

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

## ENGLISH LITERATURE

A664/02

Unit 4: Literary Heritage Prose and Contemporary Poetry  
(Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the answer booklet.

**OCR supplied materials:**

- 8 page answer booklet  
(sent with general stationery)

**Other materials required:**

- This is an open book paper. Texts should be taken into the examination.  
**They must not be annotated.**

Friday 17 June 2011

Morning

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write clearly and in capital letters.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Answer **two** questions: **one** on Literary Heritage Prose and **one** on Contemporary Poetry.

**SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE**

Answer **one** question on the prose text you have studied

*Pride and Prejudice*: Jane Austen pages 2–3 questions 1(a)–(b)

*Silas Marner*: George Eliot pages 4–5 questions 2(a)–(b)

*Lord of the Flies*: William Golding pages 6–7 questions 3(a)–(b)

*The Withered Arm and other Wessex Tales*: Thomas Hardy pages 8–9 questions 4(a)–(b)

*Animal Farm*: George Orwell pages 10–11 questions 5(a)–(b)

*The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*: R L Stevenson pages 12–13 questions 6(a)–(b)

R L Stevenson

**SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY**

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

Simon Armitage pages 14–15 questions 7(a)–(c)

Gillian Clarke page 16 questions 8(a)–(c)

Wendy Cope page 17 questions 9(a)–(c)

Carol Ann Duffy pages 18–19 questions 10(a)–(c)

Seamus Heaney pages 20–21 questions 11(a)–(c)

Benjamin Zephaniah pages 22–23 questions 12(a)–(c)

**UNSEEN POEM** pages 24–25 question 13

- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- Your Quality of Written Communication is assessed in this paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **40**.
- This document consists of **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 1 (a) 'MY DEAR SIR,  
 'I feel myself called upon, by our relationship, and my situation in life, to condole with you on the grievous affliction you are now suffering under, of which we were yesterday informed by a letter from Hertfordshire. Be assured, my dear Sir, that Mrs. Collins and myself sincerely sympathise with you, and all your respectable family, in your present distress, which must be of the bitterest kind, because proceeding from a cause which no time can remove. No arguments shall be wanting on my part, that can alleviate so severe a misfortune; or that may comfort you, under a circumstance that must be of all others most afflicting to a parent's mind. The death of your daughter would have been a blessing in comparison of this. And it is the more to be lamented, because there is reason to suppose, as my dear Charlotte informs me, that this licentiousness of behaviour in your daughter, has proceeded from a faulty degree of indulgence, though, at the same time, for the consolation of yourself and Mrs. Bennet, I am inclined to think that her own disposition must be naturally bad, or she could not be guilty of such an enormity, at so early an age. Howsoever that may be, you are grievously to be pitied, in which opinion I am not only joined by Mrs. Collins, but likewise by lady Catherine and her daughter, to whom I have related the affair. They agree with me in apprehending that this false step in one daughter, will be injurious to the fortunes of all the others, for who, as lady Catherine herself condescendingly says, will connect themselves with such a family. And this consideration leads me moreover to reflect with augmented satisfaction on a certain event of last November, for had it been otherwise, I must have been involved in all your sorrow and disgrace. Let me advise you then, my dear Sir, to console yourself as much as possible, to throw off your unworthy child from your affection for ever, and leave her to reap the fruits of her own heinous offence.  
 'I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.'
- 5  
10  
15  
20  
25

- Either** 1 **(a)** How does Austen's writing here vividly reveal the character of Mr Collins? [24]
- Or** 1 **(b)** In what ways does Austen strikingly show the importance of money in *Pride and Prejudice*?

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

**GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner***

2 (a)

Godfrey, too, had disappeared: he was gone to snatch his hat and coat, having just reflection enough to remember that he must not look like a madman; but he rushed out of the house into the snow without heeding his thin shoes.

