INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION TO CANDIDATES

- Write your answers on the separate answer paper/booklet provided.
- Write your Centre Number, Candidate Number and Name on the answer sheet in the spaces provided.
- Write in dark blue or black pen.
- Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

- This examination paper consists of 3 sections:
  Section A: Drama
  Section B: Novel
  Section C: Poetry

- Candidates must answer ONE question from each section. In total you MUST answer THREE questions.
SECTION A: DRAMA

QUESTION 1  Context-based

'Master Harold' ... and the Boys by Athol Fugard

Read the following extract from the play and then answer the question that follows.

HALLY. Let's stop bullshitting ourselves, Sam.
SAM.  Have we been doing that?
HALLY. Yes! That's what all our talk about a decent world has been ... just so much bullshit.
SAM.  We did say it was still only a dream.
HALLY. And a bloody useless one at that. Life's a fuck-up and it's never going to change.
SAM.  Ja, maybe that's true.
HALLY. There's no maybe about it. It's a blunt and brutal fact.
All we've done this afternoon is waste our time.
SAM.  Not if we'd got your homework done.
HALLY. I don't give a shit about my homework, so, for Christ's sake, just shut up about it.
[Slamming books viciously into his school case.]  Hurry up now and finish your work. I want to lock up and get out of here.  [Pause] And then we go where? Home-sweet-fucking-home. Jesus, I hate that word.  [Hally goes to the counter to put the brandy bottle and comics in his school case. After a moment's hesitation, he smashes the bottle of brandy. He abandons all further attempts to hide his feelings. Sam and Willie work away as unobtrusively as possible.] Do you want to know what is really wrong with your lovely little dream, Sam? It's not just that we are all bad dancers. That does happen to be perfectly true, but there's more to it than just that. You left out the cripples.
SAM.  Hally!
HALLY. [Now totally reckless.]  Ja! Can't leave them out, Sam. That's why we always end up on our backsides on the dance floor. They're also out there dancing ... like a bunch of broken spiders trying to do the quickstep!  [An ugly attempt at laughter.] When you come to think of it, it's a bloody comical sight. I mean, it's bad enough on two legs ... but one and a pair of crutches! Hell, no, Sam. That's guaranteed to turn that dance floor into a shambles. Why you shaking your head? Picture it, man. For once this afternoon let's use our imaginations sensibly.
SAM.  Be careful. Hally.
HALLY. Of what? The truth? I seem to be the only one around here who is prepared to face it. We've had the pretty dream, it's time now to wake up and have a good long look at the way things really are. Nobody knows the steps, there's no music, the cripples are also out there tripping up everybody and trying to get into the act, and it's all called the All-Comers-How-to-Make-a-Fuckup-of-Life Championships.  [Another ugly laugh.] Hang on, Sam! The best bit is still coming. Do you know what the winner's trophy is? A beautiful chamberpot with roses on the side, and it's full to the brim with piss. And guess who I think is going to be this year's winner.
SAM.  [Almost shouting.]  Stop now!
HALLY. [Suddenly appalled by how far he has gone.]  Why?
SAM. Hally! It's your father you're talking about.
HALLY. So?
SAM. Do you know what you've been saying?
[Hally can't answer. He is rigid with shame. Sam speaks to him sternly.]
No, Hally, you mustn't do it. Take back those words and ask for forgiveness! It's a terrible sin for a son to mock his father with jokes like that. You'll be punished if you carry on. Your father is your father, even if he is a ... cripple man.
WILLIE. Yes, Master Hally. Is true what Sam say.
SAM. I understand how you are feeling, Hally, but even so ...
HALLY. No, you don't!
SAM. I think I do.
HALLY. And I'm telling you you don't. Nobody does. [Speaking carefully as his shame turns to rage at Sam.] It's your turn to be careful, Sam. Very careful. You're treading on dangerous ground. Leave me and my father alone.
SAM. I'm not the one who's been saying things about him.
HALLY. What goes on between me and my Dad is none of your business!
SAM. Then don't tell me about it. If that's all you've got to say about him, I don't want to hear.
[For a moment Hally is at loss for a response.]
In this extract Hally reveals his attitude towards his father. Analyse how Fugard exposes Hally's deep frustration with his own circumstances and consider how Sam's reaction here reveals and strengthens Sam's character.

Your analysis should treat relevant themes, symbols, characterisation and linguistic techniques.

[20]

OR

QUESTION 2 Essay

At the end of Master Harold ... and the Boys, Sam says "... there was a hell of a lot of teaching going on ... one way or the other." The teaching in the play is also linked to the theme of racism.

Write an essay in which you explore how these two themes are linked in the play.

[20]
Answer one question from this Section.

**Animal Farm: George Orwell**

**QUESTION 3 Context-based**

Read the following extract from Animal Farm and then answer the question that follows.

Pre-eminent among the pigs were two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon, whom Mr Jones was breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious pig than Napoleon, quicker in speech and more inventive, but was not considered to have the same depth of character.

These two had elaborated old Major’s teachings into a complete system of thought, to which they gave the name of Animalism.

Then Snowball (for it was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out Manor Farm from the top bar of the gate and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM.

‘Now, comrades,’ said Snowball, throwing down the paintbrush, ‘to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour to get in the harvest more quickly than Jones and his men could do.’

