

X115/701

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2010

WEDNESDAY, 12 MAY
1.00 PM – 4.00 PM

ENGLISH
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

Section 1—Literary Study	pages	2 – 12
Section 2—Language Study	pages	13 – 19
Section 3—Textual Analysis	pages	20 – 41
Section 4—Reading the Media	pages	42 – 43 (plus Insert)

Depending on the options you have chosen, you must answer **one** or **two** questions.

If you have submitted a Creative Writing folio, you must answer only **one** question.

Otherwise, you must answer **two** questions.

If you are required to answer only **one question**

- it must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- you must leave the examination room **after 1 hour 30 minutes**.

If you are required to answer **two questions**

- your first must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- your second must be taken from **a different section**
- each answer must be written in **a separate answer booklet**
- the maximum time allowed for any question is **1 hour 30 minutes**.

You must identify each question you attempt by indicating clearly

- **the title of the section** from which the question has been taken
- **the number of the question** within that section.

You must also write inside the front cover of your Literary Study answer booklet

- **the topic** of your Specialist Study (Dissertation)
- **the texts** used in your Specialist Study (Dissertation).



Section 1—Literary Study

This section is **mandatory** for all candidates.

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

DRAMA

1. Beckett

Discuss the importance of setting in *Waiting for Godot* **and** in *Endgame*.

2. Byrne

Discuss the role of Hector in *The Slab Boys Trilogy*.

3. Chekhov

How effective in your view is the ending of *Uncle Vanya* **and** the ending of *The Cherry Orchard*?

4. Friel

Discuss Friel's dramatic treatment of fear—fear of change, of abandonment, of the future—in *Translations* **and** in *Dancing at Lughnasa*.

5. Lindsay

Discuss the importance of the character of Diligence in *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*.

6. Lochhead

Discuss Lochhead's dramatic treatment of power in *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** in *Dracula*.

7. Pinter

How effective in your view is Pinter's dramatic treatment of political tyranny in *One for the Road* **and** in *Mountain Language*?

8. Shakespeare

EITHER

(a) *Othello and Antony and Cleopatra*

Make a detailed analysis of the characterisation and role **either** of Desdemona in *Othello* **or** of Cleopatra in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

OR

(b) *The Winter's Tale and The Tempest*

Discuss Shakespeare's use of the supernatural in *The Winter's Tale* **and** in *The Tempest*.

9. Stoppard

“ROSENCRANTZ: *Whatever became of the moment when one first knew about death? When it first occurred to you that you don't go on forever. It must have been shattering—stamped into one's memory. And yet I don't remember it.*”

(*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, Act 2)

“SEPTIMUS: *The procession is very long and life is very short. We die on the march.*”

(*Arcadia*, Act 1)

Keeping these two quotations in mind, make a comparative study of the importance of death as a theme in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* **and** in *Arcadia*.

10. Wilde

“*The dandy is Wilde's trademark as a dramatist: cool, hard-edged, self-absorbed, the arbiter and exemplar of elegance and wit.*”

Discuss the role of the “dandies”—Lord Darlington, Lord Goring and Algernon Moncrieff—in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *An Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

11. Williams

Discuss what you consider to be the principal features of Williams's characterisation of Chance **and** his characterisation of Princess in *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

[Turn over

POETRY

12. Burns

*Read the following poem carefully and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it (Page five).*

***THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR
MAILIE, THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE***

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsled in the ditch;
5 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.
 Wi glowrin' een, an lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
10 But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak;
At length poor Mailie silence brak:—

 "O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
15 My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.
 "Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,—
O bid him never tie them mair
20 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs an' packs o' woo'!
25 "Tell him he was a Master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.
 "O bid him save their harmless lives
30 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel:
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rippis o' corn.
35 "An' may they never learn the gates
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets—
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kale.
So may they, like their great forbears,

40 For mony a year come thro' the shears;
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead
 "My poor tup-lamb, my son an' heir,
 O bid him breed up him wi' care!
 45 An', if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast!
 An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 50 Like ither menseless graceless brutes.
 "An' neist my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
 O may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit moorland tup;
 55 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!
 "And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
 I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith;
 An' when you think upo' your mither,
 60 Mind to be kind to ane anither.
 "Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether;
 An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether."
 65 This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
 An' closed her een amang the dead!

(a) Discuss Burns's use of humour in this poem.

AND

(b) Go on to discuss Burns's use of humour in **one** other poem.

13. Chaucer

In *The Nun's Priest's Prologue*, the Host calls on the Nun's Priest to "*telle us swich thyng as may oure hertes glade*".

How effectively does Chaucer make *The Nun's Priest's Tale* one that "*may oure hertes glade*"?

14. Donne

Make a detailed analysis of Donne's treatment of spiritual experience in the following three poems:

"Death be not proud . . ."
Good Friday, 1613. Riding Westward
Hymne to God my God in my sicknesse.

15. Duffy

Read the following poem carefully and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it.

MOMENTS OF GRACE

- I dream through a wordless, familiar place.
The small boat of the day sails into morning,
past the postman with his modest haul, the full trees
which sound like the sea, leaving my hands free
5 to remember. Moments of grace. *Like this.*
- Shaken by first love and kissing a wall. *Of course.*
The dried ink on the palms then ran suddenly wet,
a glistening blue name in each fist. I sit now
in a kind of sly trance, hoping I will not feel me
10 breathing too close across time. A face to the name. *Gone.*
- The chimes of mothers calling in children
at dusk. *Yes.* It seems we live in those staggering years
only to haunt them; the vanishing scents
and colours of infinite hours like a melting balloon
15 in earlier hands. The boredom since.
- Memory's caged bird won't fly. These days
we are adjectives, nouns. In moments of grace
we were verbs, the secret of poems, talented.
A thin skin lies on the language. We stare
20 deep in the eyes of strangers, look for the doing words.
- Now I smell you peeling an orange in the other room.
Now I take off my watch, let a minute unravel
in my hands, listen and look as I do so,
and mild loss opens my lips like *No.*
25 Passing, you kiss the back of my neck. A blessing.

(a) Make a detailed analysis of Duffy's treatment of love in this poem.

AND

(b) Go on to discuss Duffy's treatment of love in **two** other poems.

16. Heaney

Discuss the uses Heaney makes of the land and the natural world in the following three poems:

Personal Helicon
Exposure
The Harvest Bow.

17. Henryson

EITHER

(a) Discuss the importance of the role of the narrator in *The Testament of Cresseid*.

OR

(b) “In *The Morall Fabillis*, Henryson is a master of easy colloquial dialogue, dramatic irony, wit and word play.”

Discuss **some** or **all** of these features of Henryson’s style in **two** or **three** of *The Morall Fabillis*.

18. Keats

Make a detailed analysis of form and imagery in the following three sonnets:

On first looking into Chapman’s Homer

“When I have fears that I may cease to be . . .”

“Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art . . .”

19. MacDiarmid

“What is striking about MacDiarmid’s poetry is its fusion of lyrical grace and intellectual force.”

Discuss **either** with reference to *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* **or** with reference to the other specified poems.

20. Muir

Read the following poem carefully and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it (Page eight).

SCOTLAND’S WINTER

Now the ice lays its smooth claws on the sill,
The sun looks from the hill
Helmed in his winter casket,
And sweeps his arctic sword across the sky.
5 The water at the mill
Sounds more hoarse and dull.
The miller’s daughter walking by
With frozen fingers soldered to her basket
Seems to be knocking
10 Upon a hundred leagues of floor
With her light heels, and mocking
Percy and Douglas dead,
And Bruce on his burial bed,

15 Where he lies white as may
 With wars and leprosy,
 And all the kings before
 This land was kingless,
 And all singers before
 This land was songless,
 20 This land that with its dead and living waits the Judgement Day.
 But they, the powerless dead,
 Listening can hear no more
 Than a hard tapping on the sounding floor
 A little overhead
 25 Of common heels that do not know
 Whence they come or where they go
 And are content
 With their poor frozen life and shallow banishment.

