

Thursday 24 May 2012 – Afternoon

GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

A664/01 Unit 4: Literary Heritage Prose and Contemporary Poetry
(Foundation 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.

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.
- 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

<i>Pride and Prejudice</i> : Jane Austen	pages 2–3	questions 1(a)–(b)
<i>Silas Marner</i> : George Eliot	pages 4–5	questions 2(a)–(b)
<i>Lord of the Flies</i> : William Golding	pages 6–7	questions 3(a)–(b)
<i>The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales</i> : Thomas Hardy	pages 8–9	questions 4(a)–(b)
<i>Animal Farm</i> : George Orwell	pages 10–11	questions 5(a)–(b)
<i>The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i> : R L Stevenson	pages 12–13	questions 6(a)–(b)

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	pages 18–19	questions 9(a)–(c)
Carol Ann Duffy	page 20	questions 10(a)–(c)
Seamus Heaney	page 21	questions 11(a)–(c)
Benjamin Zephaniah	pages 22–23	questions 12(a)–(c)
UNSEEN POEM	page 24	question 13

- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- 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 **27**.
- This document consists of **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 (a)

“In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.”

Elizabeth’s astonishment was beyond expression. She stared, coloured, doubted, and was silent. This he considered sufficient encouragement, and the avowal of all that he felt and had long felt for her, immediately followed. He spoke well, but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed, and he was not more eloquent on the subject of tenderness than of pride. His sense of her inferiority—of its being a degradation—of the family obstacles which judgment had always opposed to inclination, were dwelt on with a warmth which seemed due to the consequence he was wounding, but was very unlikely to recommend his suit. 5 10

In spite of her deeply-rooted dislike, she could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man’s affection, and though her intentions did not vary for an instant, she was at first sorry for the pain he was to receive; till, roused to resentment by his subsequent language, she lost all compassion in anger. She tried, however, to compose herself to answer him with patience, when he should have done. He concluded with representing to her the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found impossible to conquer; and with expressing his hope that it would now be rewarded by her acceptance of his hand. As he said this, she could easily see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer. He *spoke* of apprehension and anxiety, but his countenance expressed real security. Such a circumstance could only exasperate farther, and when he ceased, the colour rose into her cheeks, and she said, 15 20

“In such cases as this, it is, I believe, the established mode to express a sense of obligation for the sentiments avowed, however unequally they may be returned. It is natural that obligation should be felt, and if I could *feel* gratitude, I would now thank you. But I cannot—I have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly. I am sorry to have occasioned pain to any one. It has been most unconsciously done, however, and I hope will be of short duration. The feelings which, you tell me, have long prevented the acknowledgment of your regard, can have little difficulty in overcoming it after this explanation.” 25 30

Mr. Darcy, who was leaning against the mantle-piece with his eyes fixed on her face, seemed to catch her words with no less resentment than surprise. His complexion became pale with anger, and the disturbance of his mind was visible in every feature. He was struggling for the appearance of composure, and would not open his lips, till he believed himself to have attained it. The pause was to Elizabeth’s feelings dreadful. At length, in a voice of forced calmness, he said, 35 40

“And this is all the reply which I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little *endeavour* at civility, I am thus rejected. But it is of small importance.”

“I might as well enquire,” replied she, “why with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason, and even against your character? Was not this some excuse for incivility, if I *was* uncivil? But I have other provocations. You know I have. Had not my own feelings decided against you, had they been indifferent, or had they even been favourable, do you think that any consideration would tempt me to accept the man, who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most beloved sister?” 45 50

As she pronounced these words, Mr. Darcy changed colour; but the emotion was short, and he listened without attempting to interrupt her while she continued.

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Either 1 **(a)** What do you find so dramatic about this conversation between Darcy and Elizabeth?

You should consider:

- Darcy's words and his behaviour
- Elizabeth's words and feelings
- some of the words and phrases Austen uses.