In a few minutes he was on his rapid way to the Stone-pits by the side of Dolly, who, though feeling that she was entirely in her place encountering cold and snow on an errand of mercy, was much concerned at a young gentleman's getting his feet wet under a like impulse. 5

'You'd a deal better go back, sir,' said Dolly, with respectful compassion. 'You've no call to catch cold; and I'd ask you if you'd be so good as tell my husband to come, on your way back – he's at the Rainbow, I doubt – if you found him anyway sober enough to be o' use. Or else, there's Mrs Snell 'ud happen send the boy up to fetch and carry, for there may be things wanted from the doctor's.' 10

'No, I'll stay, now I'm once out – I'll stay outside here,' said Godfrey, when they came opposite Marner's cottage. 'You can come and tell me if I can do anything.' 15

'Well, sir, you're very good: you've a tender heart,' said Dolly, going to the door.

Godfrey was too painfully preoccupied to feel a twinge of self-reproach at this undeserved praise. He walked up and down, unconscious that he was plunging ankle-deep in snow, unconscious of everything but trembling suspense about what was going on in the cottage, and the effect of each alternative on his future lot. No, not quite unconscious of everything else. Deeper down, and half-smothered by passionate desire and dread, there was the sense that he ought not to be waiting on these alternatives; that he ought to accept the consequences of his deeds, own the miserable wife, and fulfil the claims of the helpless child. But he had not moral courage enough to contemplate that active renunciation of Nancy as possible for him: he had only conscience and heart enough to make him for ever uneasy under the weakness that forbade the renunciation. And at this moment his mind leaped away from all restraint toward the sudden prospect of deliverance from his long bondage. 20

'Is she dead?' said the voice that predominated over every other within him. 'If she is, I may marry Nancy; and then I shall be a good fellow in future, and have no secrets, and the child – shall be taken care of somehow.' But across that vision came the other possibility – 'She may live, and then it's all up with me.' 25

Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear. 30

'I waited for you, as I'd come so far,' he said, speaking first.

'Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out: why didn't you send one of the men? There's nothing to be done. She's dead – has been dead for hours, I should say.' 35

'What sort of woman is she?' said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.

'A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant – quite in rags. She's got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse tomorrow. Come, come along.' 40

'I want to look at her,' said Godfrey. 'I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I'll overtake you in a minute or two.'

Mr Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night. 55

**Either** 2 (a) How does Eliot's writing powerfully convey Godfrey Cass's feelings at this moment in the novel? [24]

**Or** 2 (b) Explore some of the ways in which Eliot makes the worlds of Lantern Yard and Raveloe strikingly different.

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

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

3 (a)

“You’re a beast and a swine and a bloody, bloody thief!”

He charged.

Jack, knowing this was the crisis, charged too. They met with a jolt and bounced apart. Jack swung with his fist at Ralph and caught him on the ear. Ralph hit Jack in the stomach and made him grunt. Then they were facing each other again, panting and furious, but unnerved by each other’s ferocity. They became aware of the noise that was the background to this fight, the steady shrill cheering of the tribe behind them.

5

Piggy’s voice penetrated to Ralph.

“Let me speak.”

10

He was standing in the dust of the fight, and as the tribe saw his intention the shrill cheer changed to a steady booing.

Piggy held up the conch and the booing sagged a little, then came up again to strength.

“I got the conch!”

15

He shouted.

“I tell you, I got the conch!”

Surprisingly, there was silence now; the tribe were curious to hear what amusing thing he might have to say.

Silence and pause; but in the silence a curious air-noise, close by Ralph’s head. He gave it half his attention—and there it was again; a faint “Zup!” Someone was throwing stones: Roger was dropping them, his one hand still on the lever. Below him, Ralph was a shock of hair and Piggy a bag of fat.

20

“I got this to say. You’re acting like a crowd of kids.”

25

The booing rose and died again as Piggy lifted the white, magic shell.

“Which is better—to be a pack of painted niggers like you are, or to be sensible like Ralph is?”

A great clamor rose among the savages. Piggy shouted again.

“Which is better—to have rules and agree, or to hunt and kill?”

30

Again the clamor and again—“Zup!”

Ralph shouted against the noise.

“Which is better, law and rescue, or hunting and breaking things up?”

