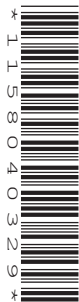


**Thursday 22 May 2014 – Afternoon****GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE****A664/02/QPI** Unit 4: Literary Heritage Prose and Contemporary Poetry  
(Higher Tier)**QUESTION PAPER INSERT****Duration:** 1 hour 30 minutes**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- This Question Paper Insert is for your reference only.
- Answer **two** questions: **one** on Literary Heritage Prose and **one** on Contemporary Poetry.

**SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE**Answer **one** question on the prose text you have studied.*Pride and Prejudice:* Jane Austen pages 2–3 questions 1(a)–(b)*Silas Marner:* George Eliot pages 4–5 questions 2(a)–(b)*Lord of the Flies:* William Golding pages 6–7 questions 3(a)–(b)*The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales:* pages 8–9 questions 4(a)–(b)

Thomas Hardy

*Animal Farm:* George Orwell pages 10–11 questions 5(a)–(b)*The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde:* pages 12–13 questions 6(a)–(b)

R L Stevenson

**SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY****EITHER** answer **one** question on the poet you have studied **OR** answer the question on the Unseen Poem.

Simon Armitage page 14 questions 7(a)–(c)

Gillian Clarke page 15 questions 8(a)–(c)

Wendy Cope pages 16–17 questions 9(a)–(c)

Carol Ann Duffy page 18 questions 10(a)–(c)

Seamus Heaney page 19 questions 11(a)–(c)

Benjamin Zephaniah pages 20–21 questions 12(a)–(c)

**UNSEEN POEM** pages 22–23 question 13

- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- Your Quality of Written Communication is assessed in this paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **40**.
- This document consists of **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR**

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## SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 1 (a) Elizabeth was prepared to see him in his glory; and she could not help fancying that in displaying the good proportion of the room, its aspect and its furniture, he addressed himself particularly to her, as if wishing to make her feel what she had lost in refusing him. But though every thing seemed neat and comfortable, she was not able to gratify him by any sigh of repentance; and rather looked with wonder at her friend that she could have so cheerful an air, with such a companion. When Mr. Collins said any thing of which his wife might reasonably be ashamed, which certainly was not unseldom, she involuntarily turned her eye on Charlotte. Once or twice she could discern a faint blush; but in general Charlotte wisely did not hear. After sitting long enough to admire every article of furniture in the room, from the sideboard to the fender, to give an account of their journey and of all that had happened in London, Mr. Collins invited them to take a stroll in the garden, which was large and well laid out, and to the cultivation of which he attended himself. To work in his garden was one of his most respectable pleasures; and Elizabeth admired the command of countenance with which Charlotte talked of the healthfulness of the exercise, and owned she encouraged it as much as possible. Here, leading the way through every walk and cross walk, and scarcely allowing them an interval to utter the praises he asked for, every view was pointed out with a minuteness which left beauty entirely behind. He could number the fields in every direction, and could tell how many trees there were in the most distant clump. But of all the views which his garden, or which the county, or the kingdom could boast, none were to be compared with the prospect of Rosings, afforded by an opening in the trees that bordered the park nearly opposite the front of his house. It was a handsome modern building, well situated on rising ground. 5
- From his garden, Mr. Collins would have led them round his two meadows, but the ladies not having shoes to encounter the remains of a white frost, turned back; and while Sir William accompanied him, Charlotte took her sister and friend over the house, extremely well pleased, probably, to have the opportunity of shewing it without her husband's help. It was rather small, but well built and convenient; and every thing was fitted up and arranged with a neatness and consistency of which Elizabeth gave Charlotte all the credit. When Mr. Collins could be forgotten, there was really a great air of comfort throughout, and by Charlotte's evident enjoyment of it, Elizabeth supposed he must be often forgotten. 10
- She had already learnt that Lady Catherine was still in the country. It was spoken of again while they were at dinner, when Mr. Collins joining in, observed, 15
- "Yes, Miss Elizabeth, you will have the honour of seeing Lady Catherine de Bourgh on the ensuing Sunday at church, and I need not say you will be delighted with her. She is all affability and condescension, and I doubt not but you will be honoured with some portion of her notice when service is over. I have scarcely any hesitation in saying that she will include you and my sister Maria in every invitation with which she honours us during your stay here. Her behaviour to my dear Charlotte is charming. We dine at Rosings twice every week, and are never allowed to walk home. Her ladyship's carriage is regularly ordered for us. I *should* say, one of her ladyship's carriages, for she has several." 20
- "Lady Catherine is a very respectable, sensible woman indeed," added Charlotte, "and a most attentive neighbour." 25
- "Very true, my dear, that is exactly what I say. She is the sort of woman whom one cannot regard with too much deference." 30
- 35
- 40
- 45
- 50

