



LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

6th Form Assessment

14th May 2020

2 hours

This paper contains eleven sections:

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Section Two: *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare (p6-7)

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Section Eleven: *Selected Poems* by Carol Ann Duffy (p23-24)

You should answer any **two** questions of your choice: each must come from a different section.

All questions in this paper carry 25 marks.

Section One: Unseen Poetry and Prose

Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

EITHER

- 1 Read carefully the poem below. It is entitled 'Dream' and describes the poet's memory of a childhood bicycle ride.

How does the poet memorably present the thoughts and feelings of the speaker?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way in which he conveys the speed and excitement of the bicycle ride
- how his writing conveys the developing danger of the bicycle ride
- the poet's attitude to recalling this childhood memory

Dream

Floating, downhill, dreamlike
 Through a mind's *laissez-faire*¹
 A boy free-wheels on a bike
 His legs oaring in the air
 Outwards, downwards, a rodeo
 Of flings, whooshes in a flow.
 Pedalling again, he launches
 Into space. No hands. See.
 Tiny inclinations of haunches
 Steering his whims of energy.

One knee-jerking ironhorse,
 Racing the tail wind of a bus,
 He bends over the handlebars.
 Vertigo. Some mad Pegasus².
 Fingers curled on the brake.
 Faster. Faster. And I wake.
 Fifty years? Is it really me
 Cycling and cycling? It seems
 I lurch into a half reverie
 Trying to hold on to dreams.

Hurling. Reckless. Delirious
 The hot funnel of a wind-break
 As the oily exhaust of a bus
 Hugs and sucks him in its wake.
 Full tilt. Headlong. Knock-kneed
 This frantic tunnel of speed.
 Faster. Furiously. Jack-knife
 Limbs pedalling a slipstream
 Of trance. Is this my life?

Faster. Faster. In a dream.
 And do I ripen? Such aches
 Of regret. Even so a joy;
 Whatever endlessly re-awakes
 That boy inside a boy
 With the same expectant face
 As in a slow bicycle race –
 Brakes squeezed, front wheel
 To one side and motionless –
 Concentrates on some ideal
 Poised on rims of a stillness.

¹ *laissez-faire* is a French expression meaning 'to be left alone to do as you choose'

² *Pegasus* is a reference to a winged horse from Greek mythology

OR

- 2 Read carefully the extract below, which describes the thoughts and feelings of an American traveller as he boards a train out of Paris in 1960s France.

How does the writer make this passage so striking?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the narrator's impressions of Paris and the station
- the speaker's feelings as the train journey begins
- the speaker's meditations upon his surroundings

September. It seems these luminous days will never end. The city, which was almost empty during August, now is filling up again. It is being replenished. The restaurants are all opening, the shops. People are coming back from the country, the sea, from trips on roads all jammed with cars. The station is very crowded. There are children, dogs, families with old pieces of luggage bound by straps. I make my way among them. It's like being in a tunnel. Finally I emerge onto the brilliance of the *quai*³, beneath a roof of glass panels which seems to magnify the light.

On both sides is a long line of coaches, dark green, the paint blistering with age. I walk along reading the numbers, first and second class. It's pleasant seeing all the plaques with the numbers printed on them. It's like counting money. There's a comfortable feeling of delivering myself into the care of those who run these great, somnolent trains, through the clear glass of which people are staring, as drained, as quiet as invalids. It's difficult to find an empty compartment, there are simply none. My bags are becoming heavy. Halfway down the platform I board, walk along the corridor and finally slide open a door. No one even looks up. I lift my luggage onto the rack and settle into a seat. Silence. It's as if we're waiting to see a doctor. I glance around. There are photographs of tourism on the wall, scenes of Brittany, Provence. Across from me is a girl with birthmarks on her leg, birthmarks the colour of grape. My eye keeps falling to them. They're shaped like channel islands.

At last, with a little grunt, we begin to move. There's a groaning of metal, the sharp slam of doors. A pleasant jolting over switches. The sky is pale. A Frenchman is sleeping in the corner seat, blue coat, blue trousers. The blues do not match. They're parts of two different suits. His socks are pearl grey.