[16]

Or 1 **(b)** Do you think Mr Bennet is a good father?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[16]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

2 (a)

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with 'mammy' by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

5

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of 'mammy' again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. 'Mammy!' the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him – that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

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Either 2 (a) What do you think makes this such a dramatic and important moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the behaviour of both Marner and the child
- the discovery of the dead body
- some of the words and phrases Eliot uses.

[16]

Or 2 (b) What memorable impressions of Dolly Winthrop does the novel convey to you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[16]

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- 3 (a) "You are a silly little boy," said the Lord of the Flies, "just an ignorant, silly little boy."
- Simon moved his swollen tongue but said nothing.
- "Don't you agree?" said the Lord of the Flies. "Aren't you just a silly little boy?" 5
- Simon answered him in the same silent voice.
- "Well then," said the Lord of the Flies, "you'd better run off and play with the others. They think you're batty. You don't want Ralph to think you're batty, do you? You like Ralph a lot, don't you? And Piggy, and Jack?"
- Simon's head was tilted slightly up. His eyes could not break away and the Lord of the Flies hung in space before him. 10
- "What are you doing out here all alone? Aren't you afraid of me?"
- Simon shook.
- "There isn't anyone to help you. Only me. And I'm the Beast."
- Simon's mouth laboured, brought forth audible words. 15
- "Pig's head on a stick."
- "Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!" said the head. For a moment or two the forest and all the other dimly appreciated places echoed with the parody of laughter. "You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? Close, close, close! I'm the reason why it's no go? Why things are what they are?" 20
- The laughter shivered again.
- "Come now," said the Lord of the Flies. "Get back to the others and we'll forget the whole thing."
- Simon's head wobbled. His eyes were half closed as though he were imitating the obscene thing on the stick. He knew that one of his times was coming on. The Lord of the Flies was expanding like a balloon. 25
- "This is ridiculous. You know perfectly well you'll only meet me down there—so don't try to escape!"
- Simon's body was arched and stiff. The Lord of the Flies spoke in the voice of a schoolmaster. 30
- "This has gone quite far enough. My poor, misguided child, do you think you know better than I do?"
- There was a pause.
- "I'm warning you. I'm going to get waxy. D'you see? You're not wanted. Understand? We are going to have fun on this island. Understand? We are going to have fun on this island! So don't try it on, my poor misguided boy, or else—" 35
- Simon was found he was looking into a vast mouth. There was blackness within, a blackness that spread. 40
- "—Or else," said the Lord of the Flies, "we shall do you. See? Jack and Roger and Maurice and Robert and Bill and Piggy and Ralph. Do you. See?"
- Simon was inside the mouth. He fell down and lost consciousness.

Either 3 (a) What makes this passage so frightening?

You should consider:

- what the Lord of the Flies says
- Simon's thoughts and actions
- some of the words and phrases Golding uses.

[16]

Or 3 (b) Do you think Ralph is a good leader of the boys?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[16]

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

The Withered Arm

4 (a)

On the spot at which she had now arrived were two trestles, and before she could think of their purpose she heard heavy feet descending stairs somewhere at her back. Turn her head she would not, or could not, and, rigid in this position, she was conscious of a rough coffin passing her shoulder, borne by four men. It was open, and in it lay the body of a young man, wearing the smockfrock of a rustic, and fustian breeches. The corpse had been thrown into the coffin so hastily that the skirt of the smockfrock was hanging over. The burden was temporarily deposited on the trestles.

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By this time the young woman's state was such that a grey mist seemed to float before her eyes, on account of which, and the veil she wore, she could scarcely discern anything: it was as though she had nearly died, but was held up by a sort of galvanism.

10

'Now!' said a voice close at hand, and she was just conscious that the word had been addressed to her.

By a last strenuous effort she advanced, at the same time hearing persons approaching behind her. She bared her poor curst arm; and Davies, uncovering the face of the corpse, took Gertrude's hand, and held it so that her arm lay across the dead man's neck, upon a line the colour of an unripe blackberry, which surrounded it.

15

Gertrude shrieked: 'the turn o' the blood', predicted by the conjuror, had taken place. But at that moment a second shriek rent the air of the enclosure: it was not Gertrude's, and its effect upon her was to make her start round.

