

# X270/13/01

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NATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS 2015  
FRIDAY, 15 MAY  
1.00 PM – 4.00 PM

ENGLISH  
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

<b>Section 1—Literary Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>2 – 9</b>
<b>Section 2—Language Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>10 – 16</b>
<b>Section 3—Textual Analysis</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>17 – 35</b>
<b>Section 4—Reading the Media</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>36 – 37 (plus Insert)</b>

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**

*“Beckett proved that compelling drama could be made from breaking, not following, the accepted laws of incident, characterisation, and dramatic presentation.”*

To what extent do you agree with this assertion?

In your answer you should refer to *Waiting for Godot* **and** *Endgame*.

#### **2. Byrne**

*“Central to all three plays in **The Slab Boys Trilogy** is the relationship between Phil McCann and Spanky Farrell.”*

Discuss Byrne’s dramatic presentation of this relationship in *The Slab Boys Trilogy*.

#### **3. Chekhov**

*“Chekhov’s characters fear the future but are forced to leave the past behind . . .”*

To what extent do you agree with this assertion?

In your answer you should refer to **both** *Uncle Vanya* **and** *The Cherry Orchard*.

#### **4. Friel**

Discuss the significance of setting in Friel’s presentation of the challenges facing his characters in *Translations* **and** in *Dancing at Lughnasa*.

#### **5. Lindsay**

*“The entrance of the Thrie Estitis walking backwards and led by their associated vices testifies to Lindsay’s theatrical skill: this one memorable scene carries multiple meanings.”*

In the light of this quotation, discuss the impact and significance of this scene in relation to *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estitis* as a whole.

**6. Lochhead**

*“Lochhead presents characters who are trapped between their own inclinations and the expectations of others.”*

To what extent do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to **both** *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** *Dracula*.

**7. Pinter**

*“Pinter’s drama is an exploration of victimisation, exploitation and the assertion of power.”*

Discuss with reference to **two** or **three** of the specified plays.

**8. Shakespeare**

**EITHER**

(a) ***Othello and Antony and Cleopatra***

Discuss Shakespeare’s dramatic presentation of the final encounter between Othello and Desdemona **and** the final encounter between Antony and Cleopatra as the culmination of each of these relationships.

**OR**

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

Discuss the role and function of Perdita in *The Winter’s Tale* **and** the role and function of Miranda in *The Tempest*.

**9. Stoppard**

*“I think theatre ought to be theatrical . . . so that there’s always some kind of ambush involved in the experience.”* (Tom Stoppard)

In the light of this quotation, discuss Stoppard’s use of stagecraft to explore the central concerns of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* **and** the central concerns of *Arcadia*.

**10. Wilde**

*“Wilde’s witty and eccentric characters—through whom he presented his best epigrams—remain with us after the other aspects of the plays have been forgotten.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to **two** or **three** of the specified texts.

**[Turn over**

**11. Williams**

*“The male characters in Williams’s plays tend to be weak or immoral with few redeeming qualities.”*

In the light of this assertion, discuss Williams’s dramatic presentation of **three** or **four** male characters.

In your answer you should refer to **both** of the specified plays.

## POETRY

### 12. Burns

Burns has been described as “*a bard of his locality*”.

Examine Burns’s poetic treatment of aspects of “*his locality*” in **three** or **four** of the specified texts.

In your answer you may wish to consider such aspects as politics, religion and community.

### 13. Chaucer

“*In The General Prologue the Host instructs the pilgrims to tell tales ‘of best sentence and most solas’—of moral significance and delight.*”

Discuss the *The Nun’s Priest’s Tale* **and** *The Pardoner’s Tale* in the light of the Host’s instruction.

### 14. Donne

“*Donne unites form and content in the beauty and intricacy of his metaphysical poetry.*”

Examine this unity of “*form and content*” in **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

### 15. Duffy

Examine some of the poetic means by which Duffy explores the fragility and vulnerability of human experience in *Small Female Skull* and in **two** of the other specified poems.

[Turn over

16. **Heaney**

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

**From the Frontier of Writing**

The tightness and the nilness round that space  
when the car stops in the road, the troops inspect  
its make and number and, as one bends his face  
towards your window, you catch sight of more  
5 on a hill beyond, eyeing with intent  
down cradled guns that hold you under cover,  
and everything is pure interrogation  
until a rifle motions and you move  
with guarded unconcerned acceleration—  
10 a little emptier, a little spent  
as always by that quiver in the self,  
subjugated, yes, and obedient.  
So you drive on to the frontier of writing  
where it happens again. The guns on tripods;  
15 the sergeant with his on-off mike repeating  
data about you, waiting for the squawk  
of clearance; the marksman training down  
out of the sun upon you like a hawk.  
And suddenly you're through, arraigned yet freed,  
20 as if you'd passed from behind a waterfall  
on the black current of the tarmac road  
past armour-plated vehicles, out between  
the posted soldiers flowing and receding  
like tree shadows into the polished windscreen.

- (a) Examine the means by which Heaney gives significance to place and incident in this poem.
- (b) Go on to discuss how he gives significance to place and incident in **two** or **three** of the other specified poems.

17. **Henryson**

*“The moral lessons espoused by Henryson are complex and subtle.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should consider *The Testament of Cresseid* **and one** or **two** of *The Morall Fabillis*.

**18. Keats**

Discuss Keats's poetic treatment of mortality and immortality in **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

**19. MacDiarmid**

MacDiarmid's poetry has been described as exploring "*the contradictory nature of experience*".

Discuss the ways by which MacDiarmid explores "*the contradictory nature of experience*" in *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*.

**20. Muir**

*"Muir's poetry laments the loss of connection in the modern world: connection with the past, with innocence, with faith . . ."*

To what extent do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

**21. Plath**

*"In her poetry Plath observes the natural, living world with a horrified fascination bordering on revulsion; the absence of life is a chilling, but attractive, alternative."*

Discuss **three** or **four** of the specified poems in the light of this assertion.

**22. Yeats**

*"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;*

*Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,"*

The Second Coming II 3–4

Discuss Yeats's poetic treatment of disintegration and change in **three** of the specified poems.

[Turn over

## **PROSE FICTION**

### **23. Atwood**

*“Atwood’s technique of stitching together bits and pieces from various texts produces competing versions of events which speak against each other. Truth remains absent.”*

To what extent do you agree with this reading of *Alias Grace*?

### **24. Austen**

Discuss the role and function of Wickham and Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice* **or** the role and function of Mr Elliot and Wentworth in *Persuasion*.

### **25. Dickens**

Examine some of the means by which Dickens presents the role of the parent and those who act as parents in *Great Expectations* **and** *Hard Times*.

### **26. Fitzgerald**

*“Many of Fitzgerald’s characters perish from within.”*

Discuss with reference to **both** *The Beautiful and Damned* **and** *Tender Is the Night*.

### **27. Galloway**

Discuss the effectiveness of Galloway’s exploration of identity in *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** in *Foreign Parts*.

### **28. Gray**

Gray has described *Lanark* as “a quest . . . to find more love and sunlight”.

Discuss Gray’s treatment of this “quest” in *Lanark*.

