

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION  
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

**2442/02**

**Scheme A**

Unit 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914 (Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the answer booklet.

**OCR supplied materials:**

- 8 page answer booklet  
(sent with general stationery)

**Other materials required:**

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

**Wednesday 12 January 2011  
Afternoon**

**Duration:** 1 hour 30 minutes



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write clearly and in capital letters.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- You must answer **one** question from **Section A**.
- You must answer **one other** question, **either** from **Section B** or from **Section C**.
- 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.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **66**.
- This document consists of **40** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR**

- Do not send this question paper for marking; it should be retained in the centre or destroyed.

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**CONTENTS**

A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

**SECTION A – Poetry Post-1914**

(You **must** answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 5

**SECTION B – Prose Post-1914**

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section or from Section C)

Page 17

**SECTION C – Literary Non-Fiction Post-1914**

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section or from Section B)

Page 33

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**SECTION A**

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>POETRY published post-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	6–9	1–6
MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): <i>Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe</i>	10–12	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	14–16	10–12

1 (a)

*In Your Mind*

The other country, is it anticipated or half-remembered?  
 Its language is muffled by the rain which falls all afternoon  
 one autumn in England, and in your mind  
 you put aside your work and head for the airport  
 with a credit card and a warm coat you will leave  
 on the plane. The past fades like newsprint in the sun.

5

You know people there. Their faces are photographs  
 on the wrong side of your eyes. A beautiful boy  
 in the bar on the harbour serves you a drink – what? –  
 asks you if men could possibly land on the moon.  
 A moon like an orange drawn by a child. No.  
 Never. You watch it peel itself into the sea.

10

Sleep. The rasp of carpentry wakes you. On the wall,  
 a painting lost for thirty years renders the room yours.  
*Of course.* You go to your job, right at the old hotel, left,  
 then left again. You love this job. Apt sounds  
 mark the passing of the hours. Seagulls. Bells. A flute  
 practising scales. You swap a coin for a fish on the way home.

15

Then suddenly you are lost but not lost, dawdling  
 on the blue bridge, watching six swans vanish  
 under your feet. The certainty of place turns on the lights  
 all over town, turns up the scent on the air. For a moment  
 you are there, in the other country, knowing its name.  
 And then a desk. A newspaper. A window. English rain.

20

Carol Ann Duffy

(b)

*The Hare*

Beside the river in the dead of night,  
 a cry, and then another, like a spell,  
 turns the darkened beeches into light,  
 the silence of the woods into a bell;  
 and in the cottage on the moonlit hill 5  
 a woman shivers in her narrow bed  
 to hear the hare; and then the hare is still;  
 she feels its dusty fur against her head,  
 its ginger paws, that panic like trapped flies,  
 or tiny fish that see, or sense, dry land; 10  
 she feels it move; she hears its wild cries  
 glittering inside her ear like sand:  
 he's lost inside the forest of her hair,  
 and finds, and steals, his mother's kisses there.

Selima Hill

- Either**    **1**    Compare the ways in which the poets create striking images of nature in these two poems. **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **2**    Explore the differing ways in which the poets present views of reality in *Mirror* (Plath) and *I Am a Cameraman* (Dunn). **[30]**
- Or**        **3**    Compare the ways in which the poets make the experience of fear so memorable for you in *Things* (Adcock) and *Bedfellows* (Paterson). **[30]**

## 4 (a)

*Recruiting*

'Lads, you're wanted, go and help,'  
On the railway carriage wall  
Stuck the poster, and I thought  
Of the hands that penned the call.

Fat civilians wishing they 5  
'Could go and fight the Hun'.  
Can't you see them thanking God  
That they're over forty-one?

Girls with feathers, vulgar songs – 10  
Washy verse on England's need –  
God – and don't we damned well know  
How the message ought to read.

'Lads, you're wanted! over there,  
Shiver in the morning dew,  
More poor devils like yourselves 15  
Waiting to be killed by you.

Go and help to swell the names  
In the casualty lists.  
Help to make the column's stuff  
For the blasted journalists. 20

Help to keep them nice and safe  
From the wicked German foe.  
Don't let him come over here!  
Lads, you're wanted – out you go.'

There's a better word than that, 25  
Lads, and can't you hear it come  
From a million men that call  
You to share their martyrdom?

Leave the harlots still to sing  
Comic songs about the Hun, 30  
Leave the fat old men to say  
Now we've got them on the run.

Better twenty honest years  
Than their dull three score and ten.  
Lads, you're wanted. Come and learn 35  
To live and die with honest men.

You shall learn what men can do  
If you will but pay the price,  
Learn the gaiety and strength  
In the gallant sacrifice. 40



OCR: *Opening Lines: Section H: The 1914–18 War (ii)* (Cont.)

Take your risk of life and death  
 Underneath the open sky.  
 Live clean or go out quick –  
 Lads, you're wanted. Come and die.

