

Section 1 – Drama

Noel Coward: *Private Lives*
 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*
 Harold Pinter: *The Homecoming*
 Alan Bennett: *The History Boys*
 Polly Stenham: *That Face*
 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend 45 minutes on this section.

1 Noel Coward: *Private Lives*

Either

- (a) 'Amanda can't live without Elyot; she can't live with him, either.'

Consider this view of the role of Amanda in *Private Lives*. [30]

Or

- (b) 'Elyot and Amanda turn Victor and Sibyl into perfect little copies of themselves.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *Private Lives*? [30]

2 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Either

- (a) 'The strong emotions of the characters match the play's colourful setting.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the setting of *A Streetcar Named Desire*? [30]

Or

- (b) 'Williams makes it tough to take sides between Stanley and Blanche.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the roles of Stanley and Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. [30]

3 Harold Pinter: *The Homecoming***Either**

- (a) 'The characters often mean something quite different from what they say.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *The Homecoming*? [30]

Or

- (b) 'At the end of the play, Ruth's decision to settle down with Max and the boys makes perfect sense.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the role of Ruth in *The Homecoming*. [30]

4 Alan Bennett: *The History Boys***Either**

- (a) '*The History Boys* makes failure as interesting a subject as success.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *The History Boys*? [30]

Or

- (b) 'The play suggests that Hector is the ideal teacher.'

In the light of this view, discuss the role of Hector in *The History Boys*. [30]

5 Polly Stenham: *That Face***Either**

- (a) 'A world in which children are always being let down by their parents.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *That Face*? [30]

Or

- (b) 'The female characters in *That Face* are more brutal than the male.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the roles of the female characters in *That Face*. [30]

6 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem***Either**

- (a) 'The play goes too far in its celebration of disorderly and dishonest characters.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *Jerusalem*? [30]

Or

- (b) 'The play asks what an English forest is for, and gives some challenging answers.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the setting of *Jerusalem*? [30]

Section 2 – Prose

F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*
Angela Carter: *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories*
George Orwell: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*
Mohsin Hamid: *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend 1 hour on this section and it is recommended that you spend 15 minutes reading the question and the unseen passage.

7 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

Discuss ways in which Fitzgerald presents the power of dreams in *The Great Gatsby*.

In your answer you should make connections with the following extract from an American short story. A young man who has been dreaming about his ideal woman for six or seven years thinks he has found her at Lost Lake. **[30]**

E Caldwell, 'The Dream', from 'The Stories of Erskine Caldwell', p487, Brown Thrasher Books - University of Georgia Press, 1996. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

Erskine Caldwell, *The Dream* (1931)

8 Angela Carter: *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories*

Discuss ways in which Carter presents violence in *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories*.

In your answer you should select material from the whole text and make connections with the following extract from a short story which describes an unfortunate encounter with a troll. **[30]**

The Troll was eating a lady. Poor girl, she was tightly clutched to its breast by those rudimentary arms, with her head on a level with its mouth. She was dressed in a nightdress which had crumpled up under her armpits, so that she was a pitiful naked offering, like a classical picture of Andromeda. Mercifully, she appeared to have fainted.

Just as my father applied his eye to the keyhole, the Troll opened its mouth and bit off her head. Then, holding the neck between the bright blue lips, he sucked the bare meat dry. She shrivelled, like a squeezed orange, and her heels kicked. The creature had a look of thoughtful ecstasy. When the girl seemed to have lost succulence as an orange she was lifted into the air. She vanished in two bites. The Troll remained leaning against the wall, munching patiently and casting its eyes about it with a vague benevolence. Then it leant forward from the low hips, like a jackknife folding in half, and opened its mouth to lick the blood up from the carpet. The mouth was incandescent inside, like a gas fire, and the blood evaporated before its tongue, like dust before a vacuum cleaner. It straightened itself, the arms dangling before it in patient uselessness, and fixed its eyes upon the keyhole.

