



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Friday 7 June 2024 – Morning

A Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H474/02 The language of poetry and plays

Time allowed: 2 hours



You must have:

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **64**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document has **24** pages.

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

Section A

Poetry: poetic and stylistic analysis

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

Answer **one** question from this section.

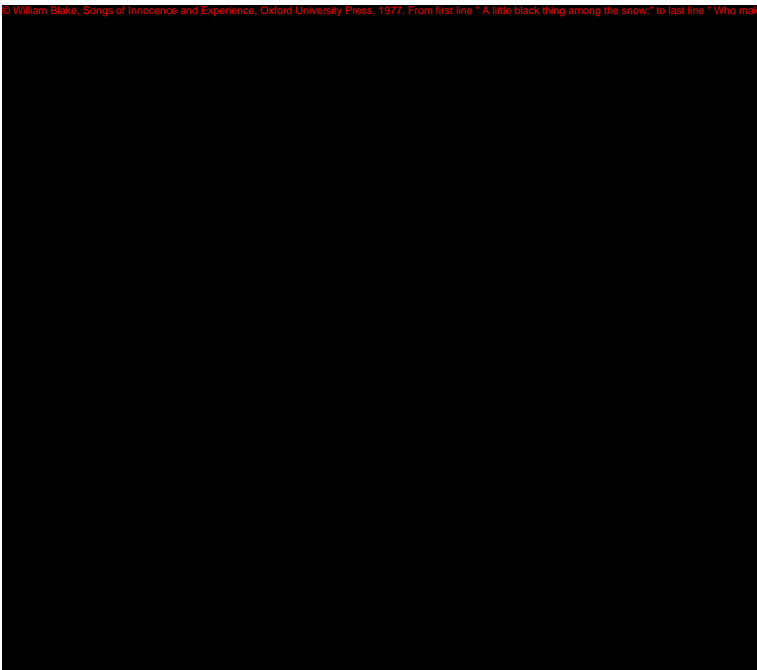
You should spend about **one hour** on this section.

1 William Blake

Explore how Blake presents ideas and feelings about the treatment of children in 'The Chimney Sweeper' (E) and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Blake's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]



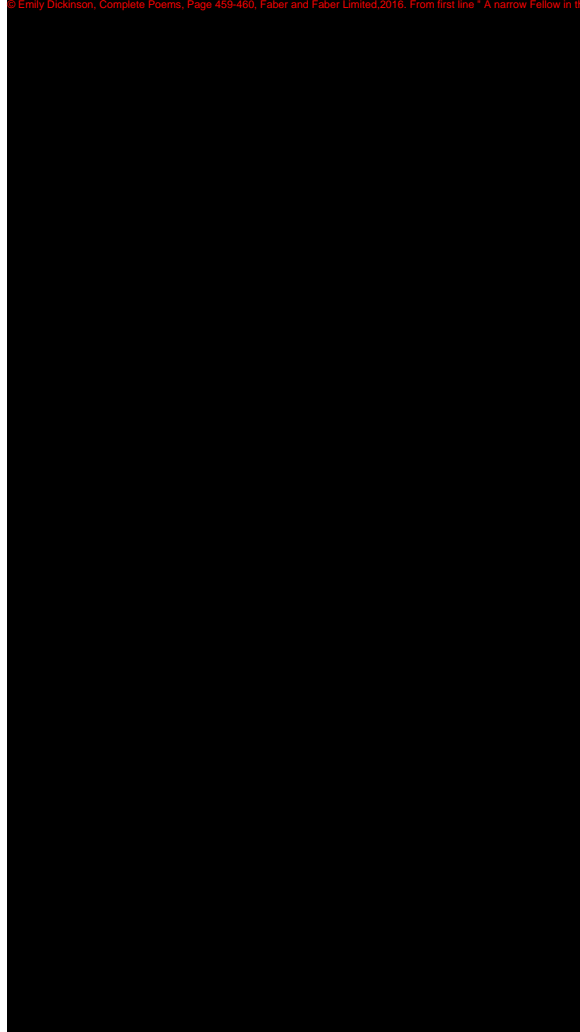
2 Emily Dickinson

Explore how Dickinson presents ideas and feelings about fear and menace in 'A narrow Fellow in the Grass' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Dickinson's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

© Emily Dickinson, Complete Poems, Page 459-460, Faber and Faber Limited, 2016. From first line "A narrow Fellow in the Grass"