(a) Make a detailed analysis of the themes and techniques of this poem.

AND

(b) How far are the themes and techniques of this poem characteristic of the themes and techniques of other poems by Muir?

21. Plath

*Read the following poem carefully and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it (Page nine).*

BLACKBERRYING

Nobody in the lane, and nothing, nothing but blackberries
 Blackberries on either side, though on the right mainly,
 A blackberry alley, going down in hooks, and a sea
 Somewhere at the end of it, heaving. Blackberries
 5 Big as the ball of my thumb, and dumb as eyes
 Ebon in the hedges, fat
 With blue-red juices. These they squander on my fingers.
 I had not asked for such a blood sisterhood; they must love me.
 They accommodate themselves to my milkbottle, flattening their sides.
 10 Overhead go the choughs in black, cacophonous flocks—
 Bits of burnt paper wheeling in a blown sky.
 Theirs is the only voice, protesting, protesting.
 I do not think the sea will appear at all.
 The high, green meadows are glowing, as if lit from within.
 15 I come to one bush of berries so ripe it is a bush of flies,
 Hanging their bluegreen bellies and their wing panes in a Chinese screen.
 The honey-feast of the berries has stunned them; they believe in heaven.
 One more hook, and then the berries and bushes end.

20 The only thing to come now is the sea.
 From between two hills a sudden wind funnels at me,
 Slapping its phantom laundry in my face.
 These hills are too green and sweet to have tasted salt.
 I follow the sheep path between them. A last hook brings me
25 To the hills' northern face, and the face is orange rock
 That looks out on nothing, nothing but a great space
 Of white and pewter lights, and a din like silversmiths
 Beating and beating at an intractable metal.

(a) How effectively in your view does Plath create a sense of menace in this poem?

AND

(b) Go on to discuss the means by which Plath creates a sense of menace in **one** or **two** other poems.

22. Yeats

Discuss Yeats's use of symbolism in **three** or **four** poems.

PROSE FICTION

23. Atwood

*"In **Cat's Eye** and in **Alias Grace**, Atwood's presentation of women is characterised by patterns of doubleness and ambiguity."*

Discuss.

24. Austen

Make a comparative study of Austen's treatment of marriage in *Pride and Prejudice* **and** in *Persuasion*.

25. Dickens

Discuss Dickens's treatment of childhood experience and education in *Hard Times* **or** in *Great Expectations* **or** in both novels.

26. Fitzgerald

Discuss Fitzgerald's treatment of illusion and reality in *The Beautiful and Damned* **and** in *Tender is the Night*.

[Turn over

27. Galloway

*Read carefully the following extract from **The Trick is to Keep Breathing** and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it (Page eleven).*

I used to sew a lot. It occupied me. During the day I went to school and in the evenings I cut cloth. I cut cloth into shapes from paper and then sewed it together again. Needles punctured pincushions into my finger ends and left little scratches on my wrists alongside the bruises from shifting furniture, sears from the oven and tears
5 in my nails from cleaning. Domestic wounds. I sewed at the table from when I came back from work to when I thought bed-time should be. At intervals, according to the clock, I would prepare something to eat: maybe a can of soup, a sandwich. Functional food. One evening, I was so intent on a hem, I forgot. When I did look at my watch, it was well after the usual meal-time. Hunger hadn't interrupted. I sat and thought
10 about this for a while

There was a can of vegetable soup in the cupboard: individual size. I found the opener and dug it into the top, lifting it higher with each turn of the handle. Some of the stuff inside smeared on my knuckle. It felt slimy, unpleasant. Inside the can the surface was a kind of flattened jelly, dark red with bits of green and yellow poking
15 through. Watery stuff like plasma started seeping up the sides of the viscous block. It didn't look like food at all. I slid one finger into it to the depth of a nail. The top creased and some of the pink fluid slopped up and over the jagged lip of the can. It was sickening but pleasantly so. Like a little kid playing with mud. The next thing I knew, I'd pushed my hand right inside the can. The semi-solid mush seethed and
20 slumped over the sides and on to the worktop as my nails tipped the bottom and the torn rim scored the skin. I had to withdraw carefully. Soup stung into the cuts so I used my other hand and scooped up as much of the mess as I could and cradled it across the room, red soup and blood dripping onto the lino. There, my cupped hands over the sink, I split my fingers and let the puree slither, splattering unevenly onto the
25 white porcelain. I was learning something as I stared at what I was doing; the most obvious thing yet it had never dawned on me till I stood here, bug-eyed at the sink, congealing soup up to my wrists. I didn't need to eat.

I didn't need to eat.

The first four days were the worst. After that, it found its own level. I occasionally
30 still cut cloth in the evenings, now without interruption. Not tonight. I'm too tired to force myself to stay in one place. Only the phone is left. I can't face the phone tonight either.

Perfect Pasta in minutes

No-nonsense looks for the Working Mum

35 The Lie that Tells the Truth

Nothing better get in your way this month, cos you mean business! Something that's been irritating you for a while finally gets its chance to see the light of day. Meanwhile, those around you are in for a rough ride: be careful or
40 you'll say something you might regret later. Especially if it's to someone close. Your love life is on an upturn – maybe all that drive is packing you with

Last month's. No good.

But then it's all no good.

- (a) Galloway has commented that she often adopts “a *physical, visceral style that enables the reader to touch, taste and feel what a character is experiencing*”.

Show how in this extract Galloway enables the reader to “*touch, taste and feel*” what Joy is experiencing.

AND

- (b) Go on to discuss Galloway’s use of this “*physical, visceral style*” elsewhere in *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** in *Foreign Parts*.

28. Gray

“*A full appreciation of an Alasdair Gray novel depends upon the reader’s readiness to unravel its intricate complexities, to solve its puzzles, to reshuffle its elements until a final resolution emerges.*”

How far do you agree?

You should support your answer to this question with detailed evidence from *Lanark* **or** from *Poor Things* **or** from both novels.

29. Hardy

“*In **The Return of the Native** and **Tess of the D’Urbervilles** the failure of Clym Yeobright and Angel Clare to understand the women with whom they fall in love is central to the tragedy.*”

Discuss.

30. Hogg

Discuss Hogg’s use of irony in *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* **and** in **one** or **two** of the specified short stories.

31. Joyce

“*Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love too. But she wanted to live.*”

(from *Eveline* in *Dubliners*)

By referring to *Eveline* and to **one** other story from *Dubliners* **and** to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, discuss Joyce’s presentation of the need to escape.

32. Stevenson

“*Here is a tale which extends over many years and travels into many countries.*”

(Robert Louis Stevenson, in the prefatory letter to *The Master of Ballantrae*)

Discuss the importance of setting—in time **and** in place—in *The Master of Ballantrae*.

[Turn over

33. Waugh

“One of the principal fictional techniques employed by Waugh is the juxtaposition of the comic and the serious.”

Discuss with reference to *A Handful of Dust* **and** to *Brideshead Revisited*.

PROSE NON-FICTION

34. How effectively in your view is the experience of discovery **and** of self-discovery conveyed in any **one** of the specified texts?

35. *“Place is more than just the physical facts of topography and environment; the idea of place inevitably incorporates our own presence in it.”*

How effectively in your view is “*the idea of place*” conveyed in any **two** of the specified texts?

Section 2—Language Study

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of an **essay/analytical report** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected questions.

