



GCSE

4202/02



S16-4202-02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2a

(Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)

HIGHER TIER

A.M. FRIDAY, 27 May 2016

2 hours

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

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

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

QUESTION 1

Answer questions on one text.

(a) Othello

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:

Look closely at the way Iago speaks and behaves here. What does this reveal about his character to an audience? [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'The play is full of destruction.' To what extent do you agree with this description of *Othello*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) For which male character in the play do you have the most sympathy? Explain how Shakespeare's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him. Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

IAGO: How now? What do you here alone?

EMILIA: Do not you chide. I have a thing for you.

IAGO: You have a thing for me? It is a common thing –

EMILIA: Ha!

IAGO: – To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA: O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

IAGO: What handkerchief?

EMILIA: What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona –
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO: Hast stolen it from her?

EMILIA: No, faith: she let it drop by negligence –
And to th' advantage I, being here, took't up.
Look – here it is.

IAGO: A good wench! Give it me.

EMILIA: What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

IAGO: Why – what is that to you?

He snatches the handkerchief.

EMILIA: If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

IAGO: Be not acknown on't.
I have use for it. Go – leave me.

Exit EMILIA.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. – This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison.
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. –

(b) *Much Ado About Nothing*

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:

Look closely at how Leonato speaks and behaves here. How may this affect an audience's feelings towards him? [10]

Either,

- (ii) One of the key ideas in *Much Ado About Nothing* is that people are given second chances. How does Shakespeare present this idea in his play? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) Which character in *Much Ado About Nothing* undergoes the greatest change, in your opinion? Show how Shakespeare presents these changes to an audience. Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

- DON PEDRO: Good-e'en, good-e'en.
- CLAUDIO: Good day to both of you.
- LEONATO: Hear you, my lords!
- DON PEDRO: We have some haste, Leonato.
- LEONATO: Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one.
- DON PEDRO: Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
- ANTONIO: If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
- CLAUDIO: Who wrongs him?
- LEONATO: Marry, *thou* dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou!
– Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword:
I fear thee not.
- CLAUDIO: Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
- LEONATO: Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me!
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruise of many days
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors –
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy!
- CLAUDIO: My villainy?
- LEONATO: Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
- DON PEDRO: You say not right, old man.
- LEONATO: My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
- CLAUDIO: Away! I will not have to do with you.
- LEONATO: Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast killed my child.
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

(c) An Inspector Calls

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:

Look closely at how Gerald speaks and behaves here. How may this affect an audience's feelings towards him? [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'Mrs Birling only met Eva Smith towards the end of her life, yet she is the most responsible for her fate.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) Explain how and why Sheila Birling changes during the course of the play. Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

- GERALD: The girl saw me looking at her and then gave me a glance that was nothing less than a cry for help. So I went across and told Joe Meggarty some nonsense – that the manager had a message for him or something like that – got him out of the way – and then told the girl that if she didn't want any more of that sort of thing, she'd better let me take her out of there. She agreed at once.
- INSPECTOR: Where did you go?
- GERALD: We went along to the County Hotel, which I knew would be quiet at that time of night, and we had a drink or two and talked.
- INSPECTOR: Did she drink much at that time?
- GERALD: No. She only had a port and lemonade – or some such concoction. All she wanted was to talk – a little friendliness – and I gathered that Joe Meggarty's advances had left her rather shaken – as well they might —
- INSPECTOR: She talked about herself?
- GERALD: Yes. I asked her questions about herself. She told me her name was Daisy Renton, that she'd lost both parents, that she came originally from somewhere outside Brumley. She also told me she'd had a job in one of the works here and had had to leave after a strike. She said something about the shop too, but wouldn't say which it was, and she was deliberately vague about what happened. I couldn't get any exact details from her about her past life. She wanted to talk about herself – just because she felt I was interested and friendly – but at the same time she wanted to be Daisy Renton – and not Eva Smith. In fact, I heard that name for the first time tonight. What she did let slip – though she didn't mean to – was that she was desperately hard up and at that moment was actually hungry. I made the people at the County find some food for her.
- INSPECTOR: And then you decided to keep her – as your mistress?
- MRS B.: What?
- SHEILA: Of course, Mother. It was obvious from the start. Go on, Gerald. Don't mind mother.
- GERALD: (*steadily*) I discovered, not that night but two nights later, when we met again – not accidentally this time of course – that in fact she hadn't a penny and was going to be turned out of the miserable back room she had. It happened that a friend of mine, Charlie Brunswick, had gone off to Canada for six months and had let me have the key of a nice little set of rooms he had – in Morgan Terrace – and had asked me to keep an eye on them for him and use them if I wanted to. So I insisted on Daisy moving into those rooms and I made her take some money to keep her going there. (*Carefully, to the INSPECTOR.*) I want you to understand that I didn't install her there so that I could make love to her. I made her go to Morgan Terrace because I was sorry for her, and didn't like the idea of her going back to the Palace bar. I didn't ask for anything in return.
- INSPECTOR: I see.
- SHEILA: Yes, but why are you saying that to him? You ought to be saying it to me.
- GERALD: I suppose I ought really. I'm sorry, Sheila. Somehow I—
- SHEILA: (*cutting in, as he hesitates*) I know. Somehow he makes you.
- INSPECTOR: But she became your mistress?
- GERALD: Yes. I suppose it was inevitable. She was young and pretty and warm-hearted – and intensely grateful. I became at once the most important person in her life – you understand?