**Either** 1 (a) How does Austen vividly and amusingly portray here the relationship between Mr and Mrs Collins?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage. [24]

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**Or** 1 (b) How does Austen make Lydia such a significant figure in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 2 (a) While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms. 5
- This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew: her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness towards Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air, and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged, delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a bar-maid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes? 10
- She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away; but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly-veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom. 15 20 25 30 35 40 45

**Either** 2 (a) How does Eliot make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage.

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**[24]**

**Or** 2 (b) How does Eliot make money so important in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

**[24]**

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

3 (a)

A naval officer stood on the sand, looking down at Ralph in wary astonishment. On the beach behind him was a cutter, her bows hauled up and held by two ratings. In the stern-sheets another rating held a sub-machine gun.

The ululation faltered and died away.

5

The officer looked at Ralph doubtfully for a moment, then took his hand away from the butt of the revolver.

'Hullo.'

Squirming a little, conscious of his filthy appearance, Ralph answered shyly.

10

'Hullo.'

The officer nodded, as if a question had been answered.

'Are there any adults – any grown-ups with you?'

Dumbly, Ralph shook his head. He turned a half-pace on the sand. A semicircle of little boys, their bodies streaked with coloured clay, sharp sticks in their hands, were standing on the beach making no noise at all.

15

'Fun and games,' said the officer.

The fire reached the coco-nut palms by the beach and swallowed them noisily. A flame, seemingly detached, swung like an acrobat and licked up the palm heads on the platform. The sky was black.

20

The officer grinned cheerfully at Ralph.

'We saw your smoke. What have you been doing? Having a war or something?'

Ralph nodded.

The officer inspected the little scarecrow in front of him. The kid needed a bath, a hair-cut, a nose-wipe and a good deal of ointment.

25

'Nobody killed, I hope? Any dead bodies?'

'Only two. And they've gone.'

The officer leaned down and looked closely at Ralph.

'Two? Killed?'

30

Ralph nodded again. Behind him, the whole island was shuddering with flame. The officer knew, as a rule, when people were telling the truth. He whistled softly.

Other boys were appearing now, tiny tots some of them, brown, with the distended bellies of small savages. One of them came close to the officer and looked up.

35

'I'm, I'm –'

But there was no more to come. Percival Wemys Madison sought in his head for an incantation that had faded clean away.

The officer turned back to Ralph.

40

'We'll take you off. How many of you are there?'

Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys.

'Who's boss here?'

'I am,' said Ralph loudly.

45

A little boy who wore the remains of an extraordinary black cap on his red hair and who carried the remains of a pair of spectacles at his waist, started forward, then changed his mind and stood still.

'We saw your smoke. And you don't know how many of you there are?'

'No, sir.'

50

'I should have thought,' said the officer as he visualized the search before him, 'I should have thought that a pack of British boys – you're all British aren't you? – would have been able to put up a better show than that – I mean –'

'It was like that at first,' said Ralph, 'before things –'  
He stopped.  
'We were together then –'  
The officer nodded helpfully.  
'I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral Island.'

55

**Either** 3 (a) How does Golding's writing make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage.

**[24]**

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**Or** 3 (b) How does Golding make the 'beast' such a significant presence in *Lord of the Flies*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

**[24]**

**THOMAS HARDY: *The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales***

***The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion***

4 (a)

She had not remained thus waiting for her lover longer than a minute – though from the tension of her nerves the lapse of even that short time was trying – when, instead of the expected footsteps, the stage-coach could be heard descending the hill. She knew that Tina would not show himself till the road was clear, and waited impatiently for the coach to pass. 5  
Nearing the corner where she was it slackened speed, and, instead of going by as usual, drew up within a few yards of her. A passenger alighted, and she heard his voice. It was Humphrey Gould's.

