



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

# AS Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

**H074/02** The language of literary texts  
Question Paper

**Wednesday 16 May 2018 – Morning**

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**

**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 **one** question from Section A and **one** from Section B.
- Write your answer to each question 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 **50**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
- This document consists of **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.



### Section A – The language of prose

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*  
 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*  
 Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*  
 Arundhati Roy: *The God of Small Things*  
 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*  
 Jhumpa Lahiri: *The Namesake*

Answer **one** question from **this section** on your **chosen prose text**. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

#### 1 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

Write about the ways in which Charlotte Brontë tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

A new chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play; and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large figured papering on the walls as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantel-piece, such prints; including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe. All this is visible to you by the light of an oil-lamp hanging from the ceiling, and by that of an excellent fire, near which I sit in my cloak and bonnet; my muff and umbrella lie on the table, and I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours' exposure to the rawness of an October day: I left Lowton at four o'clock P.M., and the Millcote town clock is now just striking eight.

Reader, though I look comfortably accommodated, I am not very tranquil in my mind. I thought when the coach stopped here there would be some one to meet me; I looked anxiously round as I descended the wooden steps the "boots" placed for my convenience, expecting to hear my name pronounced, and to see some description of carriage waiting to convey me to Thornfield. Nothing of the sort was visible; and when I asked a waiter if any one had been to inquire after a Miss Eyre, I was answered in the negative: so I had no resource but to request to be shown into a private room: and here I am waiting, while all sorts of doubts and fears are troubling my thoughts.

It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth to feel itself quite alone in the world: cut adrift from every connection; uncertain whether the port to which it is bound can be reached, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation, the glow of pride warms it; but then the throb of fear disturbs it; and fear with me became predominant, when half an hour elapsed and still I was alone. I bethought myself to ring the bell.

"Is there a place in this neighbourhood called Thornfield?" I asked of the waiter who answered the summons.

"Thornfield? I don't know, ma'am; I'll inquire at the bar." He vanished, but reappeared instantly:—

"Is your name Eyre, Miss?"

"Yes."

"Person here waiting for you."

I jumped up, took my muff and umbrella, and hastened into the inn-passage: a man was standing by the open door, and in the lamp-lit street, I dimly saw a one-horse conveyance.

"This will be your luggage, I suppose?" said the man rather abruptly when he saw me, pointing to my trunk in the passage.

"Yes." He hoisted it on to the vehicle, which was a sort of car, and then I got in: before he shut me up, I asked him how far it was to Thornfield.

“A matter of six miles.”

“How long shall we be before we get there?”

“Happen an hour and a half.”

He fastened the car door, climbed to his own seat outside, and we set off. Our progress was leisurely, and gave me ample time to reflect: I was content to be at length so near the end of my journey; and as I leaned back in the comfortable though not elegant conveyance, I meditated much at my ease.

## 2 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

Write about the ways in which F Scott Fitzgerald tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran towards the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sundials and brick walks and burning gardens – finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of french windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty, with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body – he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage – a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked – and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

‘Now, don’t think my opinion on these matters is final,’ he seemed to say, ‘just because I’m stronger and more of a man than you are.’ We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

‘I’ve got a nice place here,’ he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

‘It belonged to Demaine, the oil man.’ He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. ‘We’ll go inside.’

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-coloured space, fragilely bound into the house by french windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-coloured rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

**3 Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart***

Write about the ways in which Chinua Achebe tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre.

**[25]**

C Achebe, 'Things Fall Apart', pp84-85, Heinemann International Literature, 1986. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

#### 4 Arundhati Roy: *The God of Small Things*

Write about the ways in which Arundhati Roy tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

The house itself looked empty. The doors and windows were locked. The front verandah bare. Unfurnished. But the skyblue Plymouth with chrome tailfins was still parked outside, and inside, Baby Kochamma was still alive.

