



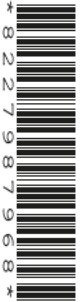
Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Friday 09 October 2020 – Afternoon**

**AS Level English Language and Literature (EMC)**

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

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**You must have:**

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet

**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Use black ink.
- Write your answer to each question in the Answer Booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Fill in the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.
- Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** in Section B.

**INFORMATION**

- The total mark for this paper is **50**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
- This document has **24** pages.

**ADVICE**

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

## 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]

My seat, to which Bessie and the bitter Miss Abbot had left me riveted, was a low ottoman near the marble chimney-piece; the bed rose before me; to my right hand there was the high, dark wardrobe, with subdued, broken reflections varying the gloss of its panels; to my left were the muffled windows; a great looking-glass between them repeated the vacant majesty of the bed and room. I was not quite sure whether they had locked the door; and, when I dared move, I got up and went to see. Alas! yes: no jail was ever more secure. Returning, I had to cross before the looking-glass; my fascinated glance involuntarily explored the depth it revealed. All looked colder and darker in that visionary hollow than in reality: and the strange little figure there gazing at me, with a white face and arms specking the gloom, and glittering eyes of fear moving where all else was still, had the effect of a real spirit: I thought it like one of the tiny phantoms, half fairy, half imp, Bessie's evening stories represented as coming out of lone, ferny dells in moors, and appearing before the eyes of belated travellers. I returned to my stool.

Superstition was with me at that moment; but it was not yet her hour for complete victory: my blood was still warm; the mood of the revolted slave was still bracing me with its bitter vigour; I had to stem a rapid rush of retrospective thought before I quailed to the dismal present.

All John Reed's violent tyrannies, all his sisters' proud indifference, all his mother's aversion, all the servants' partiality, turned up in my disturbed mind like a dark deposit in a turbid well. Why was I always suffering, always browbeaten, always accused, for ever condemned? Why could I never please? Why was it useless to try to win any one's favour? Eliza, who was headstrong and selfish, was respected. Georgiana, who had a spoiled temper, a very acrid spite, a captious and insolent carriage, was universally indulged. Her beauty, her pink cheeks and golden curls, seemed to give delight to all who looked at her, and to purchase indemnity for every fault. John, no one thwarted, much less punished; though he twisted the necks of the pigeons, killed the little pea-chicks, set the dogs at the sheep, stripped the hothouse vines of their fruit, and broke the buds off the choicest plants in the conservatory: he called his mother "old girl," too; sometimes reviled her for her dark skin, similar to his own; bluntly disregarded her wishes; not unfrequently tore and spoiled her silk attire; and he was still "her own darling." I dared commit no fault: I strove to fulfil every duty; and I was termed naughty and tiresome, sullen and sneaking, from morning to noon, and from noon to night.

My head still ached and bled with the blow and fall I had received: no one had reproved John for wantonly striking me; and because I had turned against him to avert farther irrational violence, I was loaded with general opprobrium.

## 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]

'Don't you call me "old sport"!' cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. 'Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfshiem scared him into shutting his mouth.'

That unfamiliar yet recognizable look was back again in Gatsby's face.

'That drug-store business was just small change,' continued Tom slowly, 'but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about.'

I glanced at Daisy, who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband, and at Jordan, who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby – and was startled at his expression. He looked – and this is said in all contempt for the babbled slander of his garden – as if he had 'killed a man'. For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.

It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying everything, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, undesperingly, toward that lost voice across the room.

The voice begged again to go.

'Please, Tom! I can't stand this any more.'

Her frightened eyes told that whatever intentions, whatever courage she had had, were definitely gone.

'You two start on home, Daisy,' said Tom. 'In Mr Gatsby's car.'

She looked at Tom, alarmed now, but he insisted with magnanimous scorn.

'Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over.'

They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts, even from our pity.

After a moment Tom got up and began wrapping the unopened bottle of whisky in the towel.

'Want any of this stuff? Jordan?...Nick?'

I didn't answer.

'Nick?' He asked again.

'What?'

'Want any?'

'No...I just remembered that today's my birthday.'

I was thirty. Before me stretched the portentous, menacing road of a new decade.

It was seven o'clock when we got into the coupé with him and started for Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting and laughing, but his voice was as remote from Jordan and me as the foreign clamour on the sidewalk or the tumult of the elevated overhead. Human sympathy has its limits, and we were content to let all their tragic arguments fade with the city lights behind. Thirty – the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know, a thinning brief-case of enthusiasm, thinning hair. But there was Jordan beside me, who, unlike Daisy, was too wise ever to carry well-forgotten dreams from age to age. As we passed over the dark bridge her wan face fell lazily against my coat's shoulder and the formidable stroke of thirty died away with the reassuring pressure of her hand.

