



GCSE

4202/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2α

(Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)

HIGHER TIER

P.M. THURSDAY, 24 May 2012

2 hours

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4202
02/00/01

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.

Turn over.

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 speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about him to an audience? [10]

Either,

- (ii) To what extent is it possible to feel sympathy for the character of Othello, in your opinion? [20]

Or,

- (iii) *Othello* is a play about love, hatred and jealousy.

Choose **one** of these emotions and show how it is presented to an audience. [20]

IAGO I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

RODERIGO Adieu.

Exit.

IAGO That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it:
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too –
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge –
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into *my* seat – the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards.
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife –
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do –
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on –
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb
(For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too),
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass –
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here (*tapping his head*) – but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

(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 Beatrice and Benedick speak and behave here? What does it reveal to an audience about their relationship at this point in the play? [10]

Either,

- (ii) What do you think of Claudio and the way he is presented to an audience? [20]

Or,

- (iii) How are deceit and trickery important to the play as a whole? [20]

BENEDICK Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
 BEATRICE Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
 BENEDICK I will not desire that.
 BEATRICE You have no reason: I do it freely.
 BENEDICK Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.
 BEATRICE Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
 BENEDICK Is there any way to show such friendship?
 BEATRICE A very even way, but no such friend.
 BENEDICK May a man do it?
 BEATRICE It is a man's office, but not yours.
 BENEDICK I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?
 BEATRICE As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you. But believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.
 BENEDICK By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
 BEATRICE Do not swear and eat it.
 BENEDICK I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.
 BEATRICE Will you not eat your word?
 BENEDICK With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.
 BEATRICE Why, then, God forgive me!
 BENEDICK What offence, sweet Beatrice?
 BEATRICE You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved *you*.
 BENEDICK And do it with all thy heart.
 BEATRICE I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.
 BENEDICK Come, bid me do anything for thee.
 BEATRICE Kill Claudio.
 BENEDICK Ha! Not for the wide world.
 BEATRICE You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
 BENEDICK Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
 BEATRICE I am gone though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go.
 BENEDICK Beatrice –
 BEATRICE In faith, I will go.
 BENEDICK We'll be friends first.
 BEATRICE You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.
 BENEDICK Is Claudio thine enemy?
 BEATRICE Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour – O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.
 BENEDICK Hear me, Beatrice –
 BEATRICE Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!
 BENEDICK Nay, but Beatrice –
 BEATRICE Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.
 BENEDICK Beat –
 BEATRICE Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect – a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment; and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
 BENEDICK Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
 BEATRICE Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

(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) Give advice to the actor playing Eric on how he should present the character to an audience. In your advice, you should include detailed reference to the play's events, characters, and themes. [20]

Or,

- (iii) Inspector Goole says, "We are responsible for each other." How does J.B. Priestley present this idea to an audience in *An Inspector Calls*? [20]