E. A. Mackintosh

(b)

*Joining the Colours*  
*(West Kents, Dublin, August 1914)*

There they go marching all in step so gay!  
 Smooth-cheeked and golden, food for shells and guns.  
 Blithely they go as to a wedding day,  
 The mothers' sons.

The drab street stares to see them row on row  
 On the high tram-tops, singing like the lark.  
 Too careless-gay for courage, singing they go  
 Into the dark.

5

With tin whistles, mouth-organs, any noise,  
 They pipe the way to glory and the grave;  
 Foolish and young, the gay and golden boys  
 Love cannot save.

10

High heart! High courage! The poor girls they kissed  
 Run with them: they shall kiss no more, alas!  
 Out of the mist they stepped – into the mist  
 Singing they pass.

15

Katherine Tynan Hinkson

- |               |          |  |             |
|---------------|----------|--|-------------|
| <b>Either</b> | <b>4</b> | Compare the ways in which the poets here vividly convey thoughts and feelings about going to war.  | <b>[30]</b> |
| <hr/>         |          |  |             |
| <b>Or</b>     | <b>5</b> | Explore the differing ways in which the poets movingly convey the grief of those left behind in <i>Perhaps</i> – (Brittain) and <i>The Seed-Merchant's Son</i> (Herbertson).                 | <b>[30]</b> |
| <b>Or</b>     | <b>6</b> | Compare the ways in which the poets memorably convey their feelings for innocent victims of war in <i>Lamentations</i> (Sassoon) and <i>The Parable of the Old Man and the Young</i> (Owen). | <b>[30]</b> |

7 (a)

*Next, Please*

Always too eager for the future, we  
 Pick up bad habits of expectancy.  
 Something is always approaching; every day  
*Till then* we say,

Watching from a bluff the tiny, clear, 5  
 Sparkling armada of promises draw near.  
 How slow they are! And how much time they waste,  
 Refusing to make haste!

Yet still they leave us holding wretched stalks 10  
 Of disappointment, for, though nothing balks  
 Each big approach, leaning with brasswork prinked,  
 Each rope distinct,

Flagged, and the figurehead with golden tits  
 Arching our way, it never anchors; it's 15  
 No sooner present than it turns to past.  
 Right to the last

We think each one will heave to and unload  
 All good into our lives, all we are owed  
 For waiting so devoutly and so long. 20  
 But we are wrong:

Only one ship is seeking us, a black-  
 Sailed unfamiliar, towing at her back  
 A huge and birdless silence. In her wake  
 No waters breed or break.

Philip Larkin

(b)

*Mr Bleaney*

'This was Mr Bleaney's room. He stayed  
The whole time he was at the Bodies, till  
They moved him.' Flowered curtains, thin and frayed,  
Fall to within five inches of the sill,

Whose window shows a strip of building land, 5  
Tussocky, littered. 'Mr Bleaney took  
My bit of garden properly in hand.'  
Bed, upright chair, sixty-watt bulb, no hook

Behind the door, no room for books or bags –  
'I'll take it.' So it happens that I lie 10  
Where Mr Bleaney lay, and stub my fags  
On the same saucer-souvenir, and try

Stuffing my ears with cotton-wool, to drown  
The jabbering set he egged her on to buy.  
I know his habits – what time he came down, 15  
His preference for sauce to gravy, why

He kept on plugging at the four aways –  
Likewise their yearly frame: the Frinton folk  
Who put him up for summer holidays,  
And Christmas at his sister's house in Stoke. 20

But if he stood and watched the frigid wind  
Tousling the clouds, lay on the fusty bed  
Telling himself that this was home, and grinned,  
And shivered, without shaking off the dread

That how we live measures our own nature, 25  
And at his age having no more to show  
Than one hired box should make him pretty sure  
He warranted no better, I don't know.

Philip Larkin

**Either 7** Compare some of the ways in which Larkin so vividly brings to life the way people live in *Next, Please* and *Mr Bleaney*. [30]

**Turn to page 12 for questions 8 and 9.**

MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): *Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe* (Cont.)

- Or**      **8**      Compare some of the ways in which the poets so movingly portray growing old in *The View* (Larkin) and *Old Man, Old Man* (Fanthorpe). **[30]**
- Or**      **9**      Compare some of the ways in which the poets portray any **TWO** of the following as particularly unpleasant individuals:
- Jake Balokowsky (in *Posterity*: Larkin)  
the Dictator (in *Dictator*: Fanthorpe)  
the interviewer (in *You Will Be Hearing from Us Shortly*: Fanthorpe). **[30]**

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**Turn to page 14 for Question 10.**

10 (a)

*Dulce Et Decorum Est*

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots 5  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
 Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines<sup>1</sup> that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time; 10  
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
 And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime...  
 Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight, 15  
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
 And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
 His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin; 20  
 If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
 Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
 Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –  
 My friend, you would not tell with such high zest 25  
 To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
 The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est  
 Pro patria mori.

Wilfred Owen

<sup>1</sup> A much-hated, very destructive German high-explosive shell.