Now Jack was yelling too and Ralph could no longer make himself heard. Jack had backed right against the tribe and they were a solid mass of menace that bristled with spears. The intention of a charge was forming among them; they were working up to it and the neck would be swept clear. Ralph stood facing them, a little to one side, his spear ready. By him stood Piggy still holding out the talisman, the fragile, shining beauty of the shell. The storm of sound beat at them, an incantation of hatred. High overhead, Roger, with a sense of delirious abandonment, leaned all his weight on the lever.

35

Ralph heard the great rock long before he saw it. He was aware of a jolt in the earth that came to him through the soles of his feet, and the breaking sound of stones at the top of the cliff. Then the monstrous red thing bounded across the neck and he flung himself flat while the tribe shrieked.

40

The rock struck Piggy a glancing blow from chin to knee; the conch exploded into a thousand white fragments and ceased to exist. Piggy, saying nothing, with no time for even a grunt, traveled through the air sideways from the rock, turning over as he went. The rock bounded twice and was lost in the forest. Piggy fell forty feet and landed on his back across that square red rock in the sea. His head opened and stuff came out and turned red. Piggy’s arms and legs twitched a bit, like a pig’s after it has been killed. Then the sea breathed again in a long, slow sigh, the water boiled white and pink over the rock; and when it went, sucking back again, the body of Piggy was gone.

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**Either** 3 (a) How does Golding make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel? [24]

**Or** 3 (b) How does Golding vividly portray Ralph's growing understanding of human nature in the novel?

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

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

from *The Distracted Preacher*

4 (a)

On the evening of the first of March he went casually into his bedroom about dusk, and noticed lying on a chair a greatcoat, hat, and breeches. Having no recollection of leaving any clothes of his own in that spot, he went and examined them as well as he could in the twilight, and found that they did not belong to him. He paused for a moment to consider how they might have got there. He was the only man living in the house; and yet these were not his garments, unless he had made a mistake. No, they were not his. He called up Martha Sarah.

5

'How did these things come in my room?' he said, flinging the objectionable articles to the floor.

10

Martha said that Mrs. Newberry had given them to her to brush, and that she had brought them up there thinking they must be Mr. Stockdale's, as there was no other gentleman a-lodging there.

'Of course you did,' said Stockdale. 'Now take them down to your mis'ess, and say they are some clothes I have found here and know nothing about.'

15

As the door was left open he heard the conversation downstairs. 'How stupid!' said Mrs. Newberry, in a tone of confusion. 'Why, Marther Sarer, I did not tell you to take 'em to Mr. Stockdale's room?'

'I thought they must be his as they was so muddy,' said Martha humbly.

20

'You should have left 'em on the clothes-horse,' said the young mistress severely; and she came upstairs with the garments on her arm, quickly passed Stockdale's room, and threw them forcibly into a closet at the end of a passage. With this the incident ended, and the house was silent again.

25

There would have been nothing remarkable in finding such clothes in a widow's house had they been clean; or moth-eaten, or creased, or mouldy from long lying by; but that they should be splashed with recent mud bothered Stockdale a good deal. When a young pastor is in the aspen stage of attachment, and open to agitation at the merest trifles, a really substantial incongruity of this complexion is a disturbing thing. However, nothing further occurred at that time; but he became watchful, and given to conjecture, and was unable to forget the circumstance.

30

One morning, on looking from his window, he saw Mrs. Newberry herself brushing the tails of a long drab greatcoat, which, if he mistook not, was the very same garment as the one that had adorned the chair of his room. It was densely splashed up to the hollow of the back with neighbouring Nether-Moynton mud, to judge by its colour, the spots being distinctly visible to him in the sunlight. The previous day or two having been wet, the inference was irresistible that the wearer had quite recently been walking some considerable distance about the lanes and fields. Stockdale opened the window and looked out, and Mrs. Newberry turned her head. Her face became slowly red; she never had looked prettier, or more incomprehensible. He waved his hand affectionately, and said good-morning; she answered with embarrassment, having ceased her occupation on the instant that she saw him, and rolled up the coat half-cleaned.

35

Stockdale shut the window. Some simple explanation of her proceeding was doubtless within the bounds of possibility; but he himself could not think of one; and he wished that she had placed the matter beyond conjecture by voluntarily saying something about it there and then.