Topic A—Varieties of English or Scots

1. Discuss some of the major phonological, lexical and syntactic features of a particular variety of English **or** Scots you have studied.
2. Show how you have employed some of the basic principles of dialectology in your study of a particular variety of English **or** Scots.

Topic B—The historical development of English or Scots

3. From your study of the historical development of English **or** Scots, describe and account for some of the ways in which words have changed in form and in meaning.
4. What do you consider to be the principal factors that have influenced the development of a standard language in England **or** in Scotland?

Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland

5. Describe some of the principal structural and functional patterns associated with codeswitching by multilingual speakers in contemporary Scotland.
6. “*Language shift does not take place in a social, political or educational vacuum.*”

Discuss the importance of context—social, political or educational—in the process of language shift in contemporary Scotland.

You should support your answer with evidence drawn from your own study of multilingualism in the community **and** of language policies relevant to contemporary Scotland.

[Turn over

Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature

For this topic you are provided with two examples of the use of Scots in contemporary literature:

- an extract from *Nice to be Nice*, a short story by James Kelman
- an extract from *In Love*, a play by Iain Mills.

Read the extracts carefully and then answer **either** Question 7 **or** Question 8 (*Page fifteen*).

Extract from *Nice to be Nice*

Big Moira came doon oan Tuesday mornin wi a letter sayin she'd definitely hiv tae be oot the hoose by the thertieth ir else they'd take "immediate action". She wis in a helluva state in so wis her maw kis she couldny take thim, wi her only hivvin a single-end. A offered, bit a room in kitchen isny much better even though A've goat an
5 inside toilet. Still A sippose it id dae it a pinch. Anywey A wint roon is minny factors is A could tae try in git her a hoose bit nae luck. Nothin! Nothin at aw. Ach A didny ipect nothin anywey – A mean a singil wummin wi four weans, ye kiddin? Naw it wis hopeless so A telt her maw A'd go up tae Clyde Hoose in see if they'd offer alternit accomidation, in no tae worry kis they'd never throw thim inty the street. Singil
10 wummin in four weans? Naw the coarpiration widny chance it. A'd iplain the situation aw right. Imagine ipectin her tae pey a fiver a week anywey! It's beyond a joke. In she says the rooms ir damp tae, in whin she cawed in the sanitory they telt her tae open the windaes in let in the err. Open the windaes and let in the err? November? Aye in is soon is she turns her back aw the villains ir in screwin the metres in whit no.
15 A wis ragin in whin A left the hoose in Wedinsday mornin A wis still helliva angry. Moira waantit tae come up wi me bit A telt her naw.

So A wint up tae Clyde Hoose in queued up tae see the manajir bit he wisny available so A saw the same wan Moira saw, a young filla cawed Mr Frederick. A done ma best tae iplain bit he wisny botherin much in afore A'd finished he butts in sayin
20 that in the furst place he'd iplained evry thin tae Mrs Donnelly (Moira) in the department hid sent her two letters – in the second place it wis nane i ma business.

Extract from *In Love*

SCENE THREE Low wall Moonlight

CRAIGIE: (*Speaking to camera, and still holding the flowers*) Ye ken aw yon stuff about "love is blind" an aw that crap? It's true an aw. Ah could hear whit Jaz wis telling us an it aw made sense, sorta, but Ah kent Ah'd
5 nae intention a takin his advice. Aw Ah could think of wis goin up ther tae see her again. Look, see when Ah'm tellin ye aw this . . . (*Leans forward and lowers voice*) . . . Ah'm gonnæ miss oot a lot a the details, aw the kissin bits an stuff, an me an Ellen up the park an that . . . well, its kinna embarrassin . . . An it's sorta . . . personal, like. Yiz widnae be interestit onyway, so Ah'll spare ye aw they bits. But we
10 got oan real guid, me an Ellen. This wis aw new tae me. A lotta the time we jist talked aboot ordnary hings, like. Ah mind one time . . . innocent, like, askin her if she'd ony brers an sisters. "Aye" she goes, "Ah've twa big brers, James an Alastair", giein them ther Sunday names, like. Ah near says "Whit wan's Cleaver and whit wan's

15 Banjo?”, but Ah stoapt masel in time. Ah goes “Whit are they like?”
an she goes “Aw, ther great. See if sumdy messed us aboot like . . .”,
an she’s lookin at us kinna funny, an Ah feels this cauld shiver runnin
up ma back, ken whit Ah mean? But Ah jist shrugs it aff an we . . .
(*Raising hands in “stop” gesture*) Naw . . . Ah says Ah wisnae gonnae
20 tell yiz the personal bits. But how wis Jaz takin aw this?

SCENE FOUR Secondary school playground at break time

*JAZ and CRAIGIE are talking in a corner of the school playground.
JAZ is very serious.*

JAZ: Ah wis talking tae big Tam Melville aboot they McGills. Ah’m
telling ye Craigie, ther bad news.

25 CRAIGIE: Right Jaz, yiv tellt us that a hunner times, so ye huv.

JAZ: Naw, listen . . . ther no’ jist usin aw sorta stuff, ther dealin an aw. You
name it Craigie . . . the McGills’ll sell ye it. An see ye owe them an
cannae pay . . . Tam says he kens a boy Banjo took a sword tae, whit a
mess he wis Craigie . . .

30 CRAIGIE: Bit whit’s that goat tae dae wi me, Jaz. It’s no’ Banjo Ah’m seein, is
it?

JAZ: See that Ellen, Craigie? Ye want tae watch her. Ah mean, she kin
seem nice an that, but . . .

CRAIGIE: (*Becoming angry*) Whit is it wi you, Jaz? Ah don’ go oan an oan when
35 *you’re* seein a lassie, dae Ah? Ah mean . . . it’s nane a your business, is it?

JAZ: Course it is Craigie . . . Ah mean, *sumdy’s* goat tae look efter you if
yiv no’ the sense tae look efter yersel!

CRAIGIE: (*Pointing finger angrily towards JAZ’s chest*) Who dae ye think ye ur,
40 talking tae *me* like that? Ye think yer that cool . . . Naebidy’s
supposed tae know onythin apart fae you. Sometimes Ah don’ think
yer hauf as smart as evrybidy thinks ye ur. Ah think yer jist . . .

JAZ: (*Interrupting by turning his back and starting to walk away, shouting
back at CRAIGIE as he does so*) Onyway . . . yer no’ gaun tae be much
use tae the fitba team wi an airm hingin aff or yer kneecaps done in,
45 ur ye!

7. Compare and contrast the authors’ use of Scots in the two extracts.

In your answer you should consider **some** or **all** of the following:

- spelling
- vocabulary
- idiom
- grammar
- any other feature you consider relevant.

8. Discuss the effectiveness of using Scots to explore aspects of life in contemporary Scotland.

You should base your answer on your reading of these extracts **and** on your reading of other texts in Scots.

Topic E—Language and social context

9. From your exploration of attitudes to language variation, in English **or** in Scots, what evidence have you found to support or to refute the claim that a “correct” variety of the language exists?
10. Discuss the relationship between the social characteristics of a speaker—class, gender, ethnicity, age—and his or her use of English **or** of Scots.

Topic F—The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

11. Discuss some of the ways in which, in informal conversation, “*communicators actively collaborate to ensure that understanding takes place*”.

(Sanna-Kaisa Tanskanen)

12. For this question, you are provided with a transcript of part of a conversation between two women, followed by a transcription key.

Read the transcript carefully and then answer the following question.

Make a detailed analysis of the linguistic features of the transcript which characterise it as informal conversation.

