



National
Qualifications
EXEMPLAR PAPER ONLY

EP11/AH/12

**English
Textual Analysis**

Date — Not applicable

Duration — 1 hour 30 minutes

Total marks — 20

Attempt **ONLY** Part A **OR** Part B **OR** Part C **OR** Part D

PART A — POETRY — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART B — PROSE FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART D — DRAMA — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

Write your answers clearly in the answer booklet provided. In the answer booklet, you must clearly identify the question number you are attempting.

Use **blue** or **black** ink.

Before leaving the examination room you must give your answer booklet to the Invigilator; if you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.



* E P 1 1 A H 1 2 *

TEXTUAL ANALYSIS — 20 marks

Your answer should take the form of a **CRITICAL ANALYSIS** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Attempt **ONLY** Part A OR Part B OR Part C OR Part D.

PART A — POETRY

Read carefully the poem *Dover Beach* (first published in 1867) by Matthew Arnold and then answer the question that follows it.

Dover Beach by Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
5 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
10 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.
15 Sophocles¹ long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
20 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
25 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
30 To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
35 And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

¹ Sophocles — a 5th-century BC Greek playwright who wrote tragedies on fate and the will of the gods

Question

Discuss the poetic features of *Dover Beach* and the ways in which they help the reader to appreciate the significance of the scene.

OR

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Read carefully the following short story “Keel and Kool”, by Janet Frame (1951) from her collection entitled, “The Lagoon”, and then answer the question that follows it.

“Keel and Kool” by Janet Frame

Father shook the bidi-bids off the big red and grey rug and then he spread it out again in the grass.

— There you are, he said. Mother here, and Winnie here, and Joan you stay beside Winnie. We’ll put the biscuit tin out of the way so it won’t come into the photo. Now say cheese.

5 He stepped back and cupped his hand over the front of the camera, and then he looked over his shoulder—to see if the sun’s looking too, he told the children who were saying cheese. And then he clicked the shiny thing at the side of the camera.

— There you are, he said. It’s taken. A happy family.

10 — Oh, said Mother. Were we all right? Because I want to show the photo to Elsie. It’s the first we’ve taken since Eva . . . went.

Mother always said went or passed away or passed beyond when she talked of death. As if it were not death really, only pretend.

— We were good weren’t we, Dad, said Winnie. And now are you going fishing?

15 — Yes, said Father. I’m going fishing. I’ll put this in a safe place and then I’m off up the river for salmon.

He carried the camera over to where the coats were piled, and he stowed it in one of the bags carefully, for photos were precious things.

And then he stooped and fastened the top strap of his gumboots to his belt.

20 — Cheerio, he said, kissing Mother. He always kissed everyone when he went away anywhere, even for a little while. And then he kissed Winnie and pulled her hair, and he pulled Joan’s hair too but he didn’t kiss her because she was the girl over the road and no relation.

— I’ll come back with a salmon or I’ll go butcher’s hook.

25 They watched him walking towards the river, a funny clumpy walk because he had his gumboots on. He was leaning to one side, with his right shoulder lower than his left, as if he were trying to dodge a blow that might come from the sky or the trees or the air. They watched him going and going, like someone on the films, who grows smaller and smaller and then The End is printed across the screen, and music plays and the lights go up. He was like a man in a story walking away from them. Winnie hoped he wouldn’t go too far away because the river was deep and wild and made a roaring noise that could be heard even above the willow trees and pine trees. It was the
30 greyest river Winnie had ever seen. And the sky was grey too, with a tiny dot of sun. The grey of the sky seemed to swim into the grey of the river.

Then Father turned and waved.

Winnie and Joan waved back.

— And now we’re going to play by the pine tree, Mrs Todd, aren’t we, Winnie, said Joan.

35 — We’ll play ladies, said Winnie.

Mother sighed. The children were such happy, little things. They didn’t realise . . .

— All right, kiddies, she said. You can run away and play. Don’t go near the river and mind the stinging nettle.

40 Then she opened her *Woman's Weekly* and put it on her knee. She knew that she would read only as far as "Over the Teacups" and then she would think all over again about Eva passing away, her first baby. A sad blow, people said, to lose your first, just when she was growing up to be a help to you. But it's all for the best and you have Wonderful Faith, Mrs Todd, she's happier in another sphere, you wouldn't have wished it otherwise, and you've got her photo, it's always nice to have their photos. Bear up, Mrs Todd.

45 Mrs Todd shut her eyes and tried to forget and then started to read "Over the Teacups." It was better to forget and not think about it.

Winnie and Joan raced each other through the grass to the pine tree by the fence, Joan's dark hair bobbing up and down getting in her eyes.

— Bother, she said.

50 Winnie stared enviously. She wished her own hair was long enough to hang over her eyes and be brushed away. How nice to say bother, and brush your hair out of your eyes. Eva's hair had been long. It was so funny about Eva, and the flowers and telegrams and Auntie May coming and bringing sugar buns and custard squares. It was so funny at home with Eva's dresses hanging up and her shoes under the wardrobe and no Eva to wear them, and the yellow quilt spread
55 unruffled over the bed, and staying unruffled all night. But it was good wearing Eva's blue pyjamas. They had pink round the bottom of the legs and pink round the neck and sleeves. Winnie liked to see herself in the mirror and then get into bed and yawn, stretching her arms above her head like a lady. But it would have been better if Eva were there to see.

And what fun if Eva were there at the picnic!

60 — Come on, said Joan. We'll play ladies in fur coats. I know because my mother's got a fur coat.

— I'm going to bed, said Winnie. I'm wearing some beautiful blue pyjamas and I'm yawning, and my maid's just brought my coffee to me.

She lay under the pine tree. She could smell the pine and hear the hush-hush of its branches and beyond that the rainy sound of the river, and see the shrivelled up cones like little brown claws,
65 and the grey sky like a tent with the wind blowing under it and puffing it out. And there was Joan walking up and down in her fur coat, and smiling at all the ladies and gentlemen saying, oh no, I've got heaps of fur coats. Bother, my hair does get in my eyes so.

Joan had been Eva's best friend. She was so beautiful. She was Spanish, she said, a little bit anyway. She had secrets with Eva. They used to whisper together and giggle and talk in code.

70 — I'm tired of wearing my fur coat, said Joan suddenly. And you can't go on yawning for ever.

