlighten you on a point or two, baby.

Stella: Yes?

Stanley: In the state of Louisiana we have the Napoleonic code according to which what belongs to the wife belongs to the husband and vice versa. For instance, if I had a piece of property, or you had a piece of property –

Stella: My head is swimming!

Stanley: All right. I'll wait till she gets through soaking in a hot tub and then I'll inquire if *she* is acquainted with the Napoleonic code. It looks to me like you have been swindled, baby, and when you're swindled under the Napoleonic code I'm swindled *too*. And I don't like to be *swindled*.

Stella: There's plenty of time to ask her questions later but if you do now she'll go to pieces again. I don't understand what happened to Belle Reve but you don't know how ridiculous you are being when you suggest that my sister or I or anyone of our family could have perpetrated a swindle on anyone else.

Stanley: Then where's the money if the place was sold?

Stella: Not sold – *lost, lost!*

[He stalks into bedroom, and she follows him.]

Stanley!

[He pulls open the wardrobe trunk standing in the middle of room and jerks out an armful of dresses.]

Stanley: Open your eyes to this stuff! You think she got them out of a teacher's pay?

Stella: Hush!

Stanley: Look at these feathers and furs that she come here to preen herself in! What's this here? A solid-gold dress, I believe! And this one! What is these here? Fox-pieces! *[He blows on them.]* Genuine fox fur-pieces, a half a mile long! Where are your fox-pieces, Stella? Bushy snow-white ones, no less! Where are your white fox-pieces?

- Stella:** Those are inexpensive summer furs that Blanche has had a long time.
- Stanley:** I got an acquaintance who deals in this sort of merchandise. I'll have him in here to appraise it. I'm willing to bet you there's thousands of dollars invested in this stuff here!
- Stella:** Don't be such an idiot, Stanley!
- [He hurls the furs to the daybed. Then he jerks open a small drawer in the trunk and pulls up a fistful of costume jewellery.]*
- Stanley:** And what have we here? The treasure chest of a pirate!
- Stella:** Oh, Stanley!
- Stanley:** Pearls! Ropes of them! What is this sister of yours, a deep-sea diver who brings up sunken treasures? Or is she the champion safe-cracker of all time! Bracelets of solid gold, too! Where are your pearls and gold bracelets?
- Stella:** Shhh! Be still, Stanley!
- Stanley:** And diamonds! A crown for an empress!
- Stella:** A rhinestone tiara she wore to a costume ball.
- Stanley:** What's rhinestone?
- Stella:** Next door to glass.
- Stanley:** Are you kidding? I have an acquaintance that works in a jewellery store. I'll have him in here to make an appraisal of this. Here's your plantation, or what was left of it, here!
- Stella:** You have no idea how stupid and horrid you're being! Now close that trunk before she comes out of the bathroom!
- [He kicks the trunk partly closed and sits on the kitchen table.]*
- Stanley:** The Kowalskis and the DuBois have different notions.
- Stella:** *[angrily]* Indeed they have, thank heavens! – I'm going outside. *[She snatches up her white hat and gloves and crosses to the outside door.]* You come out with me while Blanche is getting dressed.
- Stanley:** Since when do you give me orders?
- Stella:** Are you going to stay here and insult her?
- Stanley:** You're damn tootin' I'm going to stay here.

10 Brian Friel: *Translations*

Explore how Friel presents the communication between Maire and Yolland in this extract from *Translations*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Maire: What-what?

Yolland: Sorry-sorry? (*He points to himself again.*) George.

(MAIRE *nods*: Yes-yes. *Then points to herself.*)

Maire: Maire.

Yolland: Yes, I know you're Maire. Of course I know you're Maire. I mean I've been watching you night and day for the past ...

Maire: (*Eagerly*) What-what?

Yolland: (*Points*) Maire. (*Points*) George. (*Points both*) Maire and George.

(MAIRE *nods*: Yes-yes-yes.)

I—I—I—

Maire: Say anything at all. I love the sound of your speech.

Yolland: (*Eagerly*) Sorry-sorry?

(*In acute frustration he looks around, hoping for some inspiration that will provide him with communicative means. Now he has a thought: he tries raising his voice and articulating in a staccato style and with equal and absurd emphasis on each word.*)

Every-morning-I-see-you-feeding-brown-hens-and-giving-meal-to-black-calf—(*The futility of it.*)—O my God.