She was Rahel's baby grand aunt, her grandfather's younger sister. Her name was really Navomi, Navomi Ipe, but everybody called her Baby. She became Baby Kochamma when she was old enough to be an aunt. Rahel hadn't come to see her, though. Neither niece nor baby grand aunt laboured under any illusions on that account. Rahel had come to see her brother, Estha. They were two-egg twins. 'Dizygotic' doctors called them. Born from separate but simultaneously fertilized eggs, Estha – Esthappen – was the older by eighteen minutes.

They never did look much like each other, Estha and Rahel, and even when they were thin-armed children, flat-chested, worm-ridden and Elvis Presley-puffed, there was none of the usual 'Who is who?' and 'Which is which?' from oversmiling relatives or the Syrian Orthodox Bishops who frequently visited the Ayemenem house for donations.

The confusion lay in a deeper, more secret place.

In those early amorphous years when memory had only just begun, when life was full of Beginnings and no Ends, and Everything was For Ever, Esthappen and Rahel thought of themselves together as Me, and separately, individually, as We or Us. As though they were a rare breed of Siamese twins, physically separate, but with joint identities.

Now, these years later, Rahel has a memory of waking up one night giggling at Estha's funny dream.

She has other memories too that she has no right to have.

She remembers, for instance (though she hadn't been there), what the Orangedrink Lemondrink Man did to Estha in Abhilash Talkies. She remembers the taste of the tomato sandwiches – *Estha's* sandwiches, that *Estha* ate – on the Madras Mail to Madras.

And these are only the small things.

Anyway, now she thinks of Estha and Rahel as *Them*, because separately, the two of them are no longer what *They* were or ever thought *They'd* be.

Ever.

Their lives have a size and a shape now. Estha has his and Rahel hers.

Edges, Borders, Boundaries, Brinks and Limits have appeared like a team of trolls on their separate horizons. Short creatures with long shadows, patrolling the Blurry End. Gentle half-moons have gathered under their eyes and they are as old as Ammu was when she died. Thirty-one.

Not old.

Not young.

But a viable die-able age.

## 5 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

Write about the ways in which Ian McEwan tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

She wrote, 'There was an old lady who swallowed a fly.'

Surely it was not too childish to say there had to be a story; and this was the story of a man whom everybody liked, but about whom the heroine always had her doubts, and finally she was able to reveal that he was the incarnation of evil. But wasn't she – that was, Briony the writer – supposed to be so worldly now as to be above such nursery-tale ideas as good and evil? There must be some lofty, god-like place from which all people could be judged alike, not pitted against each other, as in some lifelong hockey match, but seen noisily jostling together in all their glorious imperfection. If such a place existed, she was not worthy of it. She could never forgive Robbie his disgusting mind.

Trapped between the urge to write a simple diary account of her day's experiences, and the ambition to make something greater of them that would be polished, self-contained and obscure, she sat for many minutes frowning at her sheet of paper and its infantile quotation and did not write another word. Actions she thought she could describe well enough, and she had the hang of dialogue. She could do the woods in winter, and the grimness of a castle wall. But how to do feelings? All very well to write, *She felt sad*, or describe what a sad person might do, but what of sadness itself, how was that put across so it could be felt in all its lowering immediacy? Even harder was the threat, or the confusion of feeling contradictory things. Pen in hand, she stared across the room towards her hard-faced dolls, the estranged companions of a childhood she considered closed. It was a chilly sensation, growing up. She would never sit on Emily's or Cecilia's lap again, or only as a joke. Two summers ago, on her eleventh birthday, her parents, brother and sister and a fifth person she could not remember had taken her out onto the lawn and tossed her in a blanket eleven times, and then once for luck. Could she trust it now, the hilarious freedom of the upward flight, the blind trust in the kindly grip of adult wrists, when the fifth person could so easily have been Robbie?

At the sound of the soft clearing of a female throat, she looked up, startled. It was Lola. She was leaning apologetically into the room, and as soon as their eyes met she tapped the door gently with her knuckles.

