



**GCSE**

4202/02

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**UNIT 2a**

**(Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)**

**HIGHER TIER**

P.M. THURSDAY, 22 May 2014

2 hours

		<i>Pages</i>
<b>Question 1.</b>	(a) <i>Othello</i>	2 - 3
	(b) <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4 - 5
	(c) <i>An Inspector Calls</i>	6 - 7
	(d) <i>Hobson's Choice</i>	8 - 9
	(e) <i>A Taste of Honey</i>	10 - 11
<b>Question 2.</b>	(a) <i>Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha</i>	12 - 13
	(b) <i>Heroes</i>	14 - 15
	(c) <i>Never Let Me Go</i>	16 - 17
	(d) <i>About A Boy</i>	18 - 19
	(e) <i>Resistance</i>	20 - 21

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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 Desdemona speaks and behaves here. What impressions would an audience receive of her character? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) One of the themes of *Othello* is the use and misuse of power. How does Shakespeare present power in the play? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How is the relationship between Iago and Emilia important to the play as a whole? [20 + 4]

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

DESDEMONA: How now, my lord?  
 I have been talking with a suitor here,  
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO: Who is't you mean?

DESDEMONA: Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,  
 If I have any grace or power to move you,  
 His present reconciliation take.  
 For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
 That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,  
 I have no judgment in an honest face.  
 I prithee call him back.

OTHELLO: Went he hence now?

DESDEMONA: Yes, faith – so humbled  
 That he hath left part of his grief with me  
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTHELLO: Not now, sweet Desdemona – some other time.

DESDEMONA: But shall't be shortly?

OTHELLO: The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA: Shall't be tonight at supper?

OTHELLO: No, not tonight.

DESDEMONA: Tomorrow dinner then?

OTHELLO: I shall not dine at home.

DESDEMONA: I meet the captains at the citadel.  
 Why then, tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn –  
 On Tuesday noon or night, or Wednesday morn.  
 I prithee name the time, but let it not  
 Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent.  
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason  
 (Save that they say the wars must make example  
 Out of their best), is not almost a fault  
 T' incur a private check. When shall he come?  
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul  
 What you would ask me that I should deny,  
 Or stand so hammering on. What! Michael Cassio,  
 That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,  
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
 Hath ta'en your part – to have so much to do  
 To bring him in? By'r Lady, I could do much –

OTHELLO: Prithee no more. Let him come when he will.  
 I will deny thee nothing.

DESDEMONA: Why, this is not a boon.  
 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
 To your own person. Nay – when I have a suit  
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
 It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,  
 And fearful to be granted.

OTHELLO: I will deny thee nothing!  
 Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
 To leave me but a little to myself.

DESDEMONA: Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.

**(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 Don John speaks and behaves here. What impressions would an audience receive of him? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Shakespeare present the theme of love in *Much Ado About Nothing*? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Hero has been described as 'a sweet and innocent girl who is wronged in love'. What do you think of Hero and the way she is presented to an audience? [20 + 4]

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

DON JOHN: My lord and brother, God save you!

DON PEDRO: Good-e'en, brother.

DON JOHN: If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

DON PEDRO: In private?

DON JOHN: If it please you. Yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

DON PEDRO: What's the matter?

DON JOHN: (*To CLAUDIO*) Means your lordship to be married tomorrow?

DON PEDRO: You know he does.

DON JOHN: I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUDIO: If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

DON JOHN: (*To CLAUDIO*) You may think I love you not. Let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage – surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

DON PEDRO: Why, what's the matter?

DON JOHN: I came hither to tell you – and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

CLAUDIO: Who? Hero?

DON JOHN: Even she – Leonato's Hero, your Hero: every man's Hero.

CLAUDIO: Disloyal?

DON JOHN: The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, tomorrow wed her. But it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

CLAUDIO: May this be so?

DON PEDRO: I will not think it.

DON JOHN: If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough. And when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUDIO: If I see anything tonight why I should not marry her, tomorrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

DON PEDRO: And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

DON JOHN: I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

DON PEDRO: O day untowardly turned!

CLAUDIO: O mischief strangely thwarting!