— I can go on yawning for ever if I like, said Winnie, remembering the giggles and the secrets and the code she couldn't understand. And she yawned and said thank you to the maid for her coffee. And then she yawned again.

— I can do what I like, she said.

75 — You can't always, said Joan. Your mother wouldn't let you. Anyway, I'm tired of wearing my fur coat, I want to make something.

She turned her back on Winnie and sat down in the grass away from the pine tree, and began to pick stalks of feathery grass. Winnie stopped yawning. She heard the rainy-wind sound of the river and she wondered where her father was. And what was Mother doing? And what was Joan making
80 with the feathery grass?

— What are you making, Joan?

— I'm making Christmas trees, answered Joan graciously. Eva showed me. Didn't Eva show you?

And she held up a Christmas tree.

— Yes, lied Winnie, Eva showed me Christmas trees.

85 She stared at the tiny tree in Joan's hand. The grass was wet with last night's dew and the tree sparkled, catching the tiny drop of sunlight that fell from the high grey and white air. It was like a fairy tree or like the song they sang at school-Little fir tree neat and green. Winnie had never seen such a lovely thing to make.

— And Eva showed me some new bits to Tinker Tailor, said Joan, biting off a piece of grass with her teeth-Boots, shoes, slippers, clodhoppers, silk, satin, cotton, rags — it's what you're married in.

90 — She showed me too, lied Winnie. Eva showed me lots of things.

— She showed me things, too, said Joan tenaciously.

Winnie didn't say anything to that. She looked up in the sky and watched a seagull flying over. I'm Keel, I'm Keel, it seemed to say. Come home Kool, come home Kool. Keel Keel. Winnie felt lonely staring up into the sky. Why was the pine tree so big and dark and old? Why was the seagull crying out I'm Keel, I'm Keel as if it were calling for somebody who wouldn't come? Keel Keel, come home Kool, come home Kool, it cried.

95 Winnie wished her mother would call out to them. She wished her father were back from the river, and they were all sitting on the rug, drinking billy tea and eating water biscuits that crackled in your mouth. She wished Joan were away and there were just Father and Mother and Winnie, and no Joan. She wished she had long hair and could make Christmas trees out of feathery grass. She wished she knew more bits to Tinker Tailor. What was it Joan had said? – Boots, shoes, slippers, clodhoppers. Why hadn't Eva told her?

100 — You're going to sleep, said Joan suddenly. I've made three Christmas trees. Look.

— I'm not going to sleep. I'm hungry, said Winnie. And I think, Joan Mason, that some people tell lies.

Joan flushed. — *I have* made three Christmas trees.

— It's not that, said Winnie, taking up a pine-needle and making pine-needle writing in the air. I just think that some people tell lies.

110 — But I'm not a liar, Winnie, protested Joan anxiously. I'm not honestly.

— Some people, Winnie murmured, writing with her pine-needle.

— You're not fair, Winnie Todd, quivered Joan, throwing down her Christmas trees. I know you mean me.

115 — Nobody said I did. I just said — some people.

— Well you looked at me.

— Did I?

Winnie crushed her pine-needle and smelt it. She wanted to cry. She wished she had never come for a picnic. She was cold, too, with just her print dress on. She wished she were somewhere far far away from the river and the pine tree and Joan Mason and the Christmas trees, somewhere far far away, she didn't know where.

120 Perhaps there was no place. Perhaps she would never find anywhere to go. Her mother would die and her father would die and Joan Mason would go on flicking the hair from her eyes and saying bother and wearing her fur coat and now knowing what it was like to have a mother and father dead.

125 — Yes, said Winnie. You're a liar. Eva told me things about you. Your uncle was eaten by cannibals and your father shot an albatross and had a curse put on him and your hair went green when you went for a swim in Christchurch and you had to be fed on pineapple for three weeks before it turned black again. Eva told me. You're a liar. She didn't believe you either. And take your Christmas trees. She picked up one of the trees and tore it to pieces.

130 Joan started to cry.

— Cry-baby, liar, so there.

135 Winnie reached forward and gave Joan a push, and then she turned to the pine tree and, catching hold of the lower branches, she pulled herself up into the tree. Soon she was over halfway up. The branches rocked up and down, sighing and sighing. Winnie peered down on to the ground and saw Joan running away through the grass, her hair bobbing up and down as she ran. She would be going back to where Winnie's mother was. Perhaps she would tell. Winnie pushed me over and called me names. And then when Winnie got down from the tree and went to join the others her mother would look at her with a hurt expression in her eyes and say, blessed are the peacemakers. And her father would be sitting there telling them all about the salmon, but he would stop when she came up, hours and hours later, and say sternly, I hoped you would behave yourself. And then he would look at Mother, and Winnie would know they were thinking of Eva and the flowers and the telegrams and Auntie May saying, bear up, you have Wonderful Faith. And then Mother would say, have one of these chocolate biscuits, Joan. And Mother and Father and 140 Joan would be together, sharing things.

145 Winnie's eyes filled with tears of pity for herself. She wished Eva was there. They would both sit up the pine tree with their hands clutching hold of the sticky branches, and they would ride up and down, like two birds on the waves, and then they would turn into princesses and sleep at night in blue pyjamas with pink round the edges, and in the daytime they would make Christmas trees out of feathery grass and play Tinker Tailor-boots, shoes, slippers, clodhoppers. 150

— Boots, shoes, slippers, clodhoppers, whispered Winnie. But there was no one to answer her. Only up in the sky there was a seagull as white as chalk, circling and crying Keel Keel, come home Kool, come home Kool. And Kool would never come, ever.

Question

Discuss how the theme of grief is presented in this extract through the use of language and any other appropriate feature(s).

OR

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

The Old Ways by Robert Macfarlane (2013)

In this extract the writer describes a journey he is to make by boat. This is one in a series of journeys he either makes by foot or by traditional methods of transport.

Ian and I stood side by side on the Stornoway quay, looking across at the little boat he was proposing we take to sea. Ian, hands in pockets, relaxed. Me, hands on hips, apprehensive.

5 “The traditional ballast for boats such as *Broad Bay*,” Ian said, “was boulders. She’d be laden with boulders of metamorphic rock; folk would make a chain and pass the rocks along, and they’d be laid all along the keel like a clutch of heavy eggs.”