(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:

Look closely at how Vickey and Alice are presented here. What does it reveal about their characters to an audience? [10]

Either,

- (ii) *Hobson's Choice* was first performed in 1915, and is set in 1880, but is still regularly performed today. Why do you think it is still popular in the 21st century? Give reasons for what you say. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) How does Harold Brighouse present the changing relationship between Maggie and Willie in *Hobson's Choice*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

MAGGIE: Now, then, which of us is it to be?
 VICKEY: It's no use looking at me like that, Maggie. I've told you I'm expecting.
 MAGGIE: I don't see that that rules you out. It might happen to any of us.
 ALICE: Maggie!
 MAGGIE: What's the matter? Children do happen to married women, and we're all married.
 ALICE: Well, I'm not going to break my home up and that's flat.
 VICKEY: My child comes first with me.
 MAGGIE: I see. You've got a house of furniture, and you've got a child coming, so father can drink himself to death for you.
 ALICE: That's not fair speaking. I'd come if there were no one else. You know very well it's your duty, Maggie.
 VICKEY: Duty? I should think it 'ud be a pleasure to live here after a year or two in cellars.
 MAGGIE: I've had thirty years of the pleasure of living with father, thanks.
 ALICE: Do you mean to say you won't come?
 MAGGIE: It isn't for me to say at all. It's for my husband.
 VICKEY: Oh, do stop talking about your husband. If Alice and I don't need to ask our husbands, I'm sure you never need ask yours. Will Mossop hasn't the spirit of a louse and we know it as well as you do.
 MAGGIE: Maybe Will's come on since you saw him, Vickey.
 It's getting a while ago. There he is now in the shop. I'll go and put it to him.
Exit MAGGIE.
 VICKEY: Stop her! (*Going to door.*)
 ALICE: (*detaining her*): Let her do it in her own way. I'm not coming back here.
 VICKEY: Nor me.
 ALICE: There's only Maggie for it.
 VICKEY: Yes. But we've got to be careful, Alice. She mustn't have things too much her way.
 ALICE: It's our way as well, isn't it?
 VICKEY: Not coming is our way. But when she's with him alone and we're not – (*Stopping.*)
 ALICE: Yes.
 VICKEY: Can't you see what I'm thinking, Alice? It is so difficult to say. Suppose poor father gets worse and they are here, Maggie and Will, and you and I – out of sight and out of mind. Can't you see what I mean?
 ALICE: He might leave them his money?
 VICKEY: That would be most unfair to us.
 ALICE: Father must make his will at once. Albert shall draw it up.
 VICKEY: That's it, Alice. And don't let's leave Maggie too long with Will. She's only telling him what to say, and then she'll pretend he thought of it himself.