T.H. White, *The Troll* (1940)

9 George Orwell: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Discuss ways in which Orwell presents relationships in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

In your answer you should make connections with the following passage, an extract from a science fiction novel set in a totalitarian future, where people are given alphabetical codes (THX, LUH) instead of names. [30]

The shift was a nightmare. He couldn't concentrate. He kept thinking about LUH. Twice his supervisor had to warn him. THX knew that those warnings went into the permanent record for review by Control. Yet, despite the babble of voices in his earphones, despite the tension of the work, the exasperated looks of the supervisors, his own gut-turmoil and shaking hands, THX felt – not happy, certainly, but different. These things, these people around him, they didn't touch him. And he realized that they never did. LUH was the one who counted. She was the only one that mattered to him.

He left the assembly center after his shift, walking tiredly through the homeward-bound workers.

'I've put in forty-three requests for a transfer,' he heard someone in the crowd say, 'but I haven't heard one word. DRG, my supervisor, agrees that I'm better suited to work in the fantasy bureau ...'

'Please move briskly. Do not stop or block passageways.'

'Please do not linger in module dispersal areas. The carbon monoxide rate is plus eight hundred.'

Abruptly, he saw LUH standing at the edge of the slideway, searching the crowd. For him. Then she saw him and pushed her way against the homebound pedestrians who were streaming up onto the slideway belt.

'What are you doing here?' he shouted at her, over the hubbub of the scurrying masses.

'I thought ... THX, I'm afraid ...'

He took her by the arm and guided her through the rushing pedestrian traffic. 'You're not cleared for this precinct. They'll spot your badge. Let's get across the slideway and out of here.'

Ben Bova, *THX 1138* (1978)

10 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*

Discuss ways in which Woolf explores romantic love in *Mrs Dalloway*.

In your answer you should make connections with the following extract, which describes the romantic encounter of an English couple early in the twentieth century. **[30]**

Passion was possible, and he became passionate. Deep down in him something whispered, 'This girl would let you kiss her; you might not have such a chance again.'

That was 'how it happened,' or, rather, how Helen described it to her sister, using words even more unsympathetic than my own. But the poetry of that kiss, the wonder of it, the magic that there was in life for hours after it—who can describe that? It is so easy for an Englishman to sneer at these chance collisions of human beings. To the insular cynic and the insular moralist they offer an equal opportunity. It is so easy to talk of 'passing emotion,' and how to forget how vivid the emotion was ere it passed. Our impulse to sneer, to forget, is at root a good one. We recognize that emotion is not enough, and that men and women are personalities capable of sustained relations, not mere opportunities for an electrical discharge. Yet we rate the impulse too highly. We do not admit that by collisions of this trivial sort the doors of heaven may be shaken open. To Helen, at all events, her life was to bring nothing more intense than the embrace of this boy who played no part in it. He had drawn her out of the house, where there was danger of surprise and light; he had led her by a path he knew, until they stood under the column of the vast wych-elm. A man in the darkness, he had whispered 'I love you' when she was desiring love. In time his slender personality faded, the scene that he had evoked endured. In all the variable years that followed she never saw the like of it again.

E.M. Forster, *Howards End* (1910)

11 Mohsin Hamid: *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*

Discuss ways in which Mohsin Hamid explores the impact of terrorism in *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*.

In your answer you should make connections with the following passage, in which a young Pakistani immigrant's husband is killed on 9/11. **[30]**

As I made my way down the street, the temperature rose and the air thickened with smoke and dust. The dust clouded my vision, blocked my breathing, but I kept going. As I neared Liberty Street, I caught the first glimpse of the six-floor-high flaming pile of debris: glass, steel, concrete and metal that were once the towers that defined the New York skyline blown away by raging swords of fire.

Wretched terror spoke of death in my ears and sickened my soul. The ground slipped from underneath me, and I went down on the slick street. This was too big for us, too big for me. *This cannot be a part of our lives. We live a sheltered existence.* I said that a couple of times under my breath as it gradually became my mantra. *We live a sheltered existence.*

The panting next to me alerted me to Juhi's presence as she scrambled to hoist me up. I pushed her helping hand away and stood up resolutely, edging my way past dazed and wounded men and women frantically rushing away from the mass of debris. A man with half of his tie blown away walked past me stunned, and I realized that he was missing an arm. He had in his other hand what appeared to be the remains of a file folder. *We live a sheltered existence.*

Sheila Abdullah, *Saffron Dreams* (2009)

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