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire* (Cont.)

(b)

*5 Ways to Kill a Man*

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man:  
 you can make him carry a plank of wood  
 to the top of a hill and nail him to it. To do this  
 properly you require a crowd of people  
 wearing sandals, a cock that crows, a cloak 5  
 to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar and one  
 man to hammer the nails home.

Or you can take a length of steel,  
 shaped and chased in a traditional way,  
 and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears. 10  
 But for this you need white horses,  
 English trees, men with bows and arrows,  
 at least two flags, a prince and a  
 castle to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind 15  
 allows, blow gas at him. But then you need  
 a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,  
 not to mention black boots, bomb craters,  
 more mud, a plague of rats, a dozen songs  
 and some round hats made of steel. 20

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly  
 miles above your victim and dispose of him by  
 pressing one small switch. All you then  
 require is an ocean to separate you, two  
 systems of government, a nation's scientists, 25  
 several factories, a psychopath and  
 land that no one needs for several years.

These are, as I began, cumbersome ways  
 to kill a man. Simpler, direct, and much more neat  
 is to see that he is living somewhere in the middle 30  
 of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

Edwin Brock

**Either 10** Compare how the poets make their portrayals of war so horrific for you in these two poems. [30]

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**Turn to page 16 for questions 11 and 12.**

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire* (Cont.)

- Or**      **11**    Explore the differing ways in which the poets so vividly portray Africa in *Piano and Drums* (Okara) and *Our History* (Dipoko). **[30]**
- Or**      **12**    Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly portray nature as more powerful than people in *Mushrooms* (Plath) and *Hawk Roosting* (Hughes). **[30]**



## SECTION B

You must answer **one** question from this Section **or** from Section C.

	Pages	Questions
<b>PROSE published post-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	18–19	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	20–21	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	22–23	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	24–25	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and The Sea</i>	26–27	25–27
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	28–29	28–30
SUSAN HILL (ed.): <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i>	30–31	31–33

## 13 (a)

*The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband*

She was seventeen centimetres taller than he.

One point seven five metres in height, she towered above most of her sex like a crane over chickens. Her husband, a bare 1.58 metres, had been nicknamed Shorty at college. He came up to her earlobes but actually looked two heads shorter.

And take their appearances. She seemed dried up and scrawny with a face like an unvarnished ping-pong bat. Her features would pass, but they were small and insignificant as if carved in shallow relief. She was flat-chested, had a ramrod back and buttocks as scraggy as a scrubbing board. Her husband on the other hand seemed a rubber rolypoly: well-fleshed, solid and radiant. Everything about him – his calves, insteps, lips, nose and fingers – were like pudgy little meatballs. He had soft skin and a fine complexion shining with excess fat and ruddy because of all the red blood in his veins. His eyes were like two high-voltage little light bulbs, while his wife's were like glazed marbles. The two of them just did not match, and formed a marked contrast. But they were inseparable.

One day some of their neighbours were having a family reunion. After drinking his fill the grandfather put a tall, thin empty wine bottle on the table next to a squat tin of pork.

'Who do these remind you of?' he asked. Before anyone could guess he gave the answer. 'That tall woman downstairs and that short husband of hers.'

Everyone burst out laughing and went on laughing through the meal.

Feng Ji-cai

## (b)

*Snapshots of a Wedding*

Whenever there was a wedding the talk and gossip that preceded it were appalling, except that this time the relatives of the bride, Neo, kept their talk a strict secret among themselves. They were anxious to be rid of her; she was an impossible girl with haughty, arrogant ways. Of all her family and relatives, she was the only one who had completed her 'O' levels and she never failed to rub in this fact. She walked around with her nose in the air; illiterate relatives were beneath her greeting – it was done in a clever way, she just turned her head to one side and smiled to herself or when she greeted it was like an insult; she stretched her hand out, palm outspread, swung it down laughing with a gesture that plainly said: 'Oh, that's you!' Only her mother seemed bemused by her education. At her own home Neo was waited on hand and foot. Outside her home nasty remarks were passed. People bitterly disliked conceit and pride.

'That girl has no manners!' the relatives would remark. 'What's the good of education if it goes to someone's head so badly they have no respect for the people? Oh, she is not a person.'

Bessie Head

**Either**    **13**    In what ways do the writers here bring alive for you the husband and wife (in *The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband*) and Neo (in *Snapshots of a Wedding*)? **[30]**

---

**Or**        **14**    Explore the ways in which the writers movingly portray the unfairness of life for any **TWO** of the following characters:

Nak (in *The Gold-Legged Frog*)

Ravi (in *Games at Twilight*)

the old man selling the lion (in *The Train from Rhodesia*)

**[30]**

**Or**        **15**    Explore the ways in which the writers vividly portray unhappy relationships between parents and children in any **TWO** of the following stories:

*Two Kinds* (Tan)

*The Red Ball* (Khan)

*Leela's Friend* (Narayan)

**[30]**

## 16 (a)

*Tickets, Please*

He, however, kept his face closed and averted from them all. There was a silence of the end. He picked up the torn pieces of his tunic, without knowing what to do with them. The girls stood about uneasily, flushed, panting, tidying their hair and their dress unconsciously, and watching him. He looked at none of them. He espied his cap in a corner, and went and picked it up. He put it on his head, and one of the girls burst into a shrill, hysteric laugh at the sight he presented. He, however, took no heed, but went straight to where his overcoat hung on a peg. The girls moved away from contact with him as if he had been an electric wire. He put on his coat and buttoned it down. Then he rolled his tunic-rags into a bundle, and stood before the locked door, dumbly.