20

Immediately behind her stood Rhoda Brook, her face drawn, and her eyes red with weeping. Behind Rhoda stood Gertrude's own husband; his countenance lined, his eyes dim, but without a tear.

25

'D—n you! what are you doing here?' he said hoarsely.

'Hussy – to come between us and our child now!' cried Rhoda. 'This is the meaning of what Satan showed me in the vision! You are like her at last!' And clutching the bare arm of the younger woman, she pulled her unresistingly back against the wall. Immediately Brook had loosened her hold the fragile young Gertrude slid down against the feet of her husband. When he lifted her up she was unconscious.

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The mere sight of the twain had been long enough to suggest to her that the dead young man was Rhoda's son. At that time the relatives of an executed convict had the privilege of claiming the body for burial, if they chose to do so; and it was for this purpose that Lodge was awaiting the inquest with Rhoda. He had been summoned by her as soon as the young man was taken in the crime, and at different times since; and he had attended in court during the trial. This was the 'holiday' he had been indulging in of late. The two wretched parents had wished to avoid exposure; and hence had come themselves for the body, a waggon and sheet for its conveyance and covering being in waiting outside.

35

Gertrude's case was so serious that it was deemed advisable to call to her the surgeon who was at hand. She was taken out of the jail into the town; but she never reached home alive. Her delicate vitality, sapped perhaps by the paralysed arm, collapsed under the double shock that followed the severe strain, physical and mental, to which she had subjected herself during the previous twenty-four hours. Her blood had been 'turned' indeed – too far. Her death took place in the town three days after.

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Either 4 (a) What do you find so dramatic and moving about this moment near the end of the story?

You should consider:

- Gertrude's emotions and her death
- the feelings of Rhoda and Farmer Lodge
- some of the words and phrases Hardy uses.

[16]

Or 4 (b) What do you find particularly entertaining about the story *Tony Kytes*, *The Arch-Deceiver*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the story.

[16]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

5 (a)

The animals huddled about Clover, not speaking, The knoll where they were lying gave them a wide prospect across the countryside. Most of Animal Farm was within their view – the long pasture stretching down to the main road, the hayfield, the spinney, the drinking pool, the ploughed fields where the young wheat was thick and green, and the red roofs of the farm buildings with the smoke curling from the chimneys. It was a clear spring evening. The grass and the bursting hedges were gilded by the level rays of the sun. Never had the farm – and with a kind of surprise they remembered that it was their own farm, every inch of it their own property – appeared to the animals so desirable a place. As Clover looked down the hillside her eyes filled with tears. If she could have spoken her thoughts, it would have been to say that this was not what they had aimed at when they had set themselves years ago to work for the overthrow of the human race. These scenes of terror and slaughter were not what they had looked forward to on that night when old Major first stirred them to rebellion. If she herself had had any picture of the future, it had been of a society of animals set free from hunger and the whip, all equal, each working according to his capacity, the strong protecting the weak, as she had protected the last brood of ducklings with her foreleg on the night of Major’s speech. Instead – she did not know why – they had come to a time when no one dared speak his mind, when fierce, growling dogs roamed everywhere, and when you had to watch your comrades torn to pieces after confessing to shocking crimes. There was no thought of rebellion or disobedience in her mind. She knew that, even as things were, they were far better off than they had been in the days of Jones, and that before all else it was needful to prevent the return of the human beings. Whatever happened she would remain faithful, work hard, carry out the orders that were given to her, and accept the leadership of Napoleon. But still, it was not for this that she and all the other animals had hoped and toiled. It was not for this that they had built the windmill and faced the bullets of Jones’s guns. Such were her thoughts, though she lacked the words to express them.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute for the words she was unable to find, she began to sing ‘Beasts of England’. The other animals sitting round her took it up, and they sang it three times over – very tunefully, but slowly and mournfully, in a way they had never sung it before.

They had just finished singing it for the third time when Squealer, attended by two dogs, approached them with the air of having something important to say. He announced that, by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, ‘Beasts of England’ had been abolished. From now onwards it was forbidden to sing it.