'Can I come in?'

She came in anyway, her movements somewhat restricted by the blue satin sheath dress she wore. Her hair was loose and she was barefoot. As she approached, Briony put away her pen and covered her sentence with the corner of a book. Lola sat herself down on the edge of the bed and blew dramatically through her cheeks. It was as though they had always had a sisterly end-of-day chat.

'I've had the most appalling evening.'

When Briony was obliged by her cousin's fierce stare to raise an eyebrow, she continued, 'The twins have been torturing me.'

She thought it was a figure of speech until Lola twisted her shoulder to reveal, high on her arm, a long scratch.

'How awful!'

## 6 Jhumpa Lahiri: *The Namesake*

Write about the ways in which Jhumpa Lahiri tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

“What in the world made your parents choose that name?” Donald wants to know.

He thinks back to the story he cannot bring himself to tell these people, at once as vivid and as elusive as it’s always been: the capsized train in the middle of the night, his father’s arm sticking through a window, the crumpled page of a book clutched in his fist. It’s a story he’d told Moushumi, in the months after they’d first met. He’d told her of the accident, and then he’d told her about the night his father had told him, in the driveway at Pemberton Road. He’d confessed to her that he still felt guilty at times for changing his name, more so now that his father was dead. And she’d assured him that it was understandable, that anyone in his place would have done the same. But now it’s become a joke to her. Suddenly he regrets having ever told Moushumi; he wonders whether she’ll proclaim the story of his father’s accident to the table as well. By morning, half the people in the room will have forgotten. It will be a tiny, odd fact about him, an anecdote, perhaps, for a future dinner party. This is what upsets him most.

“My father was a fan,” he says finally.

“Then maybe we should call the baby Verdi,” Donald muses, just as the opera surges to its closing bars, and the tape ends with a click.

“You’re not helping,” Astrid says, petulant, kissing Donald on the nose. Gogol watches them, knowing that it’s all in jest—they’re not the type to do something so impulsive, so naive, to blunder, as his own parents had done.

“Relax,” Edith says. “The perfect name will come to you in time.”

Which is when Gogol announces, “There’s no such thing.”

“No such thing as what?” Astrid says.

“There’s no such thing as a perfect name. I think that human beings should be allowed to name themselves when they turn eighteen,” he adds. “Until then, pronouns.”

People shake their heads dismissively. Moushumi shoots him a look that he ignores. The salad is served. The conversation takes a new turn, carries on without him. And yet he can’t help but recall a novel he’d once picked up from the pile on Moushumi’s side of the bed, an English translation of something French, in which the main characters were simply referred to, for hundreds of pages, as He and She. He had read it in a matter of hours, oddly relieved that the names of the characters were never revealed. It had been an unhappy love story. If only his own life were so simple.

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## Section B – The language of poetry

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

Answer **one** question from **this section** on your **chosen poetry text**. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

## 7 William Blake

Compare the ways Blake uses language and poetic techniques in ‘The Lamb’ (*Innocence*) and ‘The Tyger’ (*Experience*).

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

‘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.

## 'The Tyger'

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## 8 Emily Dickinson

Compare the ways Dickinson uses language and poetic techniques in 'Going to Heaven!' and 'This World is not Conclusion'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'Going to Heaven'

Going to Heaven!  
 I don't know when –  
 Pray do not ask me how!  
 Indeed I'm too astonished  
 To think of answering you!  
 Going to Heaven!  
 How dim it sounds!  
 And yet it will be done  
 As sure as flocks go home at night  
 Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!  
 Who knows?  
 If you should get there first  
 Save just a little space for me  
 Close to the two I lost –  
 The smallest "Robe" will fit me  
 And just a bit of "Crown" –  
 For you know we do not mind our dress  
 When we are going home –

I'm glad I don't believe it  
 For it would stop my breath –  
 And I'd like to look a little more  
 At such a curious Earth!  
 I'm glad they did believe it  
 Whom I have never found  
 Since the mighty Autumn afternoon  
 I left them in the ground.

