



GCSE

4202/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2a

(Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)

HIGHER TIER

P.M. THURSDAY, 23 May 2013

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 how Iago and Emilia speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their relationship? [10]

Either,

- (ii) Give advice to the actor playing Desdemona on how she should present the character to an audience. In your advice, remember to include detailed reference to the play's events, characters and themes. [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) For which character in *Othello* do you have the most sympathy? Show how Shakespeare's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20 + 4]

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

IAGO: What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

DESDEMONA: I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.
He might have chid *me* so – for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

IAGO: What is the matter, lady?

EMILIA: Alas, Iago, my lord hath so be-whored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her
As true hearts cannot bear.

DESDEMONA: Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO: What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA: Such as she said my lord did say I was.

EMILIA: He called her whore. A beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet!

IAGO: Why did he so?

DESDEMONA: I do not know. I am sure I am none such.

IAGO: Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

EMILIA: Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?

DESDEMONA: It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO: Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?

DESDEMONA: Nay, heaven doth know.

EMILIA: I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander. – I'll be hanged else!

IAGO: Fie, there is no such man! It is impossible.

DESDEMONA: If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

EMILIA: A halter pardon him! And hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?
What place? What time? What form? What likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

IAGO: Speak within door.

EMILIA: O fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turned *your* wit the seamy side without
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO: You are a fool! Go to.

(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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Shakespeare creates mood and atmosphere for an audience here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) What do you think of Beatrice and the way she is presented in *Much Ado About Nothing*? [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) How does Shakespeare present relationships between men and women in *Much Ado About Nothing*? [20 + 4]

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

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with attendants.

- DON PEDRO: Good morrow to this fair assembly.
 LEONATO: Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio.
 We here attend you. Are you yet determined
 Today to marry with my brother's daughter?
 CLAUDIO: I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.
 LEONATO: Call her forth, brother; here's the Friar ready.

Exit ANTONIO.

- DON PEDRO: Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
 That you have such a February face,
 So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
 CLAUDIO: I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
 Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
 And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
 As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
 When he would play the noble beast in love.
 BENEDICK: Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low –
 And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
 And got a calf in that same noble feat
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
 CLAUDIO: For this I owe you. Here comes other reckonings.
Enter ANTONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET and URSULA, wearing masks.
 Which is the lady I must seize upon?
 ANTONIO: This same is she, and I do give you her.
 CLAUDIO: Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
 ANTONIO: No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
 Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.
 CLAUDIO: Give me your hand: before this holy Friar,
 I am your husband, if you like of me.
 HERO: (*Unmasking*) And when I lived, I was your other wife;
 And when you loved, you were my other husband.
 CLAUDIO: Another Hero!

- HERO: Nothing certainer.
 One Hero died defiled, but I do live;
 And surely as I live I am a maid.
 DON PEDRO: The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
 LEONATO: She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
 FRIAR: All this amazement can I qualify,
 When, after that the holy rites are ended,
 I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.
 Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
 And to the chapel let us presently.

(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 Sheila speaks and behaves here. How may it affect an audience's feelings towards her at this point in the play? [10]

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Mr Birling. At the end of the play, you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Mr Birling would speak when you write your answer. [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) What do you think of Inspector Goole and how he is presented in *An Inspector Calls*? [20 + 4]

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

Enter SHEILA, who looks as if she's been crying.

INSPECTOR: Well, Miss Birling?

SHEILA: *(coming in, closing door)*: You knew it was me all the time, didn't you?

INSPECTOR: I had an idea it might be – from something the girl herself wrote.

SHEILA: I've told my father – he didn't seem to think it amounted to much – but I felt rotten about it at the time and now I feel a lot worse. Did it make much difference to her?

INSPECTOR: Yes, I'm afraid it did. It was the last real steady job she had. When she lost it – for no reason that she could discover – she decided she might as well try another kind of life.

SHEILA: *(miserably)* So I'm really responsible?

INSPECTOR: No, not entirely. A good deal happened to her after that. But you're partly to blame. Just as your father is.

ERIC: But what did Sheila do?

SHEILA: *(distressed)* I went to the manager at Milwards and I told him that if they didn't get rid of that girl, I'd never go near the place again and I'd persuade mother to close our account with them.

INSPECTOR: And why did you do that?

SHEILA: Because I was in a furious temper.

INSPECTOR: And what had this girl done to make you lose your temper?

SHEILA: When I was looking at myself in the mirror I caught sight of her smiling at the assistant, and I was furious with her. I'd been in a bad temper anyhow.