The animals were taken aback.

‘Why?’ cried Muriel.

‘It is no longer needed, comrade,’ said Squealer stiffly. “‘Beasts of England’ was the song of the Rebellion. But the Rebellion is now completed. The execution of the traitors this afternoon was the final act. The enemy both external and internal has been defeated. In “Beasts of England” we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established. Clearly this song has no longer any purpose.’

Either 5 **(a)** What do you think makes this passage so moving?

You should consider

- the animals' early hopes for the farm's future
- the reality of life on the farm now
- some of the words and phrases Orwell uses.

[16]

Or 5 **(b)** What are your thoughts and feelings about Snowball and the part he plays in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[16]

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

6 (a)

The Last Night

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

“Pull yourself together, Bradshaw,” said the lawyer. “This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks, and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations.”

5

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. “And now, Poole, let us get to ours,” he said; and taking the poker under his arm, he led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sound of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

10

“So it will walk all day, sir,” whispered Poole; “ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there’s a bit of a break. Ah, it’s an ill conscience that’s such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there’s blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor’s foot?”

15

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The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. “Is there never anything else?” he asked.

25

Poole nodded “Once,” he said. “Once I heard it weeping!”

“Weeping? how that?” said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

30

“Weeping like a woman or a lost soul,” said the butler. “I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too.”

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down in the quiet of the night.

35

“Jekyll,” cried Utterson, with a loud voice, “I demand to see you.” He paused a moment, but there came no reply. “I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you,” he resumed; “if not by fair means, then by foul—if not of your consent, then by brute force!”

40

“Utterson,” said the voice, “for God’s sake, have mercy!”

“Ah, that’s not Jekyll’s voice—it’s Hyde’s!” cried Utterson. “Down with the door, Poole!”

Either 6 (a) What do you think makes this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the description of the setting
- the words and actions of Poole and Utterson
- some of the words and phrases Stevenson uses.

[16]

Or 6 (b) Do you blame Mr Hyde for Dr Jekyll's downfall and death, or Dr Jekyll himself?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[16]

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

SIMON ARMITAGE

7 (a)

Alaska

So you upped
and went. Big deal!
Now you must be sitting pretty.
Now you must see me
like a big kodiak bear, 5

safe and holed up
for the close season, then rumbled.
Girl, you must see me
like the crown prince
rattling 10

round his icy palace,
the cook and bottle-washer gone,
snuck off, a moonlight flit
to the next estate
for sick pay, wages, running water 15

in their own chambers, that type
of concession. Girl,
you must picture me: clueless,
the brand of a steam iron
on my dress shirt, 20

the fire left on all night,
the kitchen a scrap heap
of ring-pulls and beer cans
but let me say, girl,
the only time I came within a mile 25

of missing you
was a rainy Wednesday, April,
hauling in the sheets,
trying to handle
that big king-sizer. Girl, 30

you should see yourself with him,
out in the snowfield
like nodding donkeys
or further west, you and him,
hand in hand, 35

his and hers,
and all this
under my nose,
like the Bering Strait,
just a stone's throw away. 40

Either 7 (a) What do you think makes this such a bitter poem?

You should consider:

- the feelings of the speaker
- his view of the girl and of himself
- some of the words and phrases Armitage uses.

[11]

Or 7 (b) What do you find particularly memorable about the relationship between a child and parent in **EITHER** *Mice and snakes don't give me the shivers* **OR** *Mother, any distance greater than a single span*?

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

[11]

Or 7 (c) What do you find so striking about the way **EITHER** *The Convergence of the Twain* **OR** *Gooseberry Season* portrays destruction?

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

[11]

GILLIAN CLARKE

8 (a)

Marged

I think of her sometimes when I lie in bed,
 falling asleep in the room I have made in the roof-space
 over the old dark parlwr where she died
 alone in winter, ill and penniless. 5
 Lighting the lamps, November afternoons,
 a reading book, whisky gold in my glass.
 At my type-writer tapping under stars
 at my new roof-window, radio tunes
 and dog for company. Or parking the car
 where through the mud she called her single cow 10
 up from the field, under the sycamore.
 Or looking at the hills she looked at too.
 I find her broken crocks, digging her garden.
 What else do we share, but being women?