(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:

Look closely at how Geof and Helen speak and behave here. How may this affect an audience's feelings towards them? [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'The title *A Taste of Honey* may suggest a brief experience of happiness in the lives of the characters.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) How does Shelagh Delaney present the relationship between Jo and Helen in *A Taste of Honey*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

GEOFF: Where's Jo?
 HELEN: She's in bed. Where do you think she is? She's having a little sleep, so don't you dare wake her up.
 GEOFF: I wouldn't do that. [*He places pack filled with food on the table.*]
 HELEN: Don't put that bag on there, I'm cleaning this place up.
 GEOFF: You know I just did it before you came.
 HELEN: It doesn't look like it. Look, son, we're going to have the midwife running in and out of here before long. We want this place all clean and tidy, all hygienic-looking, if that's possible.
 GEOFF: Well, it's clean.
 JO: Is that Geoff?
 HELEN: Now look what you've done!
 GEOFF: Yes, Jo.
 JO: Have you got any of those headache pills, love?
 GEOFF: Yes, I'll get you some.
 HELEN: If you're going in there take these flowers with you and put them in water. You might as well make yourself useful. They look as though they're withering away. [*She peers into the pack.*] What the devil's he got here? What's that? Spaghetti! I don't know how people can eat it. And that's a funny looking lettuce. What the hell's that? Hey, what's this here?
 GEOFF: What?
 HELEN: All this muck in here?
 GEOFF: Well, Jo likes that type of food.
 HELEN: Since when? She needs proper food down her at a time like this.
 GEOFF: Oh!
 [*HELEN points to wicker basket.*]
 HELEN: Hey, you can throw that bloody thing out for a start.
 GEOFF: What thing?
 HELEN: That thing there. You're not putting my grandchild in a thing like that. Oh, this place! It's filthy! I don't know what you've been doing between the two of you. You might have kept it a bit cleaner than this. Just look at it! Don't stand there looking silly holding that thing, throw it away, or do something with it! I've ordered a proper cot of the latest design, it's got all the etceteras and everything. This place! You're living like pigs in a pigsty. Oh, for God's sake give it here, I'll do something with it.
 GEOFF: Yes, but Jo likes it.
 HELEN: Well, I suppose it will come in handy for something [*She enters the kitchen.*] Oh my God, it's the same in here! Nowhere to put anything ... Are you off now?
 GEOFF: Yes.
 HELEN: Well, take that muck with you as you're going.
 GEOFF: I don't want it.
 HELEN: I'm sure I don't.
 GEOFF: Mrs. Smith, I ... I ...
 HELEN: Are you talking to me?
 GEOFF: Yes, I wanted to ask you something.
 HELEN: Well, get it said. Don't mumble.
 GEOFF: I don't want you to take offence.
 HELEN: Do I look the type that takes offence?
 GEOFF: Would you not frighten Jo?

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:

How does Roddy Doyle present Paddy's character here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How does Roddy Doyle present different families and types of family life in *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) 'In this novel, the reader sees Paddy being pushed unwillingly towards the adult world.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

His leg was moving, the one on top of the one on the ground, up and down. He sometimes put Catherine and Deirdre on his foot and carried them up and down. He did it to Sinbad as well once – I could remember it – so he must have done it to me as well. I got up.

—Is your homework done?

—Yes.

—All of it?

—Yes.

—The learning?

—Yes.

—What did you get?

—Ten spellings.

—Ten of them; give us one?

—Sediment. Do you want me to do it?

—There's no point, but yeah.

—S.e.d.i.m.e.n.t.

—Sediment.

—C.e.n.t.e.n.a.r.y.

—Centenary.

—Yeah. That's the name for a hundredth anniversary.

—Like your mother's birthday.

I'd done it. It was alright. Normal again. He'd cracked a joke. Ma had laughed. I'd laughed. He'd laughed. Mine lasted the longest. During it, I thought it was going to change into a cry. But it didn't. My eyes blinked like mad but then it was okay.

—Sediment has three syllables, I told them.

—Very good, said my ma.

—Sed-i-ment.

—How many has Centenary?

I was ready; I'd done that one for homework.

—Cen-ten-ar-y. Four.

—Ver-y good. How many has Bed?

I got the joke just before I said the answer; my mouth was nearly open.

I stood up quick.

—Okay.

I wanted to go while it was nice. I'd made it like that.

(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:

How does Robert Cormier create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How does Robert Cormier present the relationship between Francis and Nicole in *Heroes*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) 'The world of *Heroes* is a world of secrets.' How are secrets important in the novel as a whole? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

The gun is like a tumour on my thigh as I walk through the morning streets against the wind that never dies down. April sunlight stings my eyes but the wind dissipates its heat, blustering against store windows and kicking debris into the gutters.

At Ninth and Spruce, I pause and look up at the three-decker and the windows of the second floor where Larry LaSalle can be found at last. Does he suspect my presence here on the street? Does he have a premonition that he has only a few minutes left to live?