5

'Open the door, somebody,' said Laura.

'Annie's got the key,' said one.

Annie silently offered the key to the girls. Nora unlocked the door.

'Tit for tat, old man,' she said. 'Show yourself a man, and don't bear a grudge.'

But without a word or sign he had opened the door and gone, his face closed, his head dropped.

10

'That'll learn him,' said Laura.

'Coddy!' said Nora.

'Shut up, for God's sake!' cried Annie fiercely, as if in torture.

'Well, I'm about ready to go, Polly. Look sharp!' said Muriel.

20

The girls were all anxious to be off. They were tidying themselves hurriedly, with mute, stupefied faces.

## (b)

*The Lovely Lady*

'Do you think your mother ever loved anybody?' Ciss asked him tentatively, rather wistfully, one evening.

He looked at her fixedly.

'Herself!' he said at last.

'She didn't even *love* herself,' said Ciss. 'It was something else. What was it?' She lifted a troubled, utterly puzzled face to him.

5

'Power,' he said curtly.

'But what power?' she asked. 'I don't understand.'

'Power to feed on other lives,' he said bitterly. 'She was beautiful, and she fed on life. She has fed on me as she fed on Henry. She put a sucker into one's soul, and sucked up one's essential life.'

10

'And don't you forgive her?'

'No.'

'Poor Aunt Pauline!'

But even Ciss did not mean it. She was only aghast.

15

'I *know* I've got a heart,' he said, passionately striking his breast. 'But it's almost sucked dry. I *know* I've got a soul, somewhere. But it's gnawed bare. I *hate* people who want power over others.'

Ciss was silent. What was there to say?

And two days later Pauline was found dead in her bed, having taken too much veronal, for her heart was weakened.

20

From the grave even she hit back at her son and her niece. She left Robert the noble sum of one thousand pounds, and Ciss one hundred. All the rest, with the nucleus of her valuable antiques, went to form the 'Pauline Attenborough Museum'.

D. H. LAWRENCE: *Ten Short Stories* (ed. Whittle and Blatchford) (Cont.)

- Either**    **16**    How far does Lawrence's writing here persuade you that John Thomas (extract a) and Pauline Attenborough (extract b) have won, at the end of these stories?    **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **17**    Explore the ways in which Lawrence's descriptions of the natural world in *The Shades of Spring* and *Second Best* add to your enjoyment of the stories.    **[30]**
- Or**        **18**    Explore the ways in which Lawrence vividly portrays family life in *Adolf* and *Rex*.    **[30]**

- 19 (a) Once Yang had driven him home – his parents were to stay on for dinner at the Lockwoods’ – he would be free to roam alone through the empty house, his keenest pleasure. The nine Chinese servants would be there, but in Jim’s mind, and in those of the other British children, they remained as passive and unseeing as the furniture. He would finish doping his balsa-wood aircraft, and complete another chapter of the manual entitled *How to Play Contract Bridge* that he was writing in a school exercise book. After years spent listening to his mother’s bridge parties, trying to extract any kind of logic from the calls of ‘One diamond’, ‘Pass’, ‘Three Hearts’, ‘Three No Trumps’, ‘Double’, ‘Redouble’, he had prevailed on her to teach him the rules and had even mastered the conventions, a code within a code of a type that always intrigued Jim. With the help of an Ely Culberston guide, he was about to embark on the most difficult chapter of all, on psychic bidding – all this and he had yet to play a single hand. 5
- However, if the task proved too exhausting he would set off on a bicycle tour of the French Concession, taking his airgun in case he ran into the group of French twelve-year-olds who formed the Avenue Foch gang. When he returned home it would be time for the Flash Gordon radio serial on station XMHA, followed by the record programme when he and his friends telephoned requests under their latest pseudonyms – ‘Batman’, ‘Buck Rogers’, and (Jim’s) ‘Ace’, which he like to hear read out by the announcer though it always made him cringe with embarrassment. 10
- (b) Leaving the garden, Jim wheeled his bicycle through the verandah door. Then he did something he had always longed to do, mounted his cycle and rode through the formal, empty rooms. Delighted to think how shocked Vera and the servants would have been, he expertly circled his father’s study, intrigued by the patterns which the tyres cut in the thick carpet. He collided with the desk, and knocked over a table lamp as he swerved through the door into the drawing-room. Standing on the pedals, he zigzagged among the armchairs and tables, lost his balance and fell on to a sofa, remounted without touching the floor, crash-landed into the double doors that led into the dining-room, pulled them back and began a wild circuit of the long polished table. He detoured into the pantry, swishing to and fro through the pool of water below the refrigerator, scattered the saucepans from the kitchen shelves and ended in a blaze of speed towards the mirror in the downstairs cloakroom. As his front tyre trembled against the smudged glass Jim shouted at his excited reflection. The war had brought him at least one small bonus. 5
- Happily Jim closed the front door behind him, smoothed the Japanese scroll and set off towards the Raymond twins in the nearby Columbia Road. He felt that all the streets in Shanghai were rooms in a huge house. He accelerated past a platoon of Chinese puppet soldiers marching down Columbia Road, and swerved away showily as the NCO let loose a volley of shouts. Jim sped along the suburban pavements, in and out of the telephone poles, knocking aside the Craven A tins left behind by the vanished beggars. 10