Soon we are rushing along an alley of departure, the houses of the suburbs flashing by, ordinary streets, apartments, gardens, walls. The secret life of France, into which one cannot penetrate, the life of photograph albums, uncles, names of dogs that have died. And in ten minutes, Paris is gone. The horizon, dense with buildings, vanishes. Already I feel free.

Green, bourgeois⁴ France. We are going at tremendous speed. We cross bridges, the sounds short and drumming. The country is opening up. We are on our way to towns where no one goes. There are long, wheat-coloured stretches and then green, level land, recumbent⁵ and rich. The farms are built of stone. The wisdom of generations knows that land is the only real wealth, a knowledge that need to question itself, need not change. Open country as flat as playing fields. Stands of trees.

We are fleeing through the towns. Cesson, a pale station with an old clock. Rivers with barges. We roar through another place, the people on the *quai* standing still as cows. Tunnels, now, which press one's ears. It's as if a huge deck of images is being shuffled. After this will come a trick. Silence, please. The train itself begins to slow a little as if obeying. Across from me the girl has fallen asleep. She has a narrow mouth, cast down at the corners, weighted by the sourness of her knowledge. Her face is turned towards the sun.

Canals, rich as jade, pass beneath us, canals in which barges lie. The water is green with scum. One could almost write on the surface.

³ '*quai*': platform

⁴ 'bourgeois': belonging to or characteristic of the middle class, typically with reference to its perceived materialistic values or conventional attitudes.

⁵ 'recumbent': lying down in a relaxed manner

Section Two: *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare

Answer **either** Question 3 **or** Question 4.

EITHER

- 3 Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows.

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

MACBETH Tell me, thou unknown power,--
First Witch He knows thy thought:
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First Apparition Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
 Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Descends

MACBETH Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,--
First Witch He will not be commanded: here's another,
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

Second Apparition Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
MACBETH Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Second Apparition Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
 The power of man, for none of woman born
 Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

MACBETH Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this
 That rises like the issue of a king,
 And wears upon his baby-brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?
ALL Listen, but speak not to't.
Third Apparition Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
 Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him.

Descends

MACBETH That will never be
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
 Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth

Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?
ALL Seek to know no more.
MACBETH I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
Hautboys
First Witch Show!
Second Witch Show!
Third Witch Show!
ALL Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart!

(from Act IV Scene i)

How does Shakespeare make this moment so dramatically compelling and significant?

OR

- 4 Macbeth comments on Banquo's 'royalty of nature', his 'wisdom' and his 'valour'. With these character observations in mind, explore the dramatic presentation, role and significance of Banquo in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

Section Three: *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare

Answer **either** Question 5 **or** Question 6.

EITHER

5 Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

JULIET Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd for and unseen:
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil Night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, Night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle Night, come, loving, black-brow'd Night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down

JULIET Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?
NURSE Ah weraday, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.

JULIET Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
NURSE Can heaven be so envious?

JULIET Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!
JULIET What devil are thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'ay',
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an 'ay',
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer 'ay'.
If he be slain, say 'ay', or not, 'no':
Brief sounds determine my weal or woe.

(from Act III Scene ii)

How does Shakespeare powerfully present Juliet's thoughts and feelings at this moment of the play?

OR

6 What does Shakespeare's portrayal of Friar Lawrence make you feel about him?

Section Four: *The Crucible* by Arthur MillerAnswer **either** Question 7 **or** Question 8.**EITHER**

7 Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows.