### **29. Hardy**

*“Hardy presents us with characters who journey towards some kind of self-knowledge.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should consider **three** or **four** characters. Characters should be selected from **both** of the specified novels.



**30. Hogg**

*“Hogg was part of two very different worlds: the Ettrick of his pastoral youth where superstition held sway and the Edinburgh of his literary career—the home of the Enlightenment and rational thinking.”*

Discuss the significance of these “two very different worlds” in relation to *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* **and** to **one** of the other specified texts.

**31. Joyce**

*“Stephen Dedalus exemplifies the insecurities and anxieties of any young person struggling to find a true identity.”*

Examine the search for identity in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* **and** in any **two** stories from *Dubliners*.

**32. Stevenson**

*“Stevenson deals in unreliable narrators, ambiguities and mysteries . . .”*

Discuss some of the effects of “unreliable narrators, ambiguities and mysteries” in *The Master of Ballantrae* **and** in **one** of the specified stories.

**33. Waugh**

*“Waugh’s novels combine social satire and vicious family melodrama . . .”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to *A Handful of Dust* **and** to *Brideshead Revisited*.

**PROSE NON-FICTION**

**34.** *“The success of autobiographical or personal writing lies in the writer’s ability to capture the tick and rhythm of ordinary life, sometimes in extraordinary circumstances.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to **two** of the specified texts.

**35.** *“We value richness of observation in writing about real places and real people, piquant descriptions that stop us in our tracks . . .”*

Discuss the “richness” of observation and description in any **two** of the specified texts.

[Turn over

## 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 question.

### Topic A—Varieties of English or Scots

1. Contact with other countries and the legacy of loan words from several nations have contributed to the formation of the Scots and the English languages.

Show how **one** variety of Scots **or** English has been formed by contact with other nations. As well as loan words, you might consider phonological, lexical and syntactic features.

2. Describe how you have used 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. Describe, with examples, some of the ways in which **either** English **or** Scots words have changed their meaning over time.

4. Describe some of the ways in which **one** classical or modern European language affected the historical development of **either** English **or** Scots up to 1900.

### Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland

5. Using evidence from your own community, describe examples of language shift. In your answer, you might include elements of codeswitching which could lead to language shift.

6. *“The result of the contact of two languages can be the replacement of one by the other. This is most common when one language has a higher social position. This sometimes leads to language endangerment or extinction.”*

Describe, with examples of multilingualism in contemporary Scotland, any languages with this potential to be replaced or endangered. In your answer you may wish to consider current language policies.

## Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature

For this topic you are provided with two poems: *Arraheids* by Kathleen Jamie and *Answermachine* by W N Herbert.

Read the poems carefully and answer **either** Question 7 **or** Question 8.

### Text A

#### *Arraheids*

See thon raws o flint arraheids  
in oor gret museums o antiquities  
awful grand in Embro—  
Dae'ye near'n daur wunner at wur histrie?  
5 Weel then, Bewaur!  
The museums of Scotland are wrang.  
They urnae arraheids  
but a show o grannies' tongues,  
the hard tongues o grannies  
10 aa deid an gaun  
back to thur peat and burns,  
but for thur sherp  
chert tongues, that lee  
fur generations in the land  
15 like wicked cherm, that lee  
aa douce in the glessy cases in the gloom  
o oor museums, an  
they arenae lettin oan. But if you daur  
sorn about an fancy  
20 the vanished hunter, the wise deer runnin on;  
wheesht . . . an you'll hear them,  
fur they cannae keep fae muttering  
*ye arenae here tae wonder,*  
*whae dae ye think ye ur?*

### Text B

#### *Answermachine*

Eh amna here tae tak yir caa:  
Eh'm mebbe aff at thi fitbaa,  
Eh mebbe amna here at aa  
but jist a figment o yir filo  
5 conjerrt up wance oan a while-o.  
Therr's mebbe tatties oan thi bile-o;  
Eh'm mebbe haein a wee bit greet  
owre an ingin or ma sweet-  
hert: or Eh'm bleedan i thi street  
10 wi ma heid kickd in fur bein sae deep.  
Eh'm mebbe here but fast asleep:  
sae laive a message at thi bleep.

7. Compare and contrast the use of Scots in *Arraheids* with the use of Scots in *Answermachine*.

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

- vocabulary
- idiom
- grammar
- orthography
- implied pronunciation.

8. Select **one** of the poems and contrast the use of Scots in that poem with the use of Scots by a writer other than Kathleen Jamie or W N Herbert.

### Topic E—Language and social context

9. What has your study of language and social context suggested about the relationship between gender and social class in patterns of variation in English or Scots?
10. Describe some of the methods used by linguists in their study of language and social context. Why are these methods relevant in interpreting the results of the studies? You may refer to your own research in answering this question.

### Topic F—The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

11. Read the following extract from a transcription of a conversation and the transcription key. Then answer the question that follows. The participants in the conversation are a male medical consultant, an elderly male patient, and the patient's wife.

- 1 Patient: (very quietly) ((morning))
- 2 Doctor: morning
- 3 Wife: good morning (door closes)
- 4 Doctor: morning  
[
- 5 Wife: you enjoy your holidays?
- 6 Doctor: yes thank you
- 7 Wife: that's good
- 8 Patient: ((very nice)) (1.0)
- 9 Doctor: come and sit down (wife helps patient, who sits down with some discomfort) (17.0)
- 10 Wife: I've got the chair here
- 11 Doctor: (to patient, teasing voice) oh! (1.0) you're not getting old, are you?
- 12 Patient: yes
- 13 Doctor: you are?  
[
- 14 Wife: (laughs at length)
- 15 Doctor: (chuckles) (2.0)
- 16 Wife: old age doesn't come alone (.) does it doctor?  
[
- 17 Doctor: no
- 18 Patient: oh no
- 19 Doctor: what's the problem?

## Transcription key

- ( ) enclose brief interpretive comments on how the talk is progressing
- (( )) enclose partially audible speech
- [ marks point of overlapping speech
- (1.0) marks a pause of 1.0 seconds
- (.) marks an untimed pause

What are the linguistic indicators in the extract above that suggest **both** similarities **and** differences in power between participants in the conversation?

12. Read the following extract from a transcription of a conversation and the transcription conventions. Then answer the question that follows. The participants in the conversation are young men—Matt, John, Dave and Sam—friends playing snooker in a snooker hall.