Transcript

- 1 **Lottie** hello
2 **Emma** are you answering the pho::ne
3 (0.2)
4 **Lottie** hah .hh I was just gonna call you ehh
5 [huh huh
6 **Emma** [I just got he:re
7 (0.5)
8 **Lottie** reall[y
9 **Emma** [oh it's been so foggy we didn't come do:wn oh it's
10 so foggy Lottie all our way (off/all) our way it's terrible
11 (0.4)
12 **Lottie** no kidding
13 **Emma** yeah we came down Rosemea:d real slo:w
14 (0.8)
15 **Emma** .hh oh [yeah they w]arned you to stay away
16 **Lottie** [(mm::)]
17 **Emma** from them (0.4) five ten miles on the freeways last
18 night you know so
19 (0.2)
20 **Lottie** yeah I know it but you know it wasn't (b)e- it wasn't
21 bad here it a:ll
22 **Emma** that's what Gladys just tells me but it's bad inland
23 it's terrible you only have about a block visibility
24 it's just (.) awful:
25 (0.7)
26 **Lottie** yeah

Transcription Key

- : marks a sustention of sound; the more colons, the longer the sound
(0.2) marks a pause of 0.2 seconds; (0.4) marks a pause of 0.4 seconds, and so on
.hh marks audible breathing
(.) marks a pause of less than one tenth of a second
[marks the beginning of an overlapping turn
] marks the end of an overlapping turn

Words or letters in brackets, such as (off/all) in line 10, indicate the transcriber's best guess at the word or sound.

Topic G—The linguistic characteristics of political communication

13. Discuss some of the linguistic and rhetorical techniques that politicians use to make their communications persuasive in **at least two** of the following:
- party political broadcasts
 - debates in parliament
 - political advertising
 - political interviews.
14. For this question, you are provided with an extract from the Scottish National Party's manifesto for the Scottish Parliamentary elections in 2007, as published on the party's website (<http://www.snp.org/policies>).

Read the extract carefully and then answer the following question.

Make a detailed analysis of the linguistic and rhetorical features of the extract which characterise it as political communication.

Our Vision for Government

Fresh thinking and a new approach

The SNP has clear ambitions for Scotland. We have no doubt Scotland can be more successful.

Healthier

- 5 Our nation can be healthier. The SNP will keep vital health services local and reverse the decision to close Ayr and Monklands A&E. With an SNP government there will be a presumption against centralisation of core hospital services to protect local access to healthcare.

Wealthier

- 10 Families in Scotland can be wealthier. An SNP government will remove the burden of business rates from 120,000 small businesses, freeing them to grow and create more and better paid jobs. Small businesses sit at the heart of local economies and with the right support they will flourish.

Safer

- 15 Local communities can be safer. An SNP government will put more police on our streets to detect and deter crime. And we will come down hard on those who sell alcohol to underage Scots and fuel anti-social behaviour.

Fairer

- 20 Local taxes can be fairer. The SNP will scrap the Council tax and introduce a fairer system based on ability to pay. Families and individuals on low and middle incomes will on average be between £260 and £350 a year better off. Nine out of ten pensioners will pay less local tax.

Easier

Life should be easier for young families. The SNP will increase by 50% the amount of
25 free nursery education available for 3 and 4 year olds.

Greener

Scotland can be greener. An SNP government will not give the go ahead for new
nuclear power stations. We will invest instead in developing Scotland's extensive
renewable energy potential.

30 Smarter

Scotland can be smarter. It's time for more opportunities for young Scots with smaller
class sizes and it's time to dump student debt.

A more successful Scotland

The SNP cares about success for families in Scotland. That is why we are passionate
35 about independence and equality for our nation.

The 300-year old Union is no longer fit for purpose. It was never designed for the
21st century world. It is well past its sell by date and is holding Scotland back.

The SNP believe Scotland and England should be equal nations – friends and
partners – both free to make our own choices.

40 Success for Scotland

Scotland can be more successful. Looking around at home and at our near
neighbours abroad, more and more Scots believe this too. Independence is the
natural state for nations like our own.

Scotland has the people, the talent and potential to become one of the big success
45 stories of the 21st century. We can match the success of independent Norway –
according to the UN the best place in the world to live. We can do as well as
independent Ireland, now the fourth most prosperous nation on the planet.

With independence Scotland will be free to flourish and grow. We can give our nation
a competitive edge.

50 Peace and Prosperity

Together we can build a more prosperous nation, a Scotland that is a force for good, a
voice for peace in our world.

Free to bring Scottish troops home from Iraq.

Free to remove nuclear weapons from Scotland's shores.

55 Free to invest our oil wealth in a fund for future generations.

Peace and prosperity – equality and opportunity.

These are some of the best reasons for independence and why the SNP trust the
people of Scotland to decide on independence in a referendum.

The choice will rest with you – that is the fair and democratic way.

[Turn over

Section 3—Textual Analysis

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical analysis** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

1. Prose fiction [*Pages twenty to twenty-four*]

*The following extract is from Chapter 2 of **Vanity Fair** (1848) by William Makepeace Thackeray.*

Rebecca (Becky) Sharp and Amelia Sedley are leaving Chiswick Mall, a school for young ladies kept by Miss Pinkerton (Minerva) and her sister, Miss Jemima. Amelia has been educated there and is returning to her family. Rebecca has been there as an “articled pupil” repaying her tuition by giving French lessons to the younger pupils. She is to spend a few days with Amelia’s family before becoming a governess.

In the previous chapter, Rebecca has been given a copy of Johnson’s Dictionary (“the Dixonary”) and has thrown it from the carriage as she is driven away.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it. (Page twenty-four)

When Miss Sharp had performed the heroic act mentioned in the last chapter, and had seen the Dixonary flying over the pavement of the little garden, fall at length at the feet of the astonished Miss Jemima, the young lady’s countenance, which had before worn an almost livid look of hatred, assumed a smile that perhaps was scarcely more agreeable, and she sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying, “So much for the Dixonary; and, thank God, I’m out of Chiswick.”

Miss Sedley was almost as flurried at the act of defiance as Miss Jemima had been; for, consider, it was but one minute that she had left school, and the impressions of six years are not got over in that space of time. Nay, with some persons those awes and terrors of youth last for ever and ever. I know, for instance, an old gentleman of sixty-eight, who said to me one morning at breakfast, with a very agitated countenance, “I dreamed last night that I was flogged by Dr. Raine.” Fancy had carried him back five-and-fifty years in the course of that evening. Dr. Raine and his rod were just as awful to him in his heart, then, at sixty-eight, as they had been at thirteen. If the Doctor, with a large birch, had appeared bodily to him, even at the age of three score and eight, and had said in awful voice, “Boy, take down your pant—”? Well, well, Miss Sedley was exceedingly alarmed at this act of insubordination.

“How could you do so, Rebecca?” at last she said, after a pause.

“Why, do you think Miss Pinkerton will come out and order me back to the black-hole?” said Rebecca, laughing.

“No: but—”

“I hate the whole house,” continued Miss Sharp, in a fury. “I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames, I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there, I wouldn’t pick her out, that I wouldn’t. Oh how I should like to see her floating in the water yonder, turban and all, with her train streaming after her, and her nose like the beak of a wherry.”

“Hush!” cried Miss Sedley.

“Why, will the black footman tell tales?” cried Miss Rebecca, laughing. “He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul; and I wish he would; and I wish I had a means of proving it, too. For two years I have only had insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse than any servant in the kitchen. I have

never had a friend or a kind word, except from you. I have been made to tend the little girls in the lower school-room, and to talk French to the misses until I grew sick of my mother-tongue. But that talking French to Miss Pinkerton was capital fun, wasn't it?
35 She doesn't know a word of French, and was too proud to confess it. I believe it was that which made her part with me; and so thank Heaven for French. *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!*"

"O Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame!" cried Miss Sedley; for this was the greatest blasphemy Rebecca had as yet uttered; and in those days, in England, to say "Long live
40 Bonaparte!" was as much as to say "Long Live Lucifer!"

