



**GCSE**

3720U30-1



S18-3720U30-1

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**UNIT 2b**

**(Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)**

**FOUNDATION TIER**

FRIDAY, 25 MAY 2018 – MORNING

2 hours

**SECTION A**

|                                      | <i>Pages</i> |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>The History Boys</i>              | 2 - 3        |
| <i>Blood Brothers</i>                | 4 - 5        |
| <i>A View From The Bridge</i>        | 6 - 7        |
| <i>Be My Baby</i>                    | 8 - 9        |
| <i>My Mother Said I Never Should</i> | 10 - 11      |

**SECTION B**

|                                    |         |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| <i>Silas Marner</i>                | 12 - 13 |
| <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>         | 14 - 15 |
| <i>A Christmas Carol</i>           | 16 - 17 |
| <i>Lord of the Flies</i>           | 18 - 19 |
| <i>Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve</i> | 20 - 21 |

3720U301  
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**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

Answer **both** Section A and Section B. Answer on **one** text in each section.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer,

e.g. 

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Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Section A: 30 marks      Section B: 30 marks

You are advised to spend your time as follows: Section A – about one hour

Section B – about one hour

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that the accuracy and organisation of your writing will be assessed.

**SECTION A**

Answer questions on **one** text.

**The History Boys**

Answer 

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Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way the Headmaster and Mrs Lintott 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,**

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What do you think about Dakin and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the play? [20]

**Or,**

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Write about the ending of the play and whether you find it effective. Give reasons for what you say. [20]

*Staff room.*

- HEADMASTER Mrs Lintott, Dorothy.
- MRS LINTOTT Headmaster?
- HEADMASTER These Oxbridge boys. Your historians. Any special plans?
- MRS LINTOTT Their A Levels are very good.
- HEADMASTER Their A Levels are *very* good. And that is thanks to you, Dorothy. We've never had so many. Remarkable! But what now – in teaching terms?
- MRS LINTOTT More of the same?
- HEADMASTER Oh. Do you think so?
- MRS LINTOTT It's what we've done before.
- HEADMASTER Quite. Without much success. No one last year. None the year before. When did we last have anyone in history at Oxford and Cambridge?
- MRS LINTOTT I tend not to distinguish.
- HEADMASTER Between Oxford and Cambridge?
- MRS LINTOTT Between centres of higher learning. Last year two at Bristol, one at York. The year before ...
- HEADMASTER Yes, yes. I know that, Dorothy. But I am thinking league tables. Open scholarships. Reports to the Governors. I want them to do themselves justice. I want them to do you justice. Factually tip-top as your boys always are, something more is required.
- MRS LINTOTT More?
- HEADMASTER Different.  
I would call it grooming did not that have overtones of the monkey house.  
'Presentation' might be the word.
- MRS LINTOTT They know their stuff. Plainly stated and properly organised facts need no presentation, surely.
- HEADMASTER Oh, Dorothy. I think they do.  
'The facts: serving suggestion.'
- MRS LINTOTT A sprig of parsley, you mean? Or an umbrella in the cocktail? Are dons so naive?
- HEADMASTER Naive, Dorothy? Or human?  
I am thinking of the boys. Clever, yes, remarkably so. Well taught, indubitably. But a little...*ordinaire*?  
Think charm. Think polish. Think Renaissance Man.
- MRS LINTOTT Yes, Headmaster.

**Blood Brothers**

Answer 

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How do you think an audience would respond to this part of the play? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

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 What do you think of Edward Lyons (Eddie) and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the play? [20]

**Or,**

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 Love is important in *Blood Brothers*. Write about some of the times when you think love is important in the play. [20]

*The NARRATOR exits to re-enter as a GYNAECOLOGIST.*

MRS JOHNSTONE: What are you doin' here? The milk bill's not due 'till Thursday.

GYNAECOLOGIST *(producing a listening funnel)*: Actually I've given up the milk round and gone into medicine. I'm your gynaecologist. *(He begins to examine her.)* OK, Mummy, let's have a little listen to the baby's ticker, shall we?

MRS JOHNSTONE: I was dead worried about havin' another baby, you know, Doctor. I didn't see how we were gonna manage with another mouth to feed. But now I've got me a little job we'll be OK. If I'm careful we can just scrape by, even with another mouth to feed.