DON JOHN: O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

***Exeunt***

**(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:

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

**Either,**

- (ii) *An Inspector Calls* has been described as a play about deception, hypocrisy and lies. How does J.B. Priestley present this in the play? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Eric and Gerald both had an affair with Eva Smith/Daisy Renton. With which of these two men do you have more sympathy? Give reasons for what you say. [20 + 4]

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

INSPECTOR: But just remember this. One Eva Smith has gone – but there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us, with their lives, their hopes and fears, their suffering and chance of happiness, all intertwined with our lives, and what we think and say and do. We don't live alone. We are members of one body. We are responsible for each other. And I tell you that the time will soon come when, if men will not learn that lesson, then they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish. Good night.

*He walks straight out, leaving them staring, subdued and wondering. SHEILA is still quietly crying. MRS BIRLING has collapsed into a chair. ERIC is brooding desperately. BIRLING, the only active one, hears the front door slam, moves hesitatingly towards the door, stops, looks gloomily at the other three, then pours himself out a drink, which he hastily swallows.*

BIRLING: (angrily to ERIC) You're the one I blame for this.

ERIC: I'll bet I am.

BIRLING: (angrily) Yes, and you don't realize yet all you've done. Most of this is bound to come out. There'll be a public scandal.

ERIC: Well, I don't care now.

BIRLING: You! You don't seem to care about anything. But I care. I was almost certain for a knighthood in the next Honours List—  
ERIC laughs rather hysterically, pointing at him.

ERIC: (laughing) Oh – for God's sake! What does it matter now whether they give you a knighthood or not?

BIRLING: (sternly) It doesn't matter to you. Apparently nothing matters to you. But it may interest you to know that until every penny of that money you stole is repaid, you'll work for nothing. And there's going to be no more of this drinking round the town – and picking up women in the Palace bar—

MRS BIRLING: (coming to life) I should think not. Eric, I'm absolutely ashamed of you.

ERIC: Well, I don't blame you. But don't forget I'm ashamed of you as well – yes both of you.

BIRLING: (angrily) Drop that. There's every excuse for what both your mother and I did – it turned out unfortunately, that's all—

SHEILA: (scornfully) That's all.

BIRLING: Well, what have you to say?

SHEILA: I don't know where to begin.

BIRLING: Then don't begin. Nobody wants you to.

**(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 Willie speaks and behaves here. What impressions would an audience receive of his character? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Harold Brighouse present the relationship between Hobson and Maggie? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) 'In *Hobson's Choice* we see the social order turned upside down.' Show how Harold Brighouse presents this in the play. [20 + 4]

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

WILLIE: Now, then, Maggie, go and bring your father down and be sharp. I'm busy at my shop, so what they are at his.

MAGGIE *takes Will's hat off and puts it on settee, then exits.*

It's been a good business in its day, too, has Hobson's.

ALICE: What on earth do you mean? It's a good business still.

WILLIE: You try to sell it, and you'd learn. Stock and goodwill 'ud fetch about two hundred.

VICKEY: Don't talk so foolish, Will. Two hundred for a business like father's!

WILLIE: Two hundred as it is. Not as it was in our time, Vickey.

ALICE: Do you mean to tell me father isn't rich?

WILLIE: If you'd not married into the law you'd know what they think of your father today in trading circles. Vickey ought to know. Her husband's in trade!

VICKEY: (*indignantly*): My Fred in trade!

WILLIE: Isn't he?

VICKEY: He's in the wholesale. That's business, not trade. And the value of father's shop is no affair of yours, Will Mossop.

WILLIE: Now I thought maybe it was. If Maggie and me are coming here –

VICKEY: You're coming to look after father.

WILLIE: Maggie can do that with one hand tied behind her back. I'll look after the business.

ALICE: You'll do what's arranged for you.

WILLIE: I'll do the arranging, Alice. If we come here, we come here on my terms.

VICKEY: They'll be fair terms.

WILLIE: I'll see they're fair to me and Maggie.

ALICE: Will Mossop, do you know who you're talking to?

WILLIE: Aye. My wife's young sisters. Times have changed a bit since you used to order me about this shop, haven't they, Alice?

ALICE: Yes, I'm Mrs Albert Prosser now.

WILLIE: So you are, to outsiders. And you'd be surprised the number of people that call me Mr Mossop now. We do get on in the world, don't we?

VICKEY: Some folks get on too fast.

WILLIE: It's a matter of opinion. I know Maggie and me gave both of you a big leg up when we arranged your marriage portions, but I dunno that we're grudging you the sudden lift you got.

*Enter HOBSON and MAGGIE.*

WILLIE: Good morning, father. I'm sorry to hear you're not so well.