Ian’s tone suggested that this was information I should find reassuring. I did not. Even though I was familiar with the logic of ballast, I simply could not find it sensible to load a boat with boulders before sailing her out into the open ocean.

10 I had first met Ian in Stornoway a year or so previously. He is — well, he is many things. A sailor before all else, determined by and for the sea, living mostly hand to mouth and with his eye always on the next adventure. His love of the sea is so keen that it might seem like greed, but it is more imperative than greed. Born and brought up on the Isle of Lewis, he was a coastguard in Stornoway for fifteen years in the 1980s and 1990s, before he gave the job up because it bound him too much to the desk. He is now a sailor, an artist, a storyteller and a lyric poet of real worth.

15 For much of his life he has been fascinated by the sea roads that lead to and from the Outer Hebrides, and he has spent years sailing them, and researching the tales and songs that have moved along them. “There are stories you meet different versions of at different points up and down the Atlantic coast,” he told me. “When you encounter them, you know well that this is a story that’s travelled by the sea roads.”

20 Following the stories is for Ian a way of mapping the routes of the roads, and sailing the roads a way of mapping the routes of the stories. He has tracked mutations of sea tales — “Three Knots of Wind”, “The Blue Men of the Minch”, the “Selkie” and the “Fin-Men” legends — as they have been carried about over the centuries, making their landfalls here and there, finding retellings in different accents and different places. In 2007, he helped to sail three traditional boats along routes suggested by three Gaelic songs and stories, one of which was “Fraoch à Rònaigh”, a song

25 based on the air of a pibroch¹ whose lyrics consisted mostly of the place names of the graveyards of North Uist. It was an exile’s song, a lament that lists the places where the writer’s ancestors lie. To Ian, traditional stories, like traditional songs, are closely kindred to the traditional seaways, in that they are highly contingent and yet broadly repeatable. “A song is different every time it’s

30 sung,” he told me, “and variations of wind, tide, vessel and crew mean that no voyage along a sea route will ever be the same.” Each sea route, planned in the mind, exists first as anticipation, then as dissolving wake and then finally as logbook data. Each is “affected by isobars, the stationing of satellites, recorded ephemera, hands on helms”. I liked that idea; it reminded me both of the Aboriginal Songlines, and of Thomas’s² vision of path as story, with each new walker

35 adding a new note or plot-line to the way.

Ian in appearance: curly silver hair, a shallow white stubble, two thin silver earrings in his left ear, too fine to be piratical. Ian in manner: sharp, fox-like, generous, mischievous. Ian in voice: lilting, Gaelic-inflected. Ian in stature: small, almost boyish. He has an air of youthfulness to him, seems younger than me, though he’s more than twenty years my senior. His physique, like his language,

40 is compact and wiry, capable of reach and strength. Physically, he’s whipped tight, made of hawser and halyard wire, but his character is full of flex. He passes in and out of moods of intense

1 a tune played on the bagpipes, mournful in tone

2 Dylan Thomas, a Welsh writer (1914–1953)

concentration, whose endings are marked by a quick grin, a register shift, an agile impiety. He doesn't take well to fools or frauds. The first time we met I felt gauged, appraised, quickly read. Eyes moved up and down me. I had the same sense of apprehension as when stepping through an airport scanner. Then — clear. Green light. No improper goods. Nothing falsely hidden.

That night we laid plans and plotted adventures up and down the sea roads. His house was, as I would later learn, run in a manner close to a commune. Financially, it survived mostly on barter and gift. People — sailors and fishermen in the main — passed in and out, sleeping in the loft, behind sofas, or paddling out to one of the boats that were moored in the harbour, and kipping in the berths there. Others would turn up in the kitchen, stopping for an hour or two, for a coffee or dram.

Ian lives on Lewis, but from there he has travelled far. He is an islander who's lived an international life. The Outer Hebrides are to him a crossroads, not a margin, and in that sense he is living proof of the surviving importance of the sea roads. The result of his ocean journeys is a knowledge and world view that are anchored in one place, but cosmopolitan in their range. His lines of connection are the dotted lines on the charts that run north and east from Stornoway to Norway, Orkney, Sula Sgeir and North Rona, the Baltic countries; or south down the Minch to Islay, Dublin, the Scillies and the Breton coast. He has friends and watch-mates from all over the Atlantic façade. "If it's about anything, it's this," he wrote in a poem:

60 *the taste of the relations, out of town,
the watch-mates met again . . .*

*The way one phrase talks to another.
The history of your way through weather.
The touch of your people.*

65 Mid-morning departure, Stornoway harbour, which is also known as the Hoil: hints of oil, hints of hooley¹. Sound of boatslip, reek of diesel. *Broad Bay's* wake through the harbour — a tugged line through the fuel slicks on the water's surface, our keel slurring petrol-rainbows. Light quibbling on the swell. We nosed through the chowder of harbour water: kelp, oranges, plastic milk bottles, sea gunk. Big seals floating here and there, their nostrils and eyes just above the water, their blubbery backs looking like the puffed-up anoraks of murder victims. Nostrils up, *snort snort*, duck to rinse, and then dive with a final flip of the flukes. Out we went — by oar, sail and tow — past the drug money pleasure-gardens and castle of James Matheson, who in 1844 used half a million pounds of the money he made pushing opium to the Chinese to buy the whole island of Lewis. Out past the lighthouse, out past the headlands, the sea opening like a cone into the

75 Minch.

The sun is above us, bright and high, but the sky darkening swiftly further out. Black sky-reefs of cloud to the east. The sea: graphite, lightly choppy, white stippled. The wind: a near southerly, Force 3 or 4, with just a touch of east in it. A good strength for a little boat like ours, but from the worst of directions. Our sea road led us south-south-east but it's impossible to sail directly upwind: we would have to make long tacks. Two other boats left the Hoil with us: a full size *sgoth Niseach*², called *An Sulaire (The Gannet)*, with a crew of five, and a sea-going yacht to keep watch over us in case of trouble. Ian and I were together in little *Broad Bay*.

"Let's get the sail up, show people that we're leaving well," said Ian. So I hoofed and hauled the big yard to the spar-top, the mainsheet was tightened and lightly jammed, the terracotta sail luffed, then filled, *Broad Bay* surges southwards through the water, and my heart leapt in my chest. Our wake spooling white behind us, our track record. The water going past fast with a hiss like poured sand.