So we drove on toward death through the cooling twilight.

### 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]**

Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart*, pp42-43, first published 1958. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions. Link to material: [https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=CGaDj8r13WcC&printsec=frontcover&dq=things+fall+apart&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwiSvJ3BwJ\\_sAhXXThUIHaABAeAQ6AEwAHoECAIQAg#v=onepage&q=things%20fall%20apart&f=false](https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=CGaDj8r13WcC&printsec=frontcover&dq=things+fall+apart&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwiSvJ3BwJ_sAhXXThUIHaABAeAQ6AEwAHoECAIQAg#v=onepage&q=things%20fall%20apart&f=false)

#### 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]

On the roof of the abandoned factory, the lonely drummer drummed. A gauze door slammed. A mouse rushed across the factory floor. Cobwebs sealed old pickle vats. Empty, all but one – in which a small heap of congealed white dust lay. Bone dust from a Bar Nowl. Long dead. Pickledowl.

In answer to Sophie Mol's question: *Chacko, where do old birds go to die? Why don't dead ones fall like stones from the sky?*

Asked on the evening of the day she arrived. She was standing on the edge of Baby Kochamma's ornamental pond looking up at the kites wheeling in the sky.

Sophie Mol. Hatted, bellbottomed and Loved from the Beginning.

Margaret Kochamma (because she knew that when you travel to the Heart of Darkness (b) *Anything can Happen to Anyone*) called her in to have her regimen of pills. Filaria. Malaria. Diarrhoea. She had no prophylaxis, unfortunately, for Death by Drowning.

Then it was time for dinner.

'Supper, silly,' Sophie Mol said when Estha was sent to call her.

At *supper silly*, the children sat at a separate smaller table. Sophie Mol, with her back to the grown ups, made gruesome faces at the food. Every mouthful she ate was displayed to her admiring younger cousins, half-chewed, mulched, lying on her tongue like fresh vomit.

When Rahel did the same, Ammu saw her and took her to bed.

Ammu tucked her naughty daughter in and switched off the light. Her good-night kiss left no spit on Rahel's cheek and Rahel could tell that she wasn't really angry.

'You're not angry, Ammu.' In a happy whisper. *A little more her mother loved her.*

'No.' Ammu kissed her again. 'Good night, sweetheart. Godbless.'

'Good night, Ammu. Send Estha soon.'

And as Ammu walked away she heard her daughter whisper, 'Ammu!'

'What is it?'

'*We be of one blood, ye and I.*'

Ammu leaned against the bedroom door in the dark, reluctant to return to the dinner table where the conversation circled like a moth around the white child and her mother as though they were the only source of light. Ammu felt that she would die, wither and die, if she heard another word. If she had to endure another minute of Chacko's proud, tennis-trophy smile. Or the undercurrent of sexual jealousy that emanated from Mammachi. Or Baby Kochamma's conversation that was designed to exclude Ammu and her children, to inform them of their place in the scheme of things.

As she leaned against the door in the darkness, she felt her dream, her afternoon-mare move inside her like a rib of water rising from the ocean, gathering into a wave. The cheerful one-armed man with salty skin and a shoulder that ended abruptly like a cliff emerged from the shadows of the jagged beach and walked towards her.

Who was he?

Who could he have been?

The God of Loss.

The God of Small Things.

The God of Goose Bumps and Sudden Smiles.

He could do only one thing at a time.

*If he touched her, he couldn't talk to her, if he loved her he couldn't leave, if he spoke he couldn't listen, if he fought he couldn't win.*

Ammu longed for him. Ached for him with the whole of her biology.

She returned to the dinner table.

## 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]

The sequence was illogical – the drowning scene, followed by a rescue, should have preceded the marriage proposal. Such was Briony’s last thought before she accepted that she did not understand, and that she must simply watch. Unseen, from two storeys up, with the benefit of unambiguous sunlight, she had privileged access across the years to adult behaviour, to rites and conventions she knew nothing about, as yet. Clearly, these were the kinds of things that happened. Even as her sister’s head broke the surface – thank God! – Briony had her first, weak intimation that for her now it could no longer be fairy-tale castles and princesses, but the strangeness of the here and now, of what passed between people, the ordinary people that she knew, and what power one could have over the other, and how easy it was to get everything wrong, completely wrong. Cecilia had climbed out of the pond and was fixing her skirt, and with difficulty pulling her blouse on over her wet skin. She turned abruptly and picked up from the deep shade of the fountain’s wall a vase of flowers Briony had not noticed before, and set off with it towards the house. No words were exchanged with Robbie, not a glance in his direction. He was now staring into the water, and then he too was striding away, no doubt satisfied, round the side of the house. Suddenly the scene was empty; the wet patch on the ground where Cecilia had got out of the pond was the only evidence that anything had happened at all.