- 1 Matt: hey J hey Jon(.) you know Gareth Morgan yeah?
- 2 Jon: yeah (laughs)
- 3 Matt: (laughs) you remember him yeah? He won the lottery (laughs)
- 4 Dave: no!
- 5 Jon: GARETH MORGAN
- 6 Matt: Gareth's mum and dad (.) Jane Morgan (.) their family have won
- 7 the lottery
- [
- 8 Jon: I don't believe it
- [
- 9 Dave: no! (.) no!
- 10 Matt: honestly (.) he's dri—Gareth Morgan is driving around town in some thirty grand Toyota Corolla (.) cruisin' around Bridgetown acting real suave
- 11 Dave: no
- 12 Matt: I swear to God honestly
- 13 Jon: d'you know what (.) h he says hello to me and that (.) in the street
- 14 Dave: it's not fair if you ask (.) someone like that (.) just can't
- [
- 15 Matt: they're not they're not going to appreciate

16 it are they (.) they're just gonna like ((4 syllables)) I dunno what  
17 they're gonna spend it on

(Dave drops the scoreboard)

18 Dave: shit  
19 Sam: oh you complete arse

(Some talk follows about recovering the score which was muddled when the board was dropped)

20 Jon: maybe he'll be able to go to the doctor's now and get rid of that  
cold he's had for years  
21 Matt: yeah (laughs)  
22 Jon: yeah (.) they might be blankin' you in the streets now instead of  
you blankin' them  
23 Matt: (laughs) good shot Dave (.) apparently right (.) Marriotts (.) the  
24 pe—people who sell the winning ticket yeah (.) get like ten  
percent

Transcription key

( ) enclose brief interpretive comments on how the talk is  
progressing  
(( )) enclose partially audible speech  
[ marks point of overlapping speech  
(.) marks an untimed pause

Underlining marks heavy stress

CAPITALS mark a loud delivery

What linguistic characteristics of the extract above suggest that it is a record of informal conversation?

**[Turn over**

## Topic G—The linguistic characteristics of political communication

13. Identify and discuss features of the following text that are typical of political communication. The text is part of a website promoting Scottish independence from the United Kingdom.

### Firm foundations

The question is not whether Scotland can afford to be independent. We have the people, resources and ingenuity to prosper. Instead we should be asking, why isn't Scotland doing better, given all the natural and human wealth we enjoy?

Being an independent country is all about making Scotland a better place to live, with greater prosperity and higher standards of living. That is the purpose and the reason why so many Scots are passionate about an independent Scotland.

People ask, can we afford to be independent? Many have heard the claim that spending in Scotland is much higher than elsewhere in the UK. What is less well known is that tax revenues generated by Scotland are much higher too.

*Scotland gets 9.3% of UK spending, but generates 9.6% of UK taxes. When we take into account all parts of the financial equation, spending, revenue and borrowing, this means we contribute over £1,000 per household more than "our share". Over the last 6 years Scotland's finances have been stronger than the UK. And over the past 30 years, we have had a relative surplus of £19 billion.*

Some people worry that an independent Scotland wouldn't be able to deal with the high level of debt, but figures released in January 2012 by City firm M&G Investments showed that Scotland's debt as a percentage of national wealth was smaller than the UK's. For Scotland it was 56%, for the UK 63% — as the report said, Scotland's starting point looks better than the UK as a whole.

And, thanks to North Sea oil and gas, an asset worth £1 trillion, we have one of the best safety nets for the future. As we all know when we need to borrow, the more assets we have the better the deal. Scotland has enormous assets, with North Sea revenues of £54 billion due in the next 5 years.

North Sea oil will provide a safety net for the next 40 years, and if we invest and save the revenues wisely, we will build up a fund that will protect us for decades beyond that.

But oil and gas aren't our only guarantees for the future. Scotland has 25% of the EU's offshore tidal and wind energy potential, which will be worth billions every year. For our size, we have the strongest university research base in the world. We have key and growing industries including tourism, food and drink (including whisky), the financial sector, engineering and life sciences. These are firm foundations for success.

14. Compare the linguistic features of any **two** types of political communication you have studied. These types may include:
- political debates
  - political advertising
  - interviews on television or radio
  - social networking or other websites.



### 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 seventeen to twenty*]

The following extract is taken from the novel *The Scarlet Letter* (1850) by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The novel is set in mid-seventeenth century Boston and tells the story of the disgraced Hester Prynne who must wear a scarlet letter “A” as a sign of her adultery.

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

#### *The Scarlet Letter*

- The grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. Amongst any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the
- 5 grim rigidity that petrified the bearded physiognomies of these good people would have augured some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of the anticipated execution of some noted culprit, on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But, in that early severity
- 10 of the Puritan character, an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. It might be that a sluggish bond-servant, or an undutiful child, whom his parents had given over to the civil authority, was to be corrected at the whipping-post. It might
- 15 be, that an Antinomian, a Quaker, or other heterodox religionist, was to be scourged out of the town, or an idle and vagrant Indian, whom the white man’s fire-water had made riotous about the streets, was to be driven with stripes into the shadow of the forest. It might be, too, that a witch, like old Mistress Hibbins, the bitter-tempered
- 20 widow of the magistrate, was to die upon the gallows. In either case, there was very much the same solemnity of demeanour on the part of the spectators; as befitted a people amongst whom religion and law were almost identical, and in whose character both were so thoroughly interfused, that the mildest and the severest acts of public discipline were alike made venerable and awful. Meagre, indeed, and cold was the
- 25 sympathy that a transgressor might look for, from such bystanders, at the scaffold. On the other hand, a penalty which, in our days, would infer a degree of mocking infamy and ridicule, might then be invested with almost as stern a dignity as the punishment of death itself.
- 30 It was a circumstance to be noted, on the summer morning when our story begins its course, that the women, of whom there were several in the crowd, appeared to take a peculiar interest in whatever penal infliction might be expected to ensue. The age had not so much refinement, that any sense of impropriety restrained the wearers of petticoat and farthingale from stepping forth into the public ways, and
- wedging their not unsubstantial persons, if occasion were, into the throng nearest to the scaffold at an execution. Morally, as well as materially, there was a coarser fibre in those wives and maidens of old English birth and breeding, than in their fair

35 descendants, separated from them by a series of six or seven generations; for, throughout that chain of ancestry, every successive mother has transmitted to her child a fainter bloom, a more delicate and briefer beauty, and a slighter physical frame, if not a character of less force and solidity, than her own. The women, who were now standing about the prison-door, stood within less than half a century of the period when the man-like Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> had been the not altogether unsuitable representative of the sex. They were her countrywomen; and the beef and ale of their native land, with  
40 a moral diet not a whit more refined, entered largely into their composition. The bright morning sun, therefore, shone on broad shoulders and well-developed busts, and on round and ruddy cheeks, that had ripened in the far-off island, and had hardly yet grown paler or thinner in the atmosphere of New England. There was, moreover, a boldness and rotundity of speech among these matrons, as most of them seemed to  
45 be, that would startle us at the present day, whether in respect to its purport or its volume of tone.

“Goodwives,” said a hard-featured dame of fifty, “I’ll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof, if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as  
50 this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips? If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!”

“People say,” said another, “that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his  
55 congregation.”

“The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch,—that is a truth,” added a third autumnal matron. “At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne’s forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she,—the naughty baggage,—little will she care what they  
60 put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!”

“Ah, but,” interposed, more softly, a young wife, holding a child by the hand, “let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart.”

“What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or  
65 the flesh of her forehead?” cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. “This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there no law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!”

70 “Mercy on us, goodwife,” exclaimed a man in the crowd, “is there no virtue in woman, save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips; for the lock is turning in the prison-door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself.”

75 The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid

<sup>1</sup>Queen Elizabeth I of England, 1558–1603.