Those first hours were a time of quick learning for me, dredging back skills part-remembered from earlier weeks of sailing, suppressing my ineptitudes as best I could.

1 gale

2 a traditional boat

90 “Our deadline is the evening turn of the tide,” said Ian. “I’d guess that we have a few hours of worthwhile struggle now against the tide, then six hours of good running, then an hour of slack, and then . . .” He clicked his fingers and jerked his thumb over his shoulder, back towards Stornoway, with a smile “. . . then we’ll be back in the Hoil before we know it.”

95 So every yard of way over ground counted. Ian had put me at the helm, traditional location for the landlubber, and I quickly learnt to steal from the wind, to pilfer a few yards here and there, by sailing as tight to the southerly as possible. If you turn too close to the wind, the sail empties, momentum is lost and the boat takes minutes to recover: a severe punishment on such a time-tight voyage.

100 I watched and tried to learn from Ian. He relished the challenge of making our destination. He was on high-alert: monitoring wind direction, checking our trim, watching our wake, fussing with the sails, refining our route. Only now and then, when satisfied we were making the best possible speed, would he tuck his hands back into his salopettes and settle briefly on a thwart. Then a shift in the wind or my helming would have him on his feet again, plucking and testing and changing.

105 The pursuit of the optimal way-speed was, I came to realise, in keeping with all that Ian does. In action and in speech, he is formidably exact. He exemplifies what Robert Lowell once called “the grace of accuracy”, and his poetry, too, is distinguished by its precision. Minimalist but not gnomic, it extends his commitments both to exactitude and communication. There is no surfeit to it. His poems are short and as taut as well-set sails. Poetry represents to him not a form of
110 suggestive vagueness, but a medium which permits him to speak in ways otherwise unavailable. I had noticed how unquestioningly poetry was accepted as his work by the people with whom Ian lived — it was regarded a skill as vulnerable to failure or success as setting lobster pots, or navigating a passage along a lee shore. I had noticed, too, how often in his talk and poetry Ian represented himself to himself in the language of seafaring and wayfaring. When he had lost his
115 way in life, it was to the sea that he had returned for clarification and reorientation. “Leeway”, “mooring”, “making way”, “shifts of wind”, “casting off”, “being adrift”: the language of the sea and its ways was also the language of Ian’s self-understanding, his personal poetics of memory-making and wayfaring. In this respect, as in others, he reminded me strongly of Thomas: the same reciprocities between loved landscape and self-perception, the same sense of poetry as a means
120 to express what exists at the cusp of consciousness.

Mostly, as a sailor, I did all right that day. Oh, admittedly, there was the moment during a tack when I dropped the yard — a twelve-foot pole of laminated pine — from ten feet up onto Ian’s shoulders. Some disagreement still remains between us over the nature of the incident. I was adamant that the spar’s descent had been controlled if undeniably, over-accelerated. Ian was
125 adamant, once that he’d stopped swearing, that it had been “purely dropped”.

On a long tack, Ian told me the story of the Blue Men of the Minch. “In poor weather or big seas,” he said, “the Blue Men would come for your boat.” They would haul themselves, — embodiments of storm and high water, malicious mermen — dripping on to the deck, ready to pull you down. “But then,” he said, “they give you a single chance. The leader of the Blue Men will cast you a
130 rope. What he’ll do is he’ll throw you a line of verse and one by one, everyone on board, from the skipper down, needs to offer a reply in like rhythm and metre. If one man fails, well, then you’ve had your chance, and the vessel is pulled down to the seabed with all its men drowned. If by some chance all can answer poetically, well then the ship is freed and the Blue Men, those slimy bastards, slide away to find another victim.” He grinned. “So you see, it’s eloquence that gets you
135 out of trouble.”

Stories, like paths, relate in two senses: they recount and they connect. In Siberia, the Khanty word usually translated as “story” also means “way”. A disputed etymology suggests that our word “book” derives from the High German *bok*, meaning “beech” — the tree on whose smooth bark marks and signs were often incised in order to indicate routes and paths. Our verb “to write” at
140 one point in its history referred specifically to track-making: the Old English *writan* meant “to incise runic letters in stone”; thus one would “write” a line by drawing a sharp point over and into a surface — by harrowing a track.

145 As the pen rises from the page between words, so the walker's feet rise and fall between paces, and as the deer continues to run as it bounds from the earth, and the dolphin continues to swim even as it leaps again and again from the sea, so writing and wayfaring are continuous activities, a running stitch, a persistence of the same seam or stream.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of the ways in which the writer engages the reader in his reflections on this journey.

OR

PART D — DRAMA

The following extract is from Act 3 of Sean O’Casey’s anti-war play *The Silver Tassie* (1928).

Harry Heegan is an Irish football hero in his local community who goes to fight in the First World War leaving behind his girlfriend Jessie — who admires him for his strength, popularity, and football success — but returns a different man, badly injured.

Act 3 is set in a military hospital where Harry is a patient along with others who have been injured at the front. The patients are often referred to by the medical staff by their bed numbers — “number twenty-eight” being Harry’s bed number. Susie is a nurse, but also a woman who in Act 1 had yearnings for Harry which she hid from him.

Characters:

Harry Heegan (№ 28)

Barney, a friend and comrade of Harry’s, initially unremarkable and in Harry’s shadow in Act 1

Jessie, a young woman who could be seen as Harry’s girlfriend in Act 1

Susie, a nurse and friend of Harry’s.

Surgeon Maxwell, a young surgeon treating the men in the military hospital.

Mrs Heegan, Harry’s mother.

Sylvester Heegan (№ 26), Harry’s father.

Simon (№ 27), Sylvester’s friend.

Teddy, a neighbour and comrade of Harry’s who has been blinded in the war.

Mrs Foran, Teddy’s wife.

The Silver Tassie extract from Act 3

Harry wheels himself in, goes again to the fireplace, and looks into grounds. Simon watches him for a moment, takes a package of cigarettes from his pocket and lights one.

Simon. (*awkwardly, to Harry*) Have a fag, Harry, oul’ son?

Harry. Don’t want one; tons of my own in the locker.

Simon. Like me to get you one?

Harry. I can get them myself if I want one. D’ye think my arms are lifeless as well as my legs?