40

But, though Lizzy had not offered an explanation at the moment, the subject was brought forward by her at the next time of their meeting. She was chatting to him concerning some other event, and remarked that it happened about the time when she was dusting some old clothes that had belonged to her poor husband.

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- Either** 4 (a) How does Hardy's writing make this such a fascinating episode in the story? [24]
- Or** 4 (b) How far does Hardy's portrayal of Sophy Twycott in *The Son's Veto* encourage you to feel sympathy for her?

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

**GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm***

5 (a)

For the next two days Boxer remained in his stall. The pigs had sent out a large bottle of pink medicine which they had found in the medicine chest in the bathroom, and Clover administered it to Boxer twice a day after meals. In the evenings she lay in his stall and talked to him, while Benjamin kept the flies off him. Boxer professed not to be sorry for what had happened. If he made a good recovery, he might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet. 5 10

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited – indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. ‘Quick, quick!’ he shouted. ‘Come at once! They’re taking Boxer away!’ Without waiting for orders from the pig, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large, closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver’s seat. And Boxer’s stall was empty. 15 20

The animals crowded round the van. ‘Good-bye, Boxer!’ they chorused, ‘good-bye!’ 25

‘Fools! Fools!’ shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. ‘Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?’

That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read: 30

‘“Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.” Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker’s!’

A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. ‘Boxer!’ she cried. ‘Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!’ And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer’s face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van. 35 40

‘Boxer!’ cried Clover in a terrible voice. ‘Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They are taking you to your death!’

All the animals took up the cry of ‘Get out, Boxer, get out!’ But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous drumming of hoofs inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. 45 50

- Either** 5 (a) How does Orwell make this such a moving moment in the novel? [24]
- Or** 5 (b) Explore the ways in which Orwell makes Squealer such a significant figure in *Animal Farm*.

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

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

from *Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case*

6 (a)

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and, in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eye fell upon my hand. Now, the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bed-clothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey, down two pair of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then, with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size; had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape, and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

- Either** 6 (a) How does Stevenson make this such a fascinating moment in the novel? [24]
- Or** 6 (b) How does Stevenson's writing bring Dr Lanyon vividly to life in the chapter *Dr Lanyon's Narrative*?

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

## SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

## SIMON ARMITAGE

7 (a)

*The Convergence of the Twain*

|      |  |    |
|------|--|----|
| I    | Here is an architecture of air.<br>Where dust has cleared,<br>nothing stands but free sky, unlimited and sheer.              |    |
| II   | Smoke's dark bruise<br>has paled, soothed<br>by wind, dabbed at and eased by rain, exposing the wound.                       | 5  |
| III  | Over the spoil of junk,<br>rescuers prod and pick,<br>shout into tangled holes. What answers back is aftershock.             |    |
| IV   | All land lines are down.<br>Reports of mobile phones<br>are false. One half-excoriated Apple Mac still quotes the Dow Jones. | 10 |
| V    | Shop windows are papered<br>with faces of the disappeared.<br>As if they might walk from the ruins - chosen, spared.         | 15 |
| VI   | With hindsight now we track<br>the vapour-trail of each flight-path<br>arcing through blue morning, like a curved thought.   |    |
| VII  | And in retrospect plot<br>the weird prospect<br>of a passenger plane beading an office-block.                                | 20 |
| VIII | But long before dawn,<br>with those towers drawing<br>in worth and name to their full height, an opposite was forming,       |    |
| IX   | a force<br>still years and miles off,<br>yet moving headlong forwards, locked on a collision course.                         | 25 |
| X    | Then time and space<br>contracted, so whatever distance<br>held those worlds apart thinned to an instant.                    | 30 |
| XI   | During which, cameras framed<br>moments of grace<br>before the furious contact wherein earth and heaven fused.               |    |

**Either** 7 (a) How do you think Armitage's writing makes *The Convergence of the Twain* such a powerful and moving poem?