INSPECTOR: And was it the girl's fault?

SHEILA: No, not really. It was my own fault. *(Suddenly, to GERALD)* All right, Gerald, you needn't look at me like that. At least, I'm trying to tell the truth. I expect you've done things you're ashamed of too.

GERALD: *(surprised)* Well, I never said I hadn't. I don't see why –

INSPECTOR: *(cutting in)* Never mind about that. You can settle that between you afterwards. *(To SHEILA.)* What happened?

SHEILA: I'd gone in to try something on. It was an idea of my own – mother had been against it, and so had the assistant – but I insisted. As soon as I tried it on, I knew they'd been right. It just didn't suit me at all. I looked silly in the thing. Well, this girl had brought the dress up from the workroom, and when the assistant – Miss Francis – had asked her something about it, this girl, to show us what she meant, had held the dress up, as if she was wearing it. And it just suited her. She was the right type for it, just as I was the wrong type. She was a very pretty girl too – with big dark eyes – and that didn't make it any better. Well, when I tried the thing on and looked at myself and knew that it was all wrong, I caught sight of this girl smiling at Miss Francis – as if to say: 'Doesn't she look awful' – and I was absolutely furious. I was very rude to both of them, and then I went to the manager and told him that this girl had been very impertinent – and – and—*(She almost breaks down, but just controls herself.)* How could I know what would happen afterwards? If she'd been some miserable plain little creature, I don't suppose I'd have done it. But she was very pretty and looked as if she could take care of herself. I couldn't be sorry for her.

INSPECTOR: In fact, in a kind of way, you might be said to have been jealous of her.

SHEILA: Yes, I suppose so.

INSPECTOR: And so you used the power you had, as a daughter of a good customer and also of a man well known in the town, to punish the girl just because she made you feel like that?

SHEILA: Yes, but it didn't seem to be anything very terrible at the time. Don't you understand? And if I could help her now, I would—

INSPECTOR: *(harshly)* Yes, but you can't. It's too late. She's dead.

ERIC: My God, it's a bit thick, when you come to think of it—

SHEILA: *(stormily)* Oh shut up, Eric. I know, I know. It's the only time I've ever done anything like that, and I'll never, never do it again to anybody. I've noticed them giving me a sort of look sometimes at Milwards – I noticed it even this afternoon – and I suppose some of them remember. I feel now I can never go there again. Oh – why had this to happen?

(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 the way Maggie and Willie speak and behave here. How does this create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

Either,

- (ii) What do you think of Henry Hobson and the way he is presented to an audience throughout the play? [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) The expression "Hobson's Choice" means to have no choice at all. To what extent do you find it a suitable title for the play? [20 + 4]

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

WILLIE: I'd really rather wed Ada, Maggie, if it's all the same to you.

MAGGIE: Why? Because of her mother?

WILLIE: She's a terrible rough side to her tongue, has Mrs Figgins.

MAGGIE: Are you afraid of her?

WILLIE: (*hesitates, then says*): Yes.

MAGGIE: You needn't be.

WILLIE: Yes, but you don't know her. She'll jaw me till I'm black in the face when I go home tonight.

MAGGIE: You won't go home tonight.

WILLIE: Not go!

MAGGIE: You've done with lodging there. You'll go to Tubby Wadlow's when you knock off work and Tubby 'ull go round to Mrs Figgins for your things.

WILLIE: And I'm not to go back there never no more?

MAGGIE: No.

WILLIE: It's like an 'appy dream. Eh, Maggie, you do manage things.

He opens the trap.

MAGGIE: And while Tubby's there you can go round and see about putting the banns up for us two.

WILLIE: Banns! Oh, but I'm hardly used to the idea yet.

MAGGIE: You'll have three weeks to get used to it in. Now you can kiss me, Will.

WILLIE: That's forcing things a bit, and all. It's like saying I agree to everything, a kiss is.

MAGGIE: Yes.

WILLIE: And I don't agree yet. I'm –

MAGGIE: Come along.

ALICE, then VICKY enter from house.

Do what I tell you, Will.

WILLIE: Now? With them here?

MAGGIE: Yes.

WILLIE: (*pause*): I couldn't. (*He dives for trap, runs down, and closes it.*)

ALICE: What's the matter with Willie?

MAGGIE: He's a bit upset because I've told him he's to marry me. Is dinner cooking nicely?

ALICE: You're going to marry Willie Mossop! Willie Mossop!