5 **Simon.** Far from that. Everybody’s remarking what a great improvement has taken place in you during the last few days.

Harry. Everybody but myself.

10 **Simon.** What with the rubbing every morning and the rubbing every night, and now the operation tomorrow as a grand finally, you’ll maybe be in the centre of the football field before many months are out.

Harry. (*irritably*) Oh, shut up, man! It’s a miracle I want — not an operation. The last operation was to give life to my limbs, but no life came, and again I felt the horrible sickness of life only from the waist up. (*Raising his voice*) Don’t stand there gaping at me, man. Did you never before clap your eyes on a body dead from the belly down? Blast you, man, why don’t you shout at me,
15 “While there’s life there’s hope!”

Simon edges away to his corner. Susie comes in by the glass door and goes over to the table.

(To Susie) A package of fags. Out of the locker. Will you, Susie?

Susie goes to Harry's locker, gets the cigarettes and gives them to him. As he lights the cigarette, his right arm gives a sudden jerk.

Susie. Steady. What's this?

Harry. (*with a nervous laugh*) Barred from my legs it's flowing back into my arms. I can feel it slyly creeping into my fingers.

20 **Voice of Patient, out left.** (*plaintively*) Nurse!

Susie. (*turning her head in direction of the voice*) Shush, you Twenty-three; go asleep, go asleep.

Harry. A soft, velvety sense of distance between my fingers and the things I touch.

Susie. Stop thinking of it. Brooding checks the chance of your recovery. A good deal may be imagination.

25 **Harry.** (*peevishly*) Oh, I know the different touches of iron (*he touches the bed rail*); of wood (*he touches the chair*); of flesh (*he touches his cheek*); and to my fingers they're giving the same answers — a feeling of numb distance between me and the touches of them all.

Voice of Patient, out left. Nurse!

Susie. Dtch, dtch. Go asleep, Twenty-three.

30 **Voice of Patient, out left.** The stab in the head is worse than ever, Nurse.

Susie. You've got your dose of morphia, and you'll get no more. You'll just have to stick it.

Resident Surgeon Forby Maxwell enters from the grounds. He is about thirty years of age, and good-looking. His white overalls are unbuttoned, showing war ribbons on his waistcoat, flanked by the ribbon of the DSO¹. He has a careless, jaunty air, and evidently takes a decided interest in Susie. He comes in singing softly.

Surgeon Maxwell (*singing*)

Stretched on the couch, Jessie fondled her dress,

That hid all her beauties just over the knee;

And I wondered and said, as I sigh'd, "What a shame,

35 That there's no room at all on the couch there for me."

Susie. (*to Surgeon Maxwell*) Twenty-three's at it again.

Surgeon Maxwell. Uh, hopeless case. Half his head in Flanders. May go on like that for another month.

Susie. He keeps the patients awake at night.

40 **Simon.** With his "God have mercys on me", running after every third or fourth tick of the clock.

Harry. 'Tisn't fair to me, 'tisn't fair to me; I must get my bellyful of sleep if I'm ever going to get well.

Surgeon Maxwell. Oh, the poor devil won't trouble any of you much longer. (*Singing*)

Said Jess, with a light in the side of her eyes,

45 "A shrewd, mathematical fellow like you,

With an effort of thought should be able to make

The couch wide enough for the measure of two."

Susie. Dtch, dtch, Surgeon Maxwell.

Surgeon Maxwell. (*singing*)

I fixed on a plan, and I carried it through,

50 And the eyes of Jess gleam'd as she whisper'd to me:

"The couch, made for one, that was made to hold two,

Has, maybe, been made big enough to hold three!"

¹ Distinguished Service Order: a military award primarily awarded to officers only, typically during combat.

Surgeon Maxwell catches Susie's hand in his. Sylvester bursts in from the bathroom, and rushes to his bed, colliding with the Surgeon as he passes him.

Hallo, hallo there, what's this?

55 **Sylvester.** (*flinging himself into bed, covering himself rapidly with the clothes, blowing himself warm*) Pooh, pooh, I feel as if I was sittin' on the doorstep of pneumonia! Pooh, oh!

Surgeon Maxwell. (*to Sylvester*) We'll have a look at you in a moment, Twenty-six, and see what's wrong with you.

Sylvester subsides down into the bed, and Simon edges towards the entrance to the grounds, and stands looking into the grounds, or watching Surgeon Maxwell examining Sylvester.

(*To Harry, who is looking intently out into the grounds*) Well, how are we today, Heegan?

Harry. I imagine I don't feel quite so dead in myself as I've felt these last few days back.

60 **Surgeon Maxwell.** Oh, well, that's something.

Harry. Sometimes I think I feel a faint, fluttering kind of a buzz in the tops of my thighs.

Surgeon Maxwell. (*touching Harry's thigh*) Where, here?

Harry. No; higher up, doctor; just where the line is that leaves the one part living and the other part dead.

65 **Surgeon Maxwell.** A buzz?

Harry. A timid, faint, fluttering kind of a buzz.

Surgeon Maxwell. That's good. There might be a lot in that faint, fluttering kind of a buzz.

Harry. (*after a pause*) I'm looking forward to the operation tomorrow.

70 **Surgeon Maxwell.** That's the way to take it. While there's life there's hope (*with a grin and a wink at Susie*). And now we'll have a look at Twenty-six.

Harry, when he hears "while there's life there's hope", wheels himself madly out left; half-way out he turns his head and stretches to look out into the grounds, then he goes on.

Susie. Will the operation tomorrow be successful?

Surgeon Maxwell. Oh, of course; very successful.

Susie. Do him any good, d'ye think?

Surgeon Maxwell. Oh, blast the good it'll do him.

Susie goes over to Sylvester in the bed.

75 **Susie.** (*to Sylvester*) Sit up, Twenty-six, Surgeon Maxwell wants to examine you.

Sylvester. (*sitting up with a brave effort but a woeful smile*) Righto. In the pink!

Surgeon Maxwell comes over, twirling his stethoscope. Simon peeps round the corner of the glass door.

Susie. (*to Surgeon Maxwell*) What was the cause of the row between the Matron and Nurse Jennings? (*To Sylvester*) Open your shirt, Twenty-six.