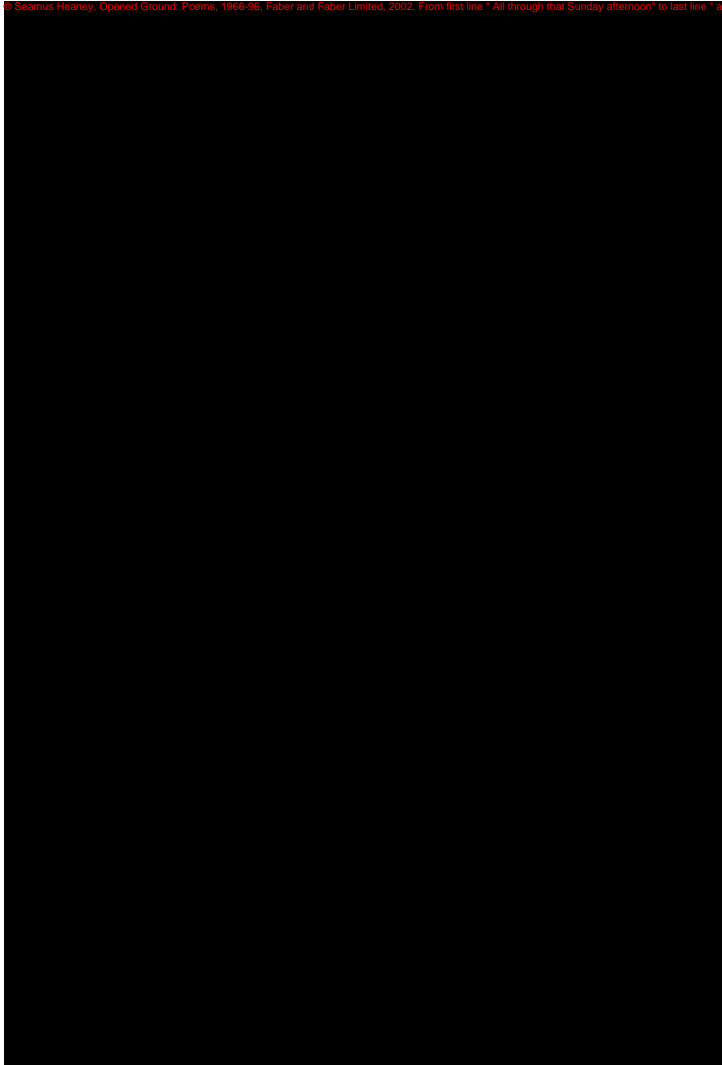
3 Seamus Heaney

Explore how Heaney presents ideas about events from the past in 'A Kite for Michael and Christopher' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Heaney's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

© Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems, 1966-96*, Faber and Faber Limited, 2002. From first line "All through that Sunday afternoon" to last line "at



