



GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

COMPONENT 2

Post-1914 Prose/Drama, 19th Century Prose
and Unseen Poetry

SPECIMEN PAPER

2 hours and 30 minutes



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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

12 page answer book.

The use of a dictionary is not permitted in this examination.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **one** question in Section A (questions 1-10), **one** question in Section B (questions 11-16) **and** Section C (question 17).

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each section carries 40 marks.

You are advised to spend your time as follows: Section A- about 45 minutes
Section B- about 45 minutes
Section C- about one hour

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

5 marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures in Section A.

No certificate will be awarded to a candidate detected in any unfair practice during the examination.

SECTION A (Post 1914 Prose/Drama)*Answer on **one** text only.***1. Lord of the Flies***You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.***You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about the character of Jack and how he is presented throughout the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel. [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

They were in the beginnings of the thick forest, plonking with weary feet on a track, when they heard the noises – squeakings – and the hard strike of hoofs on a path. As they pushed forward the squeaking increased till it became a frenzy. They found a piglet caught in a curtain of creepers, throwing itself at the elastic traces in all the madness of extreme terror. Its voice was thin, needle-sharp and insistent. The three boys rushed forward and Jack drew his knife again with a flourish. He raised his arm in the air. There came a pause, a hiatus, the pig continued to scream and the creepers to jerk, and the blade continued to flash at the end of a bony arm. The pause was only long enough for them to understand what an enormity the downward stroke would be. Then the piglet tore loose from the creepers and scurried into the undergrowth. They were left looking at each other and the place of terror. Jack's face was white under the freckles. He noticed that he still held the knife aloft and brought his arm down replacing the blade in the sheath. Then they all three laughed ashamedly and began to climb back to the track.

'I was choosing a place,' said Jack. 'I was just waiting for a moment to decide where to stab him.'

'You should stick a pig,' said Ralph fiercely. 'They always talk about sticking a pig.'

'You cut a pig's throat to let the blood out,' said Jack, 'otherwise you can't eat the meat'.

'Why didn't you – ?'

They knew very well why he hadn't: because of the enormity of the knife descending and cutting into living flesh; because of the unbearable blood.

'I was going to,' said Jack. He was ahead of them and they could not see his face. 'I was choosing a place. Next time –!'

He snatched his knife out of the sheath and slammed it into a tree trunk. Next time there would be no mercy. He looked round fiercely, daring them to contradict. Then they broke out into the sunlight and for a while they were busy finding and devouring food as they moved down the scar towards the platform and the meeting.

2. *Anita and Me*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Anita and Meena and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

A shadow fell over my T-bar sandals and I looked up to see Anita Rutter staring at me through squinted eyes ringed in bright blue eyeshadow. She broke off a twig from our privet hedge and thrust it under my nose, pointing at a part of the branch where the leaves were not their usual straight darts but were rolled up in on themselves, neat and packaged as school dinner sandwiches. 'See them leaves?' She carefully unrolled one of them: it came away slowly like sticky tape, to reveal a sprinkling of tiny black eggs. 'Butterflies' eggs, them is. They roll up the leaf to hide them, see.'

She stripped all the leaves off the twig in one movement and smelled her fingers, before flicking the naked branch at my ankles. It stung but I did not pull my legs back. I knew this was a test.

'What you got?'

I held out my crumpled bag of stolen sweets. She peered inside disdainfully, then snatched the bag off me and began walking away as she ate. I watched her go, confused. I could still hear my parents talking inside, their voices now calmer, conciliatory. Anita stopped momentarily, shouting over her shoulder, 'Yow coming then?'

It was the first day of the long summer holidays and I had six whole weeks which I could waste or taste. So I got up and followed her without a word.

I was happy to follow her a respectable few paces behind, knowing that I was privileged to be in her company. Anita was the undisputed 'cock' of our yard, maybe that should have been hen, but her foghorn voice, foul mouth and proficiency at lassoing victims with her frayed skipping rope indicated she was carrying enough testosterone around to earn the title. She ruled over all the kids in the yard with a mixture of pre-pubescent feminine wiles, pouting, sulking, clumsy cack-handed flirting and unsettling mood swings which would often end in minor violence. She had the face of a pissed-off cherub, huge green eyes, blonde hair, a curling mouth with slightly too many teeth and a brown birthmark under one eye which when she was angry, which was often, seemed to throb and glow like a lump of Superman's kryptonite.