Snowball busied himself with organizing the other animals into what he called Animal Committees. He was indefatigable at this. He formed the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows, the Wild Comrades’ Re-education Committee (the object of this was to tame the rats and rabbits), the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, and various others, besides instituting classes in reading and writing.

Napoleon took no interest in Snowball’s committees. He said that the education of the young was more important than anything that could be done for those who were already grown up. It happened that Jessie and Bluebell had both whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for their education. He took them up into a loft which could only be reached by a ladder from the harness-room, and there kept them in such seclusion that the rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. Each had his own following, and there were some violent debates. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his brilliant speeches, but Napoleon was better at canvassing support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of late the sheep had taken to bleating ‘Four legs good, two legs bad’ both in and out of season, and they often interrupted the Meeting with this. It was noticed that they were especially liable to break into ‘Four legs good, two legs bad’ at the crucial moments in Snowball’s speeches. Snowball was full of plans for innovations and improvements. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snowball’s would come to nothing, and seemed to be
biding his time. But of all their controversies, none was so bitter as the one that took place over the windmill.

Snowball declared that this could be built to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with electrical power. This would light the stalls and warm them in winter, and would also run a circular saw, a chaff cutter, a mangel-slicer, and an electric milking machine. The animals listened in astonished while Snowball conjured up pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while they grazed at their ease in the fields or improved their minds with reading and conversation.

Within a few weeks Snowball’s plan for the windmill was fully worked out.

Only Napoleon held aloof. He had declared himself against the windmill from the start. One day, however, he walked round the shed, and urinated over the plans.

Snowball did not deny that to build a windmill would be a difficult business, but he declared, so much labour would be saved that the animals would only need to work three days a week. Napoleon, on the other hand, argued that the great need of the moment was to increase food production, and that if they wasted time on the windmill they would all starve to death.

Apart from the disputes over the windmill, there was the question of the defence of the farm.

Snowball and Napoleon were in disagreement. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to procure firearms and train themselves in the use of them. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion among the animals on the other farms.

At the Meeting on the following Sunday the question of whether or not to begin work on the windmill was to be put to the vote. Snowball stood up and, though occasionally interrupted by bleating from the sheep, set forth his reason for advocating the building of the windmill. Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and broke into a passionate appeal in favour of the windmill. In glowing sentences he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was lifted from the animals’ backs. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball, uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter before.

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him.

Write an essay in which you discuss how Napoleon’s and Snowball’s plans for the future of Animal Farm differed. You should also explain why Napoleon was more successful than Snowball and how they used different leadership styles to achieve their goals.
QUESTION 4

Was the aim of Animalism freedom from man or freedom from domination? Explain the goals of Animalism and discuss to what extent they were achieved.
SECTION C: POETRY

Answer one question from this Section.
You may answer either Question 5 or Question 6.

QUESTION 5
Mountain Lion by D.H. Lawrence

Read the poem Mountain Lion and then answer the question that follows.

Climbing through the January snow, into the Lobo canyon
Dark grow the spruce-trees, blue is the balsam, water sounds
still unfrozen, and the trail is still evident.

Men!
Two men!
Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

They hesitate.
We hesitate.
They have a gun.
We have no gun.

Then we all advance, to meet.

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and snow
and inwardness of the Lobo valley.
What are you doing here on this vanishing trail?

What is he carrying?
Something yellow.
A deer?

Qué tiene, amigo?
León-

He smiles, foolishly, as if he were caught doing wrong.
And we smile, foolishly, as if we didn’t know.
He is quite gentle and dark-faced.

It is a mountain lion,
A long, long slim cat, yellow like a lioness.
Dead.
He trapped her this morning, he says, smiling foolishly.

Lift up her face,
Her round, bright face, bright as frost.
Her round, fine-fashioned head, with two dead ears;
And stripes in the brilliant frost of her face, sharp, fine dark rays,
Dark, keen, fine eyes in the brilliant frost of her face.
Beautiful dead eyes.

_Hermoso es!

They go out towards the open;
We go on into the gloom of Lobo.
And above the trees I found her lair,
A hole in the blood-orange brilliant rocks that stick up, a little cave.
And bones, and twigs, and a perilous ascent.

So, she will never leap up that way again with the yellow flash of a mountain lion’s long shoot!
And her bright striped frost-face will never watch any more, out of the shadow of the cave in the blood-orange rock,
Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-mouth!

Instead, I look out.
And out to the dim of the desert, like a dream, never real;
To the snow of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the ice of the mountains of Picoris,
And near across at the opposite steep of snow, green trees motionless standing in snow, like a Christmas toy.
And I think in the world beyond there was room for me and a mountain lion.
And I think in the world beyond, how easily we might spare a million or two of humans
And never miss them.
Yet what a gap in the world, the missing white frost-face of that slim yellow mountain lion!

_D.H. Lawrence_

When the poet meets two men carrying a dead mountain lion, he experiences a range of feelings and emotions.

Discuss these by referring to the words and images used in the poem.

_20 ÷ 2 = 10_

**OR**
QUESTION 6

_Anthem for Doomed Youth by Wilfred Owen_

Read the poem _Anthem for Doomed Youth_ and then answer the question that follows.

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles’ rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls’ brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

The poem depicts the cruelty and waste of human life which is caused by war.

Explore the poet’s attitude towards war and give details of specific techniques he uses to communicate this.

[20 ÷ 2 = 10]

[TOTAL: 50]