













- BIRLING *(excitedly)* You know something. What is it?
- GERALD *(slowly)* The man wasn't a police officer.
- MRS. B. 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. B. *(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. B. What are you going to do?
- BIRLING Ring up the Chief Constable - Colonel Roberts.
- MRS. B. 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 can describe 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.
- MRS. B. I felt it all the time. He never talked like one. He never even looked like one.
- BIRLING This makes a difference, y'know. In fact, it makes *all* the difference.
- GERALD Of course!

(d) **Hobson's Choice**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings about the relationship between Maggie and Willie as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about **two** or **three** parts of the play that you think an audience would find particularly amusing. What do they tell you about the attitudes of the society in which the play is set? [20]

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think about Hobson and his relationships with other characters in the play? What does this show about the society in which he lives? [20]

- MAGGIE When are you going to leave Hobson's?
- WILLIE Leave Hobson's? I – I thought I gave satisfaction.
- MAGGIE Don't you want to leave?
- WILLIE Not me. I've been at Hobson's all my life, and I'm not leaving till I'm made.
- MAGGIE I said you were a fool.
- WILLIE Then I'm a loyal fool.
- MAGGIE Don't you want to get on, Will Mossop? You heard what Mrs Hepworth said. You know the wages you get and you know the wages a bootmaker like you could get in one of the big shops in Manchester.
- WILLIE Nay, I'd be feared to go in them fine places.
- MAGGIE What keeps you here? Is it the – the people?
- WILLIE I dunno what it is. I'm used to being here.
- MAGGIE Do you know what keeps this business on its legs? Two things: one's good boots you make that sell themselves, the other's the bad boots other people make and I sell. We're a pair, Will Mossop.
- WILLIE You're a wonder in the shop, Miss Maggie.
- MAGGIE And you're a marvel in the workshop. Well?
- WILLIE Well, what?
- MAGGIE It seems to me to point one way.
- WILLIE What way is that?
- MAGGIE You're leaving me to do the work, my lad.
- WILLIE I'll be getting back to my stool, Miss Maggie. (*Moves to trap.*)
- MAGGIE (*stopping him*): You'll go back when I've done with you. I've watched you for a long time and everything I've seen, I've liked. I think you'll do for me.
- WILLIE What way, Miss Maggie?
- MAGGIE Will Mossop, you're my man. Six months I've counted on you, and it's got to come out some time.
- WILLIE But I never –
- MAGGIE I know you never, or it 'ud not be left to me to do the job like this.
- WILLIE I'll – I'll sit down. (*He sits in arm-chair, mopping his brow.*) I'm feeling queer-like. What dost want me for?
- MAGGIE To invest in. You're a business idea in the shape of a man.
- WILLIE I've got no head for business at all.
- MAGGIE But I have. My brain and your hands 'ull make a working partnership.
- WILLIE (*getting up, relieved*): Partnership! Oh, that's a different thing. I thought you were axing me to wed you.
- MAGGIE I am.
- WILLIE Well, by gum! And you the master's daughter.

**Turn over.**

(e) *A Taste of Honey*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Peter and Helen speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you learn about the society in which Jo lives from the play *A Taste of Honey*? Remember to refer to events in the play in your answer. [20]

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think about Geof and his relationships with other characters in the play? What does this show about the society in which he lives? [20]