J. G. BALLARD: *Empire of the Sun* (Cont.)

- Either**    **19**    Explore the ways in which Ballard vividly shows here the differences in Jim's behaviour before and after he is separated from his parents. **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **20**    Explore the ways in which Ballard memorably shows how Mr Maxted helps Jim to survive the war. **[30]**
- Or**        **21**    How does Ballard's writing vividly convey to you the suffering of the prisoners on the march to Nantao (in chapter 29)? **[30]**

22

And then the locusts came. It had not happened for many a long year. The elders said locusts came once in a generation, reappeared every year for seven years and then disappeared for another lifetime. They went back to their caves in a distant land, where they were guarded by a race of stunted men. And then after another lifetime these men opened the caves again and the locusts came to Umuofia.

5

They came in the cold harmattan season after the harvests had been gathered, and ate up all the wild grass in the fields.

Okonkwo and the two boys were working on the red outer walls of the compound. This was one of the lighter tasks of the after-harvest season. A new cover of thick palm branches and palm leaves was set on the walls to protect them from the next rainy season. Okonkwo worked on the outside of the wall and the boys worked from within. There were little holes from one side to the other in the upper levels of the wall, and through these Okonkwo passed the rope, or *tie-tie*, to the boys and they passed it round the wooden stays and then back to him; and in this way the cover was strengthened on the wall.

10

15

The women had gone to the bush to collect firewood, and the little children to visit their playmates in the neighbouring compounds. The harmattan was in the air and seemed to distil a hazy feeling of sleep on the world. Okonkwo and the boys worked in complete silence, which was only broken when a new palm frond was lifted on to the wall or when a busy hen moved dry leaves about in her ceaseless search for food.

20

And then quite suddenly a shadow fell on the world, and the sun seemed hidden behind a thick cloud. Okonkwo looked up from his work and wondered if it was going to rain at such an unlikely time of the year. But almost immediately a shout of joy broke out in all directions, and Umuofia, which had dozed in the noon-day haze, broke into life and activity.

25

"Locusts are descending," was joyfully chanted everywhere, and men, women and children left their work or their play and ran into the open to see the unfamiliar sight. The locusts had not come for many, many years, and only the old people had seen them before.

30

At first, a fairly small swarm came. They were the harbingers sent to survey the land. And then appeared on the horizon a slowly-moving mass like a boundless sheet of black cloud drifting towards Umuofia. Soon it covered half the sky, and the solid mass was now broken by tiny eyes of light like shining star-dust. It was a tremendous sight, full of power and beauty.

35

Everyone was now about, talking excitedly and praying that the locusts should camp in Umuofia for the night. For although locusts had not visited Umuofia for many years, everybody knew by instinct that they were very good to eat. And at last the locusts did descend. They settled on every tree and on every blade of grass; they settled on the roofs and covered the bare ground. Mighty tree branches broke away under them, and the whole country became the brown-earth colour of the vast, hungry swarm.

40

Many people went out with baskets trying to catch them, but the elders counselled patience till nightfall. And they were right. The locusts settled in the bushes for the night and their wings became wet with dew. Then all Umuofia turned out in spite of the cold harmattan, and everyone filled his bags and pots with locusts. The next morning they were roasted in clay pots and then spread in the sun until they became dry and brittle. And for many days this rare food was eaten with solid palm-oil.

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Okonkwo sat in his *obi* crunching happily with Ikemefuna and Nwoye, and drinking palm-wine copiously, when Ogbuefi Ezeudu came in. Ezeudu was the oldest man in this quarter of Umuofia. He had been a great and fearless warrior in

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CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart* (Cont.)

his time, and was now accorded great respect in all the clan. He refused to join in the meal, and asked Okonkwo to have a word with him outside. And so they walked out together, the old man supporting himself with his stick. When they were out of ear-shot, he said to Okonkwo: 55

“That boy calls you father. Do not bear a hand in his death.” Okonkwo was surprised, and was about to say something when the old man continued:

“Yes, Umuofia has decided to kill him. The Oracle of the Hills and the Caves has pronounced it. They will take him outside Umuofia as is the custom, and kill him there. But I want you to have nothing to do with it. He calls you his father.” 60

**Either**    **22**    How does Achebe create such memorable impressions of life in Umuofia here?    **[30]**

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**Or**        **23**    Satisfaction? Anger?