(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 Jo and Helen speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their relationship? [10]

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Geof. At the end of the play you think back over your friendship with Jo. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Geof would speak when you write your answer. [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) How does Shelagh Delaney present relationships between males and females in *A Taste of Honey*? [20 + 4]

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

- JO: Where did this magazine come from?
- HELEN: Woman downstairs give it me.
- JO: I didn't think you'd buy it.
- HELEN: Why buy when it's cheaper to borrow?
- JO: What day was I born on?
- HELEN: I don't know.
- JO: You should remember such an important event.
- HELEN: I've always done my best to forget that.
- JO: How old was I when your husband threw you out?
- HELEN: Change the subject. When I think of her father and my husband it makes me wonder why I ever bothered, it does really.
- JO: He was rich, wasn't he ...
- HELEN: He was a rat!
- JO: He was your husband. Why did you marry him?
- HELEN: At the time I had nothing better to do. Then he divorced me; that was your fault.
- JO: I agree with him. If I was a man and my wife had a baby that wasn't mine I'd sling her out.
- HELEN: Would you? It's a funny thing but I don't think I would. Still, why worry?
- JO: [*reading from magazine*]: It says here that Sheik Ahmed – an Arabian mystic – will, free of all charge, draw up for you a complete analysis of your character and destiny.
- HELEN: Let's have a look.
- JO: There's his photograph.
- HELEN: Oh! He looks like a dirty little spiv. Listen Jo, don't bother your head about Arabian mystics. There's two w's in your future. Work or want, and no Arabian Knight can tell you different. We're all at the steering wheel of our own destiny. Careering along like drunken drivers. I'm going to get married. [*The news is received in silence.*] I said, I'm going to get married.
- JO: Yes, I heard you the first time. What do you want me to do, laugh and throw pennies? Is it that Peter Smith?
- HELEN: He's the unlucky man.
- JO: You're centuries older than him.
- HELEN: Only ten years.
- JO: What use can a woman of that age be to anybody?
- HELEN: I wish you wouldn't talk about me as if I'm an impotent, shrivelled old woman without a clue left in her head.
- JO: You're not exactly a child bride.
- HELEN: I have been one once, or near enough.
- JO: Just imagine it, you're forty years old. I hope to be dead and buried before I reach that age. You've been living for forty years.
- HELEN: Yes, it must be a biological phenomena.
- JO: You don't look forty. You look a sort of well-preserved sixty.

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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Roddy Doyle creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How does Roddy Doyle present the relationship between Paddy's parents 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) A critic once described *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* as “a slow and painful lament for the death of childhood – albeit with a few funny bits”. To what extent do you agree with this description of the novel? [20 + 4]

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

There were ten fences in the Grand National. All the walls of the front gardens were the same height, the exact same, but the hedges and the trees made them different. And the gardens between the fences, we had to charge across them; pushing was allowed in the gardens, but not pulling or tripping. It was mad; it was brilliant. We started in Ian McEvoy's garden, a straight line for us. There was no handicapping; no one was allowed to start in front of the rest. No one would have wanted it anyway, because you needed a good run at the first wall and no one was going to stand in the next garden alone, waiting for the race to start. It was Byrne's. Missis Byrne had a black lens in her glasses. Specky Three Eyes she was called, but that was the only funny thing about her.

It always took ages for the straight line to get really straight. There was always a bit of shoving; it was allowed, as long as the elbows didn't go up too far, over the neck.

—They're under starter's orders —, said Aidan.

We crept forward. Anyone caught behind the group when the race started could never win and would probably be the one caught by Laurence Hanley.

—They're off!

Aidan didn't do any more commentating after that.

The first fence was easy. McEvoy's wall into Byrne's. There was no hedge. You just had to make sure that you had enough room to swing your legs. Some of us could swing right over without our legs touching the top of the wall — I could — but you needed loads of space for that. Across Byrne's. Screaming and shouting. That was part of it. Trying to get the ones at the back caught. Off the grass, over the flower bed, across the path, over the wall — a hedge. Jump up on the wall, grip the hedge, stand up straight, jump over, down. Danger, danger. Murphy's. Loads of flowers. Kick some of them. Around the car. Hedge before the wall. Foot on the bumper, jump. Land on the hedge, roll. Our house. Around the car, no hedge, over the wall. No more screaming; no breath for it. Neck itchy from the hedge. Two more big hedges.