- PETER: What the hell's going on? Do you expect me to wait in the filthy street all night?
- HELEN: I told you to stay outside.
- PETER: Don't point your bloody finger at me.
- HELEN: I said I'd only be a few minutes and I've only been a few minutes. Now come on, outside!
- PETER: Ah! The erring daughter. There she is. *[Sings.]* "Little Josephine, you're a big girl now." Where d'you keep the whisky?
- HELEN: They haven't got any. Now, come on.
- PETER: *[seeing GEOF:]* What's this, the father? Oh Christ, no!
- GEOF: Who's he?
- HELEN: President of the local Temperance Society!
- PETER: *[singing:]* "Who's got a bun in the oven? Who's got a cake in the stove?"
- HELEN: Leave her alone.
- PETER: Oh, go to hell!
- JO: I've got nothing to say . . .
- PETER: Go on, have your blasted family reunion, don't mind me! *[Notices GEOF again.]* Who's this? Oh, of course! Where are the drinks, Lana? *[He falls into the kitchen, singing.]* "Getting to know you, getting to know all about you . . ."
- HELEN: Jo, come on ...  
*[There is a loud crash in the kitchen.]*  
And the light of the world shone upon him.  
*[PETER enters.]*
- PETER: Cheer up, everybody. I am back. Who's the lily? Look at Helen, well, if she doesn't look like a bloody unrestored oil painting. What's the matter everybody? Look at the sour-faced old bitch! Well, are you coming for a few drinks or aren't you?
- HELEN: The pubs aren't open yet.
- JO: Do you mind getting out of here?
- PETER: Shut your mouth, bubble belly! Before I shut it for you. Hey! *[To GEOF.]* Mary, come here. Did I ever tell you about the chappie who married his mother by mistake?
- JO: I said get him out of here, Helen. His breath smells.
- HELEN: I can't carry him out, can I?
- PETER: His name was Oedipus, he was a Greek I think. Well, the old bag turned out to be his mother . . .
- HELEN: Shut up, Peter, for God's sake!
- PETER: So he scratched out both his eyes.
- HELEN: Cut the dirty stories!
- PETER: But I only scratched out one of mine. Well, are you coming or not?

**Turn over.**

**QUESTION 2**

*Answer questions on **one** text.*

**(a) Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha**

*Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).*

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Paddy speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about the relationship between Paddy and Sinbad.

Think about:

- their relationship at the start of the novel;
- the way their relationship develops and changes;
- the reasons for the way their relationship develops and changes;
- the way they speak and behave at different points in the novel.

[20]

**Or,**

- (iii) Paddy's world has been described as being "full of warmth and cruelty". Write about a time of warmth and a time of cruelty that you feel were important to Paddy as he grew up, and explain why these times were important to him. [20]

I never got the chance to run away. I was too late. He left first. The way he shut the door; he didn't slam it. Something; I just knew: he wasn't coming back. He just closed it, like he was going down to the shops, except it was the front door and we only used the front door when people came. He didn't slam it. He closed it behind him – I saw him in the glass. He waited for a few seconds, then went. He didn't have a suitcase or even a jacket, but I knew.

My mouth opened and a roar started but it never came. And a pain in my chest, and I could hear my heart pumping the blood to the rest of me. I was supposed to cry; I thought I was. I sobbed once and that was all.

He'd hit her again and I saw him, and he saw me. He thumped her on the shoulder.

–D'you hear me!?

In the kitchen. I walked in for a drink of water; I saw her falling back. He looked at me. He unmade his fist. He went red. He looked like he was in trouble. He was going to say something to me, I thought he was. He didn't. He looked at her; his hands moved. I thought he was going to put her back to where she'd been before he hit her.

–What do you want, love?

It was my ma. She wasn't holding her shoulder or anything.

–A drink of water.

It was daylight out still, too early for fighting. I wanted to say Sorry, for being there. My ma filled my mug at the sink. It was Sunday.

My da spoke.

–How's the match going?

–They're winning, I said.

The Big Match was on and Liverpool were beating Arsenal. I was up for Liverpool.

–Great, he said.

I'd been coming in to tell him, as well as getting the drink of water.

I took the mug from my ma.

–Thank you very much.

And I went back in and watched Liverpool winning. I cheered when the final whistle got blown but no one come in to look.

He didn't slam the door even a bit. I saw him in the glass, waiting; then he was gone.

(b) **Heroes**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Why do you think Robert Cormier decided to call his novel *Heroes*?

Think about:

- what happens in the novel;
- different views of heroes in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think of Larry LaSalle?

Write about:

- his relationships with young people in the town;
- the way he is regarded by others;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the novel.