80 **Surgeon Maxwell.** (*who has fixed the stethoscope in his ears, removing it to speak to Susie*) Caught doing the tango in the Resident's arms in the Resident's room. Naughty girl, naughty girl. (*To Sylvester*) Say "ninety-nine".

Sylvester. Ninety-nine.

Susie. Oh, I knew something like that would happen. Daughter of a Dean, too.

Surgeon Maxwell. (*to Sylvester*) Say "ninety-nine".

85 **Sylvester.** Ninety-nine. U-u-uh, it's gettin' very cold here, sitting up!

Surgeon Maxwell. *(to Sylvester)* Again. Don't be frightened; breathe quietly.

Sylvester. Ninety-nine. Cool as a cucumber, Doctor. Ninety-nine.

Surgeon Maxwell. *(to Susie)* Damn pretty little piece. Not so pretty as you, though.

90 Sylvester. *(to Surgeon Maxwell)* Yesterday Doctor Joyce, givin' me a run over, said to a couple of medical men that with him lookin' for tips, that the thing was apparently yieldin' to treatment, and that an operation wouldn't be necessary.

Surgeon Maxwell. Go on; ninety-nine, ninety-nine.

Sylvester. Ninety-nine, ninety-nine.

Surgeon Maxwell. *(to Susie)* Kicks higher than her head, and you should see her doing the splits.

95 Sylvester. *(to Surgeon Maxwell)* Any way of getting' rid'll do for me, for I'm not one of them that'll spend a night before an operation in a crowd of prayers.

Susie. Not very useful things to be doing and poor patients awaiting attention.

Surgeon Maxwell. *(putting stethoscope into pocket)* He'll do alright; quite fit. Great old skin. *(To Sylvester)* You can cover yourself up, now. *(To Susie)* And don't tell me, Nurse Susie, that you've never felt a thrill or left a bedside for a kiss in a corner. *(He tickles her under the arm.)* Kiss in a corner, Nurse!

100 Susie. *(pleased, but coy)* Please don't, Doctor Maxwell, please.

Surgeon Maxwell. *(tickling her again as they go out)* Kiss in a corner; ta-ra-ra-ra, kiss in a corner!

A pause.

Sylvester. *(to Simon)* Simon, were you listenin' to that conversation?

105 Simon. Indeed I was.

Sylvester. We have our hands full, Simon, to keep alive. Think of sinkin' your body to the level of a hand that, ta-ra-ra-ra, would plunge a knife into your middle, haphazard, hurryin' up to run away after a thrill from a kiss in the corner. Did you see me dizzied an' wastin' me time pumpin' ninety-nines out of me, unrecognized, quiverin' with cold an' equivocation.

110 Simon. Everybody says he's a very clever fellow with the knife.

Sylvester. He'd gouge out your eye, saw off your arm, lift a load of vitals out of your middle, rub his hands, keep down a terrible desire to cheer lookin' at the ruin, an' say "Twenty-six, when you're a little better, you'll feel a new man!"

Mrs Heegan, Mrs Foran, and Teddy enter from the grounds. Mrs Foran is leading Teddy, who has a heavy bandage over his eyes, and is dressed in the blue clothes of military hospitals.

115 Mrs Foran. *(to Teddy)* Just a little step here, Ted; upsh! That's it; now we're on the earth again, beside Simon and Sylvester. You'd better sit here. *(She puts him sitting on a chair.)*

Sylvester. *(to Mrs Heegan, as she kisses him)* Well, how's the old woman, eh?

Mrs Heegan. A little anxious about poor Harry.

Simon. He'll be alright. Tomorrow'll tell a tale.

120 Susie. *(coming in, annoyed)* Who let you up here at this hour? Twenty-eight's to have an operation tomorrow, and shouldn't be disturbed.

Mrs Heegan. Sister Peter Alcantara said we might come up, Nurse.

Mrs Foran. *(loftily)* Sister Peter Alcantara's authority ought to be good enough, I think.

Mrs Heegan. Sister Peter Alcantara said a visit might buck him up a bit.

125 Mrs Foran. Sister Peter Alcantara knows the responsibility she'd incur by keeping a wife from her husband and a mother from her son.

Susie. Sister Peter Alcantara hasn't got to nurse him. And remember, nothing is to be said that would make his habit of introspection worse than it is.

Mrs Foran. (*with dignity*) Thanks for the warnin', Nurse, but them kind of mistakes is unusual with us.

Susie goes out left, as Harry wheels himself rapidly in. Seeing the group, he stops suddenly, and a look of disappointment comes on to his face.

130 **Mrs Heegan.** (*kissing Harry*) How are you, son?

Mrs Foran. I brought Teddy, your brother in arms, up to see you, Harry.

Harry. (*impatiently*) Where's Jessie? I thought you were to bring her with you?

Mrs Heegan. She's comin' after us in a moment.

Harry. Why isn't she here now?

135 **Mrs Foran.** She stopped to have a word in the grounds with someone she knew.

Harry. It was Barney Bagnal, was it? Was it Barney Bagnal?

Teddy. Maybe she wanted to talk to him about gettin' the VC¹.

Harry. What VC? Who's getting' the VC?

Teddy. Barney. Did he not tell you?

Mrs Foran prods his knee.

140 What's up?

Harry. (*intensely, to Teddy*) What's he gettin' it for? What's he getting' the VC for?

Teddy. For carryin' you wounded out of the line of fire.

Mrs Foran prods his knee.

What's up?

Harry. (*in anguish*) Christ Almighty, for carryin' me wounded out of the line of fire!

145 **Mrs Heegan.** (*rapidly*) Harry, I wouldn't be thinkin' of anything till we see what the operation'll do tomorrow.

Simon. (*rapidly*) God, if it gave him back the use even of one of his legs.

Mrs Foran. (*rapidly*) Look at all the places he could toddle to, an' all the things he could do then with the prop of a crutch.

150 **Mrs Heegan.** Even at the worst, he'll never be dependin' on anyone, for he's bound to get the maximum allowance.

Simon. Two quid a week, isn't it?

Sylvester. Yes, a hundred per cent total incapacitation.

Harry. She won't come up if one of you don't go down and bring her up.

155 **Mrs Heegan.** She's bound to come up, for she's got your ukelele.

Harry. Call her up, Simon, call her up — I must see Jessie.

Simon goes over to the door leading to the grounds, and looks out.