*The GYNAECOLOGIST completes his examination.*

GYNAECOLOGIST: Mouths, Mummy.

MRS JOHNSTONE: What?

GYNAECOLOGIST: Plural, Mrs Johnstone. Mouths to feed. You're expecting twins. Congratulations. And the next one please, Nurse.

*The GYNAECOLOGIST exits.*

MRS JOHNSTONE, *numbed by the news, moves back to her work, dusting the table upon which the shoes had been placed.*

MRS LYONS *enters.*

MRS LYONS: Hello, Mrs. J. How are you?

*There is no reply.*

*(Registering the silence)* Mrs J? Anything wrong?

MRS JOHNSTONE: I had it all worked out.

MRS LYONS: What's the matter?

MRS JOHNSTONE: We were just getting straight.

MRS LYONS: Why don't you sit down.

MRS JOHNSTONE: With one more baby we could have managed. But not with two. The Welfare have already been on to me. They say I'm incapable of controllin' the kids I've already got. They say I should put some of them into care. But I won't. I love the bones of every one of them. I'll even love these two when they come along. But like they say at the Welfare, kids can't live on love alone.

MRS LYONS: Twins? You're expecting twins?

*The NARRATOR enters.*

NARRATOR: How quickly an idea, planted, can  
Take root and grow into a plan.  
The thought conceived in this very room  
Grew as surely as a seed, in a mother's womb.

*The NARRATOR exits.*

MRS LYONS *(almost inaudibly)*: Give one to me.

**A View From The Bridge**

Answer 

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How do you think an audience would respond to this part of the play? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

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 What do you think of Rodolfo?  
Write about:

- his life in Italy and why he comes to America
- his relationship with Catherine
- his relationships with other characters in the play
- anything else you think is important

[20]

**Or,**

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 'Families are very important in *A View From the Bridge*.' Write about **one** or **two** times when you think this is true. Give reasons for what you say. [20]

BEATRICE: Go in the house! Eddie, go in the house!

EDDIE – *he gradually comes to address the people*: Maybe he come to apologize to me. Heh, Marco? For what you said about me in front of the neighborhood? *He is incensing himself and little bits of laughter even escape him as his eyes are murderous and he cracks his knuckles in his hands with a strange sort of relaxation.* He knows that ain't right. To do like that? To a man? Which I put my roof over their head and my food in their mouth? Like in the Bible? Strangers I never seen in my whole life? To come out of the water and grab a girl for a passport? To go and take from your own family like from the stable—and never a word to me? And now accusations in the bargain! *Directly to MARCO*: Wipin' the neighborhood with my name like a dirty rag! I want my name, Marco. *He is moving now, carefully, toward MARCO.* Now gimme my name and we go together to the wedding.

BEATRICE *and* CATHERINE, *keening*: Eddie! Eddie, don't! Eddie!

EDDIE: No, Marco knows what's right from wrong. Tell the people, Marco, tell them what a liar you are! *He has his arms spread and MARCO is spreading his.* Come on, liar, you know what you done! *He lunges for MARCO as a great hushed shout goes up from the people.*

*MARCO strikes EDDIE beside the neck.*

MARCO: Animal! You go on your knees to me!

*EDDIE goes down with the blow and MARCO starts to raise a foot to stomp him when EDDIE springs a knife into his hand and MARCO steps back. LOUIS rushes in toward EDDIE.*

LOUIS: Eddie, for Christ's sake!

*EDDIE raises the knife and LOUIS halts and steps back.*

EDDIE: You lied about me, Marco. Now say it. Come on now, say it!

MARCO: Anima-a-a-!

*EDDIE lunges with the knife. MARCO grabs his arm, turning the blade inward and pressing it home as the women and LOUIS and MIKE rush in and separate them, and EDDIE, the knife still in his hand, falls to his knees before MARCO. The two women support him for a moment, calling his name again and again.*

CATHERINE: Eddie I never meant to do nothing bad to you.

EDDIE: Then why—Oh, B.!

BEATRICE: Yes, yes!

EDDIE: My B.!

