

**S7 EXAMINATIONS, 2015**  
**- MR. LOMAS**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
ADVANCED  
(MOTHER TONGUE)**

**ALTERNATIVE PAPER**

**DATE: FEBRUARY 2015**

**LENGTH OF THE EXAMINATION: 4 HOURS (240 MINUTES)**

**PERMITTED EQUIPMENT: None**

**SPECIAL REMARKS: Answer ALL THREE questions**

There is a choice of questions in Parts 2 and 3

*Each of your answers will be marked equally for content (i.e. the knowledge and understanding you show of texts) and expression (i.e. the ambition and accuracy shown in your spelling, punctuation and grammar)*





## PART 2 - QUESTION 2

Answer **ONE** of the following questions on the theme, *Thicker than Water - Family and Community Ties*.

In your answer, you should make *detailed* reference to at least *two* of the texts that you have studied. You should not repeat any material presented in your answer to Question 1.

### EITHER:

- (i) "There is no such thing as fun for the whole family." (Jerry Seinfeld)

Discuss how the texts you have studied approach the problem of reconciling the needs of individuals within close families, groups or societies.

**(40 marks)**

### OR:

- (ii) Philip Larkin wrote that parents 'fill you with the faults they had / And add some extra, just for you.' (*This Be the Verse*).

How far do you agree? Discuss with reference to at least two of the texts you have studied.

**(40 marks)**

### PART 3 - QUESTION 3

Answer ONE of the following questions

EITHER:

- (i) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying particular attention to content and style.

(20 marks)

**'Out, Out - '**

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard  
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,  
Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.  
And from there those that lifted eyes could count  
5 Five mountain ranges one behind the other  
Under the sunset far into Vermont.  
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,  
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.  
And nothing happened: day was all but done.  
10 Call it a day, I wish they might have said  
To please the boy by giving him the half hour  
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.  
His sister stood beside him in her apron  
To tell them 'Supper.' At the word, the saw,  
15 As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,  
Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap -  
He must have given the hand. However it was,  
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!  
The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh,  
20 As he swung toward them holding up the hand  
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep  
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all -  
Since he was old enough to know, big boy  
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart -  
25 He saw all spoiled. 'Don't let him cut my hand off -  
The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!'  
So. But the hand was gone already.  
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.  
He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.  
30 And then - the watcher at his pulse took fright.  
No one believed. They listened at his heart.  
Little- less - nothing! - and that ended it.  
No more to build on there. And they, since they  
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

Robert Frost (1874-1963), *Mountain Interval* (Holt, 1916)

**OR:**

**(ii) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to content and style.**

**(20 marks)**

He heard the woman's voice before he reached the top of the stairs. She was saying: 'I only want to speak to you for your own good,' but he had to strain to catch Rose's reply.

'Let me be, why won't you let me be?'

5 'It's the business of everyone who thinks right.'

The Boy could see into the room now, from the head of the stairs, though the broad back, the large loose dress, the square hips of the woman nearly blocked his view of Rose, who stood back against the wall in an attitude of sullen defiance. Small and bony in the black cotton dress and the white apron, her eyes stained but tearless, startled  
10 and determined, she carried her courage with a kind of comic inadequacy, like the little man in the bowler put up by the management to challenge the strong man at a fair. She said: 'You'd better let me be.'

It was Nelson Place and Manor Street which stood there in the servant's bedroom, and for a moment he felt no antagonism but a faint nostalgia. He was aware that she  
15 belonged to his life, like a room or a chair: she was something that completed him; he thought: 'She's got more guts than Spicer.' What was most evil in him needed her: it couldn't get along without goodness. He said softly: 'What are you worrying my girl about?' and the claim he made was curiously sweet to his ears, like a refinement of cruelty. After all, though he had aimed higher than Rose, he had this comfort: she  
20 couldn't have gone lower than himself. He stood there with a smirk on his face, when the woman turned; 'between the stirrup and the ground', he had learned the fallacy of that comfort; if he had attached to himself some bright, brassy skirt, like the ones he'd seen at the Cosmopolitan, his triumph after all wouldn't have been so great. He smirked at the pair of them, nostalgia driven out by a surge of sad sensuality. She was good,  
25 he'd discovered that, and he was damned; they were made for each other.

'You leave her alone,' the woman said. 'I know all about you.' It was as if she were in a strange country: the typical Englishwoman abroad. She hadn't even got a phrase book. She was as far from them as she was from Hell – or Heaven. Good and evil lived in the same country, spoke the same language, came together like old friends, feeling  
30 the same completion, holding hands beside the iron bedstead. 'You want to do what's Right, Rose?' she implored.

Rose whispered again: 'You let us be.'

'You're a Good Girl, Rose. You don't want anything to do with Him.'

'You don't know a thing.'

35 There was nothing she could do at the moment but threaten from the door: 'I haven't finished with you yet. I've got friends.'

The Boy watched her go in amazement. He said: 'Who the hell is she?'

'I don't know,' Rose said.

'I've never seen her before.' The vaguest memory pricked him and passed.

40 'What did she want?'

'I don't know.'

'You're a good girl, Rose,' the Boy said, pressing his fingers round the small sharp wrist.

50 She shook her head. 'I'm bad.' She implored him: 'I want to be bad if she's good and you –'

'You'll never be anything but good,' the Boy said, 'There's some wouldn't like you for that, but I don't care.'

'I'll do anything for you. Tell me what to do. I don't want to be like her.'

55 'It's not what you do,' the Boy said, 'it's what you think.' He boasted. 'It's in the blood. Perhaps when they christened me the holy water didn't take. I never howled the devil out.'

'Is she good?' She came weakly to him for instruction.

'She?' The Boy laughed. 'She's just nothing.'

'We can't stay here,' Rose said. 'I wish we could.' She looked round her, at a badly  
60 foxed steel engraving of Van Tromp's victory, the three black bedsteads, the two mirrors, the single chest of drawers, the pale mauve knots of flowers on the wallpaper, as if she was safer here than he could ever be in the squally summer night outside. 'It's a nice room.' She wanted to share it with him till it became a home for both of them.

'How'd you like to leave this place?'

65 'Snow's? Oh, no, it's a good place. I wouldn't want to be anywhere else than Snow's.'

'I mean marry me.'

*(Graham Greene: 'Brighton Rock' - 1938)*