80 his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on  
the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural  
dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free-will.  
She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and  
turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence,  
85 heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or  
other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman—the mother of this child—stood fully revealed before  
the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom;  
not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a  
90 certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however,  
wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she  
took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a  
glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbours.  
On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery  
95 and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically  
done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the  
effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of  
a splendour in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was  
allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

100 The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance, on a large scale.  
She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam,  
and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of  
complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes.  
She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days;  
105 characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent,  
and indescribable grace, which is now recognized as its indication. And never had  
Hester Prynne appeared more lady-like, in the antique interpretation of the term, than  
as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to  
behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even  
110 startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and  
ignominy in which she was enveloped. It may be true, that, to a sensitive observer,  
there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which, indeed, she had  
wrought for the occasion, in prison, and had modelled much after her own fancy,  
seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by  
115 its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were,  
transfigured the wearer,—so that both men and women, who had been familiarly  
acquainted with Hester Prynne, were now impressed as if they beheld her for the first  
time,—was that SCARLET LETTER, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated  
upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations  
120 with humanity, and inclosing her in a sphere by herself.

“She hath good skill at her needle, that’s certain,” remarked one of the female  
spectators; “but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of  
showing it! Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates,  
and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?”

125 “It were well,” muttered the most iron-visaged of the old dames, “if we stripped  
Madam Hester’s rich gown off her dainty shoulders; and as for the red letter, which  
she hath stitched so curiously, I’ll bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel, to  
make a fitter one!”

130 “O, peace, neighbours, peace!” whispered their youngest companion. “Do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter, but she has felt it in her heart.”

The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

135 “Make way, good people, make way, in the King’s name,” cried he. “Open a passage; and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of the Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madame Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!”

140 A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern-browed men and unkindly-visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment. A crowd of eager and curious schoolboys, understanding little of the matter in hand, except that it gave them a half-holiday, ran before her progress, turning their heads continually to stare into her face, and at the winking baby in her arms, and at the ignominious letter on her breast. It was no great distance, in those  
145 days, from the prison-door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner’s experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as her demeanour was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvellous  
150 and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it. With almost a serene deportment, therefore, Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold, at the western extremity of the market-place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston’s earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture  
155 there.

In fact, this scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine, which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditionary among us, but was held, in the old time, to be as effectual an agent, in the promotion of good citizenship, as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. It was, in short,  
160 the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature,—whatever be the delinquencies of the individual,—no outrage more  
165 flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame; as it was the essence of this punishment to do. In Hester Prynne’s instance, however, as not unfrequently in other cases, her sentence bore, that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that gripe about the neck and confinement of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing  
170 well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man’s shoulders above the street.

Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many  
175 illustrious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, but only by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood, whose infant was to redeem the world. Here, there was the taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect, that the world was only the darker for this woman’s beauty, and the more lost for the infant that she had borne.

## **Question**

Analyse Nathaniel Hawthorne's presentation of Hester Prynne as a character of some complexity.

In your answer you should give particular attention to:

- the narrative voice
- the use of contrast
- the use of symbolism
- any other literary device you consider to be important.

**[Turn over**

## 2. Prose non-fiction [*Pages twenty-two to twenty-six*]

The following extract forms the prologue to a book which tells the story of the boat *Pilar*, owned by the American writer Ernest Hemingway.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question which follows it (*Page twenty-six*).

### PROLOGUE

#### *Amid So Much Ruin, Still The Beauty*

MAY 2005. I went to Havana partly for the reason that I suspect almost any American without a loved one there would wish to go: to drink in a place that's been forbidden to American eyes (at least mostly forbidden) for half a century. So I wanted to smoke a Cohiba cigar, an authentic one—and I did. I wanted to flag down one of those chromeless Studebaker taxis (or Edsels or Chevy Bel Airs, it didn't matter) that roll down the Prado at their comic off-kilter angles, amid plumes of choking smoke—and I did. I got in and told the cabbie: "*Nacional, por favor.*" I was headed to the faded and altogether wonderful Spanish Colonial monstrosity of a hotel where you're certain Nat King Cole and Durante are in the bar at the far end of the lobby (having just come in on Pan Am from Idlewild), and Meyer Lansky is plotting something malevolent in a poolside cabana while the trollop beside him rubs her nails. I also wanted to stand at dusk at the giant seawall called the Malecón that rings much of the city so I could watch the surf beat against it in phosphorescent hues while the sun went down like some enormous burning wafer. I wanted to walk those sewer-fetid and narrow cobbled streets in Habana Vieja and gaze up at those stunning colonial mansions, properties of the state, carved up now into multiple-family dwellings, with their cracked marble entryways and falling ceiling plaster and filigree balconies flying laundry on criss-crosses of clothesline.

Mostly, though, I went to Cuba to behold—in the flesh, so to speak—Ernest Hemingway's boat.

She was sitting up on concrete blocks, like some old and gasping browned-out whale, maybe a hundred yards from Hemingway's house, under a kind of gigantic carport with a corrugated-plastic roof, on what was once his tennis court, just down from the now-drained pool where Ava Gardner had reputedly swum nude. Even in her diminished, dry-docked, parts-plundered state, I knew *Pilar* would be beautiful, and she was. I knew she'd be threatened by the elements and the bell-tolls of time, in the same way much else at the hilltop farm on the outskirts of Havana—Finca Vigía was its name when Hemingway lived there—was seriously threatened, and she was. But I didn't expect to be so moved.

I walked round and round her. I took rolls and rolls of pictures of her long, low hull, of her slightly raked mahogany stern, of her nearly vertical bow. When the guards weren't looking, I reached over and touched her surface. The wood, marbled with hairline fissures, was dusty, porous, dry. It seemed almost scaly. It felt febrile. It was as if *Pilar* were dying from thirst. It was as if all she wanted was to get into water. But even if it were possible to hoist her with a crane off these blocks and to ease her onto a flatbed truck and to take her away from this steaming hillside and to set her gently into Havana Harbor, would Hemingway's boat go down like a stone, boiling and bubbling to the bottom, her insides having long ago been eaten out by termites and other barely visible critters?



40 A man who let his own insides get eaten out by the diseases of fame had dreamed  
new books on this boat. He'd taught his sons to reel in something that feels like Moby  
Dick on this boat. He'd accidentally shot himself in both legs on this boat. He'd  
fallen drunk from the flying bridge on this boat. He'd written achy, generous,  
uplifting, poetic letters on this boat. He'd propositioned women on this boat. He'd  
45 hunted German subs on this boat. He'd saved guests and family members from shark  
attack on this boat. He'd acted like a boor and a bully and an overly competitive jerk  
on this boat.

She'd been intimately his, and he hers, for twenty-seven years—which were his  
final twenty-seven years. She'd lasted through three wives, the Nobel Prize, and all  
50 his ruin. He'd owned her, fished her, worked her, rode her, from the waters of Key  
West to the Bahamas to the Dry Tortugas to the north coast and archipelagoes of  
Cuba. She wasn't a figment or a dream or a literary theory or somebody's  
psychosexual interpretation—she was actual. Onto her varnished decks, hauled in  
over her low-cut stern on a large wooden roller, had come uncounted marlin and  
55 broadbill swordfish, tuna, sailfish, kingfish, snook, wahoos, tarpon, horse-eye jacks,  
pompano, dolphinfish, barracuda, bonito, and mako sharks, which, as Hemingway  
once remarked, are the ones that smell oddly sweet and have those curved-in teeth that  
give them their Cuban name, *dentuso*.