- MRS BIRLING If you think you can bring any pressure to bear upon me, Inspector, you're quite mistaken. Unlike the other three, I did nothing I'm ashamed of or that won't bear investigation. The girl asked for assistance. We were asked to look carefully into the claims made upon us. I wasn't satisfied with the girl's claim – she seemed to me to be not a good case – and so I used my influence to have it refused. And in spite of what's happened to the girl since, I consider I did my duty. So if I prefer not to discuss it any further, you have no power to make me change my mind.
- INSPECTOR Yes I have.
- MRS BIRLING No you haven't. Simply because I've done nothing wrong – and you know it.
- INSPECTOR (*very deliberately*) I think you did something terribly wrong – and that you're going to spend the rest of your life regretting it. I wish you'd been with me tonight in the Infirmary. You'd have seen –
- SHEILA (*bursting in*) No, no, please! Not that again. I've imagined it enough already.
- INSPECTOR (*very deliberately*) Then the next time you imagine it, just remember that this girl was going to have a child.
- SHEILA (*horrified*) No! Oh – horrible – horrible! How could she have wanted to kill herself?
- INSPECTOR Because she'd been turned out and turned down too many times. This was the end.
- SHEILA Mother, you must have known.
- INSPECTOR It was because she was going to have a child that she went for assistance to your mother's committee.
- BIRLING Look here, this wasn't Gerald Croft –
- INSPECTOR (*cutting in, sharply*) No, no. Nothing to do with him.
- SHEILA Thank goodness for that! Though I don't know why I should care now.
- INSPECTOR (*to MRS BIRLING*) And you've nothing further to tell me, eh?
- MRS BIRLING I'll tell you what I told her. Go and look for the father of the child. It's his responsibility.
- INSPECTOR That doesn't make it any the less yours. She came to you for help, at a time when no woman could have needed it more. And you not only refused it yourself but saw to it that the others refused it too. She was here alone, friendless, almost penniless, desperate. She needed not only money but advice, sympathy, friendliness. You've had children. You must have known what she was feeling. And you slammed the door in her face.
- SHEILA (*with feeling*) Mother, I think it was cruel and vile.
- BIRLING (*dubiously*) I must say, Sybil, that when this comes out at the inquest, it isn't going to do us much good. The Press might easily take it up –
- MRS BIRLING (*agitated now*) Oh, stop it, both of you. And please remember before you start accusing me of anything again that it wasn't I who had her turned out of her employment – which probably began it all.
- (*Turning to INSPECTOR.*) In the circumstances I think I was justified. The girl had began by telling us a pack of lies. Afterwards, when I got at the truth, I discovered that she knew who the father was, she was quite certain about that, and so I told her it was her business to make him responsible. If he refused to marry her – and in my opinion he ought to be compelled to – then he must at least support her.
- INSPECTOR And what did she reply to that?
- MRS BIRLING Oh – a lot of silly nonsense!
- INSPECTOR What was it?
- MRS BIRLING Whatever it was, I know it made me finally lose all patience with her. She was giving herself ridiculous airs. She was claiming elaborate fine feelings and scruples that were simply absurd in a girl in her position.
- INSPECTOR (*very sternly*) Her position now is that she lies with a burnt-out inside on a slab. (*As BIRLING tries to protest, turns on him*). Don't stammer and yammer at me again, man. I'm losing all patience with you people. *What did she say?*
- MRS BIRLING (*rather cowed*) She said that the father was only a youngster – silly and wild and drinking too much. There couldn't be any question of marrying him – it would be wrong for them both. He had given her money but she didn't want to take any more money from him.
- INSPECTOR Why didn't she want to take any more money from him?
- MRS BIRLING All a lot of nonsense – I didn't believe a word of it.

(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 Hobson speaks and behaves here? How may it affect an audience's feelings towards him? [10]

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Maggie. At the end of the play you think back over how you came to marry and set up your successful business with Willie Mossop. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Maggie would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

- (iii) A critic wrote, "The story of this play is the story of the transformation of Willie." To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Enter HOBSON, unshaven, without collar.