Either 8 (a) What do you think makes this such a moving poem?

You should consider:

- Marged's life
- the speaker's way of life
- some of the words and phrases Clarke uses. [11]

Or 8 (b) What childhood memories does Clarke bring to life for you in **EITHER** *The Angelus* **OR** *Sunday*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

Or 8 (c) What do you find so striking about the portrayal of the natural world in **EITHER** *Hare in July* **OR** *The Hare*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

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Turn to page 18 for questions 9(a), 9(b) and 9(c)

WENDY COPE

9 (a)

The Stickleback Song

'Someone should see to the dead stickleback.'
School inspector to London headteacher

A team of inspectors came round here today,
They looked at our school and pronounced it OK.
We've no need to worry, we shan't get the sack,
But someone should see to the dead stickleback,
Dead stickleback, dead stickleback, 5
But someone should see to the dead stickleback.

Well, we've got some gerbils, all thumping their tails,
And we've got a tankful of live water-snails,
But there's one little creature we certainly lack –
We haven't a quick or a dead stickleback, 10
Dead stickleback, dead stickleback,
We haven't a quick or a dead stickleback.

Oh was it a spectre the inspector saw,
The ghost of some poor classroom pet who's no more?
And will it be friendly or will it attack? 15
We're living in fear of the dead stickleback,
Dead stickleback, dead stickleback,
We're living in fear of the dead stickleback.

Or perhaps there's a moral to this little song:
Inspectors work hard and their hours are too long. 20
When they overdo it, their minds start to crack
And they begin seeing the dead stickleback,
Dead stickleback, dead stickleback,
And they begin seeing the dead stickleback.

Now all you young teachers, so eager and good, 25
You won't lose your wits for a few years, touch wood.
But take off as fast as a hare on the track
The day you encounter the dead stickleback.
Dead stickleback, dead stickleback,
The day you encounter the dead stickleback. 30

Either 9 (a) What do you find so entertaining about *The Stickleback Song*?

You should consider:

- the classroom and teachers
- the inspectors
- some of the words and phrases Cope uses.

[11]

Or 9 (b) What do you find moving about the portrayal of the past in **EITHER** *On Finding an Old Photograph* **OR** *Sonnet of '68*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

Or 9 (c) What do you find amusing about the way poets and poetry are portrayed in **EITHER** *Engineers' Corner* **OR** *Strugnell's Sonnets (vii)* (beginning "Indeed 'tis true, I travel here and there")?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
 with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
 The only light is red and softly glows,
 as though this were a church and he
 a priest preparing to intone a Mass. 5
 Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
 beneath his hands which did not tremble then
 though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel, 10
 to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
 of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
 faintly start to twist before his eyes,
 a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries 15
 of this man's wife, how he sought approval
 without words to do what someone must
 and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black-and-white
 from which his editor will pick out five or six 20
 for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
 with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
 From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
 he earns his living and they do not care.

Either 10 (a) What do you find particularly memorable about the war photographer and his approach to his work?

You should consider:

- what he does abroad and in England
- his feelings and those of his editor and his readers
- some of the words and phrases Duffy uses.

[11]

Or 10 (b) What do you think makes an outsider such a fascinating figure in **EITHER** *Liar* **OR** *Stealing*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

OR 10 (c) What makes the change from happiness to different emotions so vivid in **EITHER** *In Mrs Tilscher's Class* **OR** *In Your Mind* ?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

SEAMUS HEANEY

11 (a)

Death of a Naturalist

All year the flax-dam festered in the heart
 Of the townland; green and heavy headed
 Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.
 Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.
 Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles 5
 Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.
 There were dragon-flies, spotted butterflies,
 But best of all was the warm thick slobber
 Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
 In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring 10
 I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied
 Specks to range on window-sills at home,
 On shelves at school, and wait and watch until
 The fattening dots burst into nimble-
 Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how 15
 The daddy frog was called a bullfrog
 And how he croaked and how the mammy frog
 Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was
 Frogspawn. You could tell the weather by frogs too
 For they were yellow in the sun and brown 20
 In rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank
 With cowdung in the grass the angry frogs
 Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges
 To a coarse croaking that I had not heard 25
 Before. The air was thick with a bass chorus.
 Right down the dam gross-bellied frogs were cocked
 On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some hopped:
 The slap and plop were obscene threats. Some sat
 Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting. 30
 I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings
 Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew
 That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.