'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 –

## 9 Seamus Heaney

Compare the ways Heaney uses language and poetic techniques in 'Oysters' and 'A Kite for Michael and Christopher'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'Oysters'

Our shells clacked on the plates.  
My tongue was a filling estuary,  
My palate hung with starlight:  
As I tasted the salty Pleiades  
Orion dipped his foot into the water.

Alive and violated  
They lay on their beds of ice:  
Bivalves: the split bulb  
And philandering sigh of ocean.  
Millions of them ripped and shucked and scattered.

We had driven to that coast  
Through flowers and limestone  
And there we were, toasting friendship,  
Laying down a perfect memory  
In the cool of thatch and crockery.

Over the Alps, packed deep in hay and snow,  
The Romans hauled their oysters south to Rome:  
I saw damp panniers disgorge  
The frond-lipped, brine-stung  
Glut of privilege

And was angry that my trust could not repose  
In the clear light, like poetry or freedom  
Leaning in from sea. I ate the day  
Deliberately, that its tang  
Might quicken me all into verb, pure verb.

'A Kite for Michael and Christopher'

All through that Sunday afternoon  
a kite flew above Sunday,  
a tightened drumhead, a flitter of blown chaff.

I'd seen it grey and slippy in the making,  
I'd tapped it when it dried out white and stiff,  
I'd tied the bows of newspaper  
along its six-foot tail.

But now it was far up like a small black lark  
and now it dragged as if the bellied string  
were a wet rope hauled upon  
to lift a shoal.

My friend says that the human soul  
is about the weight of a snipe,  
yet the soul at anchor there,  
the string that sags and ascends,  
weighs like a furrow assumed into the heavens.

Before the kite plunges down into the wood  
and this line goes useless  
take in your two hands, boys, and feel  
the strumming, rooted, long-tailed pull of grief.  
You were born fit for it.  
Stand in here in front of me  
and take the strain.

## 10 Eavan Boland

Compare the ways Boland uses language and poetic techniques in 'An Irish Childhood in England: 1951' and 'The Black Lace Fan My Mother Gave Me'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'An Irish Childhood in England: 1951'

The bickering of vowels on the buses,  
the clicking thumbs and the big hips of  
the navy-skirted ticket collectors with  
their crooked seams brought it home to me:  
Exile. Ration-book pudding.  
Bowls of dripping and the fixed smile  
of the school pianist playing 'Iolanthe',  
'Land of Hope and Glory' and 'John Peel'.

I didn't know what to hold, to keep.  
At night, filled with some malaise  
of love for what I'd never known I had,  
I fell asleep and let the moment pass.  
The passing moment has become a night  
of clipped shadows, freshly painted houses,  
the garden eddying in dark and heat,  
my children half-awake, half-asleep.

Airless, humid dark. Leaf-noise.  
The stirrings of a garden before rain.  
A hint of storm behind the risen moon.  
We are what we have chosen. Did I choose to? –  
in a strange city, in another country,  
on nights in a north-facing bedroom,  
waiting for the sleep that never did  
restore me as I'd hoped to what I'd lost –

let the world I knew become the space  
between the words that I had by heart  
and all the other speech that always was  
becoming the language of the country that  
I came to in nineteen-fifty-one:  
barely-gelled, a freckled six-year-old,  
overdressed and sick on the plane  
when all of England to an Irish child

was nothing more than what you'd lost and how:  
was the teacher in the London convent who  
when I produced 'I amn't' in the classroom  
turned and said – 'you're not in Ireland now'.

‘The Black Lace Fan My Mother Gave Me’

It was the first gift he ever gave her,  
buying it for five francs in the Galeries  
in pre-war Paris. It was stifling.  
A starless drought made the nights stormy.

