

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

## Section A – The language of prose

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*  
 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*  
 Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*  
 Arundhati Roy: *The God of Small Things*  
 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*  
 Jhumpa Lahiri: *The Namesake*

Answer **one** question from **this section** on your **chosen prose text**.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

### 1 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

Write about the ways in which Charlotte Brontë tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

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

[25]

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright: I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding cloak, fur collared and steel clasped; its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle-age; perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one. I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gaily and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew inquiries: but the frown, the roughness of the traveller, set me at my ease: I retained my station when he waved to me to go, and announced –

‘I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.’

He looked at me when I said this; he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before.

‘I should think you ought to be at home yourself,’ said he, ‘if you have a home in this neighbourhood: where do you come from?’

‘From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight: I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it: indeed, I am going there to post a letter.’

‘You live just below – do you mean at that house with the battlements?’ pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods that, by contrast with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Whose house is it?’

‘Mr Rochester’s.’

‘Do you know Mr Rochester?’

‘No, I have never seen him.’

‘He is not resident, then?’

‘No.’

‘Can you tell me where he is?’

‘I cannot.’

‘You are not a servant at the Hall, of course. You are –’ He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which, as usual, was quite simple – a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet; neither of them half fine enough for a lady’s-maid. He seemed puzzled to decide what I was – I helped him.

‘I am the governess.’

‘Ah, the governess!’ he repeated; ‘deuce take me, if I had not forgotten! The governess!’ and again my raiment underwent scrutiny.

## 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]

When I came home to West Egg that night I was afraid for a moment that my house was on fire. Two o'clock and the whole corner of the peninsula was blazing with light, which fell unreal on the shrubbery and made thin elongating glints upon the roadside wires. Turning a corner, I saw that it was Gatsby's house, lit from tower to cellar.

At first I thought it was another party, a wild rout that had resolved itself into 'hide-and-go-seek' or 'sardines-in-the-box' with all the house thrown open to the game. But there wasn't a sound. Only wind in the trees, which blew the wires and made the lights go off and on again as if the house had winked into the darkness. As my taxi groaned away I saw Gatsby walking toward me across his lawn.

'Your place looks like the World's Fair,' I said.

'Does it?' He turned his eyes toward it absently. 'I have been glancing into some of the rooms. Let's go to Coney Island, old sport. In my car.'

'It's too late.'

'Well, suppose we take a plunge in the swimming-pool? I haven't made use of it all summer.'

'I've got to go to bed.'

'All right.'

He waited, looking at me with suppressed eagerness.

'I talked with Miss Baker,' I said after a moment. 'I'm going to call up Daisy tomorrow and invite her over here to tea.'

'Oh, that's all right,' he said carelessly. 'I don't want to put you to any trouble.'

'What day would suit you?'

'What day would suit *you*?' he corrected me quickly. 'I don't want to put you to any trouble, you see.'

'How about the day after tomorrow?'

He considered for a moment. Then, with reluctance: 'I want to get the grass cut,' he said.

We both looked down at the grass – there was a sharp line where my ragged lawn ended and the darker, well-kept expanse of his began. I suspected that he meant my grass.

'There's another little thing,' he said uncertainly, and hesitated.

'Would you rather put it off for a few days?' I asked.

'Oh, it isn't about that. At least –' He fumbled with a series of beginnings. 'Why, I thought – why, look here, old sport, you don't make much money, do you?'

'Not very much.'

This seemed to reassure him and he continued more confidently.

'I thought you didn't, if you'll pardon my – you see, I carry on a little business on the side, a sort of side line, you understand. And I thought that if you don't make very much – You're selling bonds, aren't you, old sport?'

'Trying to.'

'Well, this would interest you. It wouldn't take up much of your time and you might pick up a nice bit of money. It happens to be a rather confidential sort of thing.'

I realize now that under different circumstances that conversation might have been one of the crises of my life. But, because the offer was obviously and tactlessly for a service to be rendered, I had no choice except to cut him off there.

'I've got my hands full,' I said. 'I'm much obliged but I couldn't take on any more work.'

**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]**

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**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]**

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**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]**

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**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]**

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## Section B – The language of poetry

William Blake  
Emily Dickinson  
Fatimah Asghar  
Malika Booker  
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 William Blake uses language and poetic techniques in ‘The Tyger’ and ‘London’.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

**[25]**

#### The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**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 Emily Dickinson uses language and poetic techniques in 'I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –' and 'Because I could not stop for Death –'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### **'I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –'**

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –  
The Stillness in the Room  
Was like the Stillness in the Air –  
Between the Heaves of Storm –

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry –  
And Breaths were gathering firm  
For that last Onset – when the King  
Be witnessed – in the Room –

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away  
What portion of me be  
Assignable – and then it was  
There interposed a Fly –

With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz –  
Between the light – and me –  
And then the Windows failed – and then  
I could not see to see –

**‘Because I could not stop for Death –’**

Because I could not stop for Death –  
He kindly stopped for me –  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess – in the Ring –  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –  
The Dews drew quivering and chill –  
For only Gossamer, my Gown –  
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground –  
The Roof was scarcely visible –  
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – ’tis Centuries – and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses’ Heads  
Were toward Eternity –

**9 Fatimah Asghar**

Compare the ways Fatimah Asghar uses language and poetic techniques in 'The Last Summer of Innocence' and 'Other Body'.