HOBSON: I'm a changed man, Will. (*He comes down and sits on armchair.*)

WILLIE: There used to be room for improvement.

HOBSON: What! (*He starts up.*)

MAGGIE: Sit down, father.

WILLIE: Aye. Don't let us be too long about this. You've kept me waiting now a good while and my time's valuable. I'm busy at my shop.

**(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 speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about her character at this point in the play? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) A review of the play said, 'the final message is of the human spirit's capacity for survival'. Show how Shelagh Delaney presents this message in *A Taste of Honey*. [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think of Helen and the way she is presented in *A Taste of Honey*? [20 + 4]

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

Jo: God! It's hot.

GEOF: I know it's hot.

Jo: I'm so restless.

GEOF: Oh, stop prowling about.

Jo: This place stinks. [Goes over to the door. *Children are heard singing in the street.*] That river, it's the colour of lead. Look at that washing, it's dirty, and look at those filthy children.

GEOF: It's not their fault.

Jo: It's their parents' fault. There's a little boy over there and his hair, honestly, it's walking away. And his ears. Oh! He's a real mess! He never goes to school. He just sits on that front doorstep all day. I think he's a bit deficient.

[*The children's voices die away. A tugboat hoots.*]

His mother ought not to be allowed.

GEOF: Who?

Jo: His mother. Think of all the harm she does, having children.

GEOF: Sit down and read a book, Jo.

Jo: I can't.

GEOF: Be quiet then. You're getting on my nerves. [*Suddenly she yells and whirls across the room.*]

Jo: Whee! Come on rain. Come on storm. It kicked me, Geof. It kicked me!

GEOF: What?

Jo: It kicked me. [*GEOF runs to her and puts his head on her belly.*]

GEOF: Will it do it again?

Jo: It shows it's alive anyway. Come on, baby, let's see what big sister's making for us.

GEOF: Put it down.

Jo: What a pretty little dress.

GEOF: It's got to wear something. You can't just wrap it up in a bundle of newspaper.

Jo: And dump it on a doorstep. How did Geoffrey find out the measurements?

GEOF: Babies are born to the same size more or less.

Jo: Oh, no, they're not. Some are thin scrappy things and others are huge and covered in rolls of fat.

GEOF: Shut up, Jo, it sounds revolting.

Jo: They are revolting. I hate babies.

**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 children's friendships 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) How does Roddy Doyle create sympathy for the character of Paddy in the novel? [20 + 4]

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

I went up to bed just after Sinbad, before I had to. I kissed my ma goodnight, and my da. There'd been no words so far; they were both reading; the television was on with the sound down waiting for The News. My lips hardly touched my da. I didn't want to disturb him. I wanted him to stay the way he was. I was tired. I wanted to sleep. I hoped it was a brilliant book.

I listened on the landing. It was silent. I brushed my teeth before I went into our room. I hadn't brushed them the proper way in a while. I looked at my da's razor but I didn't take the blade out. The bed was cold but the blankets were heavy on me; I liked that.

I listened.

Sinbad wasn't asleep; there wasn't a big enough gap between the in and the out breathing. I didn't say anything. I checked again, listened: he definitely wasn't sleeping. I listened further – I'd left the door a bit open. There was still no talking from downstairs. If there was none before we heard The News music there'd be no fighting at all. I still said nothing. Somewhere in the minute I'd been in bed, while I'd been listening, my eyes had learned how to see in the dark; the curtains, the corners, George Best, Sinbad's bed, Sinbad.

—Francis?

—Leave me alone.

—They're not fighting tonight.

Nothing.

—Francis?

—Patrick.

He was jeering me, the way he'd said it.

—Pah-trick.

I couldn't think of anything.

—Pahh-twicK.

I felt like he'd caught me doing something, like I was falling into trouble, but I didn't know what. I wanted to go to the toilet. I couldn't get out of the bed.

—Pahhh –

It was like he'd become me and I was him. I was going to wet the bed.

—twicK.

I didn't.

I got the blankets off.

He'd found out; he'd found out. I'd wanted him to talk because I was scared. Pretending to be protecting him, I'd wanted him close to me, to share, to listen together; to stop it or run away. He knew: I was frightened and lonely, more than he was.

**(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) What do you think about Larry LaSalle and the way he is presented in the novel?

[20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) To what extent do you find the ending of *Heroes* a satisfying conclusion to the novel?

[20 + 4]

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

The game began.