He could make her do sixteen knots at full-out, and he could make her cut a  
60 corner like a midshipman at Annapolis. When she was up and moving, her prow  
smartly cutting the waves, it was as if she had a foaming white bone in her teeth—  
which is an expression old seamen sometimes use. When he had her loaded for a long  
cruise, she'd hold twenty-four hundred pounds of ice, for keeping cool the Hatuey  
beer and the daiquiris, the avocados and the Filipino mangoes, and, not least, the  
65 freshly landed monsters of the Gulf Stream, which Hemingway always thought of as  
“the great blue river.” Who knew what was down there lurking in those fathomless  
bottoms—the skeletons of slave ships? Who'd ever caught what was possible to catch  
in those mile-deep waters of his imagination? “In hunting you know what you are  
after and the top you can get is an elephant,” Hemingway once wrote in *Esquire*  
70 magazine. “But who can say what you will hook sometime when drifting in a hundred  
and fifty fathoms in the Gulf Stream? There are probably marlin and swordfish to  
which the fish we have seen caught are pygmies.”

*Pilar's* master used to play Fats Waller records and “You're the Top” on a  
scratchy phonograph while his boat rocked in the Stream and he waited in his  
75 ladder-back fighting chair, which had leather-cushioned armrests and was bolted to the  
afterdeck and could swivel in a 360-degree circle. He said the tunes were good for  
bringing up the monsters. When the mood was upon him, he'd sing along in his lusty  
baritone.

In another piece for *Esquire*, also written in the mid-thirties, when he was still  
80 trying to decipher the mysteries of the Stream and escaping to it every chance he got,  
this most riddlesome of men wrote about the hooking of a marlin, always the blue  
river's greatest prize.

85 He can see the slicing wake of a fin, if he cuts toward the bait, or  
the rising and lowering sickle of a tail if he is traveling, or if he  
comes from behind he can see the bulk of him under water, great  
blue pectorals widespread like the wings of some huge, underwater  
bird, and the stripes around him like purple bands around a brown  
barrel, and then the sudden upthrust waggle of a bill . . . To see

90 that happen, to feel that fish in his rod, to feel that power and that great rush, to be a connected part of it and then to dominate it and master it and bring that fish to gaff, alone and with no one else touching rod, reel or leader, is something worth waiting many days for, sun and all.

And in a different mood, a few years later on, no less in thrall:

95 Once you are out of sight of land and of the other boats you are more alone than you can ever be hunting and the sea is the same as it has been since men ever went on it in boats. In a season fishing you will see it oily flat as the becalmed galleons saw it while they drifted to the westward; white-capped with a fresh breeze as they  
100 saw it running with the trades; and in high, rolling blue hills, the tops blowing off them like snow . . .

He had named her after a shrine and *feria* in Spain that commemorates Nuestra Señora del Pilar, Our Lady of the Pillar. It's in Saragossa, and he'd been to the bullfights there in 1926. But his boat's name was also meant to commemorate the  
105 secret nickname adopted by his second wife, Pauline, before she was his wife, when the two were still in adultery. It was the name he would have given his daughter, he once said, if he'd ever been blessed enough to have a daughter. *Pilar* could fit six in her sleeping compartments, two more in her open-air cockpit with its roll-down canvas sides and copper screens for warding off the nighttime bugs. In her prime, she'd been  
110 known among Gulf Stream anglers for her shiny black hull, for her snappy seafoam-green canvas roof and topside. A boat with a black hull, riding long and low in the water, can be extremely difficult to sight against a glaring tropical horizon—so, yes, something ghostly.

Her cabin sides and decks were crafted from Canadian fir and high-grade  
115 Honduras mahogany, with tight tolerances between the seams. But she wasn't a luxury craft—she was ever and always, her owner liked to say, a functional fishing machine, sturdy, reliant, built to take the heaviest weather, "sweet in any kind of sea." There's a term old boatmen sometimes use to describe a reassuring boat in a heaving ocean: "sea-kindly." That was *Pilar*, who'd come humbly out of a factory, and a  
120 shipbuilder's catalog, a "stock boat" of the 1930s, albeit with her owner's list of modifications and alterations for her. Over the decades Hemingway would add other modifications and innovations and alterations, further improving the well-built fishing machine that had already proved astonishingly durable and dependable.

After Hemingway's suicide, the pundits at *Time* wrote that conduct  
125 is a question of how the good professional behaves within the rules of a game or the limits of a craft. All the how-to-passages —how to land a fish, how to handle guns, how to work with a bull —have behind them the professional's pride of skill. But the code is never anchored to anything except itself; life becomes a game of doing things in a certain style, a narcissistic ritual—which  
130 led Hemingway himself not only to some mechanical, self-consciously "Hemingway" writing, but to a self-conscious "Hemingway" style of life.

Yes, that was a piece of the truth about him.



135 He used to love standing up on his beauty's flying bridge and guiding her out of  
the harbor in the morning light. Sometimes, he'd be bare-chested. The flying bridge  
was his name for a top deck, and it wasn't added until 1937, just before he left for  
Spain to report on the Spanish Civil War (and—not unconsciously—to find a hugely  
successful novel about it). The sportfisherman, in his raggedy and beltless shorts—or,  
if he was wearing a belt, putting it not inside the loops but over top of them—would  
140 have his tanned, muscular legs planted several feet apart, like a heavyweight braced for  
a roundhouse or a golfer ready to slam his tee shot. He'd have his white visor pulled  
low over his blistering nose that was coated with zinc oxide or glazed with coconut oil.  
(One of the reasons Hemingway grew his iconic white Papa beard of the 1950s was  
because his fair midwestern facial skin could no longer take the harsh Cuban sun.)  
He'd be waving to people he recognized on the shore. The flying bridge had its own  
145 set of duplicate engine controls, throttles and levers, coming up via several pipes  
through the overhead of the cockpit. The steering wheel on the bridge—flat as a plate  
in front of him, the way steering wheels are on the back of hook-and-ladder fire  
trucks—was out of an old luxury car from a Key West junkyard, polished wood set  
into a steel casing.