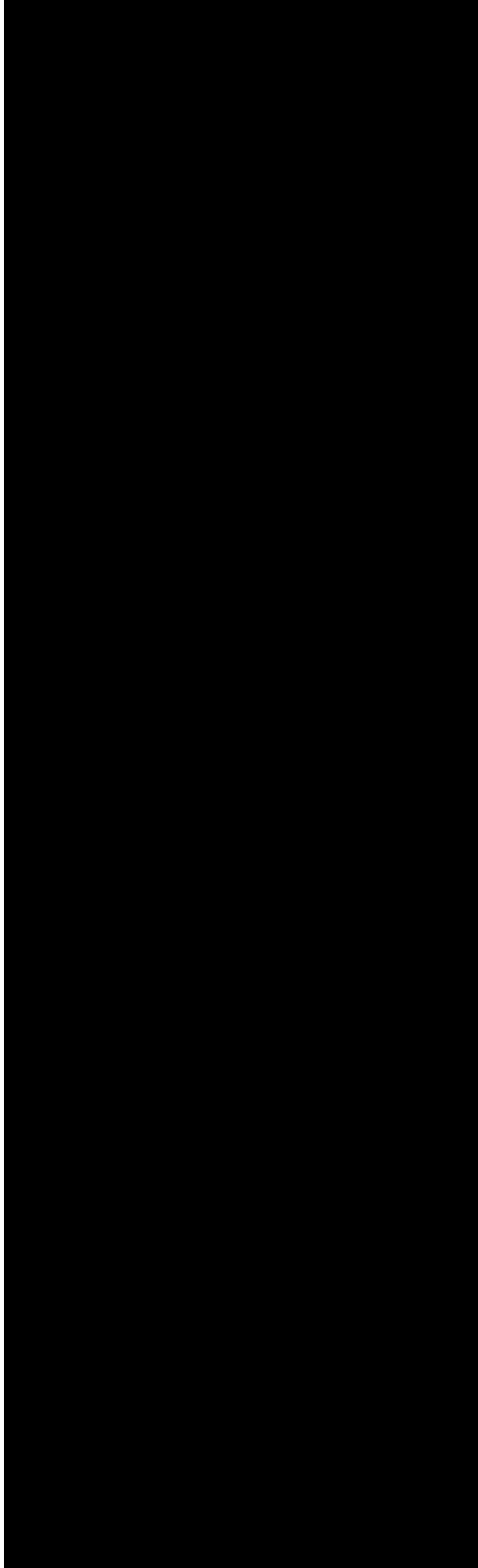
4 Eavan Boland

Explore how Boland presents ideas about responding to a piece of art in 'Degas's Laundresses' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Boland's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Eavan Boland, New Collected Poems, Page 106-109, Carcanet Press Limited, 2005. From first line



5 Carol Ann Duffy

Explore how Duffy presents ideas and feelings about the power of love in 'Rapture' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Duffy's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Rapture

Thought of by you all day, I think of you.
The birds sing in the shelter of a tree.
Above the prayer of rain, unacred blue,
not paradise, goes nowhere endlessly.
How does it happen that our lives can drift
far from our selves, while we stay trapped in time,
queuing for death? It seems nothing will shift
the pattern of our days, alter the rhyme
we make with loss to assonance with bliss.
Then love comes, like a sudden flight of birds
from earth to heaven after rain. Your kiss,
recalled, unstrings, like pearls, this chain of words.
Huge skies connect us, joining here to there.
Desire and passion on the thinking air.

6 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Explore how Sam-La Rose presents ideas about what music represents in 'Make Some Noise' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Sam-La Rose's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Make Some Noise

I said 'well daddy don't you know that things go in cycles?'
Q-TIP, 'Excursions'

Our mothers said that hip-hop wasn't music,
that all those rappers did was talk.
Mine questioned what I heard in the hard noise
I listened to. For her, it wasn't music
if it couldn't hold a waltz, tango or samba.
Music was something you could hold in hand,
the way a beaten steel pan begat
a movement in the hips one night in 1953
at Tipperary Hall, east coast, and never ended.
It was Kitchener and Sparrow, Ella,
Harry Belafonte, Bassey, Syncopators,
Washboards, Nat King Cole –
they try to tell us we're too young.
It was the honesty of sculpted wood and steel
or nylon strung to spirituals and hymns.
It was lyric, hot and sly, and working up
through simple instruments, piano, bass,
guitar and drum, and grew to something large
and grand, a synonym for mass.

Section B

Plays: dramatic and contextual analysis

William Shakespeare: *Othello*
 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*
 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*
 Brian Friel: *Translations*
 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*
 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Answer **one** question from this section.

You should spend about **one hour** on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: *Othello*

Explore how Shakespeare presents the conversation between Roderigo, Iago and Brabantio in this extract from *Othello*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Roderigo: Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago: Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell,
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Roderigo: What ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago: Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!
 Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
 Thieves, thieves!

BRABANTIO [*appears*] *above at a window*.

Brabantio: What is the reason of this terrible summons?
 What is the matter there?

Roderigo: Signior, is all your family within?

Iago: Are your doors locked?

Brabantio: Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago: Zounds, sir, you're robbed; for shame, put on your gown;
 Your heart is burst; you have lost half your soul;
 Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
 Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
 Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
 Arise, I say!

- Brabantio:** What, have you lost your wits?
- Roderigo:** Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
- Brabantio:** Not I; what are you?
- Roderigo:** My name is Roderigo.
- Brabantio:** The worser welcome;
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee. And now in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.
- Roderigo:** Sir, sir, sir –
- Brabantio:** But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
- Roderigo:** Patience, good sir.
- Brabantio:** What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
- Roderigo:** Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
- Iago:** Zounds, sir; you are one of those that will not serve
God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you
service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your
daughter covered with a Barbary horse, you'll have
your nephews neigh to you, you'll have coursers for
cousins, and jennets for Germans.
- Brabantio:** What profane wretch art thou?
- Iago:** I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and
the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
- Brabantio:** Thou art a villain.
- Iago:** You are a senator.