My serve:

Paddle met ball. I didn't try for speed or spin, merely wanted to place the ball in proper position, without risk, and then play my defensive game. My heartbeat was steady, my body poised for action. The ball came back to me. I returned. Came again and again I returned. Larry LaSalle's return was placed perfectly, at the edge of the table, almost impossible for me to reach but somehow I reached it, returned it, throwing him off balance. My point. Next point his, then mine again. Then his.

We were half-way through the game, the score standing at 13–12, my serve, when I realized that he was letting me win, was guiding the game with such skill that no one but me realized what he was doing. He cleverly missed my returns by what seemed like a thousandth of an inch, feigning frustration, and placed his returns in seemingly impossible spots, but within my reach.

The noise of the crowd receded, diminished to a hush, broken only by the plopping of the ball on the table, the soft clunk of the ball on the rubber dimples of our paddles. A giant sigh rose from the crowd when an impressive point was made. I dared not take my eyes away from the game to look at Nicole.

Two games were being played at the same time, the sharp, take-no-prisoners game the hushed audience was observing and the subtle tender game in which Larry LaSalle was letting me win.

Finally, the score stood at 20 – 19. My favour. One point away from victory. I resisted meeting Larry LaSalle's eyes. It was still his serve. Crouching, waiting, I finally looked at him, saw his narrowed eyes. They were suddenly inscrutable, mysterious. A shudder made me tremble, as I realized that he could easily win the next two points and take the championship away from me. He could win it so easily and so humiliatingly that the crowd – Nicole – would know instantly that he had been toying with me all along.

The perfect serve came my way but my return was perfect. We entered a see-saw cycle, hit and return, repeating endlessly, near-misses and lunging stabs, until finally the ball came to my side, a breath-taking shot that veered to the table's edge, causing the crowd to gasp, although he and I knew that it was within my reach. His final gift to me. Lunging, I returned the ball to the only place it could go, impossible for him to return.

**(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 relationship between Kathy and Ruth presented in *Never Let Me Go*?

[20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) 'Never Let Me Go is about the steady erosion of hope'. 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.*

What was so special about this song? Well, the thing was, I didn't used to listen properly to the words; I just waited for that bit that went: 'Baby, baby, never let me go ...' And what I'd imagine was a woman who'd been told she couldn't have babies, who'd really, really wanted them all her life. Then there's a sort of miracle and she has a baby, and she holds this baby very close to her and walks around singing: 'Baby, never let me go ...' partly because she's so happy, but also because she's so afraid something will happen, that the baby will get ill or be taken away from her. Even at the time, I realised this couldn't be right, that this interpretation didn't fit with the rest of the lyrics. But that wasn't an issue with me. The song was about what I said, and I used to listen to it again and again, on my own, whenever I got the chance.

There was one strange incident around this time I should tell you about here. It really unsettled me, and although I wasn't to find out its real meaning until years later, I think I sensed, even then, some deeper significance to it.

It was a sunny afternoon and I'd gone to our dorm to get something. I remember how bright it was because the curtains in our room hadn't been pulled back properly, and you could see the sun coming in in big shafts and see all the dust in the air. I hadn't meant to play the tape, but since I was there all by myself, an impulse made me get the cassette out of my collection box and put it into the player.

Maybe the volume had been turned right up by whoever had been using it last, I don't know. But it was much louder than I usually had it and that was probably why I didn't hear her before I did. Or maybe I'd just got complacent by then. Anyway, what I was doing was swaying about slowly in time to the song, holding an imaginary baby to my breast. In fact, to make it all the more embarrassing, it was one of those times I'd grabbed a pillow to stand in for the baby, and I was doing this slow dance, my eyes closed, singing along softly each time those lines came around again:

'Oh baby, *baby*, never let me go...'

The song was almost over when something made me realise I wasn't alone, and I opened my eyes to find myself staring at Madame framed in the doorway.

I froze in shock. Then within a second or two, I began to feel a new kind of alarm, because I could see there was something strange about the situation. The door was almost half open – it was a sort of rule we couldn't close dorm doors completely except for when we were sleeping – but Madame hadn't nearly come up to the threshold. She was out in the corridor, standing very still, her head angled to one side to give her a view of what I was doing inside. And the odd thing was she was crying.