ELIZABETH Giles is dead.*He looks at her incredulously.***PROCTOR** When were he hanged?**ELIZABETH** (*Quietly, factually.*) He were not hanged. He would not answer aye or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they'd hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned as a wizard without he answer the indictment, aye or nay.**PROCTOR** Then how does he die?**ELIZABETH** (*gently*) They press him, John.**PROCTOR** Press?**ELIZABETH** Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. (*With a tender smile for the old man.*) They say he give them but two words. 'More weight', he says. And died.**PROCTOR** (numbed - a thread to weave into his agony) 'More weight'!**ELIZABETH** Ay. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey.*Pause.***PROCTOR** (*with great force of will, but not quite looking at her*) I have been thinkin' I would confess to them, Elizabeth. (*She shows nothing.*) What say you? If I give them that?**ELIZABETH** I cannot judge you, John.*Pause***PROCTOR** (*simply - a pure question*) What would you have me do?**ELIZABETH** As you will, I would have it. (*Slight pause.*) I want you living, John. That's sure.**PROCTOR** (*pauses, then with a flailing of hope*) Giles's wife? Have she confessed?**ELIZABETH** She will not.*Pause***PROCTOR** It is a pretense, Elizabeth.**ELIZABETH** What is?**PROCTOR** I cannot mount the gibbet like a saint. It is a fraud. I am not that man. (*She is silent.*) My honesty is broke, Elizabeth, I am no good man. Nothing's spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before.**ELIZABETH** And yet you've not confessed till now. That speak goodness in you.**PROCTOR** Spite. Spite only keeps me silent. It is hard to give a lie to dogs! (*Pause. For the first time he turns directly to her.*) I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth.**ELIZABETH** It is not for me to give, John, I am -**PROCTOR** I'd have you see some honest in it. Let them that never lied die now to keep their souls. It is a pretense for me, a vanity that will not blind God nor keep my children out of the wind. (*Pause.*) What say you?**ELIZABETH** (*upon a heaving sob that always threatens.*) John... it come to naught that I should forgive you, if you'll not forgive yourself. (*Now he turns away a little, in great agony.*) It

is not my soul, John, it is yours. *(He stands, as though in physical pain, slowly rising to his feet with a great immortal longing to find his answer. It is difficult to say, and she is on the verge of tears).* Only be sure of this, for I know it now: whatever you will do, it is a good man does it. *(He turns his doubting, searching gaze upon her).* I have read my heart this three month, John. *(Pause)* I have sins of my own to count. It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery.

PROCTOR *(in great pain)* Enough, enough -

ELIZABETH *(now pouring out her heart)* Better you should know me!

PROCTOR I will not hear it! I know you!

ELIZABETH You take my sins upon you, John -

PROCTOR *(in agony)* No, Take my own, my own!

ELIZABETH John, I counted myself so plain, so poorly made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept! *(In fright, she swerves as Hathorne enters).*

HATHORNE What say you, Proctor? The sun is soon up.

Proctor, his chest heaving, stares, turns to Elizabeth. She comes to him as though to plead, her voice quaking.

ELIZABETH Do what you will. But let none be your judge. There be no higher judge under heaven than Proctor is! Forgive me, forgive me, John—I never knew such goodness in the world! *(she covers her face, weeping).*

Proctor turns from her to Hathorne; he is off the earth, his voice hollow.

PROCTOR I want my life.

HATHORNE You'll confess yourself?!

PROCTOR I will have my life.

HATHORNE God be praised!—It is a providence! *(Hathorne rushes out door, his voice is heard calling offstage.)* He will confess! Proctor will confess!

(from Act Four)

How does Miller make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

OR

8 How does Miller's portrayal of Abigail make her such a memorable character in the play?

Section Five: *A Separate Peace* by John Knowles

Answer **either** Question 9 **or** Question 10.

EITHER

9 Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows.

“Normal,” he repeated bitterly. “What a stupid-ass word that is. I suppose that’s what you’re thinking about, isn’t it? That’s what you would be thinking about, somebody like you. You’re thinking I’m not normal, aren’t you? I can see what you’re thinking—I see a lot I never saw before”—his voice fell to a querulous whisper—“you’re thinking I’m psycho.”

I gathered what the word meant. I hated the sound of it at once. It opened up a world I had not known existed—“mad” or “crazy” or “a screw loose,” those were the familiar words. “Psycho” had a sudden mental-ward reality about it, a systematic, diagnostic sound. It was as though Leper had learned it while in captivity, far from Devon or Vermont or any experience we had in common, as though it were in Japanese.