I am calm. My heartbeat is normal. What's one more death after the others in the villages and fields of France? The innocent faces of the two young Germans appear in my mind. But Larry LaSalle is not innocent.

The steps leading to the second floor are worn from use and age, and I think of all the people who have climbed stairs like these, who worked in the shops and came home heavy with weariness at the end of the day. As I stand at the door of Larry LaSalle's tenement, I touch the bulge in my pocket to verify the existence of the gun. The sound of my knocking is loud and commanding in the silent hallway.

No response. I wait. I rap on the door again, hand clenched in a fist this time.

'Come on in, the door's not locked,' Larry LaSalle calls out. That voice is unmistakable, but a bit feeble now, yet still the voice that cheered us at the Wreck Centre.

Hesitant suddenly, uncertain – his voice giving reality to what I must do – I step into the tenement and into the fragrance of pea soup simmering on the black stove, steam rising from a big green pot.

He is sitting in a rocking chair by the black coal stove, and narrows his eyes, squinting to see who has come into his tenement. He is pale, eyes sunk into the sockets like in the newsreel at the Plymouth, and he seems fragile now, as if caught in an old photograph that has faded and yellowed with age. His eyes blink rapidly as if taking quick pictures of me. Is there a glimmer of fear in his eyes? My heart quickens at the possibility.

(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:

How does Kazuo Ishiguro create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (ii) 'Hopes and dreams are important to the characters in *Never Let Me Go*.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) What do you think of Kathy and the way she is presented in *Never Let Me Go*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

So by the time we set off again, following Rodney in search of the office where he'd seen Ruth's possible the month before, the atmosphere between us was worse than ever. Things weren't helped either by Rodney repeatedly taking us down the wrong streets. At least four times, he led us confidently down a turning off the High Street, only for the shops and offices to run out, and we'd have to turn and come back. Before long, Rodney was looking defensive and on the verge of giving up. But then we found it.

Again, we'd turned and were heading back towards the High Street, when Rodney had stopped suddenly. Then he'd indicated silently an office on the other side of the street.

There it was, sure enough. It wasn't exactly like the magazine advert we'd found on the ground that day, but then it wasn't so far off either. There was a big glass front at street-level, so anyone going by could see right into it: a large open-plan room with maybe a dozen desks arranged in irregular L-patterns. There were the potted palms, the shiny machines and swooping desk lamps. People were moving about between desks, or leaning on a partition, chatting and sharing jokes, while others had pulled their swivel chairs close to each other and were enjoying a coffee and sandwich.

'Look,' Tommy said. 'It's their lunch break, but they don't go out. Don't blame them either.'

We kept on staring, and it looked like a smart, cosy, self-contained world. I glanced at Ruth and noticed her eyes moving anxiously around the faces behind the glass.

'Okay, Rod,' Chrissie said. 'So which one's the possible?'

She said this almost sarcastically, like she was sure the whole thing would turn out to be a big mistake on his part. But Rodney said quietly, with a tremor of excitement:

'There. Over in that corner. In the blue outfit. Her, talking now to the big red woman.'

It wasn't obvious, but the longer we kept looking, the more it seemed he had something. The woman was around fifty, and had kept her figure pretty well. Her hair was darker than Ruth's – though it could have been dyed – and she had it tied back in a simple pony-tail the way Ruth usually did. She was laughing at something her friend in the red outfit was saying, and her face, especially when she was finishing her laugh with a shake of her head, had more than a hint of Ruth about it.

We all kept on watching her, not saying a word. Then we became aware that in another part of the office, a couple of the other women had noticed us. One raised a hand and gave us an uncertain wave. This broke the spell and we took to our heels in giggly panic.

(d) About A Boy

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:

How does Nick Hornby present the character of Fiona here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (ii) ‘*About a Boy* is a celebration of the outsider.’ To what extent do you agree with this statement about the novel? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) How does Nick Hornby present the development of the relationship between Marcus and Will in *About A Boy*? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

'Come here.' And while the assembled and for the most part unsympathetic occupants of the police interview room watched, Ruth opened her arms, and Ellie stood up, walked over to her and hugged her.

It seemed to have escaped Fiona's notice that this embrace should have marked the end of the whole sorry cardboard-cut-out affair, but then Will had been aware for some time that more or less everything had passed her by since they stopped for petrol. It soon became clear, however, that she had been steeling herself for action, rather than daydreaming, and for reasons best known to herself she had decided that the time for action was now. She stood up, walked around the table, put her arms around Marcus from behind and, with an embarrassingly emotional intensity, addressed the policewoman who had been looking after them.

