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AS Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H074/02 The language of literary texts
Question Paper

Friday 26 May 2017 – Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

You must have:

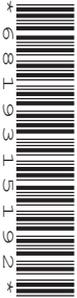
- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet
(OCR 12 sent with general stationery)

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

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



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]

It was not only the hurry of preparation that made me feverish; not only the anticipation of the great change—the new life which was to commence to-morrow: both these circumstances had their share, doubtless, in producing that restless, excited mood which hurried me forth at this late hour into the darkening grounds; but a third cause influenced my mind more than they.

I had at heart a strange and anxious thought. Something had happened which I could not comprehend; no one knew of or had seen the event but myself: it had taken place the preceding night. Mr Rochester that night was absent from home; nor was he yet returned: business had called him to a small estate of two or three farms he possessed thirty miles off—business it was requisite he should settle in person, previously to his meditated departure from England. I waited now his return; eager to disburthen my mind, and to seek of him the solution of the enigma that perplexed me. Stay till he comes, reader; and, when I disclose my secret to him, you shall share the confidence.

I sought the orchard: driven to its shelter by the wind, which all day had blown strong and full from the south; without, however, bringing a speck of rain. Instead of subsiding as night drew on, it seemed to augment its rush and deepen its roar: the trees blew stedfastly one way, never writhing round, and scarcely tossing back their boughs once in an hour; so continuous was the strain bending their branchy heads northward—the clouds drifted from pole to pole, fast following, mass on mass: no glimpse of blue sky had been visible that July day.

It was not without a certain wild pleasure I ran before the wind delivering my trouble of mind to the measureless air-torrent thundering through space. Descending the laurel-walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut-tree; it stood up, black and riven: the trunk, split down the centre, gasped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsundered below; though community of vitality was destroyed—the sap could flow no more: their great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter's tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth: as yet, however, they might be said to form one tree—a ruin; but an entire ruin.

“You did right to hold fast to each other,” I said: as if the monster-splinters were living things, and could hear me. “I think, scathed as you look, and charred and scorched, there must be a little sense of life in you yet; rising out of that adhesion at the faithful, honest roots: you will never have green leaves more—never more see birds making nests and singing idyls in your boughs; the time of pleasure and love is over with you; but you are not desolate: each of you has a comrade to sympathize with him in his decay.” As I looked up at them, the moon appeared momentarily in that part of the sky which filled their fissure; her disk was blood-red and half overcast; she seemed to throw on me one bewildered,

dreary glance, and buried herself again instantly in the deep drift of cloud. The wind fell, for a second, round Thornfield; but far away over wood and water, poured a wild, melancholy wail: it was sad to listen to, and I ran off again.

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]

About half-way between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. This is a valley of ashes – a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens; where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and, finally, with a transcendent effort, of ash-grey men, who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air. Occasionally a line of grey cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak, and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-grey men swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud, which screens their obscure operations from your sight.

But above the grey land and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic – their retinas are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a non-existent nose. Evidently some wild wag of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days, under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular cafés with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her – but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon, and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car.

"We're getting off," he insisted. "I want you to meet my girl."

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ministering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing. One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage – *Repairs*. GEORGE B. WILSON. *Cars bought and sold*. – and I followed Tom inside.

3 Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*

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

In your answer you should:

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

[25]

C Achebe, 'Things Fall Apart', page unknown, Heinemann International, 1986. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

4 Arundhati Roy: *The God of Small Things*

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

In your answer you should:

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

[25]

A Roy, 'The God of Small Things', page unknown, Harper Collins, 2004. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

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]

Ian McEwan, 'Atonement', page unknown, Vintage, 2002. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

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]

J Lahiri, 'The Namesake', page unknown, Harper Collins, 2004. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

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Section B – The language of poetry

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

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

7 William Blake

Compare the ways Blake uses language and poetic techniques in 'Introduction' (*Innocence*) and 'London' (*Experience*).

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'Introduction'

Piping down the valleys wild
 Piping songs of pleasant glee
 On a cloud I saw a child.
 And he laughing said to me.

Pipe a song about a Lamb:
 So I piped with merry cheer,
 Piper pipe that song again—
 So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer,
 So I sung the same again
 While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read—
 So he vanish'd from my sight,
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs,
 Every child may joy to hear

'London'

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice; in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

8 Emily Dickinson

Compare the ways Dickinson uses language and poetic techniques in 'He fumbles at your Soul' and 'I felt a Funeral, in my Brain'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'He fumbles at your Soul'

He fumbles at your Soul
 As Players at the Keys
 Before they drop full Music on –
 He stuns you by degrees –
 Prepares your brittle Nature
 For the Ethereal Blow
 By fainter Hammers – further heard –
 Then nearer – Then so slow
 Your Breath has time to straighten –
 Your Brain – to bubble Cool –
 Deals – One – imperial – Thunderbolt –
 That scalps your naked Soul –

When Winds take Forests in their Paws
 The Universe – is still –

'I felt a Funeral, in my Brain'

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum –
Kept beating – beating – till I thought
My Mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down –
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing – then –

9 Seamus Heaney

Compare the ways Heaney uses language and poetic techniques in 'Fodder' and 'Churning Day'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'Fodder'

S Heaney, 'Fodder', from 'Opened Ground: Poems 1966-1996', page unknown, Faber & Faber, 2002.

Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

'Churning Day'

S Heaney, 'Churning Day', from 'Opened Ground: Poems 1966-1996', page unknown, Faber & Faber, 2002. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

10 Eavan Boland

Compare the ways Boland uses language and poetic techniques in 'The Oral Tradition' and 'White Hawthorn in the West of Ireland'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'The Oral Tradition'

I was standing there
at the end of a reading
or a workshop or whatever,
watching people heading
out into the weather,

only half-wondering
what becomes of words,
the brisk herbs of language,
the fragrances we think we sing,
if anything.

We were left behind
in a firelit room
in which the colour scheme
crouched well down –
golds, a sort of dun

a distressed ochre –
and the sole richness was
in the suggestion of a texture
like the low flax gleam
that comes off polished leather.

Two women
were standing in shadow,
one with her back turned.
Their talk was a gesture,
an outstretched hand.

They talked to each other
and words like 'summer'
'birth' 'great-grandmother'
kept pleading with me,
urging me to follow.

'She could feel it coming' –
one of them was saying –
'all the way there,
across the fields at evening
and no one there, God help her

'and she had on a skirt
of cross-woven linen
and the little one
kept pulling at it.
It was nearly night ...'

(Wood hissed and split
in the open grate,
broke apart in sparks,
a windfall of light
in the room's darkness)

'... when she lay down
and gave birth to him
in an open meadow.
What a child that was
to be born without a blemish!'

It had started raining,
the windows dripping, misted.
One moment I was standing
not seeing out,
only half-listening

staring at the night; the next
without warning
I was caught by it:
the bruised summer light,
the musical sub-text

of mauve caves on lilac
and the laburnum past
and shadow where the lime
tree dropped its bracts
in frills of contrast

where she lay down
in vetch and linen
and lifted up her son
to the archive
they would shelter in:

the oral song
avid as superstition,
layered like an amber in
the wreck of language
and the remnants of a nation.

I was getting out
my coat, buttoning it,
shrugging up the collar.
It was bitter outside,
a real winter's night

and I had distances
ahead of me: iron miles
in trains, iron rails
repeating instances
and reasons; the wheels

singing innuendos, hints,
outlines underneath
the surface, a sense
suddenly of truth,
its resonance.

'White Hawthorn in the West of Ireland'

I drove West
in the season between seasons.
I left behind suburban gardens.
Lawnmowers. Small talk.

Under low skies, past splashes of coltsfoot,
I assumed
the hard shyness of Atlantic light
and the superstitious aura of hawthorn.

All I wanted then was to fill my arms with
sharp flowers,
to seem, from a distance, to be part of
that ivory, downhill rush. But I knew,

I had always known
the custom was
not to touch hawthorn.
Not to bring it indoors for the sake of

the luck
such constraint would forfeit –
a child might die, perhaps, or an unexplained
fever speckle heifers. So I left it

stirring on those hills
with a fluency
only water has. And, like water, able
to re-define land. And free to seem to be –

for anglers,
and for travellers astray in
the unmarked lights of a May dusk –
the only language spoken in those parts.

11 Carol Ann Duffy

Compare the ways Duffy uses language and poetic techniques in 'Betrothal' and 'The Love Poem'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'Betrothal'

I will be yours, be yours.
I'll walk on the moors
with my spade.
Make me your bride.

I will be brave, be brave.
I'll dig my own grave
and lie down.
Make me your own.

I will be good, be good.
I'll sleep in my blankets of mud
till you kneel above.
Make me your love.

I'll stay forever, forever.
I'll wade in the river,
wearing my gown of stone.
Make me the one.

I will obey, obey.
I'll float far away,
gargling my vows.
Make me your spouse.

I will say yes, say yes.
I'll sprawl in my dress
on my watery bed.
Make me be wed.

I'll wear your ring, your ring.
I'll dance and I'll sing
in the flames.
Make me your name.

I'll feel desire, desire.
I'll bloom in the fire.
I'll blush like a baby.
Make me your lady.

I'll say I do, I do.
I'll be ash in a jar, for you
to scatter my life.
Make me your wife.

12 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Compare the ways Sam-La Rose uses language and poetic techniques in 'After Lazerdrome, McDonalds, Peckham Rye' and 'Speechless II'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

'After Lazerdrome, McDonalds, Peckham Rye'

*What's clear, now, is / that there was music, that it's lasted, that it /
doesn't matter whether a player played it, / or whether it just played itself,
that it still is / playing, / that at least two gods exist ...*

ABDULAH SIDRAN, 'A Dispute About God'

where I say goodbye to south-east London for the next 3 years
a gaggle of us still damp spilling in from the night before

early flock for a Sunday six or seven A.M. sleepless
drowning in light and all this quiet after all that sweat
and darkness all that flighty noise

this is the year one of the guys says music is the one thing
that won't ever let him down that music is his religion

the year we're stopped and searched because we
fit the description the year jungle music passes
out of fashion stripped down

to naked beat and bass and we club together to dance
alone in the dark let the music play us meat and bone

let music fill the empty spaces rhythm in wads and scads
scattershot crashing wall to wall to be baptised
by filtered drums pressed snares and swollen b-lines

be baptised by city songs urban hymns seamless
sound a brimming sea of sound poured out

from towering speaker stacks this is the year we stand
close enough to feel the music rise its wing-beats
on our faces drawing salt from our skin released

then morning small fries and a strawberry milkshake
counting coins for the cab back sitting around a table

'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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