"How can you—how dare you say such wicked, revengeful thoughts?"

"Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural," answered Miss Rebecca. "I'm no angel." And, to say the truth, she certainly was not.

For it may be remarked in the course of this little conversation (which took place as
45 the coach rolled along lazily by the riverside) that though Miss Rebecca Sharp has twice had occasion to thank Heaven, it has been, in the first place, for ridding her of some person whom she hated, and secondly, for enabling her to bring her enemies to some sort of perplexity of confusion; neither of which are very amiable motives for religious gratitude, or such as would be put forward by persons of a kind and placable
50 disposition. Miss Rebecca was not, then, in the least kind or placable. All the world used her ill, said this this young misanthropist, and we may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a
55 jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice. This is certain, that if the world neglected Miss Sharp, she never was known to have done a good action in behalf of anybody; nor can it be expected that twenty-four young ladies should all be as amiable as the heroine of this work, Miss Sedley (whom we have selected for the very reason that she was the best-natured of all, otherwise what on
60 earth was to have prevented us from putting up Miss Swartz, or Miss Crump, or Miss Hopkins, as heroine in her place?)—it could not be expected that every one should be of the humble and gentle temper of Miss Amelia Sedley; should take every opportunity to vanquish Rebecca's hard-heartedness and ill-humour; and, by a thousand kind words and offices, overcome, for once at least, her hostility to her kind.

65 Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a
70 good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent, Miss Sharp never
75 alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendour.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare
80 accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third

attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to
85 Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil; her duties being to talk French, as we have seen; and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that
90 the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp; being shot dead by a glance of her eyes, which was fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss
95 something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed applemoan was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea, even, of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp, but that she was bound to her under a forfeit, and who never could thoroughly believe
100 the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun*
105 had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often but ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

110 The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world, so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of the *ingénue*, and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a
115 doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school hours. How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party (it was on the occasion of the speeches, when all the professors were invited), and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed
120 to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerrard Street, and the artists' quarter; and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask Rebecca if Miss Pinkerton was at home: she was well known to them, poor soul! as Mr. Lawrence or President West. Once she had the
125 honour to pass a few days at Chiswick; after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.

130 The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the

*dun—a debt collector

walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed
135 with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of
140 her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly entrusted, might have soothed and interested
145 her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

The happiness—the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. “What airs that girl gives herself, because she is
150 an earl’s granddaughter.” she said of one. “How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well-bred as the earl’s granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father’s, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in
155 order to pass the evening with me?” She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little
160 course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practised incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece so well, that Minerva thought wisely, she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

165 The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. “I am here to speak French with the children,” Rebecca said abruptly, “not to teach them music, and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them.”

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day. “For five-
170 and-thirty years,” she said, and with great justice, “I never have seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom.”

“A viper—a fiddlestick,” said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. “You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude
175 between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here but what I am obliged to do.”

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton? Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid sarcastic demoniacal laughter, that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits. “Give me a sum of money,” said the girl,
180 “and get rid of me—or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a

nobleman's family—you can do so if you please.” And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, “Get me a situation—we hate each other, and I am ready to go.”

Question

Discuss the principal means by which Thackeray presents the character of Rebecca in this extract.

2. Prose non-fiction [*Pages twenty-four to twenty-seven*]

The prose non-fiction source has been removed due to copyright restrictions.

3. Poetry (*Page twenty-eight to twenty-nine*)

Read carefully the poem *The Year's Afternoon* (1997) by Douglas Dunn and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-nine*).

The Year's Afternoon

As the moment of leisure grows deeper
I feel myself sink like a slow root
Into the herbaceous lordship of my place.
This is my time, my possessive, opulent
5 Freedom in free-fall from salaried routines,
Intrusions, the boundaryless tedium.
This is my liberty among trees and grass
When silence is the mind's imperfect ore
And a thought turns and dallies in its space
10 Unhindered by desire or transactions.
For three hours without history or thirst
Time is my own unpurchased and intimate
Republic of the cool wind and blue sea.
For three hours I shall be my own tutor
15 In the coastal hedge-school of grass furniture.
Imaginary books fly to my hand
From library trees. They are all I need.
Birdsong is a chirp of meditative silence
Rendered in fluttered boughs, and I am still,
20 Very still, in philosophical light.
I am all ears in my waterside aviary.
My breath is poised for truth to whisper from
Inner invisibilities and the holiness
Venturesome little birds live with always
25 In their instinctive comforts. I am shedding
The appetites of small poetry and open to
Whatever visits me. I am all eyes
When light moves on water and the leaves shake.
I am very still, a hedge-hidden sniper
30 In whose sights clarified infinity sits
Smiling at me, and my skin is alive
To thousands of brushed touches, very light
Delicate kisses of time, thought kisses,
Touches which have come out of hiding shyly
35 Then go back again into the far away
Surrender they came from and where they live.
Perfecting my afternoon, I am alert to
Archival fragrances that float to me
Unexplained over the world's distances.
40 This is my time. I am making it real.
I am getting rid of myself. This is my time.
I am free to do whatever I wish
In these hours, and I have chosen this
Liberty, which is an evanishment

- 45 To the edges of breath, a momentary
Loss of the dutiful, a destitute
Perchance, a slipping away from life's
Indignities and works into my freedom
Which is beyond all others and is me.
- 50 I am free to do as I like, and do this;
I sink like a slow root in the name of life
And in the name of what it is I do.
These are my hours of 1993.
Ears, eyes, nose, skin and taste have gone.
- 55 For a little while I shall be nothing and good.
Then other time will come back, and history.
I shall get up and leave my hiding place,
My instinctive, field-sized republic.
I shall go home, and be that other man.
- 60 I shall go to my office. I shall live
Another year longing for my hours
In the complete afternoon of sun and salt.
My empty shoes at the bedside will say to me,
"When are we taking you back? Why be patient?"
- 65 You have much more, so much more, to lose."

Question

Write a critical evaluation of this poem.

Your evaluation should be based on detailed analysis of those aspects of the content, structure and language of the poem that you find interesting and significant.

[Turn over

4. Drama (*Pages thirty to forty-one*)

Mother Figure is the first of a sequence of loosely linked plays that together make up **Confusions** (1974) by Alan Ayckbourn.

Read **Mother Figure** carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page forty-one*).

Mother Figure

Lucy's sitting-room

It is a suburban room, fairly untidy, with evidence of small children. There are two doors—one to the kitchen and back door, one to the bedrooms and front door

5 *Lucy hurries in from the bedrooms on her way to the kitchen. She is untidy, unmade-up, in dressing-gown and slippers*

Lucy (*calling behind her*) Nicholas! Stay in your own bed and leave Sarah alone.

The telephone rings

Lucy goes out to the kitchen, returning at once with a glass of water

10 All right, Jamie, darling. Mummy's coming with a dinkie . . . (*As she passes the telephone, she lifts the receiver off the rest and almost immediately replaces it*) Mummy's coming, Jamie, Mummy's coming.

Lucy goes off to the bedroom with the glass

The front door chimes sound. A pause, then they sound again

Lucy returns from the bedrooms

15 Sarah! You're a naughty, naughty girl. I told you not to play with Jamie's syrup. That's for Jamie's toothi-pegs . . .

The door chimes sound again

Lucy ignores these and goes off to the kitchen. She returns almost at once with a toilet roll, hauling off handfuls of it as she goes to perform some giant mopping-up operation

20 Nicholas, if you're not in your bed by the time I come up, I shall smack your botty.

There are two rings on the back doorbell

Lucy goes off to the bedroom

A pause

Rosemary, a rather frail, mousey-looking woman, comes in from the kitchen

25 **Rosemary** (*calling timidly*) Woo-hoo!