Fear seized my stomach like a cramp. I didn’t care what I said to him now; it was myself I was worried about. For if Leper was psycho it was the army which had done it to him, and I and all of us were on the brink of the army. “You make me sick, you and your damn army words.”

“They were going to give me,” he was almost laughing, everywhere but in his eyes which continued to oppose all he said, “they were going to give me a discharge, a Section Eight discharge.”

As a last defense I had always taken refuge in a scornful superiority, based on nothing. I sank back in the chair, eyebrows up, shoulders shrugging. “I don’t even know what you’re talking about. You just don’t make any sense at all. It’s all Japanese to me.”

“A Section Eight discharge is for the nuts in the service, the psychos, the Funny Farm candidates. Now do you know what I’m talking about? They give you a Section Eight discharge, like a dishonorable discharge only worse. You can’t get a job after that. Everybody wants to see your discharge, and when they see a Section Eight they look at you kind of funny—the kind of expression you’ve got on your face, like you were looking at someone with their nose blown off but don’t want them to know you’re disgusted—they look at you that way and then they say, ‘Well, there doesn’t seem to be an opening here at present.’ You’re screwed for life, that’s what a Section Eight discharge means.”

“You don’t have to yell at me, there’s nothing wrong with my hearing.”

“Then that’s tough shit for you, Buster. Then they’ve got you.”

“Nobody’s got me.”

“Oh they’ve got you all right.”

“Don’t tell me who’s got me and who hasn’t got me. Who do you think you’re talking to? Stick to your snails, Lepellier.”

He began to laugh again. “You always were a lord of the manor, weren’t you? A swell guy, except when the chips were down. You always were a savage underneath. I always knew that only I never admitted it. But in the last few weeks,” despair broke into his face again, “I admitted a hell of a lot to myself. Not about you. Don’t flatter yourself. I wasn’t thinking about you. Why the hell should I think about you? Did you ever think about me? I thought about myself, and Ma, and the old man, and *pleasing* them all the time. Well, never mind about that now. It’s you we happen to be talking about now. Like a savage underneath. Like,” now there was the blind confusion in his eyes again, a wild slyness around his mouth, “like that time you knocked Finny out of the tree.”

I sprang out of the chair. “You stupid crazy bastard—”

Still laughing, “Like that time you crippled him for life.”

I shoved my foot against the rung of his chair and kicked. Leper went over in his chair and collapsed against the floor. Laughing and crying he lay with his head on the floor and his knees up, “... always were a savage underneath.”

Explore the ways in which Knowles’s writing makes this such a powerful moment in the novel.

OR

10 Explore the ways in which Knowles creates a striking contrast between Gene and Finny.

Section Six: Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*Answer **either** Question 11 **or** Question 12.**EITHER**

- 11 Read this extract from *The Fall of the House of Usher* (by Edgar Allan Poe) and then answer the question that follows it:

His head had dropped upon his breast — yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea — for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

“And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.”

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

“Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and have heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I dared not speak! We have put her living in the tomb! Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — I dared not speak! And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangour of the shield! — say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!” — here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — “MADMAN! I TELL YOU THAT SHE STANDS WITHOUT THE DOOR!”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell — the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those doors there did stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold — then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened — there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind — the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight — my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder — there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dank tarn at my

feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the 'HOUSE OF USHER.'

How does Poe make this such a powerful ending to the story?

OR

12 How does Janet Frame make us feel sympathetic towards the old woman in *The Bath*?

Section Seven: *Cry the Beloved Country* by Alan Paton

Answer **either** Question 13 **or** Question 14.

EITHER

13 Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows.

- Down in Ndotsheni I am nobody, even as you are nobody, my brother. I am subject to the chief, who is an ignorant man. I must salute him and bow to him, but he is an uneducated man. Here in Johannesburg I am a man of some importance, of some influence. I have my own business, and when it is good, I can make ten, twelve pounds a week.

He began to sway to and fro, he was not speaking to them, he was speaking to people who were not there.