He had brought a friend with him, and luggage. The luggage was deposited on the grass, and the coach went on its route to the royal watering-place. 10

'I wonder where that young man is with the horse and trap?' said her former admirer to his companion. 'I hope we shan't have to wait here long. I told him half-past nine o'clock precisely.'

'Have you got her present safe?' 15

'Phyllis's? O, yes. It is in this trunk. I hope it will please her.'

'Of course it will. What woman would not be pleased with such a handsome peace-offering?'

'Well – she deserves it. I've treated her rather badly. But she has been in my mind these last two days much more than I should care to confess to everybody. Ah, well; I'll say no more about that. It cannot be that she is so bad as they make out. I am quite sure that a girl of her good wit would know better than to get entangled with any of those Hanoverian soldiers. I won't believe it of her, and there's an end on't.' 20

More words in the same strain were casually dropped as the two men waited; words which revealed to her, as by a sudden illumination, the enormity of her conduct. The conversation was at length cut off by the arrival of the man with the vehicle. The luggage was placed in it, and they mounted, and were driven on in the direction from which she had just come. 30

Phyllis was so conscience-stricken that she was at first inclined to follow them; but a moment's reflection led her to feel that it would only be bare justice to Matthäus to wait till he arrived, and explain candidly that she had changed her mind – difficult as the struggle would be when she stood face to face with him. She bitterly reproached herself for having believed reports which represented Humphrey Gould as false to his engagement, when, from what she now heard from his own lips, she gathered that he had been living full of trust in her. But she knew well enough who had won her love. Without him her life seemed a dreary prospect, yet the more she looked at his proposal the more she feared to accept it – so wild as it was, so vague, so venturesome. She had promised Humphrey Gould, and it was only his assumed faithlessness which had led her to treat that promise as nought. His solicitude in bringing her these gifts touched her; her promise must be kept, and esteem must take the place of love. She would preserve her self-respect. She would stay at home, and marry him, and suffer. 40  
45



**Either** 4 (a) How does Hardy's writing make this moment in the story so moving?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage.

[24]

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**Or** 4 (b) How does Hardy's writing vividly portray superstitions in the story *The Withered Arm*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the story.

[24]

**GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm***

5 (a)

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse and took up their residence there. Again the animals seemed to remember that a resolution against this had been passed in the early days, and again Squealer was able to convince them that this was not the case. It was absolutely necessary, he said, that the pigs, who were the brains of the farm, should have a quiet place to work in. It was also more suited to the dignity of the Leader (for of late he had taken to speaking of Napoleon under the title of 'Leader') to live in a house than in a mere sty. Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed when they heard that the pigs not only took their meals in the kitchen and used the drawing-room as a recreation room, but also slept in the beds. Boxer passed it off as usual with 'Napoleon is always right!', but Clover, who thought she remembered a definite ruling against beds, went to the end of the barn and tried to puzzle out the Seven Commandments which were inscribed there. Finding herself unable to read more than individual letters, she fetched Muriel. 5

'Muriel,' she said, 'read me the Fourth Commandment. Does it not say something about never sleeping in a bed?'

With some difficulty Muriel spelt it out.

'It says, "No animal shall sleep in a bed *with sheets*";' she announced finally. 20

Curiously enough, Clover had not remembered that the Fourth Commandment mentioned sheets; but as it was there on the wall, it must have done so. And Squealer, who happened to be passing at this moment, attended by two or three dogs, was able to put the whole matter in its proper perspective. 25

'You have heard, then comrades,' he said, 'that we pigs now sleep in the beds of the farmhouse? And why not? You did not suppose, surely, that there was ever a ruling against *beds*? A bed merely means a place to sleep in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed, properly regarded. The rule was against *sheets*, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. And very comfortable beds they are too! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you, comrades, with all the brainwork we have to do nowadays. You would not rob us of our repose, would you, comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back?' 30

The animals reassured him on this point immediately, and no more was said about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds. And when, some days afterwards, it was announced that from now on the pigs would get up an hour later in the mornings than the other animals, no complaint was made about that either. 35

40

**Either** 5 (a) How does Orwell's writing here vividly convey the relationship between the pigs and the other animals?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage. [24]