Mrs Foran. (*bending over till her face is close to Harry's*) The drawn look on his face isn't half as bad as when I seen him last.

160 **Mrs Heegan.** (*bending and looking into Harry's face*) Look, the hollows under his eyes is fillin' up, too.

¹ Victoria Cross: *the highest military decoration awarded for valour "in the face of the enemy"*.

Teddy. I'm afraid he'll have to put Jessie out of his head, for when a man's hit in the spine . . .
Mrs Foran prods his knee.
 What's up, woman?

Harry. (*impatently, to Simon*) Is she coming? Can you see her anywhere?

Simon. I see someone like her in the distance, under the trees.

165 **Harry.** Call her; can't you give her a shout, man?

Simon. (*calling*) Jessie. Is that you, Jessie! Jessie-e!

Mrs Heegan. (*to Harry*) What time are you goin' under the operation?

Harry. (*to Simon*) Call her again, call her again, can't you!

Simon. (*calling*) Jessie; Jessie-e!

170 **Teddy.** Not much of a chance for an injury to the spine, for . . .

Mrs Foran. (*putting her face close to Teddy's*) Oh, shut up, you!

Harry. Why did you leave her in the grounds? Why didn't you wait till she came up with you?

Mrs Foran. (*going over to Simon and calling*) Jessie, Jessie-e!

Jessie's Voice. (*in distance*) Yehess!

175 **Mrs Foran.** (*calling*) Come up here at once; we're all waitin' for you!

Jessie's Voice. I'm not going up!

Mrs Foran. (*calling*) Bring up that ukelele here at once, miss!

Jessie's Voice. Barney'll bring it up!

Harry, who has been listening intently, wheels himself rapidly to where Simon and Mrs Foran are, pushing through them hurriedly.

Harry. (*calling loudly*) Jessie! Jessie! Jessie-e!

180 **Mrs Foran.** Look at that, now; she's runnin' away, the young rip!

Harry. (*appealingly*) Jessie! Jessie-e!

Susie enters quickly from left. She goes over to Harry and pulls him back from the door.

Susie. (*indignantly*) Disgraceful! Rousing the whole ward with this commotion! Dear, dear, dear, look at the state of Twenty-eight. Come along, come along, please; you must all go at once.

Harry. Jessie's coming up for a minute, Nurse.

185 **Susie.** No more to come up. We've had enough for one night, and you for a serious operation tomorrow. Come on, all out, please. (*She conducts Mrs Heegan, Mrs Foran, and Teddy out left.*)

Mrs Foran. (*going out*) We're goin', we're goin', thank you. A nice way to treat the flotsam and jetsam of the battlefields!

Susie. (*to Harry*) To bed now, Twenty-eight, please. (*To Simon*) Help me get him to bed, Twenty-

190 seven.

Susie pushes Harry to his bed, right; Simon brings portion of a bed-screen which he places around Harry, hiding him from view.

(*Turning to speak to Sylvester, who is sitting up in bed, as he arranges screen*) You're going to have your little operation in the morning, so you'd better go to sleep too.

Sylvester goes pale and a look of dismay and fear crawls over his face.

Don't funk it now. They're not going to turn you inside out. It'll be over in ten minutes.

Sylvester. (*with a groan*) When they once get you down your only hope is in the infinite mercy of

195 God!

Simon. If I was you, Sylvester, I wouldn't take this operation too seriously. You know th' oul' song — "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall"! If I was you, I'd put it completely out of me mind.

200 **Sylvester.** (*subsiding on to the pillow — with an agonized look on his face*) Let me like a soldier fall! Did anyone ever hear th' equal o' that! Put it out of me mind completely! (*He sits up, and glares at Simon.*) Eh, you, look! If you can't think sensibly, then try to think without talkin'! (*He sinks back on the pillow again.*) Let me like a soldier fall. Oh, it's not a fair trial for a sensible man to be stuck down in a world like this!

Sylvester slides down till he lies prone and motionless on the bed. Harry is in bed now. Simon removes the screen, and Susie arranges Harry's quilt for the night.

Susie. (*to Simon*) Now run and help get the things together for supper.

Simon goes out left.

205 (*Encouragingly to Harry*) After the operation, a stay in the air of the Convalescent may work wonders.

Harry. If I could mingle my breath with the breeze that blows from every sea, and over every land, they wouldn't widen me into anything more than the shrivell'd thing I am.

210 **Susie.** (*switching off the two hanging lights, so that the red light over the fireplace alone remains*) Don't be foolish, Twenty-eight. Wheeling yourself about among the beeches and the pines, when the daffodils are hanging out their blossoms, you'll deepen your chance in the courage and renewal of the country.

The bell of a Convent in the grounds begins to ring for Compline¹.

215 **Harry.** (*with intense bitterness*) I'll say to the pine, "Give me the grace and beauty of the beech"; I'll say to the beech, "Give me the strength and stature of the pine". In a net I'll catch butterflies in bunches; twist and mangle them between my fingers and fix them wriggling on to mercy's banner. I'll make my chair a Juggernaut, and wheel it over the neck and spine of every daffodil that looks at me, and strew them dead to manifest the mercy of God and the justice of man!

Susie. (*shocked*) Shush, Harry, Harry!

Harry. To hell with you, your country, trees, and things, you jibbering jay!

Susie. (*as she is going out*) Twenty-eight!

220 **Harry.** (*vehemently*) To hell with you, your country, trees, and things, you jibbering jay!

Susie looks at him, pauses for a few moments, as if to speak, and then goes out.

A pause; then Barney comes in by door from grounds. An overcoat covers his military hospital uniform of blue. His left arm is in a sling. Under his right arm he carries a ukelele, and in his hand he has a bunch of flowers. Embarrassed, he goes slowly to Harry's bed, drops the flowers at the foot, then he drops the ukulele there.

Barney. (*awkwardly*) Your ukelele. An' a bunch of flowers from Jessie.

Harry remains motionless on the bed.

A bunch of flowers from Jessie, and . . . your . . . ukelele.

The Sister of the Ward enters, left, going to the chapel for Compline. She wears a cream habit with a white coif; a large set of Rosary beads hangs from her girdle.

She pauses on her way, and a brass Crucifix flashes on her bosom.

Sister. (*to Harry*) Keeping brave and hopeful, Twenty-eight?