Briony leaned back against a wall and stared unseeingly down the nursery’s length. It was a temptation for her to be magical and dramatic, and to regard what she had witnessed as a tableau mounted for her alone, a special moral for her wrapped in a mystery. But she knew very well that if she had not stood when she did, the scene would still have happened, for it was not about her at all. Only chance had brought her to the window. This was not a fairy tale, this was the real, the adult world in which frogs did not address princesses, and the only messages were the ones that people sent. It was also a temptation to run to Cecilia’s room and demand an explanation. Briony resisted because she wanted to chase in solitude the faint thrill of possibility she had felt before, the elusive excitement at a prospect she was coming close to defining, at least emotionally. The definition would refine itself over the years. She was to concede that she may have attributed more deliberation than was feasible to her thirteen-year-old self. At the time there may have been no precise form of words; in fact, she may have experienced nothing more than impatience to begin writing again.

## 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]

Gogol gets up, shuts the door to his room, muffling the noise of the party that swells below him, the laughter of the children playing down the hall. He sits cross-legged on the bed. He opens the book, glances at an illustration of Nikolai Gogol, and then at the chronology of the author's life on the facing page. Born March 20, 1809. The death of his father, 1825. Publishes his first story, 1830. Travels to Rome, 1837. Dies 1852, one month before his forty-third birthday. In another ten years, Gogol Ganguli will be that age. He wonders if he will be married again one day, if he will ever have a child to name. A month from now, he will begin a new job at a smaller architectural practice, producing his own designs. There is a possibility, eventually, of becoming an associate, of the firm incorporating his name. And in that case Nikhil will live on, publicly celebrated, unlike Gogol, purposely hidden, legally diminished, now all but lost.

He turns to the first story. "The Overcoat." In a few minutes his mother will come upstairs to find him. "Gogol," she will say, opening the door without knocking, "where is the camera? What's taking so long? This is no time for books," she will scold, hastily noting the volume open against the covers, unaware, as her son has been all these years, that her husband dwells discreetly, silently, patiently, within its pages. "There is a party downstairs, people to talk to, food to be taken out of the oven, thirty glasses of water to fill and line up on the sideboard. To think that we will never again all be here together. If only your father could have stayed with us a bit longer," she will add, her eyes growing momentarily damp. "But come, see the children under the tree."

He will apologize, put the book aside, a small corner of a page turned over to mark his place. He will walk downstairs with his mother, join the crowded party, photographing the people in his parents' life, in this house, one last time, huddled on the sofas, plates held in their laps, eating with their hands. Eventually, at his mother's insistence, he will eat as well, seated cross-legged on the floor, and speak to his parents' friends, about his new job, about New York, about his mother, about Sonia and Ben's wedding. After dinner he will help Sonia and Ben scrape bay leaves and lamb bones and cinnamon sticks from plates, pile them on the counters and two burners of the stove. He will watch his mother do what his father used to do toward the end of every party, spooning fine-leaf Lopchu tea into two kettles. He will watch her give away leftovers in the cooking pots themselves. As the hours of the evening pass he will grow distracted, anxious to return to his room, to be alone, to read the book he had once forsaken, has abandoned until now. Until moments ago it was destined to disappear from his life altogether, but he has salvaged it by chance, as his father was pulled from a crushed train forty years ago. He leans back against the headboard, adjusting a pillow behind his back. In a few minutes he will go downstairs, join the party, his family. But for now his mother is distracted, laughing at a story a friend is telling her, unaware of her son's absence. For now, he starts to read.



## 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 'Holy Thursday' (*Innocence*) and 'Holy Thursday' (*Experience*).

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

#### Holy Thursday (Innocence)

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
 The children walking two and two in red and blue and green,  
 Grey headed beadles walked before with wands as white as snow;  
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town.  
 Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.  
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs:  
 Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to Heaven the voice of song,  
 Or like harmonious thunders the seats of Heaven among.  
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.  
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.



**Holy Thursday (Experience)**

Is this a holy thing to see,  
In a rich and fruitful land:  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are filled with thorns;  
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,  
And where'er the rain does fall –  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appal.