*He dies in her arms, and BEATRICE covers him with her body. ALFIERI, who is in the crowd, turns out to the audience. The lights have gone down, leaving him in a glow, while behind him the dull prayers of the people and the keening of the women continue.*

**Be My Baby**

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How do you think an audience would respond to this part of the play? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

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 Write about the relationship between Mary and her mother, Mrs Adams.

Think about:

- when Mary first arrives at St. Saviour's with her mother
- when her mother comes to take her home later in the play
- anything else you think important

[20]

**Or,**

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 Write about **one** of the characters in *Be My Baby* and how she learns to cope with her difficult situation. [20]

*Dormitory.* MARY *packs her suitcase, which lies open on the bed.* DOLORES *passes items to her as she packs.*

DOLORES. 'Ey, Mary? That new lass nearly passed out when she saw your sheets. We had 'er on you'd done someone in.

MARY *continues packing.*

Do you think Norma's feeling better?

MARY. I'm sure she is.

DOLORES. Will you go and see her?

MARY. I don't know where she lives.

DOLORES. You'd best write me your address. So I can ask you to the wedding.

MARY *takes a pen and paper out of her suitcase and gives it to DOLORES.*

MARY. Why don't you give me yours?

DOLORES. Will you send us a letter?

MARY. If you like.

DOLORES *(beaming)*. I never get a letter.

DOLORES *sits down to write her address.* MARY *closes the suitcase.* Enter QUEENIE, who *watches MARY from the doorway.*

MARY. All right?

QUEENIE. You've forgot your gloves.

MARY. They're in the case.

QUEENIE. She'll want you in your gloves.

MARY. I'd like to introduce you.

QUEENIE. No, ta.

MARY. To break the ice. For when you come to stay.

QUEENIE. Doll? We're wanted in the kitchen.

DOLORES *hands MARY the pen and paper.*

DOLORES. I don't mind you going now you're doing me a letter.

MARY. Good.

DOLORES. Can I do you one back?

MARY. If you like.

DOLORES. I'll start it tonight.

*Exit DOLORES, followed by QUEENIE.*

MARY. Queenie?

QUEENIE. I've got work to do.

MARY *writes down her address and offers it to QUEENIE.*

MARY. My address.

QUEENIE *looks at it then hands it back.*

QUEENIE. Mapperley Park. Sounds posh.

MARY. You will come?

QUEENIE. That'd get the nets twitching.

MARY. I need you to come.

QUEENIE. Won't I give the game away?

MARY. You're the only one I can talk to.

QUEENIE. It's best forgot. All of it.

MARY. How?

QUEENIE. You'll find a way.

MARY. I don't blame you for saying what you said. Not after Billy.

QUEENIE. Who's Billy?

MARY. Your son.

MARY *offers her address again.* QUEENIE *refuses it.*

***My Mother Said I Never Should***

Answer 

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Margaret and Jackie 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,**

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 What do you think of Doris?

Think about:

- Doris's relationship with her daughter, Margaret
- Doris's relationship with her granddaughter, Jackie
- Doris's relationship with her great-granddaughter, Rosie
- anything else you think important

[20]

**Or,**

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 Write about **one** or **two** of the times when you think characters make important choices in *My Mother Said I Never Should*. [20]

MARGARET Hello Jackie.

JACKIE (*immediately casual*) Oh, hi Mummy.

MARGARET It's not locked!

JACKIE I knew it would be you.

MARGARET You've been smoking.

JACKIE Journey from London OK?

MARGARET Not how I remembered, Mosside. All those tower blocks ...

JACKIE Is Daddy—he's not—

MARGARET Waiting in the car.

JACKIE He didn't mind?—I'm sorry, I couldn't face—

MARGARET He understands.

*Pause*

JACKIE This is Rosie, Mummy.

MARGARET I—came up the stairs. (*Pause*) Lift is out of order. (*Pause*) Lot of stairs.

JACKIE ... Please.

MARGARET (*after a long pause*) Three months.

JACKIE Say hello.

MARGARET *goes to the Moses basket. Pause*

MARGARET Pretty.

JACKIE (*also going to the basket*) You think so?

MARGARET You had curly eyelashes like that.

JACKIE (*pleased*) Did I?

MARGARET Hello Rosie ... (*She kisses her*)

JACKIE Don't wake her!

MARGARET Of course not!