- I do not say we are free here. I do not say we are free as men should be. But at least I am free of the chief. At least I am free of an old dog of an ignorant man, who is nothing but a white man's dog. He is a trick, a trick to hold together something that the white man desires to hold together.

He smiled his cunning and knowing smile, and for a moment addressed himself to his visitors.

- But it is not being held together, he said. It is breaking apart, your tribal society. It is here in Johannesburg that the new society is being built. Something is happening here, my brother.

He paused for a moment, then he said, I do not wish to offend you gentlemen, but the Church too is like a chief. You must do so and so and so. You are not free to have an experience. A man must be faithful and meek and obedient, and he must obey the laws, whatever the laws may be. It is true that the Church speaks with a fine voice, and that the Bishops speak against the laws. But this they have been doing for fifty years, and things have got worse, not better.

His voice grew louder, and he was addressing people who were not there. Here is Johannesburg it is the mines, he said, everything is the mines. These high buildings, this wonderful City Hall, this beautiful Parktown with its beautiful houses, and all this is built with the gold from the mines. This wonderful hospital for Europeans, the biggest hospital south of the Equator, it is built with the gold from the mines.

There was a change in his voice, it became louder like the voice of a bull or a lion. Go to our hospitals, he said, and see our people lying on the floors. They lie so close you cannot step over them. But it is they who dig for gold. For three shillings a day. We come from Transkei, and from Basutoland and from Bechaunaland and from Swaziland, and from Zululand. And from Ndotsheni also. We live in the compounds, we must leave our wives and families behind. And when the new gold is found, it is not we who will get more for our labour.

It is the white man's share that will rise, you will read it in all the papers. They go mad when new gold is found. They bring more of us to live in the compounds, to dig under the ground for three shillings a day. They do not think, he is a chance to pay more for our labour. They think only, here is a chance to build a bigger house and buy a bigger car. It is important to find gold, they say, for all South Africa is built on mines.

He growled and his voice grew deep, it was like thunder that was rolling.

(from Book 1, Chapter 7)

How does Paton explore the differences between Stephen and John in this section?

OR

14 Explore the presentation of Absalom over the course of the novel.

Section Eight: *Hard Times* by Charles Dickens

Answer **either** Question 15 **or** Question 16.

EITHER

15 Read the extract carefully and the answer the question that follows:

Sissy Jupe had not an easy time of it, between Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mrs. Gradgrind, and was not without strong impulses, in the first months of her probation, to run away. It hailed facts all day long so very hard, and life in general was opened to her as such a closely ruled ciphering-book, that assuredly she would have run away, but for only one restraint.

It is lamentable to think of; but this restraint was the result of no arithmetical process, was self-imposed in defiance of all calculation, and went dead against any table of probabilities that any Actuary would have drawn up from the premises. The girl believed that her father had not deserted her; she lived in the hope that he would come back, and in the faith that he would be made the happier by her remaining where she was.

The wretched ignorance with which Jupe clung to this consolation, rejecting the superior comfort of knowing, on a sound arithmetical basis, that her father was an unnatural vagabond, filled Mr. Gradgrind with pity. Yet, what was to be done? M'Choakumchild reported that she had a very dense head for figures; that, once possessed with a general idea of the globe, she took the smallest conceivable interest in its exact measurements; that she was extremely slow in the acquisition of dates, unless some pitiful incident happened to be connected therewith; that she would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteen-pence halfpenny; that she was as low down, in the school, as low could be; that after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy, she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high, for returning to the question, 'What is the first principle of this science?' the absurd answer, 'To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me.'

Mr. Gradgrind observed, shaking his head, that all this was very bad; that it showed the necessity of infinite grinding at the mill of knowledge, as per system, schedule, blue book, report, and tabular statements A to Z; and that Jupe 'must be kept to it.' So Jupe was kept to it, and became low-spirited, but no wiser.

'It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!' she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavoured to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.

'Do you think so?'

'I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then.'

'You might not be the better for it, Sissy.'