JIM *(with cheerful sympathy)*: Well, Henry!
HOBSON *(with acute melancholy and self-pity)*: Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim!
TUBBY Will you sit on the arm-chair by the fire or at the table?
HOBSON The table? Breakfast? Bacon? Bacon, and I'm like this.
JIM assists him to arm-chair.
JIM When a man's like this he wants a woman about the house, Henry.
HOBSON *(sitting)*: I'll want then.
TUBBY Shall I go for Miss Maggie, sir? – Mrs Mossop, I mean.
JIM I think your daughters should be here.
HOBSON They should. Only they're not. They're married, and I'm deserted by them all and I'll die deserted, then perhaps they'll be sorry for the way they've treated me. Tubby, have you got no work to do in the shop?
TUBBY I might find some if I looked hard.
HOBSON Then go and look. And take that bacon with you. I don't like the smell.
TUBBY *(getting bacon)*: Are you sure you wouldn't like Miss Maggie here? I'll go for her and – *(He holds the bacon very close to Hobson's face.)*
HOBSON Oh, go for her. Go for the Devil. What does it matter who you go for? I'm a dying man.
TUBBY takes bacon and goes out.
JIM What's all this talk about dying, Henry?
HOBSON Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim! I've sent for the doctor. We'll know soon how near the end is.
JIM Well, this is very sudden. You've never been ill in your life.
HOBSON It's been saved up, and all come now at once.
JIM What are the symptoms, Henry?
HOBSON I'm all one symptom, head to foot. I'm frightened of myself, Jim. That's worst. You *would* call me a clean man, Jim?
JIM Clean? Of course I would. Clean in body and mind.
HOBSON I'm dirty now. I haven't washed this morning. Couldn't face the water. The only use I saw for water was to drown myself. The same with shaving. I've thrown my razor through the window. Had to or I'd have cut my throat.
JIM Oh, come, come.
HOBSON It's awful. I'll never trust myself again. I'm going to grow a beard – if I live.
JIM You'll cheat the undertaker, Henry, but I fancy a doctor could improve you. What do you reckon is the cause of it now?
HOBSON 'Moonraker's'.
JIM You don't think –
HOBSON I don't think. I know. I've seen it happen to others, but I never thought that it would come to me.

(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:

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

Either,

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

Or,

- (iii) *A Taste of Honey* was written, and was set, in the 1950s. Even so it was recently described as being “ahead of its time” and equally relevant for 21st century audiences. To what extent do you agree? [20]

- JO I'll set the cups and we'll have a celebration, then you'll have to study for your exams. It's a bit daft talking about getting married, isn't it? We're already married. We've been married for a thousand years.
(*They march in together from the kitchen, he with the cake, she with the tea things.*)
- GEOF (*putting it down*): Here, look at that. What are you going to call it?
- JO What, the cake?
- GEOF (*laughing*): No, Jo, the baby.
- JO I think I'll give it to you, Geof. You like babies, don't you? I might call it Number One. It'll always be number one to itself.
(*HELEN enters, loaded with baggage as in Act One, Scene One.*)
- HELEN Anybody at home? Well, I'm back. You see, I couldn't stay away, could I? There's some flowers for you, Jo. The barrows are smothered in them. Oh! How I carried that lot from the bus stop I'll never know. The old place looks a bit more cheerful, doesn't it? I say, there's a nice homely smell. Have you been doing a bit of baking? I'll tell you one thing, it's a lovely day for flitting.
- JO Would you like a cup of tea, Helen?
- HELEN Have you got anything stronger? Oh no, course you haven't! Go on, I'll have a cup with you. Let's have a look at you, love. I arrived just in time, by the look of things, didn't I? How are you, love? Everything straightforward? Been having your regular check-up and doing all them exercises and all the things they go in for nowadays? That's a good girl. Have you got everything packed?
- JO Packed?
- HELEN Yes.
- JO But I'm not going into hospital.
- HELEN You're not having it here, are you?
- GEOF Yes, she didn't want to go away.
- HELEN Oh my God, is he still here? I thought he would be.
- GEOF Do you want a piece of cake, Jo?
- JO Yes, please.
- HELEN You can't have a baby in this dump. Why don't you use a bit of sense for once and go into hospital? They've got everything to hand there. I mean, sometimes the first one can be a bit tricky.
- GEOF There's going to be nothing tricky about it; it's going to be perfectly all right, isn't it, Jo?
- HELEN Who do you think you are, the Flying Doctor?
- JO Look, I've made up my mind I want to have it here. I don't like hospitals.
- HELEN Have you ever been in hospital?
- JO No.
- HELEN Well, how do you know what it's like? Oo! Give me a cup of tea quick.
- GEOF Oh well, we've got a district nurse coming in.
- HELEN Oh my God, my feet are killing me. How I got that lot from the bus stop I'll never know.
- JO Well what are you lugging all the cases about for?
- HELEN I've come to look after you. It's just as well, by the look of things. (*Whispers to Jo.*)
- JO Well, it's going to be a bit crowded, you know. Is your husband coming and all? Is he moving in too?
- HELEN There wouldn't be much room for two of us on that couch, would there?
- JO That's Geoffrey's bed.
- GEOF It's all right, Jo, I don't mind moving out.