What are your feelings at the end of the novel when Obierika reveals that Okonkwo has killed himself?

Remember to support your ideas with details from Achebe’s writing.    **[30]**

**Or**        **24**    Does Achebe encourage you to think that introducing the white man’s ways and ideas to Umuofia was a right and proper thing to do?    **[30]**

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

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There was yellow weed on the line but the old man knew that only made an added drag and he was pleased. It was the yellow Gulf weed that had made so much phosphorescence in the night.

'Fish,' he said, 'I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends.'

5

Let us hope so, he thought.

A small bird came towards the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable.

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'How old are you?' the old man asked the bird. 'Is this your first trip?'

The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast.

'It's steady,' the old man told him. 'It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?'

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The hawks, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon enough.

'Take a good rest, small bird,' he said. 'Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish.'

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It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now.

'Stay at my house if you like, bird,' he said. 'I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend.'

Just then the fish gave a sudden lurch that pulled the old man down on to the bow and would have pulled him overboard if he had not braced himself and given some line.

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The bird had flown up when the line jerked and the old man had not even seen him go. He felt the line carefully with his right hand and noticed his hand was bleeding.

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'Something hurt him then,' he said aloud and pulled back on the line to see if he could turn the fish. But when he was touching the breaking point he held steady and settled back against the strain of the line.

'You're feeling it now, fish,' he said. 'And so, God knows, am I.'

He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone.

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You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore. How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea* (Cont.)

- Either**    **25**    How does Hemingway memorably portray the old man's relationship with his fellow creatures in this extract? **[30]**
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- Or**        **26**    How does Hemingway's writing make the old man such an admirable figure in *The Old Man and the Sea*? **[30]**
- Or**        **27**    Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel when Hemingway's writing makes you feel that the old man is in real danger. **[30]**

28

When once you were in the grip of the Party, what you felt or did not feel, what you did or refrained from doing, made literally no difference. Whatever happened you vanished, and neither you nor your actions were ever heard of again. You were lifted clean out of the stream of history. And yet to the people of only two generations ago, this would not have seemed all-important, because they were not attempting to alter history. They were governed by private loyalties which they did not question. What mattered were individual relationships, and a completely helpless gesture, an embrace, a tear, a word spoken to a dying man, could have value in itself. The proles, it suddenly occurred to him, had remained in this condition. They were not loyal to a party or a country or an idea, they were loyal to one another. For the first time in his life he did not despise the proles or think of them merely as an inert force which would one day spring to life and regenerate the world. The proles had stayed human. They had not become hardened inside. They had held onto the primitive emotions which he himself had to re-learn by conscious effort. And in thinking this he remembered, without apparent relevance, how a few weeks ago he had seen a severed hand lying on the pavement and had kicked it into the gutter as though it had been a cabbage-stalk.

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"The proles are human beings," he said aloud. "We are not human."

"Why not?" said Julia, who had woken up again.

He thought for a little while. "Has it ever occurred to you," he said, "that the best thing for us to do would be simply to walk out of here before it's too late, and never see each other again?"

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"Yes, dear, it has occurred to me, several times. But I'm not going to do it, all the same."

"We've been lucky," he said, "but it can't last much longer. You're young. You look normal and innocent. If you keep clear of people like me, you might stay alive for another fifty years."

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"No. I've thought it all out. What you do, I'm going to do. And don't be too downhearted. I'm rather good at staying alive."

"We may be together for another six months—a year—there's no knowing. At the end we're certain to be apart. Do you realize how utterly alone we shall be? When once they get hold of us there will be nothing, literally nothing, that either of us can do for the other. If I confess, they'll shoot you, and if I refuse to confess they'll shoot you just the same. Nothing that I can do or say, or stop myself from saying, will put off your death for as much as five minutes. Neither of us will even know whether the other is alive or dead. We shall be utterly without power of any kind. The one thing that matters is that we shouldn't betray one another, although even that can't make the slightest difference."

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"If you mean confessing," she said, "we shall do that, right enough. Everybody always confesses. You can't help it. They torture you."

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"I don't mean confessing. Confession is not betrayal. What you say or do doesn't matter: only feelings matter. If they could make me stop loving you—that would be the real betrayal."

She thought it over. "They can't do that," she said finally. "It's the one thing they can't do. They can make you say anything—*anything*—but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside you."

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"No," he said a little more hopefully, "no; that's quite true. They can't get inside you. If you can *feel* that staying human is worth while, even when it can't have any result whatever, you've beaten them."