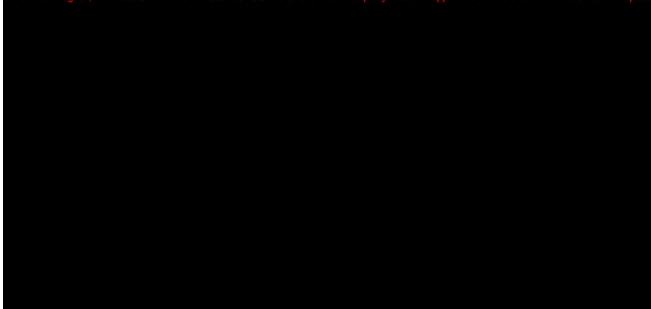
Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

**[25]**

**The Last Summer of Innocence**

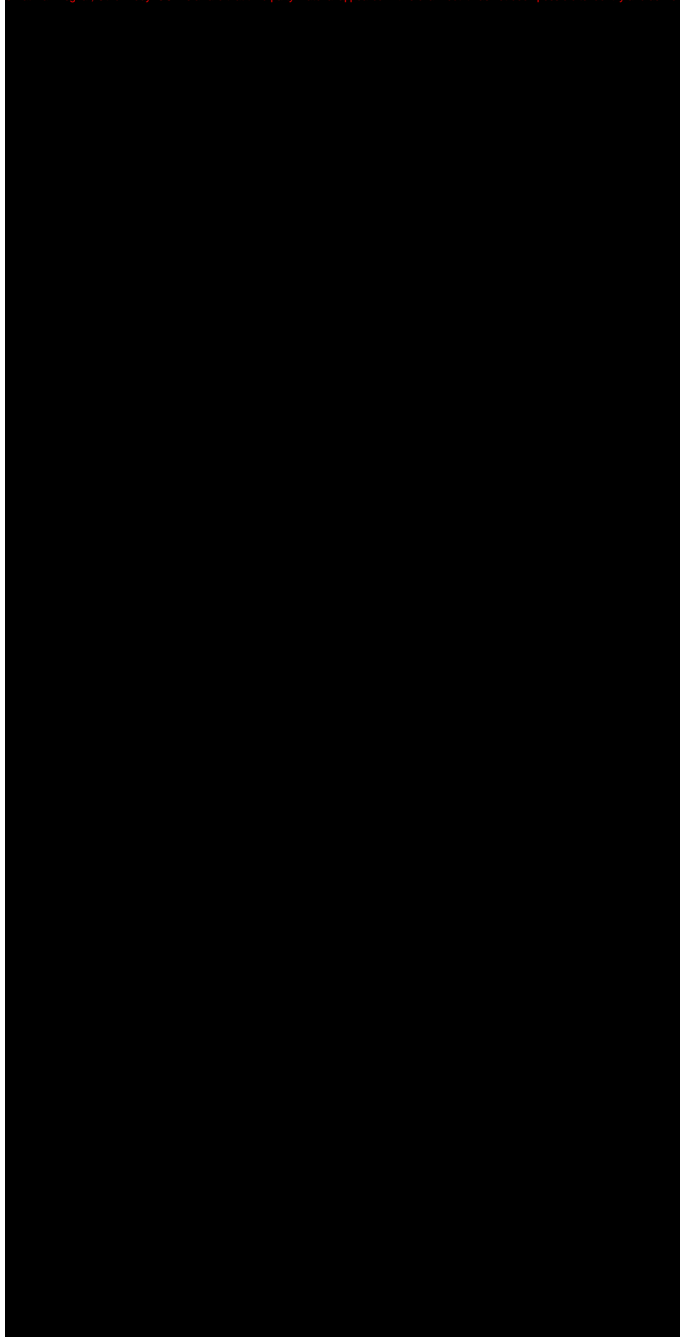
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## Other Body

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## 10 Malika Booker

Compare the ways Malika Booker uses language and poetic techniques in 'Brother Warning' and 'Cement'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### Brother Warning

#### *Early Warning*

These are men who dash ripe fruit  
on hard stone again and again, grind  
heels on ladies' hearts, smile  
into their faces like angels, climb  
women's back stairs, polished

shoes breaking the treads of each stair  
even when they tiptoe in. Each assault  
scares me and I am their flesh and blood.  
Hearts ground into red dust of hot pepper  
to burn others who venture near.

#### *Yellow Warning*

Your mother and I feast with your cast-out women.  
After each tale we tie yellow ribbons around our tears, weep,

shame in our eyes as if we hurt them.  
I want to paint yellow x's on your door

to warn the next woman of her fate;  
place you in quarantine – son of my father,

my father, son of my grandfather,  
my grandfather, son of my great grandfather –

be judge and executioner, mark you all yellow;  
string petal necklaces to choke your neck.