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

**Or** 7 (b) Explore the ways in which Armitage vividly brings a character to life in **EITHER** *About His Person* **OR** *Poem*.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 7 (c) How does Armitage's writing make the violence so disturbing in **EITHER** *Gooseberry Season* **OR** *Hitcher*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## GILLIAN CLARKE

8 (a)

*Baby-sitting*

I am sitting in a strange room listening  
 For the wrong baby. I don't love  
 This baby. She is sleeping a snuffly  
 Roseate, bubbling sleep; she is fair;  
 She is a perfectly acceptable child. 5  
 I am afraid of her. If she wakes  
 She will hate me. She will shout  
 Her hot midnight rage, her nose  
 Will stream disgustingly and the perfume  
 Of her breath will fail to enchant me. 10

To her I will represent absolute  
 Abandonment. For her it will be worse  
 Than for the lover cold in lonely  
 Sheets; worse than for the woman who waits  
 A moment to collect her dignity 15  
 Beside the bleached bone in the terminal ward.  
 As she rises sobbing from the monstrous land  
 Stretching for milk-familiar comforting,  
 She will find me and between us two  
 It will not come. It will not come. 20

- Either** 8 (a) How do you think Clarke's writing makes this such a thought-provoking poem?  
 Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]
- Or** 8 (b) Explore the ways in which Clarke's writing creates vivid impressions of family life in **EITHER** *Anorexic* **OR** *Sunday*.  
 Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]
- Or** 8 (c) How do you think Clarke's writing makes **EITHER** *Hare in July* **OR** *Miracle on St David's Day* so moving?  
 Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## WENDY COPE

9 (a)

*Reading Scheme*

Here is Peter. Here is Jane. They like fun.  
Jane has a big doll. Peter has a ball.  
Look, Jane, look! Look at the dog! See him run!

Here is Mummy. She has baked a bun.  
Here is the milkman. He has come to call.  
Here is Peter. Here is Jane. They like fun.

5

Go Peter! Go Jane! Come, milkman, come!  
The milkman likes Mummy. She likes them all.  
Look, Jane, look! Look at the dog! See him run!

Here are the curtains. They shut out the sun.  
Let us peep! On tiptoe Jane! You are small!  
Here is Peter. Here is Jane. They like fun.

10

I hear a car, Jane. The milkman looks glum.  
Here is Daddy in his car. Daddy is tall.  
Look, Jane, look! Look at the dog! See him run!

15

Daddy looks very cross. Has he a gun?  
Up milkman! Up milkman! Over the wall!  
Here is Peter. Here is Jane. They like fun.  
Look, Jane, look! Look at the dog! See him run!

**Either** 9 (a) How does Cope make *Reading Scheme* such an entertaining poem?

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

**Or** 9 (b) Explore the ways in which Cope's writing makes **EITHER** the lavatory attendant in *The Lavatory Attendant* **OR** Tich Miller in *Tich Miller* such a memorable character.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 9 (c) How does Cope's writing make **EITHER** *Strugnell's Sonnets (iv)* **OR** *Strugnell's Sonnets (vii)* so amusing for you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the sonnet you choose. [16]

## CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

*In Mrs Tilscher's Class*

You could travel up the Blue Nile  
 with your finger, tracing the route  
 while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.  
 Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswân.  
 That for an hour, then a skittle of milk 5  
 and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.  
 A window opened with a long pole.  
 The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books. 10  
 The classroom glowed like a sweet shop.  
 Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley  
 faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.  
 Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found  
 she'd left a good gold star by your name.  
 The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved. 15  
 A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed  
 from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs  
 hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,  
 followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking 20  
 away from the lunch queue. A rough boy  
 told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared  
 at your parents, appalled, when you got back home.

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity. 25  
 A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,  
 fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her  
 how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,  
 then turned away. Reports were handed out.  
 You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown,  
 as the sky split open into a thunderstorm. 30

- Either** 10 (a) How does Duffy vividly convey impressions of being a pupil in Mrs Tilscher's class?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]
- Or** 10 (b) How does Duffy make memories of the past so moving in **EITHER** *Brothers* **OR** *Nostalgia*?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]
- Or** 10 (c) How does Duffy make **EITHER** *Answer* **OR** *Who Loves You* such a striking love poem?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## SEAMUS HEANEY

11 (a)

*Digging*

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down 5

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft 10  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade. 15  
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up 20  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, going down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap 25  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests. 30  
I'll dig with it.