8 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Explore how Wilde presents the ending of *The Importance of Being Earnest* in this extract.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Miss Prism: (*still more indignant*) Mr Worthing, there is some error. (*Pointing to Lady Bracknell*) There is the lady who can tell you who you really are.

[A pause]

Jack: Lady Bracknell, I hate to seem inquisitive, but would you kindly inform me who I am?

Lady Bracknell: I am afraid that the news I have to give you will not altogether please you. You are the son of my poor sister, Mrs Moncrieff, and consequently Algernon's elder brother.

Jack: Algy's elder brother! Then I have a brother after all. I knew I had a brother! I always said I had a brother! Cecily—how could you have ever doubted that I had a brother. (*Seizes hold of Algernon*) Dr Chasuble, my unfortunate brother. Miss Prism, my unfortunate brother. Gwendolen, my unfortunate brother. Algy, you young scoundrel, you will have to treat me with more respect in the future. You have never behaved to me like a brother in all your life.

Algernon: Well, not till today, old boy, I admit. I did my best, however, though I was out of practice.

Shakes hands

Gwendolen: (*to Jack*) My own! But what own are you? What is your Christian name, now that you have become someone else?

Jack: Good heavens!—I had quite forgotten that point. Your decision on the subject of my name is irrevocable, I suppose?

Gwendolen: I never change, except in my affections.

Cecily: What a noble nature you have, Gwendolen!

Jack: Then the question had better be cleared up at once. Aunt Augusta, a moment. At the time when Miss Prism left me in the hand-bag, had I been christened already?

Lady Bracknell: Every luxury that money could buy, including christening, had been lavished on you by your fond and doting parents.

Jack: Then I was christened! That is settled. Now, what name was I given? Let me know the worst.

Lady Bracknell: Being the eldest son you were naturally christened after your father.

Jack: (*irritably*) Yes, but what was my father's Christian name?

- Lady Bracknell:** (*meditatively*) I cannot at the present moment recall what the General's Christian name was. But I have no doubt he had one. He was eccentric, I admit. But only in later years. And that was the result of the Indian climate, and marriage, and indigestion, and other things of that kind.
- Jack:** Algy! Can't you recollect what our father's Christian name was?
- Algernon:** My dear boy, we were never even on speaking terms. He died before I was a year old.
- Jack:** His name would appear in the Army Lists of the period, I suppose, Aunt Augusta?
- Lady Bracknell:** The General was essentially a man of peace, except in his domestic life. But I have no doubt his name would appear in any military directory.
- Jack:** The Army Lists of the last forty years are here. These delightful records should have been my constant study. (*Rushes to bookcase and tears the books out*) M. Generals ... Mallam, Maxbohm, Magley—what ghastly names they have—Markby, Migsby, Mobbs, Moncrieff! Lieutenant 1840, Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, General 1869, Christian names, Ernest John. (*Puts book very quietly down and speaks quite calmly*) I always told you, Gwendolen, my name was Ernest, didn't I? Well, it is Ernest after all. I mean it naturally is Ernest.
- Lady Bracknell:** Yes, I remember now that the General was called Ernest. I knew I had some particular reason for disliking the name.
- Gwendolen:** Ernest! My own Ernest! I felt from the first that you could have no other name!
- Jack:** Gwendolen, it is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me?
- Gwendolen:** I can. For I feel that you are sure to change.
- Jack:** My own one!
- Chasuble:** (*to Miss Prism*) Laetitia! (*Embraces her*)
- Miss Prism:** (*enthusiastically*) Frederick! At last!
- Algernon:** Cecily! (*Embraces her*) At last!
- Jack:** Gwendolen! (*Embraces her*) At last!
- Lady Bracknell:** My nephew, you seem to be displaying signs of triviality.
- Jack:** On the contrary, Aunt Augusta, I've now realized for the first time in my life the vital Importance of Being Earnest.

TABLEAU

CURTAIN

9 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Explore how Williams presents the conversation between Blanche and the Young Man in this extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

[There is a little glimmer of lightning about the building.]

The NEGRO WOMAN, cackling hysterically, swaying drunkenly, comes around the corner from the Four Deuces. At the same time, a YOUNG MAN enters from the opposite direction. The NEGRO WOMAN snaps her fingers before his belt.]