3. Never Let Me Go

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about friendship and the way it is presented in *Never Let Me Go*.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

He was lying on the bed, and went on staring at the ceiling for a while before saying: 'Funny, because I was thinking about the same thing the other day. What you've got to remember about Ruth, when it came to things like that, she was always different to us. You and me, right from the start, even when we were little, we were always trying to find things out. Remember, Kath, all those secret talks we used to have? But Ruth wasn't like that. She always wanted to believe in things. That was Ruth. So yeah, in a way, I think it's best the way it happened.' Then he added: 'Of course, what we found out, Miss Emily, all of that, it doesn't change anything about Ruth. She wanted the best for us at the end. She really wanted the best for us.'

I didn't want to get into a big discussion about Ruth at that stage, so I just agreed with him. But now I've had more time to think about it, I'm not so sure how I feel. A part of me keeps wishing we'd somehow been able to share everything we discovered with Ruth. Okay, maybe it would have made her feel bad; made her see whatever damage she'd once done to us couldn't be repaired as easily as she'd hoped. And maybe, if I'm honest, that's a small part of my wishing she knew it all before she completed. But in the end, I think it's something else, something much more than my feeling vengeful and mean-spirited. Because as Tommy said, she wanted the best for us at the end, and though she said that day in the car I'd never forgive her, she was wrong about that. I've got no anger left for her now. When I say I wish she'd found out the whole score, it's more because I feel sad at the idea of her finishing up different from me and Tommy. The way it is, it's like there's a line with us on one side and Ruth on the other, and when all's said and done, I feel sad about that, and I think she would too if she could see it.

4. *The Woman in Black*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the significance and role of the woman in black and how she is presented in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

I saw that Mr. Jerome waited for me politely in the lane, and I went quickly out after him.

'Tell me, that other woman ...' I said as I reached his side, 'I hope she can find her own way home ... she looked so dreadfully unwell. Who was she?'

He frowned.

'The young woman with the wasted face,' I urged, 'at the back of the church and then in the graveyard a few yards away from us.'

Mr. Jerome stopped dead. He was staring at me.

'A young woman?'

'Yes, yes, with the skin stretched over her bones, I could scarcely bear to look at her ... she was tall, she wore a bonnet type of hat ... I suppose to try and conceal as much as she could of her face, poor thing.

For a few seconds, in that quiet, empty lane, in the sunshine, there was such a silence as must have fallen again now inside the church, a silence so deep that I heard the pulsation of the blood in the channels of my own ears. Mr. Jerome looked frozen, pale, his throat moving as if he were unable to utter.

'Is there anything the matter?' I asked him quickly. 'You look unwell.'

At last he managed to shake his head - I almost would say, that he shook himself, as though making an extreme effort to pull himself together after suffering a momentous shock, though the colour did not return to his face and the corners of his lips seemed tinged with blue.

At last he said in a low voice, 'I did not see a young woman.'

5. **Oranges are not the Only Fruit**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Jeanette and her mother and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

'Why do you want me to go?' I asked her the night before.
 'Because if you don't go, I'll have to go to prison.' She picked up the knife. 'How many slices do you want?'
 'Two,' I said. 'What's going in them?'
 'Potted beef, and be thankful.'
 'But if you go to prison you'll get out again. St Paul was always going to prison.'
 'I know that' (she cut the bread firmly, so that only the tiniest squirt of potted beef oozed out) . . . 'but the neighbours don't. Eat this and be quiet.'
 She pushed the plate in front of me. It looked horrible.
 'Why can't we have chips?'
 'Because I haven't time to make you chips. There's my feet to soak, your vest to iron, and I haven't touched all those requests for prayer. Besides, there's no potatoes.'
 I went into the living room, looking for something to do. In the kitchen I heard my mother switch on the radio.
 'And now,' said a voice, 'a programme about the family life of snails.'
 My mother shrieked.
 'Did you hear that?' she demanded and poked her head round the kitchen door.
 'The family life of snails, it's an Abomination, it's like saying we come from monkeys.'
 I thought about it. Mr and Mrs Snail at home on a wet Wednesday night; Mr Snail dozing quietly, Mrs Snail reading a book about difficult children. *'I'm so worried doctor. He's so quiet, won't come out of his shell.'*
 'No mum,' I replied, 'it's not like that at all.'
 But she wasn't listening.

6. *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night Time*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Christopher and his father and how it is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Christopher *turns to* Ed.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry.

ED: It's OK.

CHRISTOPHER: I didn't kill Wellington.

ED: I know.