Harry. (*softly*) Yes, Sister.

225 **Sister.** Splendid. And we've got a ukelele too. Can you play it, my child?

¹ Compline: *the final prayers/service of the day.*

Harry. Yes, Sister.

Sister. Splendid. You must play me something when you're well over the operation. (*To Barney*) Standing guard over your comrade, Twenty-two, eh?

Barney. (*softly and shyly*) Yes, Sister.

230 Sister. Grand. Forasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me. Well, God be with you both, my children. (*To Harry*) And Twenty-eight, pray to God, for wonderful He is in His doing toward the children of men. (*Calm and dignified she goes out into the grounds.*)

Barney. (*pausing as he goes out left*) They're on the bed; the ukelele, and the bunch of flowers from . . . Jessie.

The Sisters are heard singing in the convent the hymn of Salve Regina.

Sisters. (*singing*)

235 Salve Regina, mater misericordiae;
Vitae dulcedo et spes nostra, salve!
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevae;
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle.
Eia ergo Advocata nostra,

240 Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte,
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui —

Harry. God of the miracles, give a poor devil a chance, give a poor devil a chance!

Sisters. (*singing*)

Nobis post hoc exilium ostende,
O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria!

End of Act Three.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of the dramatic techniques used to engage the audience with Harry's situation.

[END OF EXEMPLAR QUESTION PAPER]

Acknowledgement of Copyright

Part A Poem, "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold. Public Domain.

Part B Short story – "Keel and Kool" by Janet Frame, is taken from *The Lagoon*. ISBN 9780747531890. Published by Bloomsbury.

SQA has made every effort to trace the owners of copyright materials reproduced in this question paper, and seek permissions. We will be happy to incorporate any missing acknowledgements. Please contact Janine.Anderson@sqa.org.uk.

Part C Extract is taken from "THE OLD WAYS" by Robert Macfarlane (Hamish Hamilton, 2012). ISBN 9780141030586. Copyright © Robert Macfarlane, 2012. Reproduced by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

Part D Extract is taken from "The Silver Tassie" by Sean O'Casey. ISBN 9780571315185. Published by Faber & Faber Ltd. Reproduced by permission of Faber & Faber Ltd.



National
Qualifications
EXEMPLAR PAPER ONLY

EP11/AH/12

**English
Textual Analysis**

Marking Instructions

These Marking Instructions have been provided to show how SQA would mark this Exemplar Question Paper.

The information in this publication may be reproduced to support SQA qualifications only on a non-commercial basis. If it is to be used for any other purpose, written permission must be obtained from SQA's Marketing team on permissions@sqa.org.uk.

Where the publication includes materials from sources other than SQA (ie secondary copyright), this material should only be reproduced for the purposes of examination or assessment. If it needs to be reproduced for any other purpose it is the user's responsibility to obtain the necessary copyright clearance.

General Marking Principles for Advanced Higher English — Textual Analysis

This information is provided to help you understand the general principles you must apply when marking candidate responses to questions in this Paper. These principles must be read in conjunction with the Detailed Marking Instructions, which identify the key features required in candidate responses.

- (a) Marks for each candidate response must always be assigned in line with these General Marking Principles and the Detailed Marking Instructions for this assessment.
- (b) Marking should always be positive. This means that, for each candidate response, marks are accumulated for the demonstration of relevant skills, knowledge and understanding: they are not deducted from a maximum on the basis of errors or omissions.

The Detailed Marking Instructions indicate the essential idea that a candidate should provide for each answer.

- Candidates should gain credit for their understanding, analysis and evaluation of the chosen extract.
- The Detailed Marking Instructions will allow you to place the work on a scale of marks out of 20.
- Technical accuracy does not apply to the assessment of Textual Analysis.
- Assessment should be holistic. There may be strengths and weaknesses in the answers; assessment should focus as far as possible on the strengths, taking account of weaknesses only where they significantly detract from the overall critical response.
- Candidates may display ability across more than one band descriptor. Assessors should recognise the closeness of the band descriptors and consider carefully the most appropriate overall band for the candidate's performance.

Once the appropriate band descriptor has been selected, the assessor should follow this guidance:

- If the evidence almost matches the level above, award the highest available mark from the range.
- If the candidate's work just meets the standard described, award the lowest mark from the range.
- Otherwise, the mark should be awarded from the middle of the range.

Detailed Marking Instructions for all questions — Advanced Higher English Textual Analysis

	Marks 20-19	Marks 18-16	Marks 15-13	Marks 12-10	Marks 9-6	Marks 5-0
<p>Knowledge and understanding</p> <p>The Textual Analysis demonstrates:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> comprehensive understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a full and relevant exploration with sustained consideration of the implications of the question extensive use of textual evidence to support an argument which is clearly focused on the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> secure understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a relevant exploration which demonstrates secure consideration of the implications of the question extensive use of textual evidence which clearly supports the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> broad understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a relevant and thoughtful approach to the question use of textual evidence which is relevant to the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a relevant approach to the question use of textual evidence to address the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> limited understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a limited approach to the question limited textual evidence to support the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> very little understanding of the central concerns of the text provided very little attempt to answer the question very little textual evidence
<p>Analysis</p> <p>The Textual Analysis demonstrates:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> relevant analysis of a task-appropriate range of literary techniques and/or features of language which skilfully strengthens the approach adopted by the candidate 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> relevant analysis of a task-appropriate range of literary techniques and/or features of language which strengthens the approach adopted by the candidate 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> relevant analysis of a range of literary techniques and/or features of language which strengthens the approach adopted by the candidate 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> analysis of a range of literary techniques and/or features of language 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> limited analysis of literary techniques and/or features of language 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> very little analysis of literary techniques and/or features of language
<p>Evaluation</p> <p>The Textual Analysis demonstrates:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a committed, clear evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question, and skilfully based on precise evidence discussed within the response 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a clearly identifiable evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question, and securely based on evidence discussed within the response 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a discernible and relevant evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question and based on evidence discussed within the response 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> an evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question but may be based on previously undiscussed evidence or demonstrate some weakness in relevance 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> limited evaluation with respect to the text provided and/or lacks relevance to the question and/or evidence 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> very little evidence of evaluation and/or supporting evidence

[END OF EXEMPLAR MARKING INSTRUCTIONS]