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 suggests Paddy's feelings here. [10]

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Paddy's da. Some time after the end of novel you think back over some of its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Paddy's da would think and speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

- (iii) A critic said, "Paddy's growing up is painfully bitter." How does Roddy Doyle present the painful bitterness of Paddy's childhood in his novel? [20]

They were both to blame. It took two to tango. It didn't take three; there was no room for me. I couldn't do anything. Because I didn't know how to stop it from starting. I could pray and cry and stay up all night, and that way make sure that it ended but I couldn't stop it from starting. I didn't understand. I never would. No amount of listening and being there would give it to me. I just didn't know. I was stupid.

It wasn't lots of little fights. It was one big one, rounds of the same fight. And it wouldn't stop after fifteen rounds like in boxing. It was like one of the matches from the olden days where they wore no gloves and they kept punching till one of them was knocked out or killed. Ma and Da had gone way past Round Fifteen; they'd been fighting for years – it made sense now – but the breaks between the rounds were getting shorter, that was the big difference. One of them would soon fall over.

My ma. I wanted it to be my da. He was bigger. I didn't want it to be him either.

I could do nothing. Sometimes, when you were thinking about something, trying to understand it, it opened up in your head without you expecting it to, like it was a soft spongy light unfolding, and you understood, it made sense forever. They said it was brains but it wasn't; it was luck, like catching a fish or finding a shilling on the road. Sometimes you gave up and suddenly the sponge opened. It was brilliant, it was like growing taller. It wouldn't happen this time though, never. I could think and think and concentrate and nothing would ever happen.

I was the ref.

I was the ref they didn't know about. Deaf and dumb. Invisible as well.

– Seconds away –

I wanted no one to win. I wanted the fight to go on forever, to never end, I could control it so that it lasted and lasted.

– Break –

In between them.

– Burr-rreak!

Bouncing; my hands on their chests.

Ding, ding ding.

(b) *Heroes*

Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Robert Cormier present the character of Larry LaSalle in this extract? [10]

Either,

- (ii) How does Robert Cormier present the character of Nicole in his novel? [20]

Or,

- (iii) “A story of revenge.” To what extent do you agree with this description of *Heroes*? [20]

Larry LaSalle was everywhere in the centre, showing how strips of leather could be made into key chains, old wine jugs into lamps, lumps of clay into ashtrays. He tamed the notorious schoolyard bully, Butch Bartoneau, convincing him that he could sing, coaching him patiently day after day, until Butch's version of 'The Dying Cowboy' brought tears to the eyes of everyone in the Wreck Centre's first musical production, *Autumn Leaves*.

'But he still beats up kids in the schoolyard,' Joey LeBlanc observed.

Under Larry LaSalle's guidance, Edna Beauchene, tall and gawky and shy, became the hit of the show, dressed like a bum and dancing an intricate routine with ash-cans, winning applause like a Broadway star.

'You are all stars,' Larry LaSalle always told us.

Rumours told us that Larry LaSalle had also been a star, performing in night-clubs in New York and Chicago. Someone brought in a faded newspaper clipping, showing him in a tuxedo, standing beside a night-club placard that read 'Starring Larry LaSalle.' We knew little about him, however, and he discouraged questions. We knew that he was born in Frenchtown and his family left to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Larry had taken dance lessons at Madame Toussaint's studio downtown as a boy and had won first prize in an amateur contest at Monument City Hall when he was nine or ten.

Why did he turn his back on show business and return to Frenchtown?

No one dared to ask him although there were dark hints that he had 'gotten into trouble' in New York City, a rumour Joey LeBlanc delighted in repeating, with raised eyebrows and a knowing look.