They stayed in the city for the summer.  
They met in cafés. She was always early.  
He was late. That evening he was later.  
They wrapped the fan. He looked at his watch.

She looked down the Boulevard des Capucines.  
She ordered more coffee. She stood up.  
The streets were emptying. The heat was killing.  
She thought the distance smelled of rain and lightning.

These are wild roses, appliqued on silk by hand,  
darkly picked, stitched boldly, quickly.  
The rest is tortoiseshell and has the reticent,  
clear patience of its element. It is

a worn-out, underwater bullion and it keeps,  
even now, an inference of its violation.  
The lace is overcast as if the weather  
it opened for and offset had entered it.

The past is an empty café terrace.  
An airless dusk before thunder. A man running.  
And no way now to know what happened then –  
none at all – unless, of course, you improvise:

The blackbird on this first sultry morning,  
in summer, finding buds, worms, fruit,  
feels the heat. Suddenly she puts out her wing –  
the whole, full, flirtatious span of it.

**11 Carol Ann Duffy**

Compare the ways Duffy uses language and poetic techniques in 'Hour' and 'Grief'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'Hour'

Love's time's beggar, but even a single hour,  
bright as a dropped coin, makes love rich.  
We find an hour together, spend it not on flowers  
or wine, but the whole of the summer sky and a grass ditch.

For thousands of seconds we kiss; your hair  
like treasure on the ground; the Midas light  
turning your limbs to gold. Time slows, for here  
we are millionaires, backhanding the night

so nothing dark will end our shining hour,  
no jewel hold a candle to the cuckoo spit  
hung from the blade of grass at your ear,  
no chandelier or spotlight see you better lit

than here. Now. Time hates love, wants love poor,  
but love spins gold, gold, gold from straw.

## 'Grief'

Grief, your gift, unwrapped,  
my empty hands made heavy,  
holding when they held you  
like an ache; unlooked for,  
though my eyes stare inward now  
at where you were, my star, my star;  
and undeserved, the perfect choice  
for one with everything, humbling  
my heart; unwanted, too, my small voice  
lost for words to thank you with; unusual,  
how it, given, grows to fill a day, a night,  
a week, a month, teaching its text,  
love's spinster twin, my head bowed,  
learning, learning; understood.

## 12 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Compare the ways Sam-La Rose uses language and poetic techniques in ‘Song for a Spent 100w Bulb’ and ‘A Spell for Forgetting a Father’.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

‘Song for a Spent 100w Bulb’

Too bright to live long,  
 too costly, my mother feared  
 your appetite, guzzling the mains,  
 hung from the ceiling, little sun  
 I rhymed into, close as I could stand,  
 imagining the bulbed head of a mic,  
 searing fistful of feverish light  
 against my face – suddenly emptied,  
 plinked out, no longer able to beat back  
 the dark, capable only of cooling  
 after-image, of dying  
 memory, milky glass shell  
 and filament jangle, capable  
 of being held, of being rolled  
 in a boy’s hot palm, singing  
 one soft, blind note.

'A Spell for Forgetting a Father'

*He was whole years, Son  
& even at this moment,  
he walks through your face*

TERRANCE HAYES

'Mother to Son' (*Hip Logic*)

For this spell you will need candles, feathers  
and your own strong head for heights.

Find a place in full view of the sun. Before dawn,  
inscribe your father's name on each candle. Light them

while repeating your own name under your breath.  
Wax each feather's nib; lay them on the ground

to form a pair of wings. Your wings can be as ornate  
or as simple as you wish. Keep the largest feather in hand.

As the sun's light strengthens, lie back so the wings  
meet your shoulders. Imagine them powerful, beating

against air, lifting your full weight. Hold the largest feather  
above you so its shadow falls on your face; say

*as I release you  
so you release me.*

Let the feather fall. When you are finished  
leave that feather on the ground. Bury the rest.

**END OF QUESTION PAPER**





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