'I haven't been a good mother to him,' she declared. 'I've let things slide, and I haven't been noticing properly, and ... I'm not surprised things have come to this.'

'They haven't come to anything, Mum,' said Marcus. 'How many more times? I haven't done anything.' Fiona ignored him; she didn't seem even to have heard.

'I know I don't deserve a chance, but I'm asking for one now, and ... I don't know whether you're a mother or not?'

'Me?' asked the policewoman. 'Yeah, I've got a little boy. Jack.'

'I'm appealing to you as a mother ... If you give us another chance, you won't regret it.'

'We don't need a chance, Mum. I haven't done anything wrong. I only got off a train.'

Still no reaction. Will had to hand it to her: once she had decided to fight for her child she was unstoppable, however wrong-headed the decision, and however inappropriate the weapons. What she was saying was barmy – she might even have been aware that it was barmy – but at least it was coming from a part of her that knew she had to do something for her son. It was a turning point, of sorts. You could imagine this woman saying all kinds of inappropriate things at peculiar times; but it was getting much harder to imagine finding her sprawled off a sofa covered in sick, and Will was beginning to learn that sometimes good news came in unpromising shapes and sizes.

'We're willing to cut a deal,' said Fiona. Was Royston law the same as *LA Law*? Will wondered. It seemed unlikely, but one never knew. 'Marcus will testify against Ellie, if you let him go. I'm sorry, Katrina, but it's too late for her. Let Marcus start again with a clean sheet.' She buried her face in the back of Marcus's neck, but Marcus shook her off and moved away from her and towards Will. Katrina, who had spent much of Fiona's speech trying not to laugh, went over to comfort her.

'Shut up, Mum. You're mad. Bloody hell, I can't believe how crap my parents are,' said Marcus with real feeling.

(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:

How does Owen Sheers create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (ii) What do you think of Sarah and the way she is presented in the novel? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Or,

- (iii) 'Resistance is a novel about fear.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20 + 4]

Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.

Holding the torch in one hand and the stone in the other, she stood and stepped up to the map. Standing so close to it again she couldn't help casting her eye over its details once more, passing her own reflection over its strange creatures and towered cities. Whichever part of its half-imagined world she looked at she misted with her own breath, obscuring the cartographer's ink, the gold leaf, under brief patches of clouded glass. She didn't look too long, however, worried that, as with the rooms of Upper Blaen, she might be weakened by memories no longer of any use to her in her altered world. Lifting the stone to the top right-hand corner of the case, she brought it down with all her strength against the glass.

The first time she hit the glass the stone left no more than a granular smudge and a long fracture, running south-west across the map as far as the Red Sea. The second time, however, the glass splintered, tiny shards showering down between the map and its frame. The third time it shattered completely, with more shards falling at her feet and then larger pieces peeling away like the slabs of ice she'd pulled from the frozen troughs over the winter.

Sarah stood back from the crate. The map was entirely exposed and for the first time she could shine the torch over its surface without the reflected light obscuring her vision. It was beautiful, the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Kneeling to her bag she took out the box of matches.

The first match she struck guttered and extinguished in the breeze that came channelling through the narrow rift in the rock behind her. She moved closer to the parchment, so close she could smell its scent of musty hay and the tang of ammonia used to preserve what colours it still held. She lit a second match, this time cupping the flame in her palm as she lifted it carefully to the bottom right-hand corner of the map.

The centuries-old parchment took with the sound of autumn leaves burning on a bonfire. It curled and blackened before the flames, the faint blue dye of the rivers bleeding from their imagined banks before disappearing completely. As the fire reached the brown seas its flames flickered green, as if the heat had released the spirit of their original colour. The gold leaf of the compass points burnt brightest, cracking and peeling away like shavings of pure light.

The heat was sudden and strong and Sarah had to shift herself quickly backwards, the constellations of broken glass crunching under her boots as the flames tore up the rest of the map, washing over the score-marked Paris, the cog of Jerusalem and on up towards the circle of paradise at its eastern head. By now the cavity was filling with billows of thick grey smoke and Sarah was worried the light of the flames might somehow be seen in the valley below. Picking up her bag, she made her way out of the man-made hollow and on through the natural split in the rock, the sound of the world burning and splitting behind her.

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