[20]

A heat wave gripped Frenchtown, the heat almost visible in the air. People moved as if in a slow-motion movie, gathering on front lawns and piazzas in the evening after the shops closed, hoping for a breeze to cool them off. Men walked slowly as they went off to work in the shops as weary-looking in the morning as they were late in the day, after their shifts were over.

For three days, I haunted Sixth Street at all hours, standing across the street and looking up at the second floor of Nicole's house, venturing sometimes into the yard, hoping that I might catch a glimpse of her coming or going or at a window. Despite the heat, the piazza on Nicole's second floor tenement remained vacant. The windows were open to allow cooler air to enter the tenement but no one came or went.

Nicole's father left the tenement to go to the shop just before seven o'clock in the morning and returned shortly after five in the afternoon and I avoided him, kept away from the street during those times.

A small boy in the house across the street from Nicole's rode his bicycle endlessly on the sidewalk and gazed at me occasionally as I waited. Finally, squinting against the sun, he asked: 'Why are you here all the time?'

I shrugged. 'Waiting.'

'Are you the bogey man?' he asked, scratching his chin.

Yes, I wanted to say. A kind of bogey man who does terrible things like letting his girl get hurt and attacked, purposely avoiding even in my mind that terrible word: what had actually happened to her.

The boy waited a moment for my reply then pedalled back into his yard, silent as he gazed at me over his shoulder. He went into the house and did not come out again.

(c) ***Never Let Me Go***

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

*You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).*

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) For whom do you have the most sympathy: Kathy, Tommy, or Ruth? Give reasons for your choice. [20]

**Or,**

- (iii) What impressions do you get of Hailsham School? [20]

Think about:

- what happens there;
- the children who live there;
- the teachers;
- how the school is described.

I found I was standing before acres of ploughed earth. There was a fence keeping me from stepping into the field, with two lines of barbed wire, and I could see how this fence and the cluster of three or four trees above me were the only things breaking the wind for miles. All along the fence, especially along the lower line of wire, all sorts of rubbish had caught and tangled. It was like the debris you get on a seashore: the wind must have carried some of it for miles and miles before finally coming up against these trees and these two lines of wire. Up in the branches of the trees, too, I could see, flapping about, torn plastic sheeting and bits of old carrier bags. That was the only time, as I stood there looking at that strange rubbish, feeling the wind coming across those empty fields, that I started to imagine just a little fantasy thing, because this was Norfolk after all, and it was only a couple of weeks since I'd lost him. I was thinking about the rubbish, the flapping plastic in the branches, the shore-line of odd stuff caught along the fencing, and I half-closed my eyes and imagined this was the spot where everything I'd ever lost since my childhood had washed up, and I was now standing here in front of it, and if I waited long enough, a tiny figure would appear on the horizon across the field, and gradually get larger until I'd see it was Tommy, and he'd wave, maybe even call. The fantasy never got beyond that – I didn't let it – and though the tears rolled down my face, I wasn't sobbing or out of control. I just waited a bit, then turned back to the car, to drive off to wherever it was I was supposed to be.

(d) *About a Boy*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (ii), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Fiona, Marcus's mother? [20]

Think about:

- her relationship with Marcus;
- her relationships with other characters;
- the way she speaks and behaves at different times in the novel.

**Or,**

- (iii) *About a Boy* tells the story of Marcus and the story of Will. Which of these stories interests you the more, and why? [20]

Think about:

- what you learn about your chosen character from their story;
- your chosen character's relationships with others;
- why your chosen character's story interests you.

During the night after his first day Marcus woke up every half-hour or so. He could tell from the luminous hands of his dinosaur clock: 10.41, 11.19, 11.55, 12.35, 12.55, 1.31 . . . He couldn't believe he was going to have to go back there the next morning, and the morning after that, and the morning after that and . . . well, then it would be the weekend, but more or less every morning for the rest of his life, just about. Every time he woke up his first thought was that there must be some kind of way past, or round, or even through, this horrible feeling; whenever he had been upset about anything before, there had usually turned out to be some kind of answer – one that mostly involved telling his mum what was bothering him. But there wasn't anything she could do this time. She wasn't going to move him to another school, and even if she did it wouldn't make a whole lot of difference. He'd still be who he was, and that, it seemed to him, was the basic problem.