He thought of the telescreen with its never-sleeping ear. They could spy upon you night and day, but if you kept your head you could still outwit them. With all their cleverness they had never mastered the secret of finding out what another human being was thinking. Perhaps that was less true when you were actually in

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GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Cont.)

their hands. One did not know what happened inside the Ministry of Love, but it was possible to guess: tortures, drugs, delicate instruments that registered your nervous reactions, gradual wearing down by sleeplessness and solitude and persistent questioning. Facts, at any rate, could not be kept hidden. They could be tracked down by enquiry, they could be squeezed out of you by torture. But if the object was not to stay alive but to stay human, what difference did it ultimately make? They could not alter your feelings: for that matter you could not alter them yourself, even if you wanted to. They could lay bare in the utmost detail everything that you had done or said or thought; but the inner heart, whose workings were mysterious even to yourself, remained impregnable.

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**Either**    **28**    How does Orwell make Winston's and Julia's expectations of the future here both horribly right and horribly wrong? **[30]**

**Or**        **29**    How does Orwell make Parsons and his family so memorable and significant in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or**        **30**    Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel when Orwell's writing makes you feel Winston is treated with particular cruelty. **[30]**

## 31 (a)

*Miss Anstruther's Letters*

They pulled her down with them to the ground floor. She ran out into the street, shouting for a ladder. Oh God, where are the fire engines? A hundred fires, the water given out in some places, engines helpless. Everywhere buildings burning, museums, churches, hospitals, great shops, houses, blocks of flats, north, south, east, west and centre. Such a raid never was. Miss Anstruther heeded none of it; with hell blazing and crashing round her, all she thought was, I must get my letters. Oh dear God, my letters. She pushed again into the inferno, but again she was dragged back. 'No one to go in there,' said the police, for all human life was by now extricated. No one to go in, and Miss Anstruther's flat left to be consumed in the spreading storm of fire, which was to leave no wrack behind. Everything was doomed – furniture, books, pictures, china, clothes, manuscripts, silver, everything: all she thought of was the desk crammed with letters that should have been the first thing she saved. What had she saved instead? Her wireless, her typewriter, a suitcase full of books; looking round, she saw that all three had gone from where she had put them down. Perhaps they were in the safe keeping of the police, more likely in the wholly unsafe keeping of some rescue-squad man or private looter. Miss Anstruther cared little. She sat down on the wreckage of the road, sick and shaking, wholly bereft.

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Rose Macaulay

## (b)

*Passages*

Once or twice I imagined I saw the handle of the door turning, so I tried to think of something pleasant. But when I looked away to the window all the elements of stories I had told in broad daylight on the beach, or in the gym or the second-form common room, began to reassemble around me. And I wished I hadn't had such a fertile imagination. Then, just when I managed to convince myself of my silliness and was beginning to work out how I could make another story out of this incident, something happened which arrested me so completely that I thought my heart would stop. From behind me in the fire I heard a little cry; not a groan, like the wind made, of that I am absolutely clear. It began like a short gasp and became a rising crescendo of 'hah' sounds; each one was following the one before, and getting louder each time. I experienced a moment of such pure terror that I felt my heart would burst with the strain as I waited for the gasps to reach their topmost note. Suddenly, just when the sounds had come to a peak, I felt myself propelled from the room and ran screaming upstairs. I take no responsibility for that action; a voice simply broke from my throat which corresponded to screams.

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Anne Devlin

**Either 31** How do the writers here powerfully portray the desperation of Miss Anstruther (in *Miss Anstruther's Letters*) and the girl (in *Passages*)? **[30]**

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**Or 32** How do the writers of **TWO** of the following stories create sympathy for victims of great unkindness?

The man in *The Man Who Kept the Sweetshop at the Bus Station* (Harris)  
 Addy in *Addy* (Blackwood)  
 Martha in *Weekend* (Weldon).

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. **[30]**

**Or 33** How do the writers create such vivid pictures of family life in **TWO** of the following stories?

*Nothing Missing But the Samovar* (Lively)  
*Another Survivor* (Fainlight)  
*Weekend* (Weldon)

**[30]**

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## SECTION C

Answer **one** question from this Section **or** from Section B.

	Pages	Questions
<b>LITERARY NON-FICTION published post-1914</b>		
MICHAEL PALIN: <i>Pole to Pole</i>	34–35	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	36–37	37–39

34 (a)

(Day 85)

Out today to see Oxfam's water resources programme at work. Like many people I have contributed to Oxfam for many years and it's rare to have a first-hand chance to see how the money is spent. We head for Boditi, a small town, two hours' drive away along dirt roads.

Oxfam's programme is designed to require the minimum amount of cost and technological expertise. There is little point in pouring money into sophisticated technology unless the local people can use it and repair it when it goes wrong. The village well that Kiros and Nick take me to see uses a simple pump with only two replaceable parts, which can be installed with nothing more than a spanner. It has been dug to a depth of ninety feet to tap an almost infinite source. A possibly tainted water supply from a river two hours' walk away has been replaced by a safe, regular supply of pure water in the centre of the village, at a cost of around £2000 provided, in this case, from Comic Relief funds. It's too early to tell how significant a difference it will make to the lives of these 600 villagers but aside from the obvious health advantages Nick thinks that one of the chief benefits will be to the lives of the women of the village whose job it traditionally is to walk to the river to collect and carry back the water. Suddenly they have three or four hours a day given back to them.