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**Or** 5 (b) How far does Orwell persuade you that Napoleon's complete control of Animal Farm could not have been prevented?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

**R L STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde***

***Dr Lanyon's Narrative***

6 (a)

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgusting curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world. 5

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement. 15

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me. 20

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I. "You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my pre-occupations, and the horror I had of my visitor would suffer me to muster. 25

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied, civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood ..." he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer ..." 30

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity. 35

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table, and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason. 40

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and, as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked. 45

I rose from my place with something of an effort, and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to 50

brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly, and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased, and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny. 55

“And now,” said he, “to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand, and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan.” 60 65

**Either** 6 (a) How does Stevenson make this encounter between Dr Lanyon and Mr Hyde so memorable?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage. [24]

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**Or** 6 (b) How does Stevenson's writing make Mr Hyde such a disturbing figure?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

## SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

## SIMON ARMITAGE

7 (a) *Mother, any distance greater than a single span*

Mother, any distance greater than a single span  
 requires a second pair of hands.  
 You come to help me measure windows, pelmets, doors,  
 the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors.

You at the zero-end, me with the spool of tape, recording 5  
 length, reporting metres, centimetres back to base, then leaving  
 up the stairs, the line still feeding out, unreeling  
 years between us. Anchor. Kite.

I space-walk through the empty bedrooms, climb 10  
 the ladder to the loft, to breaking point, where something  
 has to give;  
 two floors below your fingertips still pinch  
 the last one-hundredth of an inch ... I reach  
 towards a hatch that opens on an endless sky  
 to fall or fly. 15

**Either** 7 (a) How do you think Armitage makes this poem so moving? [16]

---

**Or** 7 (b) How does Armitage make **EITHER** *Hitcher* **OR** *Gooseberry Season* so disturbing?  
 Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 7 (c) How does Armitage vividly describe experiences of living with another person in  
**EITHER** *In Our Tenth Year* **OR** *Wintering Out*?  
 Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## GILLIAN CLARKE

8 (a)

*The Field-Mouse*

Summer, and the long grass is a snare drum,  
 The air hums with jets.  
 Down at the end of the meadow,  
 far from the radio's terrible news,  
 we cut the hay. All afternoon 5  
 its wave breaks before the tractor blade.  
 Over the hedge our neighbour travels his field  
 in a cloud of lime, drifting our land  
 with a chance gift of sweetness.

The child comes running through the killed flowers, 10  
 his hands a nest of quivering mouse,  
 its black eyes two sparks burning.  
 We know it'll die, and ought to finish it off.  
 It curls in agony big as itself  
 and the star goes out in its eye. 15  
 Summer in Europe, the fields hurt,  
 and the children kneel in long grass  
 staring at what we have crushed.

Before day's done the field lies bleeding,  
 the dusk garden inhabited by the saved, voles, 20  
 frogs, a nest of mice. The wrong that woke  
 from a rumour of pain won't heal,  
 and we can't face the newspapers.  
 All night I dream the children dance in grass,  
 their bones brittle as mouse-ribs, the air 25  
 stammering with gunfire, my neighbour turned  
 stranger, wounding my land with stones.

**Either** 8 (a) How does Clarke's writing make this such a disturbing poem? [16]

**Or** 8 (b) How does Clarke's writing make the speaker's thoughts so fascinating in **EITHER** *Marged* **OR** *Overheard in County Sligo*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 8 (c) How does Clarke's writing bring alive memories of the speaker's past in **EITHER** *The Angelus* **OR** *Sunday*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## WENDY COPE

9 (a)

*Exchange of Letters*

'Man who is a serious novel would like to hear from a woman who is a poem' – classified advertisement, *New York Review of Books*

Dear Serious Novel,

I am a terse, assured lyric with impeccable rhythmic flow, some apt and original metaphors, and a music that is all my own. Some people say I am beautiful. 5

My vital statistics are eighteen lines, divided into three-line stanzas, with an average of four words per line.