Christopher you have to stay out of trouble, OK?

CHRISTOPHER: I didn't know I was going to get into trouble. I like Wellington and I went to say hello to him, but I didn't know that someone had killed him.

ED: Just try and keep your nose out of other people's business.

CHRISTOPHER: I am going to find out who killed Wellington.

ED: Were you listening to what I was saying, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes I was listening to what you were saying but when someone gets murdered you have to find out who did it so that they can be punished.

ED: It's a bloody dog Christopher, a bloody dog.

CHRISTOPHER: I think dogs are important too. I think some dogs are cleverer than some people. Steve, for example, who comes to school on Thursdays needs help eating his food and he probably couldn't even fetch a stick.

ED: Leave it.

CHRISTOPHER: I wonder if the police will find out who killed him and punish the person.

ED: I said leave it for God's sake.

CHRISTOPHER: Are you sad about Wellington?

ED: Yes Christopher you could say that. You could very well say that.

7. **A Taste of Honey**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the character of Helen and the way she is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

JO: Where did this magazine come from?
 HELEN: Woman downstairs give it me.
 JO: I didn't think you'd buy it.
 HELEN: Why buy when it's cheaper to borrow?
 JO: What day was I born on?
 HELEN: I don't know.
 JO: You should remember such an important event.
 HELEN: I've always done my best to forget that.
 JO: How old was I when your husband threw you out?
 HELEN: Change the subject. When I think of her father and my husband it makes me wonder why I ever bothered, it does really.
 JO: He was rich, wasn't he ...
 HELEN: He was a rat!
 JO: He was your husband. Why did you marry him?
 HELEN: At the time I had nothing better to do. Then he divorced me; that was your fault.
 JO: I agree with him. If I was a man and my wife had a baby that wasn't mine I'd sling her out.
 HELEN: Would you? It's a funny thing but I don't think I would. Still, why worry?
 JO (*reading from magazine*): It says here that Sheik Ahmed – an Arabian mystic – will, free of all charge, draw up for you a complete analysis of your character and destiny.
 HELEN: Let's have a look.
 JO: There's his photograph.
 HELEN: Oh! He looks like a dirty little spiv. Listen Jo, don't bother your head about Arabian mystics. There's two w's in your future. Work, or want, and no Arabian Knight can tell you different. We're all at the steering wheel of our own destiny. Careering along like drunken drivers. I'm going to get married. [The news is received in silence.] I said, I'm going to get married.

8. *An Inspector Calls*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the character of Gerald and the way he is presented in *An Inspector Calls*.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

BIRLING: (excitedly) You know something. What is it?
 GERALD: (slowly) The man wasn't a police officer.
 BIRLING: (astounded) What?
 MRS BIRLING: Are you certain?
 GERALD: I'm almost certain. That's what I came back to tell you.
 BIRLING: (excitedly) Good lad! You asked about him, eh?
 GERALD: Yes. I met a police sergeant I know down the road. I asked him about this Inspector Goole and described the chap carefully to him. He swore there wasn't any Inspector Goole or anybody like him on the force here.

BIRLING: You didn't tell him—
 GERALD: (cutting in) No, no. I passed it off by saying I'd been having an argument with somebody. But the point is – this sergeant was dead certain they hadn't any inspector at all like the chap who came here.

BIRLING: (excitedly) By Jingo! A fake!
 MRS BIRLING: (triumphantly) Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say I couldn't imagine a real police inspector talking like that to us?
 GERALD: Well, you were right. There isn't any such inspector. We've been had.

BIRLING (beginning to move) I'm going to make certain of this.
 MRS BIRLING: What are you going to do?
 BIRLING: Ring up the Chief Constable – Colonel Roberts.
 MRS BIRLING: Careful what you say, dear.
 BIRLING: (now at telephone) Of course. (At telephone.) Brumley eight seven five two. (To others as he waits.) I was going to do this anyhow. I've had my suspicions all along. (At telephone.) Colonel Roberts, please. Mr Arthur Birling here . . . Oh, Roberts – Birling here. Sorry to ring you up so late, but can you tell me if an Inspector Goole has joined your staff lately . . . Goole. G-O-O-L-E . . . a new man . . . tall, clean-shaven. (Here he describes the appearance of the actor playing the INSPECTOR.)
 I see . . . yes . . . well, that settles it. . . . No, just a little argument we were having here. . . Good night. (He puts down the telephone and looks at the others.)
 There's no Inspector Goole on the police. That man definitely wasn't a police inspector at all. As Gerald says – we've been had.