150 From up there, when he wasn't manning the wheel, he could fight a decent-size  
fish—not a 450-pound marlin nor an Atlantic sailfish, but maybe a tarpon or a  
recalcitrant barracuda. On the way to the fishing grounds, he'd already have a line in  
the water, with a Japanese feather squid and a strip of pork rind on the hook, which in  
turn would be attached to a No 10 piano-wire leader, which in turn would be knotted  
155 to a fifteen-thread line. This was for the smaller catches—good eating, good selling.  
Tarpon and kingfish liked to lie in close to shore and feed around the commercial  
fishing smacks. Hemingway was after almost any kind of fishing he could get, but he  
wouldn't get all four rods going on the boat until *Pilar* had reached the Stream. On  
going out—"running out" is how he sometimes said it, just as coming home was  
160 "running in"—he loved watching the motion of the Japanese squid bait skipping on  
the whitecaps. In 1949, in *Holiday* magazine, when he'd owned *Pilar* for fifteen years  
and had been living in Cuba for a decade, and was married to his fourth and last wife,  
who liked going out on the boat almost as much as he did, Hemingway described this  
feeling in a discursive, lore-filled reminiscence-cum-piece-of-fishing-reportage:

165 Coming out of the harbor I will be on the flying bridge steering  
and watching the traffic and the line that is fishing the feather astern.  
As you go out, seeing friends along the water front . . . your feather jig is  
fishing all the time. Behind the boulevards are the parks and buildings  
of old Havana and on the other side you are passing the steep slopes and  
170 walls of the fortress of Cabanas, the stone weathered pink and yellow,  
where most of your friends have been political prisoners at one time or  
another . . .

175 Sometimes as you leave the gray-green harbor water and *Pilar's*  
bows dip into the dark blue water a covey of flying fish will rise from  
under her bows and you will hear the slithering, silk-tearing noise they  
make when they leave the water.

The "slithering, silk-tearing noise" was always a good sign—that the monsters  
might come that day.

And now Hemingway's boat sat beached and grime-coated and time-stunned in  
180 the Cuban sun. There were rips in her canvas topside; little hair-like pieces of fabric  
stuck up from the roof. Her brass and copper fastenings had gone green with  
corrosion, her bottom a hideous pink. Someone had reconfigured her power plant:  
instead of two propellers, there was just the big one, coming down the center of the  
boat. Where was the other screw? Anyone who's ever paid close attention to  
185 Hemingway's boat knows she ran two engines in her day—the big Chrysler seventy-  
five-horse Crown reduction gear engine for cruising; the little four-cylinder, forty-  
horse Lycoming motor for trolling. Many other things were discernibly, puzzlingly  
off about *Pilar* as well. But she was here, intact, beneath this awning, on this hill,  
sliced with midday heat and shadow.

### **Question**

*Amid So Much Ruin, Still The Beauty*

How effective do you find this as the title to the extract?

Your answer should be based on detailed analysis of those aspects of the content, structure and tone of the extract that you consider to be important.

### 3. Poetry [*Page twenty-seven*]

Read carefully the poem *Mirror in February* (1962) by Thomas Kinsella and then answer the question that follows it.

#### *Mirror in February*

The day dawns with scent of must and rain,  
Of opened soil, dark trees, dry bedroom air.  
Under the fading lamp, half dressed—my brain  
Idling on some compulsive fantasy—  
5 I towel my shaven jaw and stop, and stare,  
Riveted by a dark exhausted eye,  
A dry downturning mouth.

It seems again that it is time to learn,  
In this untiring, crumbling place of growth  
10 To which, for the time being, I return.  
Now plainly in the mirror of my soul  
I read that I have looked my last on youth  
And little more; for they are not made whole  
That reach the age of Christ.<sup>1</sup>

15 Below my window the awakening trees,  
Hacked clean for better bearing, stand defaced  
Suffering their brute necessities,  
And how should the flesh not quail that span for span  
Is mutilated more? In slow distaste  
20 I fold my towel with what grace I can,  
Not young and not renewable, but man.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus Christ is popularly believed to have died at the age of 33.

#### **Question**

Write a critical analysis of this poem.

In your analysis of the poem, you should make clear what you find interesting and significant about word choice and imagery, structure and sound, mood and tone.

**[Turn over**

#### 4. Drama [*Pages twenty-eight to thirty-five*]

The following extract is the opening scene of *The Aquarium* (1976) by Stewart Conn. The play is set in the Glasgow tenement flat of the Rankin family.

Characters appearing in this scene:

HARRY RANKIN

TOM, his son

Other characters in the play:

EDITH, Harry's wife and Tom's mother.

ELLA & FRANK, neighbours of the Rankins.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page thirty-five*).

### ACT ONE

#### Scene 1

*The living room. Two doors: one to the kitchen, the other to the hall and the rest of the flat. An elaborate cornice, broken along one wall by a room-division. A service-hatch. A sideboard: on it, a small brass bell. A table, chairs, bookcase. A long sofa. Near it, a standard lamp. On the mantel piece, a small silver cup. Over it, a mirror. Pot-plants. Downstage, an electric radiator. Upstage, a grandfather clock.*

*From the wide bay window, with its net curtains, would be seen the stonework and roofs of tenement or terrace houses, glimpsed through (or over) trees.*

*The stage is empty.*

HARRY: (*Off*) Blast!

10            (*HARRY enters. His face is half-lathered and he carries a razor, a shaving-mirror, a towel and a facecloth. He lays these on the sideboard, goes to the kitchen.*)

One damn thing after another . . .

15            (*He returns with a bowl of water, puts it down. He listens a moment, crosses to the grandfather clock, cautiously opens the front, and brings out a full half-bottle of whisky. He opens it, fills the cap, drinks—and does the same again. He replaces the bottle. As he closes the front of the clock, it starts striking. He looks at it.*)

*The front door slams, off. HARRY moves back, sits.*

20            TOM enters, carrying a cardboard toilet-roll box heaped with groceries. He lays it on the hatch. The clock is still striking.

TOM takes off his coat, is about to sling it over a chair. They exchange a look. On his way to the hall, to hang up his coat, TOM gives the clock a hefty thump. It stops striking.)

25            What was that for?

TOM: What?

HARRY: No need for that.

(*TOM exits to the hall.*)

TOM: (*Off*) Stopped, hasn't it? What more do you want?

30 HARRY: Damage the works. How often do you have to be told?  
(*TOM comes in, without his coat.*)

TOM: What were you trying to do, hypnotise it?

HARRY: I was counting the strikes.

TOM: That's a useful activity. Really purposeful. If we were all to do that, couple  
35 of hours a day, six days a week, we'd have the country on its feet in no time.

HARRY: It's a question . . . of balance . . . They're finely balanced.  
(*TOM has gone to the kitchen. He takes packages from the grocery box.*)

TOM: (*Off*) Anyway, I thought you'd stopped it.

HARRY: So I had.

40 TOM: (*Off*) Didn't make a very good job of it.

HARRY: What could have started it?

TOM: (*Off*) You prancing around, I suppose. (*Re-appears at the hatch*) Maybe it  
was one of Frank's vibrations.  
(*HARRY is shaving. TOM takes the remaining groceries from the box.*)

45 (*Something falls, in the kitchen.*)

HARRY: I hope that's not the eggs.

TOM: (*Off*) No such luck.  
(*TOM comes in, sits and starts reading a magazine.*)

HARRY: Are you ready?

50 TOM: Look who's talking!  
(*HARRY stops shaving.*)

HARRY: Did you try starting the car?

TOM: It'll be okay.

HARRY: How do you know? In this weather? All this condensation?

55 TOM: We can always get a taxi.

HARRY: Have you packed her things?

TOM: What do you think I am, a yo-yo? What'll I take?