Lucy returns from the bedroom

Lucy (*calling as before*) Now go to sleep. At once. (*Seeing Rosemary*) Oh.

Rosemary Hallo. I thought you must be in.

Lucy (*puzzled*) Hallo?

- 30 **Rosemary** I thought you were in.
Lucy Yes.
Rosemary You are.
Lucy Yes.
Rosemary Hallo.
- 35 **Lucy** Hallo. (*A slight pause*) Who are you?
Rosemary Next door.
Lucy What?
Rosemary From next door. Mrs Oates. Rosemary. Do you remember?
Lucy (*vaguely*) Oh, yes. Hallo.
- 40 **Rosemary** Hallo. I did ring both bells but nobody seemed . . .
Lucy No. I don't take much notice of bells.
Rosemary Oh.
Lucy I've rather got my hands full.
Rosemary Oh yes. With the children, you mean? How are they?
- 45 **Lucy** Fine.
Rosemary All well?
Lucy Yes.
Rosemary Good. It's three you've got, isn't it?
Lucy Yes.
- 50 **Rosemary** Still, I expect it's time well spent.
Lucy I haven't much option.
Rosemary No.
Lucy Well.
Rosemary Oh, don't let me—if you want to get on . . .
- 55 **Lucy** No.
Rosemary I mean, if you were going to bed.
Lucy Bed?
Rosemary (*indicating Lucy's attire*) Well . . .
Lucy Oh, no. I didn't get dressed today, that's all.
- 60 **Rosemary** Oh. Not ill?
Lucy No.
Rosemary Oh.
Lucy I just wasn't going anywhere.
Rosemary Oh, well . . .
- 65 **Lucy** I haven't been anywhere for weeks.
Rosemary That's a shame.
Lucy I don't think I've got dressed for weeks, either.
Rosemary Ah. No, well, I must say we haven't seen you. Not that we've been looking but we haven't seen you.

70 **Lucy** No. Do you want to sit down?
Rosemary Oh, thank you. Just for a minute
Lucy If you can find somewhere. (*She moves the odd toy*)
Rosemary (*sitting*) Yes, we were wondering if you were alright, actually. My husband and I—Terry, that's my husband—he was remarking that we hadn't seen you for a bit.

75 **Lucy** No.
Rosemary We heard the children, of course. Not to complain of, mind you, but we heard them but we didn't see you.
Lucy No. (*She picks up various toys during the following and puts them in the play-pen*)
Rosemary Or your husband.

80 **Lucy** No.
Rosemary But then I said to Terry, if they need us they've only to ask. They know where we are. If they want to keep themselves to themselves, that's all right by us. I mean, that's why they put up that great big fence so they could keep themselves to themselves. And that's all right by us.

85 **Lucy** Good.
Rosemary And then ten minutes ago, we got this phone call.
Lucy Phone call?
Rosemary Yes. Terry answered it—that's my husband—and they say will you accept a transfer charge from a public phone box in Middlesbrough and Terry says, hallo,
90 that's funny, he says, who do we know in Middlesbrough and I said, not a soul and he says, well, that's funny, Terry says, well who is it? How do we know we know him? If we don't know him, we don't want to waste money talking to him but if we do, it might be an emergency and we won't sleep a wink. And the operator says, well suit yourself, take it or leave it, its all the same to me. So we took it and it was your
95 husband.
Lucy Harry?
Rosemary Harry, yes. Mr Compton.
Lucy What did he want?
Rosemary Well—you. He was worried. He's been ringing you for days. He's had the
100 line checked but there's been no reply.
Lucy Oh.
Rosemary Has it not been ringing?
Lucy Possibly. I don't take much notice of bells. (*She goes to listen for the children*)
Rosemary Oh. Anyway, he sounded very worried. So I said I'd pop round and make
105 sure. I took his number in case you wanted to . . .

Lucy is clearly not listening

Are you alright?

Lucy Yes, I was listening for Nicholas.
Rosemary Oh. That's the baby?

110 **Lucy** No.
Rosemary (*warmly*) Ah.

Lucy I'm sorry. I'm being very rude. It's just I haven't—spoken to anyone for days.
My husband isn't home much.

Rosemary Oh, I quite understand. Would you like his number?

115 **Lucy** What?

Rosemary Your husband's telephone number in Middlesbrough. Would you like it?
He said he'd hang on. It's from a hotel.

Lucy No.

Rosemary Oh.

120 **Lucy** Whatever he has to say to me, he can say to my face or not at all.

Rosemary Ah. (*Laying a slip of paper gingerly on the coffee-table*) Well, it's there.

Lucy Would you care for a drink or something?

Rosemary A drink? Oh—well—what's the time? Well—I don't know if I should.
Half past—oh yes, well—why not? Yes, please. Why not? A little one.

125 **Lucy** Orange or lemon?

Rosemary I beg your pardon?

Lucy Orange juice or lemon juice? Or you can have milk.

Rosemary Oh, I see. I thought you meant . . .

Lucy Come on. Orange or lemon? I'm waiting.

130 **Rosemary** Is there a possibility of some coffee?

Lucy No.

Rosemary Oh.

Lucy It'll keep you awake. I'll get you an orange, it's better for you.

Rosemary Oh . . .

135 **Lucy** (*as she goes*) Sit still. Don't run around. I won't be a minute.

Lucy goes out into the kitchen

Rosemary sits nervously. She rises after a second, looks guiltily towards the kitchen and sits again. The door chimes sound. Rosemary looks towards the kitchen. There is no sign of Lucy. The door chimes sound again. Rosemary gets up hesitantly

140 **Rosemary** (*calling*) Mrs—er . . .

Lucy (*off, in the kitchen*) Wait, wait, wait! I'm coming . . .

The door chimes sound again

Rosemary runs off to the front door. Lucy returns from the kitchen with a glass of orange juice

145 Here we are, Rosemary, I . . . (*She looks round the empty room, annoyed. Calling*)
Rosemary! It's on the table.

Lucy puts the orange juice on the coffee-table and goes out to the kitchen again. Rosemary returns from the hall with Terry, a rather pudgy man in shirt sleeves

Rosemary (*sotto voce*) Come in a minute.

150 **Terry** I'm watching the telly.

Rosemary Just for a minute.

Terry I wondered where you'd got to. I mean, all you had to do was give her the number . . .

Rosemary I want you to meet her. See what you think. I don't think she's well.

155 **Terry** How do you mean?

Rosemary She just seems . . .

Terry Is she ill?

Rosemary I don't know . . .

Terry Well, either she is or she isn't.

160 **Rosemary** Ssh.

Lucy returns from the kitchen with a plate of biscuits

Lucy Here we are now. (*Seeing Terry*) Oh.

Terry Evening.

Lucy Hallo.

165 **Rosemary** My husband.

Lucy Terry, isn't it?

Terry Yes.

Lucy That's a nice name, isn't it? (*Pointing to the sofa*) Sit down there then. Have you got your orange juice, Rosemary?

170 *Terry sits*

Rosemary Yes, thank you. (*She picks up the glass of orange juice and sits*)

Terry Orange juice?

Rosemary Yes.

Terry What are you doing drinking that?

175 **Rosemary** I like orange juice.

Lucy Now, here's some very special choccy bics but you musn't eat them all. I'm going to trust you. (*She starts tidying up again*)

Rosemary (*still humouring her*) Lovely. (*She mouths "say something" to Terry*)

Terry Yes. Well, how are you keeping then—er, sorry, I'm forgetting. Lesley, isn't it?

180 **Lucy** Mrs Compton.

Terry Yes. Mrs Compton. How are you?

Lucy I'm very well, thank you, Terry. Nice of you to ask.