9. *The History Boys*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Irwin and the boys and how it is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play. [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

IRWIN: Does he have a programme? Or is it just at random?

BOYS: Ask him, sir. We don't know, sir.

AKTHAR: It's just the knowledge, sir.

TIMMS: The pursuit of it for its own sake, sir.

POSNER: Not useful, sir. Not like your lessons.

AKTHAR: Breaking bread with the dead, sir. That's what we do.

IRWIN: What it used to be called is 'wider reading'.

LOCKWOOD: Oh no, sir. It can be narrower reading. Mr Hector says if we know one book off by heart, it doesn't matter if it's really crap. The Prayer Book, sir. *The Mikado*, the *Pigeon Fancier's Gazette* ... so long as it's words, sir. Words and worlds.

CROWTHER: And the heart.

LOCKWOOD: Oh yes, sir. The heart. 'The heart has its reasons that reason knoweth not,' sir.

CROWTHER: Pascal, sir.

LOCKWOOD: It's higher than your stuff, sir. Nobler.

POSNER: Only not useful, sir. Mr Hector's not as focused.

TIMMS: No, not focused at all, sir. Blurred, sir, more.

AKTHAR: You're much more focused, sir.

CROWTHER: And we know what we're doing with you, sir. Half the time with him we don't know what we're doing at all. (*Mimes being mystified.*)

TIMMS: We're poor little sheep that have lost our way, sir. Where are we?

AKTHAR: You're very young, sir. This isn't your gap year, is it, sir?

IRWIN: I wish it was.

10. **Blood Brothers**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Edward and Mickey and how it is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play.

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

EDWARD:	Mickey, what's wrong?
MICKEY:	You. You're a dick head!
	EDWARD <i>is slightly unsure but laughs anyway.</i>
	There are no parties arranged. There is no booze or music.
	Christmas? I'm sick to the teeth of Christmas an' it isn't even here yet.
	See, there's very little to celebrate, Eddie. Since you left I've been
	walking around all day, every day, lookin' for a job.
EDWARD:	What about the job you had?
MICKEY:	It disappeared. <i>(Pause.)</i> Y'know somethin', I bleedin' hated that job,
	standin' there all day never doing nothin' but put cardboard boxes
	together. I used to get... used to get terrified that I'd have to do it for
	the rest of me life. But, but after three months of nothin', the same
	answer everywhere, nothin', nothin' down for y', I'd crawl back to that
	job for half the pay and double the hours. Just... just makin' boxes it
	was. But now, it seems like it was paradise.
	<i>Pause.</i>
EDWARD:	Why...why is a job so important? If I couldn't get a job I'd just say, sod
	it and draw the dole, live like a bohemian, tilt my hat to the world and
	say 'screw you'. So you're not working. Why is it so important?
MICKEY:	<i>(looking at him):</i> You don't understand anythin' do y'? I don't wear a
	hat that I could tilt at the world.
EDWARD:	Look...come on...I've got money, plenty of it. I'm back, let's forget
	about bloody jobs, let's go and get Linda and celebrate. Look, look,
	money, lots of it, have some...
	<i>(He tries to thrust some notes into MICKEY's hands.)</i>
MICKEY:	No. I don't want your money, stuff it.
	<i>He throws the notes to the ground. EDWARD picks them up and</i>
	<i>stands looking at MICKEY.</i>
	Eddie, just do me a favour an' piss off, will y'?
	<i>Pause.</i>
EDWARD:	I thought, I thought we always stuck together. I thought we were...
	were blood brothers.
MICKEY:	That was kids' stuff, Eddie. Didn't anyone tell y'?

SECTION B (19th Century Prose)*Answer on **one** text only.***11. A Christmas Carol***You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.***You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about Scrooge and the way he changes throughout the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel.

[40]

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge.

12. Silas Marner

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about turning points in Silas Marner's life as presented in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel.

[40]

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when to his blurred vision it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold! – his own gold – brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child – a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream – his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?* He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision; it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard – and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that his child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life: it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe – old quiverings of tenderness – old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

13. *Pride and Prejudice*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about attitudes to marriage in *Pride and Prejudice* and how they are presented in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel.

[40]

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr Bennet,” said his lady to him one day, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is”, returned she; “for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.”

Mr Bennet made no answer.

“Do not you want to know who has taken it?” cried his wife impatiently.

“You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

“Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.”

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? how can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his design in settling here?”

“Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

14. War of the Worlds

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about how fear of the unknown is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel.

[40]

A sudden chill came over me. There was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides. There was a general movement backwards. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring.

A big greyish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather.

Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The whole creature heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of its appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge-like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth – above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes – were at once vital, intense, inhuman, crippled and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably nasty. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

15. *Jane Eyre*

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Jane Eyre and Mr Rochester and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel.

[40]

I was in my own room as usual – just myself, without obvious change: nothing had smitten me, or scathed me, or maimed me. And yet where was the Jane Eyre of yesterday? – where was her life? – where were her prospects?

Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman – almost a bride – was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale; her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud: lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead – struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first born in the land of Egypt. I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing; they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive. I looked at my love: that feeling which was my master's – which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle: sickness and anguish had seized it; it could not seek Mr Rochester's arms – it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh, never more could it turn to him; for faith was blighted – confidence destroyed! Mr Rochester was not to me what he had been; for he was not what I had thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him; I would not say he had betrayed me; but the attribute of stainless truth was gone from his idea, and from his presence I must go: *that* I perceived well. When – how – whither, I could not yet discern; but himself, I doubted not, would hurry me from Thornfield. Real affection, it seemed, he could not have for me; it had been only fitful passion: that was balked; he would want me no more. I should fear even to cross his path now: my view must be hateful to him. Oh, how blind had been my eyes! How weak my conduct!

16. The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about how tension is created at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel.

[40]

Mr. Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

'Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?' he cried; and then taking a second look at him, 'What ails you?' he added, 'is the doctor ill?'

'Mr. Utterson,' said the man, 'there is something wrong.'

'Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you,' said the lawyer.

'Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want.'

'You know the doctor's ways, sir,' replied Poole, 'and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in the cabinet; and I don't like it, sir – I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, sir, I'm afraid.'

'Now, my good man', said the lawyer, 'be explicit. What are you afraid of?'

'I've been afraid for about a week,' returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question, 'and I can bear it no more.'

The man's appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. 'I can bear it no more,' he repeated.

'Come,' said the lawyer, 'I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is.'

'I think there's been foul play,' said Poole, hoarsely.

'Foul play!' cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. 'What foul play? What does the man mean?'

'I daren't say, sir,' was the answer; 'but will you come along with me and see for yourself?'

SECTION C (Unseen Poetry)

17. Answer **both** part (a) and part (b)

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a) and about 40 minutes on part (b).

Read the two poems, *A Gull* by Edwin Morgan and *Considering the Snail* by Thom Gunn. In both of these poems the poets write about the effect animals have on people.

(a) Write about the poem *A Gull* by Edwin Morgan, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

- *what the poem is about and how it is organised;*
- *the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;*
- *the poet's choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;*
- *how you respond to the poem.*

A Gull

A seagull stood on my window ledge today,
 said nothing, but had a good look inside.
 That was a cold inspection I can tell you!
 North winds, icebergs, flash of salt
 crashed through the glass without a sound.
 He shifted from leg to leg, swivelled his head.
 There was not a fish in the house – only me.
 Did he smell my flesh, that white one? Did he think
 I would soon open the window and scatter bread?
 Calculation in those eyes is quick.
 'I tell you, my chick, there is food *everywhere*.'
 He eyed my furniture, my plants, an apple.
 Perhaps he was a mutation, a supergull.
 Perhaps he was, instead, a visitation
 which only used that tight firm forward body
 to bring the waste and dread of open waters,
 foundered voyages, matchless predators,
 into a dry room. I knew nothing.
 I moved; I moved an arm. When the thing saw
 the shadow of that, it suddenly flapped,
 scuttered claws along the sill, and was off,
 silent still. Who would be next for those eyes,
 I wondered, and were they ready, and in order?

Edwin Morgan

- b) Now compare *Considering the Snail* by Thom Gunn and *A Gull* by Edwin Morgan. [25]

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organised;
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;
- the poets' choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
- how you respond to the poems.

Considering the Snail

The snail pushes through a green
night, for the grass is heavy
with water and meets over
the bright path he makes, where rain
has darkened the earth's dark. He
moves in a wood of desire,
pale antlers barely stirring
as he hunts. I cannot tell
what power is at work, drenched there
with purpose, knowing nothing.
What is a snail's fury? All
I think is that if later
I parted the blades above
the tunnel and saw the thin
trail of broken white across
litter, I would never have
imagined the slow passion
to that deliberate progress.

Thom Gunn