(MAIRE *smiles*. *She moves towards him. She will try to communicate in Latin.*)

Maire: *Tu es centurio in—in—in exercitu Britannico—*

Yolland: Yes-yes? Go on—go on—say anything at all—I love the sound of your speech.

Maire: —*et es in castris quae—quae—quae sunt in agro—*(*The futility of it.*)—O my God.

(YOLLAND *smiles*. *He moves towards her. Now for her English words.*) George—water.

Yolland: 'Water'? Water! Oh yes—water—water—very good—water—good—good.

Maire: Fire.

Yolland: Fire—indeed—wonderful—fire, fire, fire—splendid—splendid!

Maire: Ah ... ah ...

Yolland: Yes? Go on.

Maire: Earth.

Yolland: ‘Earth’?

Maire: Earth. Earth.

(YOLLAND still does not understand.

MAIRE stoops down and picks up a handful of clay. Holding it out)

Earth.

Yolland: Earth! Of course—earth! Earth. Earth. Good Lord, Maire, your English is perfect!

Maire: *(Eagerly)* What-what?

Yolland: Perfect English. English perfect.

Maire: George—

Yolland: That’s beautiful—oh that’s really beautiful.

Maire: George—

Yolland: Say it again—say it again—

Maire: Shhh. *(She holds her hand up for silence—she is trying to remember her one line of English. Now she remembers it and she delivers the line as if English were her language—easily, fluidly, conversationally.)*

George, in Norfolk we besport ourselves around the maypoll.

Yolland: Good God, do you? That’s where my mother comes from—Norfolk. Norwich actually. Not exactly Norwich town but a small village called Little Walsingham close beside it. But in our own village of Winfarthing we have a maypole too and every year on the first of May—*(He stops abruptly, only now realising. He stares at her. She in turn misunderstands his excitement.)*

Maire: *(To herself)* Mother of God, my Aunt Mary wouldn’t have taught me something dirty, would she?

(Pause.

YOLLAND extends his hand to MAIRE. She turns away from him and moves slowly across the stage.)

Yolland: Maire.

(She still moves away.)

Yolland: Maire Chatach.

(She still moves away.)

Yolland: Bun na hAbhann? (*He says the name softly, almost privately, very tentatively, as if he were searching for a sound she might respond to. He tries again.*) Druim Dubh?

(MAIRE stops. She is listening. YOLLAND is encouraged.)

Poll na gCaorach. Lis Maol.

(MAIRE turns towards him.)

Lis na nGall.

Maire: Lis na nGradh.

(*They are now facing each other and begin moving—almost imperceptibly—towards one another.*)

Maire: Carraig an Phoill.

Yolland: Carraig na Ri. Loch na nEan.

Maire: Loch an Iubhair. Machaire Buidhe.

Yolland: Machaire Mor. Cnoc na Mona.

Maire: Cnoc na nGabhar.

Yolland: Mullach.

Maire: Port.

Yolland: Tor.

Maire: Lag. (*She holds out her hands to YOLLAND. He takes them. Each now speaks almost to himself/herself.*)

Yolland: I wish to God you could understand me.

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Question 11 begins on page 20

11 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*

Explore how Wertenbaker presents the discussion about punishment of the convicts in this extract from *Our Country's Good*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Punishment

Sydney Cove. Governor Arthur Phillip, Judge David Collins, Captain Watkin Tench, Midshipman Harry Brewer. The men are shooting birds.

Phillip: Was it necessary to cross fifteen thousand miles of ocean to erect another Tyburn?

Tench: I should think it would make the convicts feel at home.

Collins: This land is under English law. The court found them guilty and sentenced them accordingly. There; a bald-eyed corella.

Phillip: But hanging?

Collins: Only the three who were found guilty of stealing from the colony's stores. And that, over there on the Eucalyptus, is a flock of 'cacatua galerita' – the sulphur-crested cockatoo. You have been made Governor-in-Chief of a paradise of birds, Arthur.

Phillip: And I hope not of a human hell, Davey. Don't shoot yet, Watkin, let's observe them. Could we not be more humane?

Tench: Justice and humaneness have never gone hand in hand. The law is not a sentimental comedy.