Dazzled by his talent and his energy, none of us dwelt on the rumours. In fact, the air of mystery that surrounded him added to his glamour. He was our champion and we were happy to be in his presence.

(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) What do you think of Ruth and the way she is presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

- (iii) *Never Let Me Go* has been described as “a dark and upsetting story”. To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

The afternoon Madame's car was spotted coming across the fields, it was windy and sunny, with a few storm clouds starting to gather. We were in Room 9 – on the first floor at the front of the house – and when the whisper went around, poor Mr Frank, who was trying to teach us spelling, couldn't understand why we'd suddenly got so restless.

The plan we'd come up with to test Ruth's theory was very simple: we – the six of us in on it – would lie in wait for Madame somewhere, then 'swarm out' all around her, all at once. We'd all remain perfectly civilised and just go on our way, but if we timed it right, and she was taken off-guard, we'd see – Ruth insisted – that she really was afraid of us.

Our main worry was that we just wouldn't get an opportunity during the short time she was at Hailsham. But as Mr Frank's class drew to an end, we could see Madame, directly below in the courtyard, parking her car. We had a hurried conference out on the landing, then followed the rest of the class down the stairs and loitered just inside the main doorway. We could see out into the bright courtyard, where Madame was still sitting behind the wheel, rummaging in her briefcase. Eventually she emerged from the car and came towards us, dressed in her usual grey suit, her briefcase held tightly to herself in both arms. At a signal from Ruth we all sauntered out, moving straight for her, but like we were all in a dream. Only when she came to a stiff halt did we each murmur. 'Excuse me, Miss,' and separate.

I'll never forget the strange change that came over us the next instant. Until that point, this whole thing about Madame had been, if not a joke exactly, very much a private thing we'd wanted to settle among ourselves. We hadn't thought much about how Madame herself, or anyone else, would come into it. What I mean is, until then, it had been a pretty light-hearted matter, with a bit of a dare element to it. And it wasn't even as though Madame did anything other than what we predicted she'd do: she just froze and waited for us to pass by. She didn't shriek, or even let out a gasp. But we were all so keenly tuned in to picking up her response, and that's probably, why it had such an effect on us. As she came to a halt, I glanced quickly at her face – as did the others, I'm sure. And I can still see it now, the shudder she seemed to be suppressing, the real dread that one of us would accidentally brush against her. And though we just kept on walking, we all felt it; it was like we'd walked from the sun right into chilly shade. Ruth had been right: Madame *was* afraid of us. But she was afraid of us in the same way someone might be afraid of spiders. We hadn't been ready for that. It had never occurred to us to wonder how *we* would feel, being seen like that, being the spiders.

By the time we'd crossed the courtyard and reached the grass, we were a very different group from the one that had stood about excitedly waiting for Madame to get out of her car. Hannah looked ready to burst into tears. Even Ruth looked really shaken.

(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 suggest Marcus's character in this extract? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

- (iii) How does Nick Hornby present the changing relationship between Marcus and his mother, Fiona, in *About a Boy*? [20]

Contrary to what he told Will, Marcus wasn't really bothered about leaving his mum on her own. He knew that if she did try anything again it wouldn't be for a while, because right now she was still in this weird, calm mood. But telling Will that he wanted his mum to come with them was a way of getting her and Will together, and after that, he reckoned, it should be easy. His mum was pretty, and Will seemed quite well off, they could go and live with Will and his kid, and then there'd be four of them, and four was twice as good as two. And maybe, if they wanted to, they could have a baby. His mum wasn't too old. She was thirty-eight. You could have a baby when you were thirty-eight. So then there would be five of them, and it wouldn't matter quite so much if one of them died. Well, it would matter, of course it would matter, but at least it wouldn't leave somebody, him or his mum or Will or his little boy, completely on their own. Marcus, didn't even know whether he liked Will or not, but that didn't come into it any more; he could see he wasn't bad, or a drunk, or violent, so he would have to do.