Sissy submitted, after a little hesitation, 'I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa.' To which Miss Louisa answered, 'I don't know that.'

There had been so little communication between these two—both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career—that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

'You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be,' Louisa resumed. 'You are pleasanter to yourself, than I am to myself.'

'But, if you please, Miss Louisa,' Sissy pleaded, 'I am—O so stupid!'

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by-and-by.

'You don't know,' said Sissy, half crying, 'what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me.'

'Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?'

'O no!' she eagerly returned. 'They know everything.'

'Tell me some of your mistakes.'

'I am almost ashamed,' said Sissy, with reluctance. 'But to-day, for instance, Mr.

M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity.'

'National, I think it must have been,' observed Louisa.

'Yes, it was.—But isn't it the same?' she timidly asked.

'You had better say, National, as he said so,' returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.

'National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and a'n't you in a thriving state?'

'What did you say?' asked Louisa.

'Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I knew who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all,' said Sissy, wiping her eyes.

'That was a great mistake of yours,' observed Louisa.

'Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was, now. Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, This schoolroom is an immense town, and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that proportion? And my remark was—for I couldn't think of a better one—that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong, too.'

'Of course it was.'

'Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutterings—'

'Statistics,' said Louisa.

'Yes, Miss Louisa—they always remind me of stutterings, and that's another of my mistakes—of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr. M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the percentage? And I said, Miss;' here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; 'I said it was nothing.'

'Nothing, Sissy?'

'Nothing, Miss—to the relations and friends of the people who were killed. I shall never learn,' said Sissy. 'And the worst of all is, that although my poor father wished me so much to learn, and although I am so anxious to learn, because he wished me to, I am afraid I don't like it.'

(from Volume I, Chapter IX)

How does Dickens present Sissy as a sympathetic character in this extract?

OR

16 Explore the ways in which Dickens's writing makes Mr Bounderby a vivid and memorable character in the novel.

Section Nine: *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Bronte

Answer **either** Question 17 **or** Question 18 .

EITHER

17 Read the extract below and then answer the question that follows.

[Miss Temple, in leaving Lowood,] had taken with her the serene atmosphere I had been breathing in her vicinity—and [...] now I was left in my natural element, and beginning to feel the stirring of old emotions. It did not seem as if a prop were withdrawn, but rather as if a motive were gone: it was not the power to be tranquil which had failed me, but the reason for tranquillity was no more. My world had for some years been in Lowood: my experience had been of its rules and systems; now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse, to seek real knowledge of life amidst its perils.

I went to my window, opened it, and looked out. There were the two wings of the building; there was the garden; there were the skirts of Lowood; there was the hilly horizon. My eye passed all other objects to rest on those most remote, the blue peaks; it was those I longed to surmount; all within their boundary of rock and heath seemed prison-ground, exile limits. I traced the white road winding round the base of one mountain, and vanishing in a gorge between two; how I longed to follow it farther! I recalled the time when I had travelled that very road in a coach; I remembered descending that hill at twilight; an age seemed to have elapsed since the day which brought me first to Lowood, and I had never quitted it since. My vacations had all been spent at school: Mrs. Reed had never sent for me to Gateshead; neither she nor any of her family had ever been to visit me. I had had no communication by letter or message with the outer world: school-rules, school-duties, school-habits and notions, and voices, and faces, and phrases, and costumes, and preferences, and antipathies—such was what I knew of existence. And now I felt that it was not enough; I tired of the routine of eight years in one afternoon. I desired liberty; for liberty I gasped; for liberty I uttered a prayer; it seemed scattered on the wind then faintly blowing. I abandoned it and framed a humbler supplication; for change, stimulus: that petition, too, seemed swept off into vague space: “Then,” I cried, half desperate, “grant me at least a new servitude!”

Here a bell, ringing the hour of supper, called me downstairs.

I was not free to resume the interrupted chain of my reflections till bedtime: even then a teacher who occupied the same room with me kept me from the subject to which I longed to recur, by a prolonged effusion of small talk. How I wished sleep would silence her. It seemed as if, could I but go back to the idea which had last entered my mind as I stood at the window, some inventive suggestion would rise for my relief.