Once, Mister McLoughlin had been cutting the grass when we all came over the hedge, and he nearly had a heart attack.

Up onto Hanley's wall, hold the hedge. Legs straight; it was harder now, really tired. Jump the hedge, roll, up and out their gate.

Winner.

(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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Robert Cormier creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) Francis says he “felt like a fake” rather than the hero he wanted to be. What do you think of Francis and the way he is presented in *Heroes*? [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) “War has a lasting effect on those who fight in it.” How does Robert Cormier present this in *Heroes*? [20 + 4]

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

‘Say your prayers,’ I tell him, just as I rehearsed those words so many times through the years. I’ve decided to aim for the heart, after all, to shatter his heart the way he broke Nicole’s and mine, and how many others.

‘Wait,’ he calls out, reaching towards a small table next to his chair and a cigar box on the table. He opens the box and withdraws a pistol, like my own, a relic of the war.

I flinch, my finger agitated on the trigger, but he places the gun in his lap, cradling it in his hand.

‘You see, Francis. I have my own gun. I take it out and look at it all the time. I place it against my temple once in a while. I wonder how it would feel to pull the trigger and have everything come to an end.’ He sighs and shakes his head, then nods toward me. ‘So lower your gun, Francis, one gun is enough for what has to be done.’

He sees the doubt in my eyes and, in a swift movement, removes the magazine from his pistol.

‘Empty,’ he says. ‘You’re safe, Francis. You were always safe with me. So put your gun away. Whether you know it or not, you’ve accomplished your mission here. And you couldn’t have killed me anyway, in cold blood.’

We stare at each other for a long moment.

‘Please,’ he says, and his voice is like the small cry of a child.

I lower the gun. I remove my finger from the trigger. My hand trembles. I put the gun back in my pocket.

‘Go, Francis. Leave me here. Leave everything here, the war, what happened at the Wreck Centre, leave it all behind, with me.’

Suddenly, I only want to get out of there. The aroma of the soup is sickening and the tenement is too warm. I don’t want to look into his eyes any more.

My hand is on the doorknob when he calls my name. I open the door but pause, making myself wait. But I don’t look at him.

‘Let me tell you one thing before you go, Francis. You would have fallen on that grenade, anyway. All your instincts would have made you sacrifice yourself for your comrades.’

Still trying to make me better than I am.

I close the door, my face hot and flushed under the scarf and the bandage. The coldness of the hallway hits the warmth of my flesh and I shiver. It seems that I have done nothing but shiver since I returned to Frenchtown.

His voice echoes in my ears:

Does that one sin of mine wipe away all the good things?

I go down the stairs, my footsteps echoing on the worn staircase.

Downstairs, at last, after what seems like a long long time, I pause at the outside door. The sound of a pistol shot cracks the air.

(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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Kazuo Ishiguro presents mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) How is the character of Tommy important to the novel as a whole? [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) How is friendship presented in *Never Let Me Go*? [20 + 4]

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

A few minutes later, he said suddenly: 'Kath, can we stop? I'm sorry, I need to get out a minute.'

Thinking he was feeling sick again, I pulled up almost immediately, hard against a hedge. The spot was completely unlit, and even with the car lights on, I was nervous another vehicle might come round the curve and run into us. That's why, when Tommy got out and disappeared into the blackness, I didn't go with him. Also, there'd been something purposeful about the way he'd got out that suggested even if he was feeling ill, he'd prefer to cope with it on his own. Anyway, that's why I was still in the car, wondering whether to move it a little further up the hill, when I heard the first scream.

At first I didn't even think it was him, but some maniac who'd been lurking in the bushes. I was already out of the car when the second and third screams came, and by then I knew it was Tommy, though that hardly lessened my urgency. In fact, for a moment, I was probably close to panic, not having a clue where he was. I couldn't really see anything, and when I tried to go towards the screams, I was stopped by an impenetrable thicket. Then I found an opening, and stepping through a ditch, came up to a fence. I managed to climb over it and I landed in soft mud.

I could now see my surroundings much better. I was in a field that sloped down steeply not far in front of me, and I could see the lights of some village way below in the valley. The wind here was really powerful, and a gust pulled at me so hard, I had to reach for the fence post. The moon wasn't quite full, but it was bright enough, and I could make out in the mid-distance, near where the field began to fall away, Tommy's figure, raging, shouting, flinging his fists and kicking out.