## 8 Emily Dickinson

Compare the ways Dickinson uses language and poetic techniques in 'A narrow Fellow in the Grass' and 'I like to see it lap the Miles'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### 'A narrow Fellow in the Grass'

A narrow Fellow in the Grass  
Occasionally rides –  
You may have met Him – did you not  
His notice sudden is –

The Grass divides as with a Comb –  
A spotted shaft is seen –  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on –

He likes a Boggy Acre  
A Floor too cool for Corn –  
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot –  
I more than once at Noon  
Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash  
Unbraiding in the Sun  
When stooping to secure it  
It wrinkled, and was gone –

Several of Nature's People  
I know, and they know me –  
I feel for them a transport  
Of cordiality –

But never met this Fellow  
Attended, or alone  
Without a tighter breathing  
And Zero at the Bone –

**'I like to see it lap the Miles'**

I like to see it lap the Miles –  
And lick the Valleys up –  
And stop to feed itself at Tanks –  
And then – prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains –  
And supercilious peer  
In Shanties – by the sides of Roads –  
And then a Quarry pare

To fit its Ribs  
And crawl between  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid – hooting stanza –  
Then chase itself down Hill –

And neigh like Boanerges –  
Then – punctual as a Star  
Stop – docile and omnipotent  
At its own stable door –

## 9 Seamus Heaney

Compare the ways Heaney uses language and poetic techniques in 'Funeral Rites' and 'The Tollund Man'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### Funeral Rites

I

I shouldered a kind of manhood  
stepping in to lift the coffins  
of dead relations.  
They had been laid out

in tainted rooms,  
their eyelids glistening,  
their dough-white hands  
shackled in rosary beads.

Their puffed knuckles  
had unwrinkled, the nails  
were darkened, the wrists  
obediently sloped.

The dulse-brown shroud,  
the quilted satin cribs:  
I knelt courteously  
admiring it all

as wax melted down  
and veined the candles,  
the flames hovering  
to the women hovering

behind me.  
And always, in a corner,  
the coffin lid,  
its nail-heads dressed

with little gleaming crosses.  
Dear soapstone masks,  
kissing their igloo brows  
had to suffice

before the nails were sunk  
and the black glacier  
of each funeral  
pushed away.

II

Now as news comes in  
of each neighbourly murder  
we pine for ceremony,  
customary rhythms:

the temperate footsteps  
of a cortège, winding past  
each blinded home.  
I would restore

the great chambers of Boyne,  
prepare a sepulchre  
under the cupmarked stones.  
Out of side-streets and by-roads

purring family cars  
nose into line,  
the whole country tunes  
to the muffled drumming

of ten thousand engines.  
Somnambulant women,  
left behind, move  
through emptied kitchens

imagining our slow triumph  
towards the mounds.  
Quiet as a serpent  
in its grassy boulevard,

the procession drags its tail  
out of the Gap of the North  
as its head already enters  
the megalithic doorway.

### III

When they have put the stone  
back in its mouth  
we will drive north again  
past Strang and Carling fjords,

the cud of memory  
allayed for once, arbitration  
of the feud placated,  
imagining those under the hill

disposed like Gunnar  
who lay beautiful  
inside his burial mound,  
though dead by violence

and unavenged.  
Men said that he was chanting  
verses about honour  
and that four lights burned

in corners of the chamber:  
which opened then, as he turned  
with a joyful face  
to look at the moon.

## 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.

### 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 tumbriel  
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.



## 10 Eavan Boland

Compare the ways Boland uses language and poetic techniques in 'Naoise at Four' and 'Woman in Kitchen'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### Naoise at Four

The trap baited for them snaps.  
 Like forest pests they fall for it,  
 Like humans writhe, like both submit.  
 Three brothers die, their three saps  
 Spill until their split kith  
 Heals into an Irish myth.

Naoise, named for one of these,  
 You stand in our kitchen, sip  
 Milk from a mottled cup  
 From our cupboard. Our unease  
 Vanishes with one smile  
 As each suburban, modern detail

Distances us from old lives  
 Old deaths, but nightly on our screen  
 New ones are lost, wounds open,  
 And I despair of what perspective  
 On this sudden Irish fury  
 Will solve it to a folk memory.

Godson, little creditor,  
 Your spiritual good in trust  
 To me demands at very least  
 I be your spirit's auditor  
 Until the moment you first try  
 To make your own inventory.

Your father gossips of the wood  
 Around your house, a lucky context  
 Where values can be learned, fixed,  
 A truce with life negotiated  
 On terms you yourself can make  
 Unlike your luckless namesake.