He just wasn't right for schools. Not secondary schools, anyway. That was it. And how could you explain that to any-one? It was OK not to be right for some things (he already knew he wasn't right for parties, because he was too shy, or for baggy trousers, because his legs were too short), but not being right for school was a big problem. Everyone went to school. There was no way round it. Some kids, he knew, got taught by their parents at home, but his mum couldn't do that because she went out to work. Unless he paid her to teach him – but she'd told him not long ago that she got three hundred and fifty pounds a week from her job. Three hundred and fifty pounds a week! Where was he going to get that kind of money from? Not from a paper round, he knew that much. The only other kind of person he could think of who didn't go to school was the Macaulay Culkin kind. They'd had something about him on Saturday-morning TV once, and they said he got taught in a caravan sort of thing by a private tutor. That would be OK, he supposed. Better than OK, because Macaulay Culkin probably got three hundred and fifty pounds a week, maybe even more, which meant that if he were Macaulay Culkin he could pay his mum to teach him. But if being Macaulay Culkin meant being good at drama, then forget it: he was crap at drama, because he hated standing up in front of people. Which was why he hated school. Which was why he wanted to be Macaulay Culkin. Which was why he was never going to be Macaulay Culkin in a thousand years, let alone in the next few days. He was going to have to go to school tomorrow.

All that night he thought like boomerangs fly: an idea would shoot way off into the distance, all the way to a caravan in Hollywood and, for a moment, when he had got as far away from school and reality as it was possible to go, he was reasonably happy; then it would begin the return journey, thump him on the head, and leave him in exactly the place he had started from. And all the time it got nearer and nearer to the morning.

(e) **Resistance**

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings about Sarah here? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of Albrecht? [20]

Think about:

- his relationship with other Germans;
- his relationships with Sarah;
- his relationships with other characters;
- his behaviour at different parts of the novel, including the end.

**Or,**

- (iii) Why do you think Owen Sheers decided to call his novel *Resistance*? [20]

Think about:

- the situation described in the novel;
- people who show different types of resistance in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

It was her birthday, however much she'd tried to forget it. She hadn't mentioned it to any of the other women and she'd tried not to even mention it to herself. There was, she felt, nothing to celebrate. Twenty-seven years old. Childless. Abandoned in a world gone sour. Just the afternoon before she'd ridden Bess up on the hill and watched a pair of crows circle and dance about each other in the air. When they'd landed they'd rubbed shoulders and Sarah had felt again, as if for the first time, the pain of her solitude. Even the carrion crows who ate the eyes of her dead ewes had companionship while she, as ever, had just the blood-pulse of the wind in her ears and the heat of Bess's neck to keep her company. Not for the first time, she'd wanted Tom dead. Not because of what he'd done, but instead of what he'd done. In death he would have given her an answer. She would have known where he was. As it was, she just had nothing. Even the women whose husbands had gone to war, they'd always had something: letters, days of leave.

She'd once seen a crowd of these women down at the station in Pandy. They were wearing their best dresses, their cheeks rouged and their lips bright red, waiting for a train to take them into Newport. There, they would wait on the platform for the fast train carrying troops from the training fields of west Wales up to London and the ports of the south coast. The train didn't stop at Newport, just gave a couple of blasts on its whistle and steamed on through. But these women always went to watch it pass, dressed as if for a dance. Just for the chance of seeing the faces of their husbands, their lovers, as the long line of carriages clattered and rushed past them trailing its heavy plume of steam. It was often a hopeless journey but the women still went, just for the chance, that glimpse. But Sarah didn't even have that. There was nowhere she could go in the hope of seeing Tom. No reports she could read with her heart in her mouth. And no letters she could wait for. Just an empty vigilance for some sign, some hidden message and her long rides up on the hills, forever facing up to their blank answer.