It wasn't as if he didn't know anything about Will, because he did: Marcus had checked him out. On his way back from school one afternoon he had seen Will out shopping, and he had followed him home like a private detective. He hadn't really found out much about him, apart from where he lived and what shops he went in. But he seemed to be on his own – no girlfriend, no wife, no little boy, even. Unless the little boy was with his girlfriend at home. But if he had a girlfriend, why was he trying to chat up Suzie?

'What time is this guy coming?' his mum asked. They were tidying the house and listening to *Exodus* by Bob Marley.

'In about ten minutes. You're going to get changed, aren't you?'

'Why?'

'Because you look a wreck, and he's going to take us to Planet Hollywood for lunch.' Will didn't know that last bit yet, because Marcus hadn't told him, but he wouldn't mind.

She looked at him, 'Why does it bother you what I wear?'

'Planet Hollywood.'

'What about it?'

'You don't want to look like an old bag there. In case one of them sees you.'

'In case one of who sees me?'

'Bruce Willis or one of them.'

'Marcus, they won't be there, you know.'

'They're there all the time. Unless they're working. And even then they try to make films in London so they can go for lunch.'

Fiona laughed and laughed. 'Who told you that?'

A kid at his old school called Sam Lovell had told him that.

Now Marcus thought about it, Sam had told him some other things that turned out not to be true: that Michael Jackson and Janet Jackson were the same the person, and that Mr Harrison the French teacher had been in the Beatles.

'It's just well known.'

'Do you still want to go there if you're not going to see any stars?'

He didn't really, but he wasn't going to let her know that.

'Yeah. Course.'

His mum shrugged and went off to get changed.

(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 is the character of Maggie important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

- (iii) To what extent do you find the ending of *Resistance* a satisfying conclusion to the novel? [20]

Shifting himself a little higher up the ridge he lay against, George lowered his head to the eyepiece of the sight. His whole body felt transparent with lightness, the pulse of his blood heavy in his veins. The circular view of the sight wavered and trembled, eclipsed by thin crescents of darkness at either side, as he watched Maggie reach the end of the orchard and undo the latch of the gate to lead the colt through into the long grassed meadow. There were tall thistles at the field's edge, between which a charm of goldfinches flitted and sparked. As the colt came into the meadow he whinnied to the mare grazing in the field beyond. Maggie slipped off his head collar then watched as he trotted away to nose with his mother over the hedge. Excited by the sudden space of the field after his night in the stable, the colt cantered down and up the slope, eventually coming to a stop near Maggie, where, after sniffing at the grass, he dropped to the ground to roll, shifting himself from one side to the other with grunts and snorts through his nostrils. When he stood again he began to graze, letting Maggie walk up and stroke his neck and flanks as he did.

George could see Maggie's lips moving. She was talking to the horse as she brushed her hand over his mane. He tried to control his breathing which had become rapid and shallow. The trigger felt cold as his finger touched it, making the cross hairs shiver over Maggie and the yearling. 'Simply not an option. Will not any in circumstances be tolerated.' He heard the man's voice in his ear again, steady and sure. Then he thought of the empty villages outside Hereford (one thousand), of his mother, weeping on the trough (two thousand), of the young lieutenant barking questions into his face (three thousand), of loose change jangling in the pockets of soldiers (four thousand), of his sister, laughing.

Maggie was looking up at the Hatterall ridge trying to see where the flock were grazing when she heard the bullet's whine followed immediately by the soft thud of its impact. When she turned round Glyndwr was still standing, a dark pearl of blood welling in his right ear. But then he began to fall, slowly at first, tilting up the slope, his legs buckling until he collapsed to the ground with the sound of a woolsack, full to straining, thrown from the back of a wagon. Only then, when he lay at her feet, did Maggie see the horse's left eye, exploded into a purple and red pulp, like an over-ripe damson undone by the beaks of hungry birds.