You drain your cup; your love  
 Is a closed circuit like your glove  
 In your mother's. There is nothing to sell you  
 Here, invest in nothing: at home  
 Badgers, voles enrich your time:  
 Your currency will not devalue.

**Woman in Kitchen**

New Collected Poems, poem 'Woman in Kitchen', page unknown, Eavan Boland, 2005. Link to material: [https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=6ZxuBgAAQBAJ&printsec=frontcover&dq=evan+boland+new+collected+poems+2005&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjtgcziwZ\\_sAhWE2uAKHY7IBjYQ6AEwBHoECAUQAg#v=onepage&q&f=false](https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=6ZxuBgAAQBAJ&printsec=frontcover&dq=evan+boland+new+collected+poems+2005&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjtgcziwZ_sAhWE2uAKHY7IBjYQ6AEwBHoECAUQAg#v=onepage&q&f=false)

## 11 Carol Ann Duffy

Compare the ways Duffy uses language and poetic techniques in 'Answer' and 'Love'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

**Answer**

If you were made of stone,  
 your kiss a fossil sealed up in your lips,  
 your eyes a sightless marble to my touch,  
 your grey hands pooling raindrops for the birds,  
 your long legs cold as rivers locked in ice,  
 if you were stone, if you were made of stone, yes, yes.

If you were made of fire,  
 your head a wild Medusa hissing flame,  
 your tongue a red-hot poker in your throat,  
 your heart a small coal glowing in your chest,  
 your fingers burning pungent brands on flesh,  
 if you were fire, if you were made of fire, yes, yes.

If you were made of water,  
 your voice a roaring, foaming waterfall,  
 your arms a whirlpool spinning me around,  
 your breast a deep, dark lake nursing the drowned,  
 your mouth an ocean, waves torn from your breath,  
 if you were water, if you were made of water, yes, yes.

If you were made of air,  
 your face empty and infinite as sky,  
 your words a wind with litter for its nouns,  
 your movements sudden gusts among the clouds,  
 your body only breeze against my dress,  
 if you were air, if you were made of air, yes, yes.

If you were made of air, if you were air,  
 if you were made of water, if you were water,  
 if you were made of fire, if you were fire,  
 if you were made of stone, if you were stone,  
 or if you were none of these, but really death,  
 the answer is yes, yes.

**Love**

Love is talent, the world love's metaphor.  
Aflame, October's leaves adore the wind,  
its urgent breath, whirl to their own death.  
Not here, you're everywhere.

The evening sky  
worships the ground, bears down, the land  
yearns back in darkening hills. The night  
is empathy, stars in its eyes for tears. Not here,

you're where I stand, hearing the sea, crazy  
for the shore, seeing the moon ache and fret  
for the earth. When morning comes, the sun, ardent,  
covers the trees in gold, you walk

towards me,  
out of the season, out of the light love reasons.

**12 Jacob Sam-La Rose**

Compare the ways Sam-La Rose uses language and poetic techniques in 'Plummeting' and 'Speechless Section II'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

**[25]**

**Plummeting**

He works it, ear accustomed to the tune  
of hard play: left, right, launch-step, discipline like a lump

of lead in his pocket he can melt  
into gold. Keeps on until the sky turns plum,

sporting a corona of sweat like a plume  
of peacock's feathers, stoking the fire in each lung

as proof against the failing light and time  
passing; left, right, launch-step, pelting

ball at hoop, deep bone-ache for the sweet line  
from hand to flawless, unimpeachable plunge.

The rim's wide mouth, mute.

**From 'Speechless'****II**

1984. Torvill and Dean score 12 perfect 6.0s  
and Olympic gold, Jesse Jackson botches

a presidential campaign, half a million people  
protest the regime of Ferdinand Marcos,

astronauts make the first untethered space walk  
and I attend singing lessons every Saturday morning.

I've been promised the freedoms  
my mother never had, so there's

choir and tap shoes, jazz hands, pianos  
and Saturdays, learning to sing.

We're taught to shape mouths to tame  
voices, taught chorus and harmony,

how to turn on a smile for an audience,  
each bright rictus like an artificial flower.

Sometimes a new kid bursts out into tears  
and we carry on singing around him.

One afternoon, after class, on the drive  
to Brixton market for Saturday shopping,

we pass a skate park. For a short moment,  
I'm silent, pressed up against the car's window

watching boys on their BMX bikes, one planing  
up from a dip with a wild whooping holler,

handle bars twisted and limbs at brazen  
angles, front wheel spinning free,

testing gravity's leash, blazing against the sky.

**END OF QUESTION PAPER**







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