I tried to run to him, but the mud sucked my feet down. The mud was impeding him too, because one time, when he kicked out, he slipped and fell out of view into the blackness. But his jumbled swear-words continued uninterrupted, and I was able to reach him just as he was getting to his feet again. I caught a glimpse of his face in the moonlight, caked in mud and distorted with fury, then I reached for his flailing arms and held on tight. He tried to shake me off, but I kept holding on, until he stopped shouting and I felt the fight go out of him. Then I realised he too had his arms around me. And so we stood together like that, at the top of that field, for what seemed like ages, not saying anything, just holding each other, while the wind kept blowing and blowing at us, tugging our clothes, and for a moment, it seemed like we were holding onto each other because that was the only way to stop us being swept away into the night.

When at last we pulled apart, he muttered: 'I'm really sorry, Kath.' Then he gave a shaky laugh and added: 'Good job there weren't cows in the field. They'd have got a fright.'

I could see he was doing his best to reassure me it was all okay now, but his chest was still heaving and his legs shaking. We walked together back towards the car, trying not to slip.

'You stink of cow poo,' I said, finally.

(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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Nick Hornby suggests Marcus's character here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Marcus. At the end of the novel, you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Marcus would speak when you write your answer. [20 + 4]

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

Or,

- (iii) “*About A Boy* is about the power of friendship.” 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.

Marcus wasn't looking forward to seeing Mrs Morrison, but if the alternative was sitting out in the corridor with Ellie, then he'd take the head's office any day of the week.

He lost his temper with Mrs Morrison. Bad idea, he could see afterwards, losing your temper with the headmistress of your new school, but he couldn't help it. She was being so thick that in the end he just had to shout. They started off OK: no, he'd never had any trouble from the shoe-stealers before, no, he didn't know who they were and no, he wasn't very happy at school (only one lie there). But then she started talking about what she called 'survival strategies', and that was when he got cross.

'I mean, I'm sure you've thought of this, but couldn't you just try keeping out of their way?'

Did they all think he was thick? Did they reckon that he woke up every morning thinking, I must find the people who call me names and give me shit and want to steal my trainers, so that they can do more things to me?

'I have tried.' That was all he could say for the moment. He was too frustrated to say any more.

'Maybe you haven't tried hard enough.'

That did it. She had said this not because she wanted to be helpful, but because she didn't like him. Nobody at this school liked him and he didn't understand why. He'd had enough, and he stood up to go.

'Sit down, Marcus. I haven't finished with you yet.'

'I've finished with you.'

He didn't know he was going to say that, and he was amazed when he had. He had never been cheeky to a teacher before, mostly because there hadn't been a need for it. Now he could see that he hadn't started in a great place. If you were going to get yourself into trouble, maybe it was best to work up to it slowly, get some practice in first. He had started right at the top, which was probably a mistake.

'SIT down.'

But he didn't. He just walked out the way he had come in, and kept on walking.

(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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Owen Sheers creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) Write about the relationship between Sarah and Albrecht and how it 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* deals with love: love of land and country, love of nations, love among people. How does Owen Sheers present love in the novel? [20 + 4]

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

His eyes wouldn't open. They seemed glued shut. With his own blood? No, not blood. It was a bandage. A tight bandage pressing down on his lids. But there was blood, yes. Dried. He could feel it, pulling on his skin.

Atkins moved his head. Everything spun inside him. White snow under his closed eyes.

His hands were tied. And his feet. Yes, he remembered now. Stupid. Stupid to be caught like that. He should have gone north with the rest. Regrouped. But someone had to stay, didn't they? Stay behind.

Who told? Who sent them to him? No one perhaps. But yes, always someone. Not their fault. What about him? What had he said? No, nothing. Nothing. Yet.

There'd been no time for the pill. They'd taken him by surprise. He tightened his hands so the base of his fingers touched. Yes, the ring was gone.

Stupid to be caught like that. Should have kept his eyes open.

What was that? A door opening. Closing. The click of a latch. Footsteps. They were coming for him again. He listened to their approach. A small room. They came close. He could hear their breathing, smell the fresh smoke on their clothes. Two of them. Why didn't they speak?

One set of footsteps now, moving behind him, then hands, hands at the back of his head. Fingers at the back of his head. The bandage coming off, pulling at his eyelashes, peeling the blood from his skin – Oh Christ! Jesus Christ! Burning light. Burning, burning light. Hands at his face now, fingers pulling at his face, holding his head, thick fingers over his eyebrows, thumbs pulling at his lids, drawing them back, keeping his eyes open.