JACKIE I'm sorry, it's just—

MARGARET You think I don't know?

ROSIE *coos quietly*

(*Very tenderly*) Ssh, there now.

ROSIE *murmurs*

JACKIE (*turning away*) I've packed her things ... here. (*She gives MARGARET the holdall*) And her bottles are in this carrier. There's a bit of powdered milk left—

MARGARET Oh you don't need—

JACKIE Well what would I do with it?

*An awkward pause. MARGARET looks through the clothes in the holdall*

MARGARET I've been to Mothercare. Got some of those new disposable nappies, like you said. Quite different from when you were a baby (*She sees another carrier bag across the room and goes to pick it up*) What about this bag—what a sweet—won't she want this dress with the rabbit on?

JACKIE Leave those!—Things she's grown out of.

MARGARET Why did you have to try! All by yourself? Didn't you believe me?

JACKIE I wanted to see if our theories worked ... (*Pause*) When I came back from hospital everyone had cleared out. You'd think I had VD, not a new baby.

MARGARET He should be here with you, your—(*stuck for a word*)—Rosie's father.—You in these flats ...

JACKIE (*calmly*) Mummy, I told you. He visits; and sends money. It was my decision.

**SECTION B**

Answer questions on **one** text.

**Silas Marner**

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What thoughts and feelings do you have 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,**

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 What do you think about Godfrey Cass and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the novel? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

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 Write about a time in *Silas Marner* when someone changes for the better. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

For some time Silas was mute with astonishment: then he said, 'God will clear me: I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling; you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months.' At this William groaned, but the minister said, 'The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body.'

'I must have slept,' said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else.'

The search was made, and it ended – in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, 'William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me.'

'Brother,' said William, 'how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?'

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

'I remember now – the knife wasn't in my pocket.'

William said, 'I know nothing of what you mean.' The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, 'I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me.'

***Pride and Prejudice***

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What thoughts and feelings do you have 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,**

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 What do you think of Wickham and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in *Pride and Prejudice*? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

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 For which character in *Pride and Prejudice* do you have the most sympathy? Write about your chosen character and why you have sympathy for that character. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

“How very ill Eliza Bennet looks this morning, Mr. Darcy,” Miss Bingley cried; “I never in my life saw any one so much altered as she is since the winter. She is grown so brown and coarse! Louisa and I were agreeing that we should not have known her again.”

However little Mr. Darcy might have liked such an address, he contented himself with coolly replying, that he perceived no other alteration than her being rather tanned,—no miraculous consequence of travelling in the summer.

“For my own part,” she rejoined, “I must confess that I never could see any beauty in her. Her face is too thin; her complexion has no brilliancy; and her features are not at all handsome. Her nose wants character; there is nothing marked in its lines. Her teeth are tolerable, but not out of the common way; and as for her eyes, which have sometimes been called so fine, I never could perceive any thing extraordinary in them. They have a sharp, shrewish look, which I do not like at all; and in her air altogether, there is a self-sufficiency without fashion, which is intolerable.”

Persuaded as Miss Bingley was that Darcy admired Elizabeth, this was not the best method of recommending herself; but angry people are not always wise; and in seeing him at last look somewhat nettled, she had all the success she expected. He was resolutely silent however; and, from a determination of making him speak, she continued,

“I remember, when we first knew her in Hertfordshire, how amazed we all were to find that she was a reputed beauty; and I particularly recollect your saying one night, after they had been dining at Netherfield, ‘*She* a beauty!—I should as soon call her mother a wit.’ But afterwards she seemed to improve on you; and I believe you thought her rather pretty at one time.”

“Yes,” replied Darcy, who could contain himself no longer, “but *that* was only when I first knew her, for it is many months since I have considered her as one of the handsomest women of my acquaintance.”

**A Christmas Carol**

Answer 

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What thoughts and feelings do you have 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,**

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 Which of the Spirits do you think helps Scrooge to change the most? In your answer you should refer to events and characters in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

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 What do you think is the most important message in *A Christmas Carol*? In your answer you should refer to events and characters in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

“Don’t be cross, uncle!” said the nephew.

“What else can I be,” returned the uncle, “when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What’s Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in ’em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,” said Scrooge indignantly, “every idiot who goes about with ‘Merry Christmas’ on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!”