Phillip: I am not suggesting they go without punishment. It is the spectacle of hanging I object to. The convicts will feel nothing has changed and will go back to their old ways.

Tench: The convicts never left their old ways, Governor, nor do they intend to.

Phillip: Three months is not long enough to decide that. You're speaking too loud, Watkin.

Collins: I commend your endeavour to oppose the baneful influence of vice with the harmonising arts of civilisation, Governor, but I suspect your edifice will collapse without the mortar of fear.

Phillip: Have these men lost all fear of being flogged?

Collins: John Arscott has already been sentenced to 150 lashes for assault.

Tench: The shoulder-blades are exposed at about 100 lashes and I would say that somewhere between 250 and 500 lashes you are probably condemning a man to death anyway.

Collins: With the disadvantage that the death is slow, unobserved and cannot serve as a sharp example.

Phillip: Harry?

Harry: The convicts laugh at hangings, Sir. They watch them all the time.

Tench: It's their favourite form of entertainment, I should say.

Phillip: Perhaps because they've never been offered anything else.

Tench: Perhaps we should build an opera house for the convicts.

Phillip: We learned to love such things because they were offered to us when we were children or young men. Surely no one is born naturally cultured? I'll have the gun now.

Collins: We don't even have any books here, apart from the odd play and a few Bibles. And most of the convicts can't read, so let us return to the matter in hand, which is the punishment of the convicts, not their education.

12 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Explore how Butterworth presents Johnny's storytelling in this extract from *Jerusalem*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Johnny: You don't want to believe everything you hear, now, girls. There's some men'll tell you anything to get you to believe it. I never jumped Stonehenge. But I once met a giant that built Stonehenge.

Ginger: Oh, really. And where was that?

Johnny: Just off the A14 outside Upavon. About half a mile from the Little Chef. I'd been up for three days and nights straight, playing canasta with these old ladies in a retirement home outside Wootton Bassett. They were extremely good players. They bled me white. I didn't even have the money left for half a gallon of two star to fill the bike to get me home. So I set off from Wootton round midnight, and I ran out of petrol outside Wilcot, three, four in the morning. It's a good job too because after three nights drinking neat Drambuie with nothing but custard creams to soak it up, I was too fussy to ride it. So I pushes it through the night all the way from Wilcot to Potterne. And coming down the hill into the town, I peered over the hedge – squinted a bit, I was a bit bleary, see – and there he was sitting on the bluff. Gazing out over the land, watching the sun rise.

Davey: Hang on. When you say 'giant'. Do you mean big bloke, or, like, giant. I mean, how tall was he?

Johnny: It's hard to say exactly because he was sitting down. I'd have to guess. Maybe forty, forty-five feet seated. So ninety, a hundred foot. Give or take.

Ginger: Ninety feet tall.

Johnny: Give or take. So I got off my bike and went over, and we got to chatting.

Ginger: What did you chat about?

Johnny: This and that. The weather mostly.

Ginger: The weather.

Johnny: He thought it was going to be a dry summer. I thought not. He said he'd walked from Land's End that very morning, and there was sand on the beach at the Lizard. And if there's sand on the Lizard 1st April, the summer'll be dry. Turned out it was complete bollocks. He's was completely wrong. He didn't know what the fuck he was talking about. Rained clean through July and August. But in passing, he did mention he built Stonehenge.

Ginger: Stonehenge. He built Stonehenge.

Johnny: He didn't make no song and dance about it. He just pointed over yonder, said, 'See that over there. I done that.'

Ginger: 'I built Stonehenge.'

Johnny: That's if you believe him. It could be bullshit.

Ginger: Could it.

Johnny: I don't suppose there's any reason for him to make something like that up.

Ginger: Why would you? What's the fucking point?

Johnny: Then he said, 'Well, whatever's coming, this is one beautiful morning.' And he stood up, and he said, 'I've got something for you.' And he went to his right ear, and hanging from it was this golden drum. Big as a kettle drum. He said, 'This is for you. If you ever get in any bother, or you need a hand, just bang this drum and us, the giants, we'll hear it, and we'll come.' Then he headed off down the vale, and I watched him walk clean across the land, north towards the motorway, until he was off in the distance like a pylon.

END OF QUESTION PAPER

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