Terry And what about Har—Mr Compton?

185 **Lucy** Very well. When I last saw him. Rosemary dear, try not to make all that noise when you drink.

Rosemary Sorry.

Terry Yes, we were saying that your husband's job obviously takes him round and about a lot.

Lucy Yes. (*She starts folding nappies*)

190 **Terry** Doesn't get home as much as he'd like, I expect.

Lucy I've no idea.

Terry But then it takes all sorts. Take me, I'm home on the nose six o'clock every night. That's the way she wants it. Who am I . . .? (*Pause*) Yes I think I could quite envy your husband, sometimes. Getting about a bit. I mean, when you think about
195 it, it's more natural. For a man. His natural way of life. Right back to the primitive. Woman stays in the cave, man the hunter goes off roving at will. Mind you, I think the idea originally was he went off hunting for food. Different sort of game these days, eh?

Rosemary (*hissing*) Terry!

200 **Terry** Be after something quite different these days, eh? (*He nods and winks*)

Lucy Now don't get silly, Terry.

Terry What? Ah—beg your pardon.

A pause. Terry munches a biscuit. Rosemary sips her orange juice.

Rosemary Very pleasant orange juice.

205 **Lucy** Full of vitamin C.

Terry No, I didn't want to give you the wrong impression there. But seriously, I was saying to Rosie here, you can't put a man in a cage. You try to do that, you've lost him. See my point?

Lucy That can apply to women, too, surely?

210 **Rosemary** Yes, quite right.

Terry What do you mean, quite right?

Rosemary Well . . .

Terry You're happy enough at home, aren't you?

Rosemary Yes, but—yes—but . . .

215 **Terry** Well then, that's what I'm saying. You're the woman, you're happy enough at home looking after that. I'm the man, I have to be out and about.

Rosemary I don't know about that. You'd never go out at all unless I pushed you.

Terry What do you mean? I'm out all day.

Rosemary Only because you have to be. You wouldn't be if you didn't have to be.
220 When you don't, you come in, sit down, watch the television and go to bed.

Terry I have to relax.

Rosemary You're always relaxing.

Terry Don't deny me relaxing.

Rosemary I don't.

225 **Terry** Yes, you do, you just said . . .

Lucy Now, don't quarrel. I won't have any quarrelling.

Terry Eh?

Rosemary Sorry.

Lucy Would you like an orange drink as well, Terry? Is that what it is?

230 **Terry** Er . . . Oh no—I don't go in for that sort of drink much, if you know what I mean. (*He winks, then reaches for a biscuit*) I'll have another one of these though, if you don't mind?

Lucy Just a minute, how many have you had?

Terry This is my second. It's only my second.

235 **Lucy** Well, that's all. No more after that. I'll get you some milk. You better have something that's good for you.

Terry (*half rising*) Oh no—thank you, not milk, no.

Lucy (*going to the kitchen*) Wait there. (*Seeing Terry has half risen*) And don't jump about while you're eating, Terry.

240 *Lucy goes out to the kitchen*

Terry You're right. She's odd.

Rosemary I said she was.

Terry No wonder he's gone off.

Rosemary Perhaps that's why she's odd.

245 **Terry** Why?

Rosemary Because he's gone off.

Terry Rubbish. And we'll have less of that, too, if you don't mind.

Rosemary What?

Terry All this business about me never going out of the house.

250 **Rosemary** It's true.

Terry It's not true and it makes me out to be some bloody idle loafer.

Rosemary All I said . . .

Terry And even if it is true, you have no business saying it in front of other people.

Rosemary Oh, honestly, Terry, you're so touchy. I can't say a thing right these days,

255 can I?

Terry Very little. Now you come to mention it.

Rosemary Niggle, niggle, niggle. You keep on at me the whole time. I'm frightened to open my mouth these days. I don't know what's got into you lately. You're in a filthy mood from the moment you get up till you go to bed . . .

260 **Terry** What are you talking about?

Rosemary Grumbling and moaning . . .

Terry Oh, shut up.

Rosemary You're a misery to live with these days, you really are.

Terry I said, shut up.

265 **Rosemary** (*more quietly*) I wish to God you'd go off somewhere sometimes, I really do.

Terry Don't tempt me. I bloody feel like it occasionally, I can tell you.

Rosemary (*tearfully*) Oh, lovely . . .

Terry If you think I enjoy spending night after night sitting looking at you . . . (*He throws the biscuit down*) What am I eating these damn things for . . . you're mistaken.

270 (*Thirsty from the biscuits, he grabs her orange juice glass and drains it in one*)

Rosemary That's mine, do you mind. (*She rises and stamps her foot*)

Terry Come on. Let's go. (*He jumps up*)

Rosemary That was my orange juice when you've quite finished.

Lucy enters with a glass of milk

275 **Lucy** Now what are you doing jumping about?

Rosemary sits

Terry We've got to be going, I'm sorry.

Lucy Not till you've finished. Sit down.

Terry Listen, I'm sorry we . . .

280 **Lucy** (*seeing Rosemary's distraught state*) What's the matter with Rosemary?

Rosemary (*sniffing*) Nothing . . .

Lucy What have you been doing to her?

Terry Nothing.

Lucy Here's your milk.

285 **Terry** Thank you.

Lucy You don't deserve it.

Terry I don't want it.

Lucy Don't be tiresome.

Terry I hate the damned stuff.

290 **Lucy** I'm not going to waste my breath arguing with you, Terry. It's entirely up to you if you don't want to be big and strong.

Terry Now, look . . .

Lucy If you want to be a little weakling, that's up to you. Just don't come whining to me when all your nails and teeth fall out. Now then, Rosemary, let's see to you. (*She*

295 *puts down the milk and picks up the biscuits*) Would you like a choccy biccy?

Rosemary No, thank you.

Lucy Come on, they're lovely choccy, look. Milk choccy . . .

Rosemary No, honestly.

Terry Rosie, are you coming or not?

300 **Lucy** Well, have a drink, then. Blow your nose and have a drink, that's a good girl. (*Seeing the glass*) Oh, it's all gone. You've drunk that quickly, haven't you?

Rosemary I didn't drink it. He did.

Lucy What?

Rosemary He drank it.

305 **Lucy** Terry, did you drink her orange juice?

Terry Look, there's a programme I want to watch . . .

Lucy Did you drink Rosemary's orange juice?

Terry Look, good night . . .

Rosemary Yes, he did.

310 **Lucy** Well, I think that's really mean.

Rosemary He just takes anything he wants.

Lucy Really mean.

Rosemary Never thinks of asking.

Terry I'm going.

315 **Lucy** Not before you've apologized to Rosemary

Terry Good night.

Terry goes out

Lucy (*calling after him*) And don't you dare come back until you're ready to apologize.
(*To Rosemary*) Never mind him. Let him go. He'll be back.

320 **Rosemary** That's the way to talk to him.

Lucy What?

Rosemary That's the way he ought to be talked to more often.

Lucy I'm sorry. I won't have that sort of behaviour. Not from anyone.

Rosemary He'll sulk now. For days.

325 **Lucy** Well, let him. It doesn't worry us, does it?

Rosemary No. It's just sometimes—things get on top of you—and then he comes back at night—and he starts on me and I . . . (*She cries*) Oh dear—I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to . . .

Lucy (*cooing*) Come on now. Come on . . .

330 **Rosemary** I've never done this. I'm sorry . . .

Lucy That's all right. There, there.

Rosemary I'm sorry. (*She continues to weep*)

Lucy Look who's watching you.

Rosemary Who?

335 **Lucy** (*picking up a doll*) Mr Poddle. Mr Poddle's watching you. (*She holds up the doll*)
You don't want Mr Poddle to see you crying, do you? Do you?