“Uncle!” pleaded the nephew.

“Nephew!” returned the uncle sternly, “keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.”

“Keep it!” repeated Scrooge’s nephew. “But you don’t keep it.”

“Let me leave it alone, then,” said Scrooge. “Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!”

“There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,” returned the nephew; “Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!”

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

“Let me hear another sound from *you*,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You’re quite a powerful speaker, sir,” he added, turning to his nephew. “I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.”

“Don’t be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.”

**Lord of the Flies**

Answer 

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 and **either**

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way the characters 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,**

|   |   |
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 For which character in *Lord of the Flies* do you have the most sympathy? Write about your chosen character and why you feel sympathy for him. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 8 | 3 |
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 What do you think of Simon and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the novel? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context.

Think about:

- his relationships with the other boys on the island
- his meeting with the Lord of the Flies
- the way he dies
- anything else you think important

[20]

Piggy gripped Ralph's arm.

'If Jack was chief he'd have all hunting and no fire. We'd be here till we died.'

His voice ran up to a squeak.

'Who's that sitting there?'

'Me. Simon.'

'Fat lot of good we are,' said Ralph. 'Three blind mice. I'll give up.'

'If you give up,' said Piggy, in an appalled whisper, 'what 'ud happen to me?'

'Nothing.'

'He hates me. I dunno why. If he could do what he wanted—you're all right, he respects you. Besides—you'd hit him.'

'You were having a nice fight with him just now.'

'I had the conch,' said Piggy simply. 'I had a right to speak.'

Simon stirred in the dark.

'Go on being chief.'

'You shut up, young Simon! Why couldn't you say there wasn't a beast?'

'I'm scared of him,' said Piggy, 'and that's why I know him. If you're scared of someone you hate him but you can't stop thinking about him. You kid yourself he's all right really, an' then when you see him again; it's like asthma an' you can't breathe. I tell you what. He hates you too, Ralph—'

'Me? Why me?'

'I dunno. You got him over the fire; an' you're chief an' he isn't.'

'But he's, he's, Jack Merridew!'

'I been in bed so much I done some thinking. I know about people. I know about me. And him. He can't hurt you: but if you stand out of the way he'd hurt the next thing. And that's me.'

'Piggy's right, Ralph. There's you and Jack. Go on being chief.'

**Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve**

Answer 

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 and **either**

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 

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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What thoughts and feelings do you have 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,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 9 | 2 |
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 What do you think of Leo and the way he speaks and behaves at different points in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 9 | 3 |
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 Both the time and the place in which *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* is set are important. Write about **one** or **two** times when you think this is true. [20]

'I suppose we better go,' I said.

'A date's a date,' answered Bob. 'Anyway... the others will ask us.'

'Yes,' I said. 'A date's a date.'

We arrived punctually, right on the hour. We looked around the foyer but Lydia Pike wasn't there. The commissionaire was shouting out the prices of the seats and we looked at each other hopefully.

'Perhaps she won't turn up,' said Bob.

'I refuse to wait for a woman,' I said.

'Let's wait one minute and then go in,' Bob suggested. We counted sixty quickly; we looked at the clock and noted that she was already two minutes late. Every girl that passed by looked a little like Lydia Pike.

'Let's go in,' I insisted. 'Don't want to miss the second feature.'

'Hell, she might see us inside,' Bob pointed out. 'Let's go to another cinema.'

'The Empire,' I said. 'Better programme than here.' We looked round like two foxes.

'Quick,' Bob said, 'let's go before she comes.'

We walked out swiftly into Queen Street, then ran as fast as we could down the road to the Empire. Only after we had bought our tickets and were going into the dark did we feel free and want to chuckle.

When I returned home that night, mother shouted from the kitchen: 'Is that you? I've got your supper ready.' Standing in the hall, in my brand-new, unstained mackintosh, I put my finger again on the nipple of Clytemnestra, the murderess. The stone face seemed to sag a little and assume the features of honey-haired Lydia Pike, and I think I was smiling, with my finger incriminating me, when I heard Leo's voice from the stairs saying, 'What the hell's the matter with you?' He leaned over the banister, looking at me from his dark, smouldering eyes, smilingly startled.

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