**Either** 11 (a) How does Heaney powerfully convey his feelings about his family and himself in *Digging*?

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

**Or** 11 (b) How do you think Heaney makes **EITHER** *Mid-Term Break* **OR** *The Summer of Lost Rachel* such a moving poem?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 11 (c) In what ways does Heaney vividly convey feelings of disappointment in **EITHER** *Blackberry-Picking* **OR** *Wheels within Wheels*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

12 (a)

*Deep in Luv*

The washing of dishes  
 The feeling out of sight  
 The very sloppy kisses  
 The things you do at night,  
 The headache and the heartaches 5  
 The other family  
 The everlasting room mates  
 The deals over money.  
 The sight the morning after  
 The breaking of the winds 10  
 The down bits and the laughter  
 The emptying of bins  
 The feeding of the pussy cat  
 When pushes come to shove  
 The bills upon the door mat 15  
 Dere's more to luv dan luv.

Friends who are too close for comfort  
 Friends who know too much  
 In-laws who just have too much front  
 Friends who want to touch, 20  
 Dates you must remember  
 Dates you must forget  
 Secrets you surrender  
 Sharing your assets.

The snoring and the shaving 25  
 A place to squeeze your spots  
 The childish misbehaving  
 The birthday you forgot  
 All of those "I told you so's"  
 All of those "Your rights" 30  
 All those "You should change your clothes"  
 Those lovely pillow fights.  
 Get the right wallpaper  
 Make our garden cool  
 Don't disturb the neighbour 35  
 Take the kids to school  
 All those things you promise  
 The fulfillment thereof  
 Not wanting to sound sexist  
 Dere's more to luv dan luv. 40

School days were so different  
 Now school days are done  
 Now is all commitments  
 Must make time for fun  
 Now it's not so physical 45  
 Now there's more above  
 In ways it's kinda spiritual  
 Dere's more to luv dan luv.

**Either** 12 (a) How does Zephaniah make his portrayal of love in *Deep in Luv* so thought-provoking?

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

**Or** 12 (b) Explore the ways in which Zephaniah's writing conveys powerful feelings in **EITHER** *Breakfast in East Timor* **OR** *Press Ups an Sit Ups*.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 12 (c) In what ways does Zephaniah's writing expose prejudice in **EITHER** *Three Black Males* **OR** *Room for Rent*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## UNSEEN POEM

13

*From the Motorway*

Everywhere up and down the island  
 Britain is mending her desert:  
 marvellous we exclaim as we fly on it,  
 tying the country in a parcel.  
 London to Edinburgh, Birmingham to Cardiff. 5  
 No time to examine the contents,

thank you, but consider the bliss of  
 sitting absolutely numbed to your  
 nulled mind, music when you want it,  
 while identical miles thunder under you, 10  
 the same spot coming and going  
 seventy, eighty times a minute,

till you're there, wherever there  
 is, ready to be someone in  
 Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, 15  
 they're all the same to the road,  
 which loves itself, which nonetheless  
 here and there hands you trailing

necklaces of fumes in which to be  
 one squeezed breather among 20  
 rich and ragged, sprinter and staggerer,  
 a status parade for Major Roadworks  
 toiling in his red-trimmed triangle,  
 then a regiment of wounded orange witches

defending a shamelessly naked 25  
 (rarely a stitch of work on her)  
 captive free lane,  
 which the inchlings inch on  
 without bite or sup, at most  
 a hard shoulder to creep on, 30

while there, on all sides,  
 lie your unwrapped destinations,  
 lanes trickling off into childhood  
 or anonymity, apple-scented villages  
 asleep in their promise of being 35  
 nowhere anyone would like to get to.

Anne Stevenson

**13** How does the poet make *From the Motorway* such a powerful attack on motorways?

You should consider:

- how the poet describes the scenery and destinations on motorways
- how the poet describes the experience of travelling on motorways
- what the travellers on motorways are missing
- the tone of voice in the poem
- the language the poet uses
- how the poem is structured
- anything else that you think important.

**[16]**



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