**(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 relationship between Marcus and Ellie at this point in the novel? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) All of the main characters in *About A Boy* change as a result of the events of the novel. Which character do you think changes the most? Show how Nick Hornby's presentation of your chosen character suggests the changes in his or her character. [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Nick Hornby present families and family life in *About A Boy*? [20 + 4]

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

They didn't talk on the train at first; every now and again Ellie would give a small sob, or threaten to press the emergency stop button, or threaten to do things to the people who looked at her when she swore or swigged from her bottle of vodka. Marcus felt exhausted. It was now perfectly clear to him that, even though he thought Ellie was great, and even though he was always pleased to see her at school, and even though she was funny and pretty and clever, he didn't want her to be his girlfriend. She just wasn't the right sort of person for him. He really needed to be with someone quieter, someone who liked reading and computer games, and Ellie needed to be with someone who liked drinking vodka and swearing in front of people and threatening to stop trains.

His mum had explained to him once (perhaps when she was going out with Roger, who wasn't like her at all) that sometimes people needed opposites, and Marcus could see how that might work: if you thought about it, right at this moment Ellie needed someone who was going to stop her from pressing the button more than she needed someone who loved pressing buttons, because if she was with someone who loved pressing buttons, they would have pressed it by now and they'd be on their way to prison. The trouble with this theory, though, was that actually it wasn't an awful lot of fun being the opposite of Ellie. It *had* been fun sometimes – at school, where Ellie's ... *Ellieness* could be contained. But out in the world it was no fun at all. It was frightening and embarrassing.

'Why does it matter so much?' he asked her quietly. 'I mean, I know you like his records and everything, and I know it's sad because of Frances Bean, but—'

'I loved him.'

'You didn't know him.'

'Of course I knew him. I listened to him sing every single day. I wear him every single day. The things he sings about, that's him. I know him better than I know you. He understood me.'

'He *understood* you?' How did that work? How did someone you had never met understand you?

'He knew what I felt, and he sang about it.'

Marcus tried to remember some of the words to the songs on the Nirvana record that Will had given him for Christmas. He had only ever been able to hear little bits: 'I feel stupid and contagious.' 'A mosquito.' 'I don't have a gun.' None of it meant anything to him.

'So what were you feeling?'

'Angry.'

'What about?'

'Nothing. Just ... life.'

**(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) How does Owen Sheers present the changing relationship between the women of the valley and the German soldiers in his novel? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

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

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

Sarah was on her knees sweeping the ash from under the range when she heard footsteps outside followed by a sharp rap on the kitchen door. She looked up, still on her knees, to see it already opening.

'Hello?' she said.

The clear night outside was washed with moonlight. She could make out a figure silhouetted in the door frame. A man's figure.

'Tom?' she said quietly, leaning forward on the palms of her hands. The figure didn't move. 'Tom?' she said again louder, her frown unfolding to the tremors of a smile. The figure stepped forward into the kitchen and it was then, by the dim light of a single lantern, that Sarah saw the battered grey-green serge of Albrecht's uniform. She gasped and jumped back onto her heels, sending the rack of iron pokers and tongs beside the fireplace clattering over the flagstones.

'Please,' Albrecht said, slotting his pistol back into its holster and holding out his hand. 'Don't be alarmed, please.'

Sarah tipped herself further away until she felt the iron of the range's oven, still warm at her back. She held the brush she'd been sweeping with across her chest, its bristles over her heart.

'Please,' Albrecht said again, 'I didn't mean to surprise you.'

Sarah saw movement behind him. A darker shadow shifting in the night. There was someone else there, in the yard. Why were the dogs so quiet? She'd heard them barking but had been too tired to go out and silence them. She'd thought they were just excited from their day's work out on the hill.

'You are Sarah Lewis?' Albrecht said, looking down at a notepad.

She looked back into the soldier's face. The candlelight reflected off the lenses of his glasses. Without his eyes she couldn't read his expression. She nodded, unable to bring enough air into her clenched chest to do anything else.

'Good,' Albrecht said. The word dislodged a rattle in his throat and turning to one side he coughed heavily into his gloved hand. The cough was deep, hoarse. 'Excuse me,' he said, turning back to face her. He gestured to one of the chairs around the kitchen table. 'Please, sit down.'

His voice surprised her. He spoke an English Sarah had rarely heard. Clean, clear, precise, like the English of the estate owners around Abergavenny, but gentler, more careful. In this last request, however, she'd detected the slightest hint of an order. She didn't want to press that voice any further, so slowly she stood up and pulled out a chair from under the table. Still moving carefully, she sat in it.

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