Miss Gryce snored at last; she was a heavy Welshwoman, and till now her habitual nasal strains had never been regarded by me in any other light than as a nuisance; to-night I hailed the first deep notes with satisfaction; I was debarrassed of interruption; my half-effaced thought instantly revived.

“A new servitude! There is something in that,” I soliloquised (mentally, be it understood; I did not talk aloud), “I know there is, because it does not sound too sweet; it is not like such words as Liberty, Excitement, Enjoyment: delightful sounds truly; but no more than sounds for me; and so hollow and fleeting that it is mere waste of time to listen to them. But Servitude! That must be matter of fact. Any one may serve: I have served here eight years; now all I want is to serve elsewhere. Can I not get so much of my own will? Is not the thing feasible? Yes—yes—the end is not so difficult; if I had only a brain active enough to ferret out the means of attaining it.”

I sat up in bed by way of arousing this said brain: it was a chilly night; I covered my shoulders with a shawl, and then I proceeded *to think* again with all my might.

“What do I want? A new place, in a new house, amongst new faces, under new circumstances: I want this because it is of no use wanting anything better. How do people do to get a new place? They apply to friends, I suppose: I have no friends. There are many others who have no friends, who must look about for themselves and be their own helpers; and what is their resource?”

I could not tell: nothing answered me; I then ordered my brain to find a response, and quickly. It worked and worked faster: I felt the pulses throb in my head and temples; but for nearly an hour it worked in chaos; and no result came of its efforts. Feverish with vain labour, I got up and took a turn in the room; undrew the curtain, noted a star or two, shivered with cold, and again crept to bed.

A kind fairy, in my absence, had surely dropped the required suggestion on my pillow; for as I lay down, it came quietly and naturally to my mind.—“Those who want situations advertise; you must advertise in the —*shire Herald*.”

(from Volume I Chapter 10)

How does Bronte make this moment in the novel so powerful?

OR

18 How does Bronte make Rochester such a significant character in the novel?

Section Ten: Selection from *Songs of Ourselves*Answer **either** Question 19 **or** Question 20.**EITHER****19** Read the poem below and answer the question that follows.*Ode on Melancholy*

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shalt taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

How does Keats powerfully convey his thoughts and feelings in this poem?

OR

- 20 Read the poem below and then answer the question that follows.

The Poplar Field

The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade,
 The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd since I last took a view
 Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew,
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
 And the scene where his melody charm'd me before,
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ;
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
 Have a being less durable even than he.

Explore the ways Cowper portrays the passing of time and its significance in this poem.

Section Eleven: *Selected Poems* by Carol Ann Duffy

Answer **either** Question 21 **or** Question 22.

EITHER

21 Read the poem below and answer the question that follows.

Valentine

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,
if you like.

Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

How does Duffy memorably explore ideas about love in this poem?

OR

22 Read the poem below and then answer the question that follows.

Recognition

Things get away from one.
I've let myself go, I know.
Children? I've had three
and don't even know them.

I strain to remember a time
when my body felt lighter.
Years. My face is swollen
with regrets. I put powder on,

but it flakes off. I love him,
through habit, but the proof
has evaporated. He gets upset.
I tried to do all the essentials

on one trip. Foolish, yes,
but I was weepy all morning.
Quiche. A blond boy swung me up
in his arms and promised the earth.

You see this came back to me
as I stood on the scales.
I wept. Shallots. In the window
creamy ladies held a pose

which left me clogged and old.
The waste. I'd forgotten my purse,
fumbled; the shopgirl gaped at me
compassionless. Claret. I blushed.

Cheese. Kleenex. It did happen.
I lay in my slip on wet grass,
laughing. Years. I had to rush out,
blind in a hot flush and bumped

into an anxious, dowdy matron
who touched the cold mirror
and stared at me. Stared
and said I'm sorry sorry sorry.

In what ways does Duffy movingly present the speaker's feelings in this poem?