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(b)

(Day 86)

I'm told that there is a serious water crisis in the town. Wells have been sunk but the water is brackish. Southern Ethiopia and northern Kenya are becoming part of the Sahel – the sub-Saharan area that is turning rapidly into desert. This information only serves to turn my particular gloom into a general gloom. So little of what I have seen so far in Africa can by any stretch of the imagination be described as progress, with the possible exception of the pump and well I saw yesterday near Boditi. Maybe 'progress' is a Western concept, irrelevant in African terms. Talk of 'solutions' and 'ways forward' may make us feel better but can mean nothing until the yawning gap between Western and African culture begins to narrow and that probably requires a lot more listening and a lot less talking.

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MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole* (Cont.)

**Either 34** Explore the ways in which Palin persuades you of the importance of clean water in Africa in these two extracts. **[30]**

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**Or 35** Explore the ways in which Palin amusingly conveys his experiences in the hotel at Wadi Halfa on Days 63–64. **[30]**

**Or 36** In what ways does Palin's writing bring alive for you **TWO** of the following people?

Patric Walker (on Day 47)

Peter (on Day 56)

Kalului (on Day 100)

**[30]**

I went up to Highbury from Maidenhead in the holidays, and travelled down from Cambridge for the big games, but I couldn't afford to do it very often – which is how I fell in love all over again, with Cambridge United. I hadn't intended to – the Us were only supposed to scratch the Saturday-afternoon itch, but they ended up competing for attention in a way that nobody else had managed before.

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I was not being unfaithful to Arsenal, because the two teams did not inhabit the same universe. If the two objects of my adoration had ever run up against each other at a party, or a wedding, or another of those awkward social situations one tries to avoid whenever possible, they would have been confused: if he loves *us*, whatever does he see in *them*? Arsenal had Highbury and big stars and huge crowds and the whole weight of history on their back; Cambridge had a tiny, ramshackle little ground, the Abbey Stadium (their equivalent of the Clock End was the Allotments End, and occasionally, naughty visiting fans would nip round the back of it and hurl pensioners' cabbages over the wall), less than four thousand watching at most games, and no history at all – they had only been in the Football League for six years. And when they won a game, the tannoy would blast out 'I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts', an eccentric touch that nobody seemed to be able to explain. It was impossible not to feel a warm, protective fondness for them.

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It only took a couple of games before their results started to matter to me a great deal. It helped that they were a first-class Fourth Division team – manager Ron Atkinson had them playing stylish, fast, ball-to-feet football which usually brought them three or four goals at home (they beat Darlington 4–0 on my first visit), and it helped that in goalkeeper Webster and full-back Batson there was an Arsenal connection. I'd seen Webster throw in two goals during one of his few games for Arsenal back in 1969; and Batson, one of the first black players in the Football League in the early seventies, had been converted from a poor midfield player to a classy full-back since his move from Highbury.

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What I enjoyed most of all, however, was the way the players revealed themselves, their characters and their flaws, almost immediately. The modern First Division player is for the most part an anonymous young man: he and his colleagues have interchangeable physiques, similar skills, similar pace, similar temperaments. Life in the Fourth Division was different. Cambridge had fat players and thin players, young players and old players, fast players and slow players, players who were on their way out and players who were on their way up. Jim Hall, the centre-forward, looked and moved like a 45-year-old; his striking partner Alan Biley, who later played for Everton and Derby, had an absurd Rod Stewart haircut and a greyhound's pace; Steve Spriggs, the midfield dynamo, was small and squat, with little stubby legs. (To my horror I was repeatedly mistaken for him during my time in the city. Once a man pointed me out to his young son as I was leaning against a wall, smoking a Rothmans and eating a meat pie, some ten minutes before a game in which Spriggs was appearing – a misapprehension which says much for the expectations the people of Cambridge had for their team; and once, in a men's toilet in a local pub, I got into an absurd argument with someone who simply refused to accept that I was not who I said I wasn't.) Most memorable of all was Tom Finney, a sly, bellicose winger who, incredibly, was to go on to the 1982 World Cup finals with Northern Ireland, although he only ever sat on the bench, and whose dives and fouls were often followed by outrageous winks to the crowd.

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NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch* (Cont.)

**Either**    **37**    How does Hornby make this stage of his career as a football supporter so entertaining? **[30]**

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**Or**        **38**    How does Hornby's writing make Neil Kaas such a larger-than-life football-obsessive in the chapter *The King of Kenilworth Road*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the chapter. **[30]**

**Or**        **39**    Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the book when Hornby's writing makes you feel that being a football supporter is a risky business. **[30]**

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