Either 11 (a) What do you find so striking about the descriptions of nature in *Death of a Naturalist*?

You should consider:

- the flax-dam and the frogspawn
- the frogs
- some of the words and phrases Heaney uses.

[11]

Or 11 (b) What powerful impressions of the way things change does **EITHER** *Blackberry-Picking* **OR** *Ancestral Photograph* convey to you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

Or 11 (c) What vivid pictures of men at work does **EITHER** *Digging* **OR** *Follower* convey to you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [11]

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

12 (a)

Jimmy Grows Old

Jimmy's getting old now
 He wants softness an romance,
 He's checking all dat's movin
 He don't want to miss a chance,
 His rebel style is changing 5
 An he really wants a child,
 He really is behaving
 Jimmy's no longer wild.

He still has de scars of fights
 But now it's no fight time, 10
 He don't need de bright lights
 An he stays far from crime,
 He's lonely in his bedsit
 He's given up de scene,
 De doctor at de clinic said, 15
 "It is part of having been".

He was tough an energetic,
 Now where are his friends?
 He has none,
 But he knows so many people who pretend, 20
 De beat is not important
 Now he likes a lyrical song,
 De doctor at de clinic said,
 "You're changing, nothing's wrong".

He now sweats in his sleep 25
 He has woke up clutching his pillow,
 Each day dressed in underpants
 He eyes up his mirror,
 Too well known to cry in public,
 Too weak to be macho, 30
 Feeling like a lifeless object,
 Feeling kinda hollow.

Well Jimmy boy said, "What de hell
 I might as well get drinking,
 I did my bit, I did rebel, 35
 Now I am de rebel thinking,
 I could write a poem
 But I was told dat's sloppy,
 All I know is as I grow
 My strength is getting floppy". 40

Jimmy's social worker said,
 "Jimmy get off the booze"
 De parish priest said, "Jimmy
 What is de path you choose?"
 Jimmy said, "I just need friends, 45
 And winters are so cold"
 De doctor at de clinic said,
 "It's part of growing old".

Either 12 (a) What makes you feel such strong sympathy for Jimmy in *Jimmy Grows Old*?

You should consider:

- Jimmy's past
- what Jimmy now wants and needs
- some of the words and phrases Zephaniah uses.

[11]

Or 12 (b) What views on justice does Zephaniah vividly express in **EITHER** *Chant of a Homesick Nigga* **OR** *What Stephen Lawrence Has Taught Us*?

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

[11]

Or 12 (c) What difficulties in living an honest life does **EITHER** *Adultery* **OR** *What If* vividly convey to you?

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

[11]

UNSEEN POEM

13

Four Years

The smell of him went soon
 From all his shirts.
 I sent them for jumble,
 And the sweaters and suits.
 The shoes 5
 Held more of him: he was printed
 Into his shoes. I did not burn
 Or throw or give them away.
 Time has denatured them now.

Nothing left. 10
 There never will be
 A hair of his in a comb.
 But I want to believe
 That in the shifting housedust
 Minute presences still drift: 15
 An eyelash,
 A hard crescent cut from a fingernail,
 That sometimes between the folds of a curtain
 Or the covers of a book
 I touch a flake of his skin. 20

Pamela Gillilan

13 What do you think makes this such a moving poem?

You should consider:

- what has happened to the man (“him”) in the poem
- what the speaker has done with his clothes and shoes
- what the speaker hopes may still be in the house
- the speaker’s feelings
- some of the words and phrases the poet uses
- the poem’s structure
- anything else that you think is important.

[11]

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