Negro Woman: Hey! Sugar!

[She says something indistinguishable. The YOUNG MAN shakes his head violently and edges hastily up the steps. He rings the bell.]

BLANCHE puts down the mirror. The NEGRO WOMAN has wandered down the street.]

Blanche: Come in.

[The YOUNG MAN appears through the portières. She regards him with interest.]

Blanche: Well, well! What can I do for you?

Young Man: I'm collecting for the *Evening Star*.

Blanche: I didn't know that stars took up collections.

Young Man: It's the paper.

Blanche: I know, I was joking – feebly! Will you – have a drink?

Young Man: No, ma'am. No, thank you. I can't drink on the job.

Blanche: Oh, well, now, let's see ... No, I don't have a dime! I'm not the lady of the house. I'm her sister from Mississippi. I'm one of those poor relations you've heard about.

Young Man: That's all right. I'll drop by later. *[He starts to go out. She approaches a little.]*

Blanche: Hey! *[He turns back shyly. She puts a cigarette in a long holder.]* Could you give me a light? *[She crosses towards him. They meet at the door between the two rooms.]*

Young Man: Sure. *[He takes out a lighter.]* This doesn't always work.

Blanche: It's temperamental? *[It flares.]* Ah! Thank you.

Young Man: Thank you! *[He starts away again.]*

Blanche: Hey! *[He turns again, still more uncertainly. She goes close to him.]* What time is it?

Young Man: Fifteen of seven.

Blanche: So late? Don't you just love these long rainy afternoons in New Orleans when an hour isn't just an hour – but a little bit of Eternity dropped in your hands – and who knows what to do with it?

Young Man: Yes, ma'am.

[In the ensuing pause, the 'blue piano' is heard. It continues through the rest of this scene and the opening of the next. The YOUNG MAN clears his throat and looks glancingly at the door.]

Blanche: You – uh – didn't get wet in the shower?

Young Man: No, ma'am. I stepped inside.

Blanche: In a drug-store? And had a soda?

Young Man: Uhhuh.

Blanche: Chocolate?

Young Man: No, ma'am. Cherry.

Blanche: Mmmm!

Young Man: A cherry soda!

Blanche: You make my mouth water.

Young Man: Well, I'd better be –

Blanche: Young man! Young, young, young, young – man! Has anyone ever told you that you look like a young prince out of the Arabian Nights?

Young Man: No, ma'am.

[The YOUNG MAN laughs uncomfortably and stands like a bashful kid. BLANCHE speaks softly to him.]

Blanche: Well, you do, honey lamb. Come here! Come on over here like I told you! I want to kiss you – just once – softly and sweetly on your mouth. *[Without waiting for him to accept, she crosses quickly to him and presses her lips to his.]* Run along now! It would be nice to keep you, but I've got to be good and keep my hands off children. Adios!

Young Man: Huh?

[He stares at her a moment. She opens the door for him and blows a kiss to him as he goes down the steps with a dazed look. She stands there a little dreamily after he has disappeared. Then MITCH appears around the corner with a bunch of roses.]

Blanche: Look who's coming! Mr Rosenkavalier! Bow to me first! Now present them.

[He does so. She curtsies low.]

Ahhh! Merciiii!

10 Brian Friel: *Translations*

Explore how Friel presents Manus in this extract from *Translations*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Manus: You'll be here for a while? For a week or two anyhow?

Owen: Yes.

Manus: You're not leaving with the army?

Owen: I haven't made up my mind. Why?

Manus: Those Inis Meadhon men will be back to see why I haven't turned up. Tell them – tell them I'll write to them as soon as I can. Tell them I still want the job but that it might be three or four months before I'm free to go.

Owen: You're being damned stupid, Manus.

Manus: Will you do that for me?

Owen: Clear out now and Lancey'll think you're involved somehow.

Manus: Will you do that for me?

Owen: Wait a couple of days even. You know George – he's a bloody romantic – maybe he's gone out to one of the islands and he'll suddenly reappear tomorrow morning. Or maybe the search party'll find him this evening lying drunk somewhere in the sandhills. You've seen him drinking that poteen – doesn't know how to handle it. Had he drink on him last night at the dance?

Manus: I had a stone in my hand when I went out looking for him – I was going to fell him. The lame scholar turned violent.

Owen: Did anybody see you?