Rosemary (*lamely*) No . . .

Lucy Do we, Mr Poddle? (*She shakes Mr Poddle's head*) No, he says, no. Stop crying, Rosie. (*She nods Mr Poddle's head*) Stop crying, Rosie. Yes—yes.

340 *Rosemary gives an embarrassed giggle*

That's better. Was that a little laugh, Mr Poddle? Was that a little laugh?

Lucy wiggles Mr Poddle about, bringing him close up to Rosmary's face and taking him away again

Was that a little laugh? Was that a little laugh? Was that a little laugh?

345 *Rosemary giggles uncontrollably*

Terry enters from the hall and stands amazed

Terry Er . . .

Lucy and Rosemary become aware of him

Er—I've locked myself out.

- 350 **Lucy** Have you come back to apologize?
Terry You got the key, Rosie?
Rosemary Yes.
Terry Let's have it then.
Lucy Not until you apologize.
- 355 **Terry** Look, I'm not apologizing to anyone. I just want the key. To get back into my own house, if you don't mind. Now, come on.
Rosemary (*producing the key from her bag*) Here.
Lucy Rosemary, don't you dare give it to him.
Terry Eh?
- 360 **Rosemary** What?
Lucy Not until he apologizes.
Terry Rosie, give me the key.
Lucy No, Rosemary. I'll take it. Give it to me.
Terry Rosie.
- 365 **Lucy** Rosemary.
Rosemary (*torn*) Er . . .
Lucy (*very fiercely*) Rosemary, will you give me that key at once.
Rosemary gives Lucy the key. Terry regards Lucy
- Terry** Would you mind most awfully giving me the key to my own front door.
- 370 **Lucy** Certainly.
Terry Thank you so much.
Lucy Just as soon as you've apologized to Rosemary.
Terry I've said, I'm not apologizing to anyone.
Lucy Then you're not having the key.
- 375 **Terry** Now listen, I've got a day's work to do tomorrow. I'm damned if I'm going to start playing games with some frustrated nutter . . .
Rosemary Terry . . .
Lucy Take no notice of him, Rosemary, he's just showing off.
Terry Are you going to give me that key or not?
- 380 **Lucy** Not until you apologize.
Terry All right. I'll have to come and take it off you, won't I.
Lucy You try. You just dare try, my boy.
Terry All right. (*He moves towards Lucy*)
Rosemary Terry . . .
- 385 **Lucy** Just you try and see what happens.
Terry (*halted by her tone; uncertainly*) I'm not joking.
Lucy Neither am I.

Terry Look, I don't want to . . . Just give me the key, there's a good . . .

Lucy Not until you apologize to Rosemary.

390 **Terry** Oh, for the love of . . . All right (*To Rosemary*) Sorry.

Lucy Say it nicely.

Terry I'm very sorry, Rosie. Now give us the key, for God's sake.

Lucy When you've drunk your milk. Sit down and drink your milk.

Terry Oh, blimey . . . (*He sits*)

395 **Lucy** That's better.

Terry I hate milk.

Lucy Drink it up.

Terry scowls and picks up the glass. Rosemary, unseen by Lucy, sticks her tongue out at him. Terry bangs down his glass and moves as if to hit her.

400 Terry!

Terry She stuck her tongue out at me.

Lucy Sit still.

Terry But she . . .

Lucy Sit!

405 *Terry sits scowling. Rosemary smirks at him smugly*

(Seeing her) And don't do that, Rosemary. If the wind changes, you'll get stuck like it. And sit up straight and don't slouch.

Rosemary does so

Terry (*taking a sip of the milk*) This is horrible.

410 *Silence. He takes another sip*

It's warm

Silence. Another sip

Terry There's a football international on television, you know.

415 **Lucy** Not until you've drunk that up, there isn't. Come on, Rosemary. Help Terry to drink it. "Georgie Porgie Pudding and Pie, kissed the girls and . . .?"

Rosemary "Made them cry."

Lucy Good.

Rosemary } "When the boys came out to play, Georgie Porgie } (*Speaking*
Lucy } ran away. } (*together*)

420 **Terry** (*finishing his glass with a giant swallow*) All gone. (*He wipes his mouth*)

Lucy Good boy.

Terry Can I have the key now, please?

Lucy Here you are.

Terry goes to take it

425 What do you say?

Terry Thank you.

Lucy All right. Off you go, both of you.

Rosemary (*kissing her on the cheek*) Night night.

Lucy Night night, dear. Night night, Terry.

430 **Terry** (*kissing Lucy likewise*) Night night.

Lucy Sleep tight.

Terry Hope the bugs don't bite.

Lucy Hold Rosemary's hand, Terry.

Rosemary and Terry hold hands

435 See her home safely.

Terry Night.

Rosemary Night.

Lucy Night night.

Terry and Rosemary go off hand in hand

440 *Lucy blows kisses*

(*With a sigh*) Blooming kids. Honestly.

The telephone rings. Lucy, as she passes it, picks it up and replaces it as before. As she does so, the Lights fade to a single spot in a call-box. Harry is there, with the receiver in his hand.

445 **Harry** Oh, blast, not again. Hallo—hallo—oh, damn and blast. (*He jiggles the receiver*) Operator? Operator? Hallo—hallo . . . Operator, there must be a fault on this line. . . The line I have been trying unsuccessfully to dial. . . Yes—six-four-one-nine. I mean, this is quite unforgivable. This is the third time I have reported it and I am still quite unable to make contact with my wife. . . Yes, well, thank you for your sympathy. Let's try a little action, shall we? Because I'm going to take this to the top. . . Yes, top. . . What? . . . No—T for Toffee, O for Orange. . . Oh, forget it. 450 (*He rings off*) Give me strength.

Question

It has been said that “*Alan Ayckbourn is a dramatist whose work, characteristically, deals with the eccentricities, fears and neuroses of the suburban middle class*”.

In what ways and how effectively does Ayckbourn dramatise “*the eccentricities, fears and neuroses of the suburban middle class*” in *Mother Figure*?

Section 4—Reading the Media

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Category A—Film

1. Make a detailed study of the cinematic techniques used in the opening sequences of **two** films by the **same** director.
2. Discuss the contribution of the sound track—speech, music, sound effects—to the effectiveness of **at least two** sequences from any **one** film.

Category B—Television

3. *“The domestic audience places considerable constraints on both the form and the content of television drama.”*

Discuss with reference to any **one** television drama (soap, serial, series or single play).

4. In what ways does any news **or** current affairs **or** documentary programme (or series of programmes) both inform and entertain its audience?

Category C—Radio

5. *“The challenge that faces each radio channel today is how to keep its loyal audience while at the same time attracting new listeners.”*

Discuss.

6. How does any news **or** current affairs **or** sports programme exploit the advantages of communicating in a non-visual medium?

Category D—Print journalism

7. Discuss the use of narrative **and** representation in any **one** newspaper’s coverage of a major news event.

NB You may not use the materials provided for question 8 in order to answer question 7.

8. For this question, you are provided with copies of some of *The Independent’s* front page coverage in September 2007 of the demonstrations against the military regime in Burma (*pages 1–5 of the colour insert provided for this section*).

Analyse the images and written text employed in these front pages and evaluate their effectiveness in conveying the narrative of a developing news story.

Category E—Advertising

9. “Television advertisements often exploit other television genres—for example, sitcoms, game shows, sports programmes.”

Discuss the ways in which a range of television advertisements **or** a television advertising campaign exploits other television genres.

10. For this question, you are provided with two advertisements for Suzuki Swift published in *The Guardian Weekend* and *The Observer Magazine* in August 2007 (pages 6 and 7 of the colour insert provided for this section).

How effectively does each advertisement convey to its target audience the distinctive brand identity of the product?

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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