My first husband was a cheap romance; the second was *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac*. Most of the men I meet nowadays are autobiographies, but a substantial minority are books about photography or trains. 10

I have always hoped for a relationship with an upmarket work of fiction. Please write and tell me more about yourself. 15

Yours intensely  
Song of the First Snowdrop

Dear Song of the First Snowdrop,

Many thanks for your letter. You sound like just the kind of poem I am hoping to find. I've always preferred short, lyrical women to the kind who go on for page after page. 20

I am an important 150,000-word comment on the dreams and dilemmas of twentieth-century Man. It took six years to attain my present weight and stature but all the twenty-seven publishers I have so far approached have failed to understand me. I have my share of sex and violence and a very good joke in chapter nine, but to no avail. I am sustained by the belief that I am ahead of my time. 25

Let's meet as soon as possible. I am longing for you to read me from cover to cover and get to know my every word. 30

Yours impatiently,  
Death of the Zeitgeist



- Either** 9 (a) How does Cope make *Exchange of Letters* such an entertaining poem? [16]
- 
- Or** 9 (b) How does Cope make the speaker in **EITHER** *Manifesto* **OR** *Message* so intriguing?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]
- Or** 9 (c) How does Cope's writing memorably portray the children and their world in **EITHER** *Reading Scheme* **OR** *Tich Miller*?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

*Before You Were Mine*

I'm ten years away from the corner you laugh on  
with your pals, Maggie McGeeney and Jean Duff.  
The three of you bend from the waist, holding  
each other, or your knees, and shriek at the pavement.  
Your polka-dot dress blows round your legs. Marilyn. 5

I'm not here yet. The thought of me doesn't occur  
in the ballroom with the thousand eyes, the fizzy, movie tomorrows  
the right walk home could bring. I knew you would dance  
like that. Before you were mine, your Ma stands at the close  
with a hiding for the late one. You reckon it's worth it. 10

The decade ahead of my loud, possessive yell was the best one, eh?  
I remember my hands in those high-heeled red shoes, relics,  
and now your ghost clatters toward me over George Square  
till I see you, clear as scent, under the tree,  
with its lights, and whose small bites on your neck, sweetheart? 15

*Cha cha cha!* You'd teach me the steps on the way home from Mass,  
stamping stars from the wrong pavement. Even then  
I wanted the bold girl winking in Portobello, somewhere  
in Scotland, before I was born. That glamorous love lasts  
where you sparkle and waltz and laugh before you were mine. 20

**Either** 10 (a) How does Duffy memorably explore the mother/child relationship in this poem? [16]

---

**Or** 10 (b) How does Duffy memorably portray different places in **EITHER** *In Your Mind* **OR** *War Photographer*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 10 (c) How does Duffy vividly present unusual behaviour in **EITHER** *Liar* **OR** *Stealing*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## SEAMUS HEANEY

11 (a)

*Ancestral Photograph*

Jaws puff round and solid as a turnip,  
 Dead eyes are statue's and the upper lip  
 Bullies the heavy mouth down to a droop.  
 A bowler suggests the stage Irishman  
 Whose look has two parts scorn, two parts dead pan. 5  
 His silver watch chain girds him like a hoop.

My father's uncle, from whom he learnt the trade,  
 Long fixed in sepia tints, begins to fade  
 And must come down. Now on the bedroom wall  
 There is a faded patch where he has been— 10  
 As if a bandage had been ripped from skin—  
 Empty plaque to a house's rise and fall.

Twenty years ago I herded cattle  
 Into pens or held them against a wall  
 Until my father won at arguing 15  
 His own price on a crowd of cattlemen  
 Who handled rumps, groped teats, stood, paused and then  
 Bought a round of drinks to clinch the bargain.

Uncle and nephew, fifty years ago,  
 Heckled and herded through the fair days too. 20  
 This barrel of a man penned in the frame:  
 I see him with the jaunty hat pushed back  
 Draw thumbs out of his waistcoat, curtly smack  
 Hands and sell. Father, I've watched you do the same

And watched you sadden when the fairs were stopped. 25  
 No room for dealers if the farmers shopped  
 Like housewives at an auction ring. Your stick  
 Was parked behind the door and stands there still.  
 Closing this chapter of our chronicle  
 I take your uncle's portrait to the attic. 30

**Either** 11 (a) How does Heaney make memories of the past so striking in *Ancestral Photograph*? [16]

**Or** 11 (b) How does Heaney's writing make **EITHER** the river-bank and the rats in *An Advancement of Learning* **OR** the flax-dam and the frogs in *Death of a Naturalist* so frightening?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 11 (c) How does Heaney make his portrayal of death so disturbing in **EITHER** *Punishment* **OR** *The Early Purges*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH**

12 (a)

***Breakfast in East Timor***

Ana Pereira is chewing bloodstained oats  
 In a home-made home in East Timor.  
 This morning she woke up to a shower  
 Of bloodstained rain and the smell of common death.  
 She prayed uncontrollably to a European version of Jesus Christ, then she went to visit her sister's grave. 5

She visits her sister's grave every day.