Manus: (*again close to tears*) But when I saw him standing there at the side of the road – smiling – and her face buried in his shoulder – I couldn't even go close to them. I just shouted something stupid – something like, 'You're a bastard, Yolland.' If I'd even said it in English ... 'cos he kept saying 'Sorry-sorry?' The wrong gesture in the wrong language.

Owen: And you didn't see him again?

Manus: 'Sorry?'

- Owen:** Before you leave tell Lancey that – just to clear yourself.
- Manus:** What have I to say to Lancey? You'll give that message to the islandmen?
- Owen:** I'm warning you: run away now and you're bound to be ...
- Manus:** *(to Sarah)* Will you give that message to the Inis Meadhon men?
- Sarah:** I will.
- Manus picks up an old sack and throws it across his shoulders.*
- Owen:** Have you any idea where you're going?
- Manus:** Mayo, maybe. I remember Mother saying she had cousins somewhere away out in the Erris Peninsula. *(He picks up his bag.)* Tell father I took only the Virgil and the Caesar and the Aeschylus because they're mine anyway – I bought them with the money I got for that pet lamb I reared – do you remember that pet lamb? And tell him that Nora Dan never returned the dictionary and that she still owes him two-and-six for last quarter's reading – he always forgets those things.
- Owen:** Yes.
- Manus:** And his good shirt's ironed and hanging up in the press and his clean socks are in the butter-box under the bed.
- Owen:** All right.
- Manus:** And tell him I'll write.
- Owen:** If Maire asks where you've gone ...?
- Manus:** He'll need only half the amount of milk now, won't he? Even less than half – he usually takes his tea black. *(Pause.)* And when he comes in at night – you'll hear him; he makes a lot of noise – I usually come down and give him a hand up. Those stairs are dangerous without a banister. Maybe before you leave you'd get Big Ned Frank to put up some sort of a handrail. *(Pause.)* And if you can bake, he's very fond of soda bread.
- Owen:** I can give you money. I'm wealthy. Do you know what they pay me? Two shillings a day for this – this – this –
- Manus rejects the offer by holding out his hand.*
- Goodbye, Manus.

11 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*

Explore how Wertenbaker presents the preparations for Liz Morden's hanging in this extract from *Our Country's Good*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Harry, Ketch Freeman, Liz, sitting, staring straight ahead of her.

Ketch: I don't want to do this.

Harry: Get on with it, Freeman.

Ketch: (to Liz) I have to measure you.

Pause.

I'm Sorry.

Liz *doesn't move*.

You'll have to stand, Liz.

Liz *doesn't move*.

Please.

Pause.

I won't hurt you. I mean, now. And if I have the measurements right, I can make it quick. Very quick. Please.

Liz *doesn't move*.

She doesn't want to get up, Mr Brewer. I could come back later.

Harry: Hurry up.

Ketch: I can't. I can't measure her unless she gets up. I have to measure her to judge the drop. If the rope's too short, it won't hang her and if the rope is too long, it could pull her head off. It's very difficult, Mr Brewer, I've always done my best.

Pause.

But I've never hung a woman.

Harry: (in Tom Barrett's voice) 'You've hung a boy.' (To Ketch.) You've hung a boy.

- Ketch:** That was a terrible mess, Mr Brewer, don't you remember. It took twenty minutes and even then he wasn't dead. Remember how he danced and everyone laughed. I don't want to repeat something like that, Mr Brewer, not now. Someone had to get hold of his legs to weigh him down and then –
- Harry:** Measure her, Freeman!
- Ketch:** Yes, Sir. Could you tell her to get up. She'll listen to you.
- Harry:** (*shouts*) Get up, you bitch.
- Liz *doesn't move*.
- Get up!
- He seizes her and makes her stand.*
- Now, measure her!
- Ketch:** (*measuring the neck, etc., of Liz*) The Lieutenant is talking to the Governor again, Liz, maybe he'll change his mind. At least he might wait until we've done the play.
- Pause.*
- I don't want to do this.
- I know, you're thinking in my place you wouldn't. But somebody will do it, if I don't, and I'll be gentle. I won't hurt you.
- Liz *doesn't move, doesn't look at him*.
- It's wrong, Mr Brewer. It's wrong.
- Harry:** (*in Tom Barrett's voice*) 'It's wrong. Death is horrible.'
(*In his own voice to Ketch.*) There's no food left in the colony and she steals and gives it to Kable to run away.
- Ketch:** That's true, Liz, you shouldn't have stolen that food. Especially when the Lieutenant trusted us. That was wrong, Liz. Actors can't behave like normal people, not even like normal criminals. Still, I'm sorry. I'll do my best.
- Harry:** 'I had plans.' (*To Ketch.*) Are you finished?
- Ketch:** Yes, yes. I have all the measurements I need. No, one more. I need to lift her. You don't mind, do you, Liz?
- He lifts her.*