HARRY: Whatever you think she'll need.  
(*TOM rises. HARRY continues shaving.*)

60 TOM: Good job I didn't bump into Ella on the stairs. She'd have thought we'd all  
gone down with dysentery. (*He exits. Off*) Why aren't you shaving in the  
bathroom?

HARRY: (*Calls*) What?

TOM: (*Off*) Don't you usually shave in the bathroom?

65 HARRY: The bulb's gone.  
(*Pause.*)  
TOM enters, carrying a slip, a brassiere and a pair of tights. He holds the  
brassiere in front of his chest. HARRY sees him in the mirror, glares, and goes  
back to his shaving. TOM lays the clothes on the divan.)

70 (*Suddenly*) Bloody hell!

TOM: Cut yourself?

HARRY: Get my styptic.

*(TOM exits. HARRY dabs his chin. TOM comes in with a bottle which he opens and hands to HARRY.)*

75 TOM: Couldn't find it. Here's my Old Spice.

HARRY: *(Sniffs it)* Smells like a pooves' picnic.

TOM: Wouldn't know. I've never been to one.

*(HARRY applies the lotion.)*

Stings, does it?

80 HARRY: What do you think?

*(TOM examines the cut.)*

TOM: You must have nicked a bit clean out.

HARRY: It's still bleeding.

TOM: Maybe it's an artery.

85 *(TOM gets a toilet-roll from among the groceries, opens it and tears off a small piece of toilet-paper which HARRY puts on the cut.)*

HARRY: Thanks.

TOM: So long as the blade isn't rusty. Or you might get lockjaw. *(Turning away)*  
Beats me why you don't go electric.

90 *(TOM exits.)*

*HARRY rubs his face with the damp cloth, picks up the bowl and heads for the kitchen.)*

HARRY: *(Calls)* Better bring her coat. For warmth.

TOM: *(Off)* Her plastic mac?

95 HARRY: *(Off)* Her heavy coat.

TOM: *(Off)* Where is it?

*(Pause.)*

HARRY: *(Comes in from the kitchen)* And a cardigan, when you're at it. *(Pause)*  
Did you hear me, Tom?

100 TOM: *(Off)* All right, all right . . .

HARRY: Never know . . . this weather . . . and the car's draughty . . . Wouldn't  
want her to catch her . . .

*(HE breaks off, as TOM comes in carrying a dress, plus coat and cardigan. Pause.)*

105 TOM: Catch her what?

HARRY: Catch a chill. We'll need something to put these in.

TOM: Under the sink.

*(Pause.)*

HARRY: Fetch it, then. And what about shoes?

110 *(TOM sighs, lays the clothes down, exits. HARRY is cleaning his razor. TOM comes in with a tartan travelling grip, which he drops in front of HARRY.)*

This bag's filthy. What's been in it?

TOM: Potatoes.

HARRY: It's the bag I use for my golf things. Your mother knows that.

115 TOM: Here, use this *Herald*. Best place for it.  
*(TOM picks up a Glasgow Herald, tosses it to HARRY, who stuffs it into the grip, then starts putting the clothes in. TOM exits.)*

TOM: *(Off)* You haven't set foot on a golf-course for years.

120 HARRY: Nothing to stop me taking it up again . . . Only stopped because old Bill popped it. Broke up our foursome. Come to think of it, I wouldn't mind . . . When the good weather comes in again . . . a few holes . . . *(Makes a few putting strokes)*  
*(TOM comes in again, with shoes and a shoebrush.)*

TOM: Thought your lot just played the 19th eighteen times.

125 *(TOM has started to polish one of the shoes.)*

HARRY: These don't need polishing . . . they're clean.

TOM: That's because I'm polishing them. *(Puts one shoe in the grip, starts on the other)*

HARRY: You've crumpled her coat.

130 *(HARRY takes the coat, refolds it carefully but none too neatly, and replaces it in the grip. TOM is polishing the other shoe vigorously.)*  
 That'll do fine . . . Tom . . .

TOM: Just a minute.

HARRY: We haven't time.

135 *(TOM keeps polishing.)*  
 Put it in the bag.  
*(TOM throws down the shoe and the brush.)*

TOM: Put it in the bag yourself. *(He exits)*

140 *(HARRY puts the shoe in, and starts to zip the bag. The zip sticks. He tugs at it: still it catches.)*

HARRY: Who the blazes invented zips!  
*(Doorbell rings, off.)*  
*(Calls) Tom!*

TOM: *(Off)* I'm in the bog.

145 *(HARRY goes to answer. The bell rings again, breaking off as he reaches the front door.*  
*The stage is empty. Voices, off. The front door closes, off.)*

HARRY: *(Off)* Tom!  
*(Pause.)*

150 HARRY *appears. He has a large bouquet of flowers, in cellophane and tied with a ribbon.*  
*TOM comes in. He pretends he is a photographer, snapping HARRY from a variety of angles.)*



155 TOM: Big smile, that's it . . . Click! And again . . . say cheese . . . Click! And now  
one for our sponsors . . . that's it . . . Click! Thank you. Give the gentleman  
a big hand . . .

HARRY: Who are they from?  
(TOM *removes an envelope from the flowers.*)

TOM: Abracadabra! For my next trick . . . (*He brings out a card*)

160 HARRY: There isn't time to fool around.

TOM: (*Points at HARRY*) Didn't you know? And you were generous enough to  
include me in your magnanimous gesture.

HARRY: For crying out loud, they must have cost a . . .  
(*He breaks off as TOM looks at him.*)

165 Not that I object, Tom. Under the circumstances. Your mother'll be  
delighted . . . They're very nice . . .

TOM: Sooner they're in water, the better.  
(HARRY *goes to the kitchen.*  
TOM *combs his hair, at the mirror.*)

170 HARRY: (*Off*) Pretty pricey, all the same. The delivery, I mean . . . Could we not  
have collected them?

TOM: Why not splash out, for once?  
(HARRY *comes in from the kitchen.*)

HARRY: They're very pretty . . . brighten the place up for her.

175 TOM: It could do with it.

HARRY: It's no palace, I grant you.

TOM: Say that again.

HARRY: But it's good enough for your mother and me.

TOM: Could do with redecorating.

180 HARRY: What's stopping you?

TOM: I'd meant to start on my own room.

HARRY: Well?

TOM: No point putting up wallpaper, if there's damp underneath.

HARRY: Damp!

185 TOM: You can smell it. (*He sits, reads his magazine.*)

HARRY: You have to . . . accept a certain amount of dampness . . . in these old  
buildings, over eighty years old you know, Tom . . . They weren't built  
yesterday . . . I mean . . . it stands to reason, doesn't it? It can't be  
avoided.

190 TOM: Yes it can.

HARRY: How?

TOM: By having the place properly surveyed.

HARRY: I had it surveyed.

TOM: On the cheap.