As she was returning home she purchased  
 An Indonesian newspaper, conceived and printed  
 In Jakarta. Now at her breakfast table 10  
 She is trying to understand why her occupiers  
 Are so interested in the British royal family,  
 The politics of the European community  
 And the peace talks in Northern Ireland.  
 She just can't understand why the British royal family 15  
 Are not interested in the grave of her sister  
 Or why Europe is so concerned with money.  
 She wonders what makes new British Labour so proud  
 Of its women and a thing called an ethical foreign policy.

Ana Pereira has the hands of a man, 20  
 Her ears can recognise the sound  
 Of a loaded Hawk fighter-plane as she sleeps  
 And her feet are designed to dodge bullets.  
 You can see her killers in her eyes  
 And an ever present vigilance in her step. 25  
 She has carried all her sisters' coffins  
 On her reinforced shoulders,  
 She waved all her brothers goodbye  
 When they graduated to the rank of militants  
 And her distinguished stubbornness envies them, 30  
 She too wants to be in the hills.

She wants to know where her father is,  
 She hates bloodstained oats,  
 And she would love to visit Europe  
 To see for herself. 35  
 For now she will keep remembering,  
 Negotiating days  
 Leaving nothing to chance,  
 Nothing for the Indonesians  
 And nothing for nothing. 40

Today's breakfast tastes like yesterday's  
 And today, the death business continues.  
 Tomorrow she wants so much to be alive.

**Either** 12 (a) How does Zephaniah's writing make Ana Pereira's life in *Breakfast in East Timor* so moving? [16]

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**Or** 12 (b) How does Zephaniah's writing vividly convey feelings about the modern world in **EITHER** *Bought and Sold* **OR** *Having a Word*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

**Or** 12 (c) How does Zephaniah's writing make love so intriguing in **EITHER** *Deep in Luv* **OR** *The Woman Has to Die*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

## UNSEEN POEM

13

*The Meadow Mouse*

I

In a shoe box stuffed in an old nylon stocking  
 Sleeps the baby mouse I found in the meadow,  
 Where he trembled and shook beneath a stick  
 Till I caught him up by the tail and brought him in,  
 Cradled in my hand, 5  
 A little quaker, the whole body of him trembling,  
 His absurd whiskers sticking out like a cartoon-mouse,  
 His feet like small leaves,  
 Little lizard-feet,  
 Whitish and spread wide when he tried to struggle away, 10  
 Wriggling like a minuscule puppy.

Now he's eaten his three kinds of cheese and drunk from his  
 bottle-cap watering-trough—  
 So much he just lies in one corner,  
 His tail curled under him, his belly big 15  
 As his head, his bat-like ears  
 Twitching, tilting toward the least sound.

Do I imagine he no longer trembles  
 When I come close to him?  
 He seems no longer to tremble. 20

II

But this morning the shoe-box house on the back porch is  
 empty.  
 Where has he gone, my meadow mouse,  
 My thumb of a child that nuzzled in my palm?—  
 To run under the hawk's wing, 25  
 Under the eye of the great owl watching from the elm-tree,  
 To live by courtesy of the shrike, the snake, the tom-cat.

I think of the nestling fallen into the deep grass,  
 The turtle gasping in the dusty rubble of the highway,  
 The paralytic stunned in the tub, and the water rising,— 30  
 All things innocent, hapless, forsaken.

**Theodore Roethke**

Shrike: a bird.

**13** How does the poet powerfully convey strong feelings about animals in this poem?

You should consider:

- the description of the baby mouse
- the way the speaker treats the mouse
- his feelings when the mouse is gone
- what he fears may happen to it
- the last stanza
- some of the language the poet uses
- anything else you think is important.

**[16]**

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