She's so light. I'll have to use a very long rope. The fig tree would be better, it's higher. When will they build me some gallows, Mr Brewer? Nobody will laugh at you, Liz, you won't be shamed, I'll make sure of that.

Harry: 'You could hang yourself.' Come on, Freeman. Let's go.

Ketch: Goodbye, Liz. You were a very good Melinda. No one will be as good as you.

They begin to go.

Liz: Mr Brewer.

Harry: 'You wanted me dead.' I didn't. You shouldn't've stolen that food!

Ketch: Speak to her, please, Mr Brewer.

Harry: What?

Liz: Tell Lieutenant Clark I didn't steal that food. Tell him – afterwards. I want him to know.

Harry: Why didn't you say that before? Why are you lying now?

Liz: Tell the Lieutenant.

Harry: 'Another victim of yours, another body. I was so frightened, so alone.'

Ketch: Mr Brewer.

Harry: 'It's dark. There's nothing.' Get away, get away!

Liz: Please tell the Lieutenant.

Harry: 'First fear, then a pain at the back of the neck. Then nothing.' I can't see. It's dark. It's dark.

Harry screams and falls.

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12 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Explore how Butterworth presents the conversation between Johnny and Troy in this extract from *Jerusalem*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Johnny: Troy. Good afternoon, mate. Welcome to our banquet. Welcome to our Bucolic Alcoholic Frolic. Pull up a chair. Lee.

Lee: What?

Johnny: Get up. Let Mr Whitworth sit down. Everyone, I think you know Troy. Troy, I think you know everyone here. How's the fair, mate? You win anything yet?

Troy: You having a party then?

Johnny: Big day, ain't it? Pull up a chair, mate. What are you drinking these days?

Troy: I ain't staying.

Johnny: It's no bother, Troy. Shift up, girls. Make room.

Troy: I said, I ain't staying.

Johnny: Don't be daft. You slog all the way up here. Let's have a drink –

Troy: You deaf, gyppo? I ain't sitting with you.

Johnny: You busy today? You on the floats?

Troy: Where is she?

Johnny: What?

Troy: Don't try my patience. Where is she? Where's Phaedra?

Johnny: Phaedra. (*Beat.*) Hang about. Which one's she?

Troy: Don't try me, Byron.

Johnny: What's she look like?

Troy: Do not try me. You know who she is.

Johnny: I can't tell these rats apart, Troy. Not one from the other. I wouldn't worry yourself, mate. She'll be back. (*Beat.*) Wait. Phaedra. I got her. Small. Brown hair. Freckles. Big eyes? I tell you, boy. She's a sweetheart. Lovely big eyes. She's a treasure, though. Ain't she the May Queen? Queen of the Fair? If she is then she gotta be back. She don't want to miss that, then, do she? I remember when she won last year. Pretty dress. Her hair all... Shaking like a leaf, she was, when they told her. When they put on the crown. I remember how she wept. Best day of her life, she said, to the Mayor. I wouldn't worry, mate. She'll be back. She's not gonna wanna miss a day like that.

Pause.

Troy: Get rid of them.

Johnny: Look, Troy –

Troy: Tell them to fuck off. This is between you and me.

Johnny: Look. There's no need to break up the party. Thought we were mates, Troy. Your brothers, Frank and Danny, last summer they was always up here. Playing Swingball. Cards. They're good lads. I don't have no beef with the Whitworths.

Troy: Get rid of them. Now.

Johnny: Troy, mate. What say we bury the hatchet?

Troy: You deaf as well as daft? We'll bury the hatchet all right. Right in your fuckin' skull, pikey. You *did*. You *diddicoy* maggot. Living on a rubbish tip. Worzel Maggot. Stig of the Dump. Thinks he's the Pied Piper. You're the lowest piece of shit in this forest, mate. It's you and me now, you fucking snake. I will beat you into your grave. Into your grave, Gypsy. Now, one more time, cunt. Where's my daughter?

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