195 HARRY: In business you have to take advantage of . . . professional contacts.  
TOM: You mean they take advantage of you. Did they examine the roof?  
HARRY: They told me there was nothing to worry about . . . unduly. Anyway, I  
haven't noticed it having any ill effects on you.  
TOM: Me! I'm a classical case of environmental neurosis. The middle-class  
200 Glaswegian: a study in decay.  
HARRY: Don't talk rot.  
TOM: That's it. Rot! Wet rot, dry rot . . . we've got them all. We're hemmed in by  
it. Haven't you noticed? It's in the air we breathe . . . spores . . . in the  
atmosphere . . .  
205 HARRY: Your imagination's running riot.  
TOM: There's no light, for a start.  
HARRY: We face north, you fool.  
(*A moment's silence.*)  
TOM: Why are you wearing that tie?  
210 HARRY: What's wrong with it?  
TOM: It's black.  
HARRY: Blue.  
TOM: Black.  
HARRY: It's navy. Navy blue.  
215 TOM: Black.  
HARRY: Blue.  
TOM: Ballocks.  
(*Pause.*)  
Look, have you not something . . . well, a bit . . . less funereal?  
220 (HARRY *looks at him.*)  
Just a minute. (*He exits*)  
(HARRY *crosses to the window, squints at his tie.*)  
HARRY: (*To himself*) Navy blue!  
(*TOM comes in, a selection of ties over one arm. He adopts a salesman manner.*)  
225 TOM: Now . . . what would Sir fancy? We used to do a strong line in Scottish  
regiments, but fashions change . . .  
HARRY: Come on, there isn't . . . (*He takes off his own tie.*)  
TOM: Or a rejuvenated slimline, as sported by the late Baillie Vass in person. No?  
Aaaah . . . Sir's taste is impeccable!  
230 (HARRY *has chosen the most muted tie. He puts it on.*)  
A pity about Sir's facial blemish.

[Turn over

HARRY: Blast, I'd forgotten. (*He looks at his face in the mirror, dabs the cut.*)  
(*TOM lays the ties on the divan.*)  
Must have been deep, right enough. You could zip up that bag.  
235 (*TOM stoops, zips the travelling grip in one easy movement. HARRY appears momentarily non-plussed, but says nothing. TOM looks up.*)  
HARRY *exits, throwing a look at the bag.*)  
(*Off*) Oh . . . would you mind collecting my sports jacket from the cleaners.  
Afterwards.

240 TOM: Sure.  
HARRY: (*Off*) You won't forget? (*Comes in putting his suit jacket on.*)  
(*TOM holds out a hand. HARRY brings out his wallet.*)  
There. (*He gives TOM a pound note*) And here . . . (*Hands him another pound*) For my share of the flowers . . .

245 TOM: Ta. (*He stuffs the notes in his hip pocket.*)  
HARRY: How often do I have to tell you, that's a dangerous habit.  
TOM: Sure, Byres Road's hoaching with pickpockets.  
HARRY: You'll learn your lesson one of these days.  
(*TOM exits, comes in again putting on his coat.*)

250 TOM: Look, Dad . . .  
(*Pause.*)  
You'll be careful, where Mum's concerned?  
HARRY: I don't know what you mean.  
TOM: Not to . . . to upset her. We must remember to act . . . as if everything were  
255 normal.  
HARRY: She's in for a check-up. Routine check-up. Happens to hundreds of  
people, every day of the week. Purely as a precaution. A safety-measure.  
Nothing abnormal about it.  
TOM: So long as you stick to that.

260 (*HARRY frowns. Pause, then:*)  
One other thing, Dad . . . When they tell you, I don't want to be kept in the  
dark.  
HARRY: There's nothing to worry about. Everything's going to be hunkey-dorey.  
TOM: I hope so.

265 (*HARRY exits.*)  
HARRY: (*Off*) It won't be easy, for either of us.  
TOM: Or for her.  
(*HARRY comes in, putting on his coat.*)  
HARRY: Are you ready?

270 TOM: Got the keys?

HARRY: Yes. (*Taking the car keys from his pocket*) I know you think I . . . sometimes don't care. Maybe I sometimes don't seem to. But I do. I do, Tom. It's just that . . . whenever I try to show it . . .

(*TOM takes the keys.*)

275 TOM: You don't have to . . . say anything.

(*HARRY looks at him.*)

HARRY: On you go . . . I'll . . . be right down . . . I want to . . . find my gloves . . .

(*TOM exits. As HARRY is crossing the room towards the clock, TOM reappears.*)

280 What now?

(*Pause.*)

TOM: (*Falsetto, American small boy voice*) Say Dad, that's the garbage-man at the door.

HARRY: (*Basso, American accent*) Tell him we don't want any!

285 (*Pause. Then TOM takes the bag, and exits.*)

HARRY looks momentarily wistful, then his expression changes. He crosses to the clock, takes out the bottle, drinks. About to replace the bottle, he changes his mind. He looks around, crosses to the bookcase, puts the bottle behind some books. He returns to the clock, gingerly closes the front. It does not strike. He feels in his pockets, brings out his gloves. He exits. The front door closes, off.)

290

## Question

Make a detailed study of the dramatic means by which Stewart Conn explores the relationship between Harry and Tom.

[Turn over

## 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. *“The director places us, the audience, on the side of characters who may be, objectively or finally, the bad guys or the good guys.”*

Discuss the means employed by the director of any **one** film you have studied to align the audience with **one** or **more than one** character in that film. In your answer you should refer to cinematic techniques as well as to the narrative of the film.

2. *“There is nothing new in cinema. Every film is built on films that have been made earlier.”*

With reference to **one** or **more than one** film you have studied, discuss the extent to which you agree with this statement.

### Category B – Television

3. *“Human interest stories are the stuff of television; hard facts have to be incorporated so that the audience hardly notices them.”*

To what extent do you find this statement to be true of any news, current affairs or documentary programmes you have studied?

4. Choose **one** example of television drama (series, serial or single play) that you consider deserves the description “gripping”.

Analyse the televisual techniques that led to your forming this opinion.

### Category C – Radio

5. *“It’s the knack of creating a sense of connection and listener identification that glues audiences to certain shows and presenters.”*

In the light of this assertion, discuss the importance of the “connection” between presenter and listener in the success of any **one** or **more than one** radio programme you have studied.

6. What are the advantages and disadvantages of radio as a medium for the reporting of sport?

## Category D – Print journalism

7. “In the age of multi-channel television and the Internet, the primary purpose of newspapers is no longer to provide news.”

How far do you agree? In your answer you should refer in detail to **one** newspaper you have studied.

8. For this question you are provided with two front-page articles, one from *The Times* (30 October 2012) and one from *The Guardian* (3 November 2012), about the effect of Hurricane Sandy on the USA and Haiti respectively.

Compare and contrast the ways images and written text are used to convey the hurricane’s impact on these two countries.

## Category E – Advertising

9. Discuss the function of narrative in advertising.

In your answer you may refer to the advertisements provided for question 10, but your response must also include references to other advertisements **or** to an advertising campaign you have studied.

10. For this question you are provided with two advertisements published in the *Guardian Weekend* (31 March 2012) and in *The Observer Magazine* (13 March 2011).

How effectively do these advertisements promote the website *cesarpawsinplaces* and the Toyota Yaris?

In your answer you must analyse all of the following:

- the construction of each advertisement
- the values expressed
- the underlying ideology.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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