Mother distributes amber to prospective  
girlfriends to inform their decision making.

#### *Red Warning*

It's too late; we meet them already reeled in;  
slicing has begun, delicate nips. How  
do you warn fish they are in danger  
when they're already bleeding,  
aware we are the red herrings  
in the introductions?



## Cement

Last week my tears were sucked out  
with our aborted child. Yesterday  
in the shower, pain contorted me,  
I squatted, expelled a souvenir:

red, liver-textured, squeezed out.  
I scooped it up and flushed it away.  
You were not there. Your absence  
no longer makes me cry.

My tears are gone, so I plaster my heart  
against every grit-worried wound.  
Now I understand older black women  
like my aunts, their hard posture,

why I never saw them cry.  
My father made my mother stony,  
a martyr for her kids, brittle and bitter,  
till my stepdad unbricked her wall;

layer by layer I watched it crumble.  
My aunt, shattered by fists, blocked her heart;  
stone cold, her tears dried up.  
All my life, I never saw her cry, until foetal

in a hospital bed, wrapped in my mother's arms,  
facing death, tears tracking her face,  
she whispered, *I am scared*.  
Crying for all her tear-barren years.

Washing water-diluted blood down the drain,  
Bleaching the bath tiles white, I want to bawl  
my eyes out, but I have learnt my lesson well.  
Each passing day hardens my voice.

**11 Carol Ann Duffy**

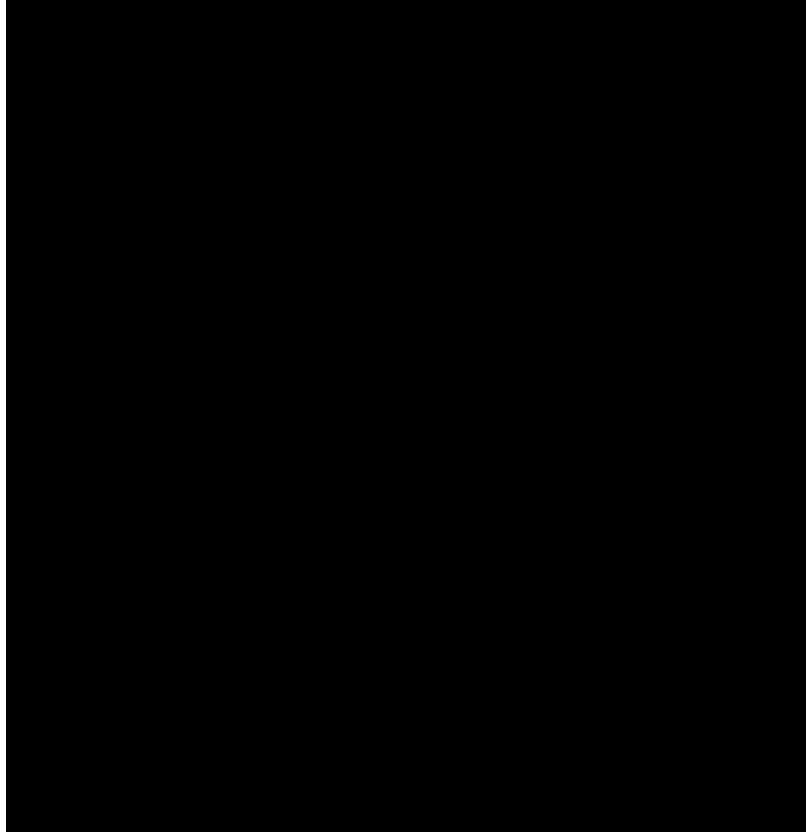
Compare the ways Carol Ann Duffy uses language and poetic techniques in 'Write' and 'Elegy'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

**[25]**

**Write**

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**Elegy**

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## 12 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Compare the ways Jacob Sam-La Rose uses language and poetic techniques in 'Make Some Noise' and 'Speechless' Section IV.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### 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.

## Speechless

### IV

By the time Dante's born again  
and denounces hip-hop  
as the devil's music,

I find it hard to avoid  
his wide, open mouth  
and fierce, scattered glare,

almost ready to believe  
in anything built on a fervent desire  
for salvation.

We touch fists at a bus stop in Brockley  
and for minutes, I suffer  
his depth of conviction,

the fine layer of ash on his skin –  
*The tongue also is a fire, a world  
of evil among the parts of the body.*

I've known many types of silence:  
the emptiness after a 6th Form lesson  
when a teacher suggests

that the world we've grown into  
won't ever allow us to be free,  
or the phone call I get

when a girlfriend is raped,  
or the night on the walk back  
from the party in Eltham when

*nigger*  
is launched from a passing car window  
like a slow motion bullet.

There are words that won't fit  
into verses and rhymes,  
and I know

there are silences I'll break  
and be broken by,  
and as Dante walks on,

I offer a devotion of my own:  
Grant me a tongue  
worthy of the weight

of everything I'll come to know.  
Tell me I'll write  
and write.

**END OF QUESTION PAPER**



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