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**Thursday 26 May 2022 – Afternoon**

**AS Level English Language and Literature (EMC)**

**H074/02** The language of literary texts

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**You must have:**

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet

**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Use black ink.
- Write your answer to each question in the Answer Booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Fill in the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.
- Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** in Section B.

**INFORMATION**

- The total mark for this paper is **50**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
- This document has **20** pages.

**ADVICE**

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

## Section A – The language of prose

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*  
 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*  
 Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*  
 Arundhati Roy: *The God of Small Things*  
 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*  
 Jhumpa Lahiri: *The Namesake*

Answer **one** question from **this section** on your **chosen prose text**. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

### 1 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

Write about the ways in which Charlotte Brontë tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited while the flesh quivered on my bones.

‘What have you heard? What do you see?’ asked St John. I saw nothing, but I heard a voice somewhere cry –

‘Jane! Jane! Jane!’ – nothing more.

‘O God! what is it?’ I gasped.

I might have said, ‘Where is it?’ for it did not seem in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air, nor from under the earth, nor from overhead. I had heard it – where, or whence, for ever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being – a known, loved, well-remembered voice – that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

‘I am coming!’ I cried. ‘Wait for me! Oh, I will come!’ I flew to the door and looked into the passage: it was dark. I ran out into the garden: it was void.

‘Where are you?’ I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back, ‘Where are you?’ I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

‘Down superstition!’ I commented, as that spectre rose up black by the black yew at the gate. ‘This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft: it is the work of nature. She was roused, and did – no miracle – but her best.’

I broke from St John, who had followed, and would have detained me. It was *my* time to assume ascendancy. *My* powers were in play and in force. I told him to forbear question or remark; I desired him to leave me: I must and would be alone. He obeyed at once. Where there is energy to command well enough, obedience never fails. I mounted to my chamber; locked myself in; fell on my knees; and prayed in my way – a different way to St John’s, but effective in its own fashion. I seemed to penetrate very near a Mighty Spirit; and my soul rushed out in gratitude at His feet. I rose from the thanksgiving – took a resolve – and lay down, unscared, enlightened – eager but for the daylight.

## 2 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

Write about the ways in which F Scott Fitzgerald tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

I was enjoying myself now. I had taken two finger-bowls of champagne, and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental, and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the man looked at me and smiled.

'Your face is familiar,' he said politely. 'Weren't you in the First Division during the war?'

'Why, yes. I was in the Twenty-eighth Infantry.'

'I was in the Sixteenth until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before.'

We talked for a moment about some wet, grey little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning.

'Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound.'

'What time?'

'Any time that suits you best.'

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

'Having a gay time now?' she inquired.

'Much better.' I turned again to my new acquaintance. 'This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there –' I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, 'and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation.'

For a moment he looked at me as if he failed to understand.

'I'm Gatsby,' he said suddenly.

'What!' I exclaimed. 'Oh, I beg your pardon.'

'I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host.'

He smiled understandingly – much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced – or seemed to face – the whole eternal world for an instant, and then concentrated on *you* with an irresistible prejudice in your favour. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished – and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr Gatsby identified himself a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

### 3 Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*

Write about the ways in which Chinua Achebe tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

It happened during the annual ceremony which was held in honour of the earth deity. At such times the ancestors of the clan who had been committed to Mother Earth at their death emerged again as *egwugwu* through tiny ant-holes.

One of the greatest crimes a man could commit was to unmask an *egwugwu* in public, or to say or do anything which might reduce its immortal prestige in the eyes of the uninitiated. And this was what Enoch did.

The annual worship of the earth goddess fell on a Sunday, and the masked spirits were abroad. The Christian women who had been to church could not therefore go home. Some of their men had gone out to beg the *egwugwu* to retire for a short while for the women to pass. They agreed and were already retiring, when Enoch boasted aloud that they would not dare to touch a Christian. Whereupon they all came back and one of them gave Enoch a good stroke of the cane, which was always carried. Enoch fell on him and tore off his mask. The other *egwugwu* immediately surrounded their desecrated companion, to shield him from the profane gaze of women and children, and led him away. Enoch had killed an ancestral spirit, and Umuofia was thrown into confusion.

That night the Mother of the Spirits walked the length and breadth of the clan, weeping for her murdered son. It was a terrible night. Not even the oldest man in Umuofia had ever heard such a strange and fearful sound, and it was never to be heard again. It seemed as if the very soul of the tribe wept for a great evil that was coming – its own death.

On the next day all the masked *egwugwu* of Umuofia assembled in the market-place. They came from all the quarters of the clan and even from the neighbouring villages. The dreadful Otakagu came from Imo, and Ekwensu, dangling a white cock, arrived from Uli. It was a terrible gathering. The eerie voices of countless spirits, the bells that clattered behind some of them, and the clash of matchets as they ran forwards and backwards and saluted one another, sent tremors of fear into every heart. For the first time in living memory the sacred bull-roarer was heard in broad daylight.

From the market-place the furious band made for Enoch's compound. Some of the elders of the clan went with them, wearing heavy protections of charms and amulets. These were men whose arms were strong in *ogwu*, or medicine. As for the ordinary men and women, they listened from the safety of their huts.

The leaders of the Christians had met together at Mr Smith's parsonage on the previous night. As they deliberated they could hear the Mother of Spirits wailing for her son. The chilling sound affected Mr Smith, and for the first time he seemed to be afraid.

'What are they planning to do?' he asked. No one knew, because such a thing had never happened before. Mr Smith would have sent for the District Commissioner and his court messengers, but they had gone on tour on the previous day.

'One thing is clear,' said Mr Smith. 'We cannot offer physical resistance to them. Our strength lies in the Lord.' They knelt down together and prayed to God for delivery.

**4 Arundhati Roy: *The God of Small Things***

Write about the ways in which Arundhati Roy tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre.

**[25]**

Link to material: [https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=IUf0AgAAQBAJ&printsec=frontcover&dq=THE+GOD+OF+SMALL+THINGS&hl=en&newbks=1&newbks\\_redir=0&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjC28m0nuv3AhXOasAKHTBmADQ6AF6BAgFEAI#v=onepage&q=THE%20GOD%20OF%20SMALL%20THINGS&f=false](https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=IUf0AgAAQBAJ&printsec=frontcover&dq=THE+GOD+OF+SMALL+THINGS&hl=en&newbks=1&newbks_redir=0&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjC28m0nuv3AhXOasAKHTBmADQ6AF6BAgFEAI#v=onepage&q=THE%20GOD%20OF%20SMALL%20THINGS&f=false). pp 266-267..

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## 5 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

Write about the ways in which Ian McEwan tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. [25]

Within the half hour Briony would commit her crime. Conscious that she was sharing the night expanse with a maniac, she kept close to the shadowed walls of the house at first, and ducked low beneath the sills whenever she passed in front of a lighted window. She knew he would be heading off down the main drive because that was the way her sister had gone with Leon. As soon as she thought a safe distance had opened up, Briony swung out boldly from the house in a wide arc that took her towards the stable block and the swimming pool. It made sense, surely, to see if the twins were there, fooling about with the hoses, or floating face-down in death, indistinguishable to the last. She thought how she might describe it, the way they bobbed on the illuminated water's gentle swell, and how their hair spread like tendrils and their clothed bodies softly collided and drifted apart. The dry night air slipped between the fabric of her dress and her skin, and she felt smooth and agile in the dark. There was nothing she could not describe: the gentle pad of a maniac's tread moving sinuously along the drive, keeping to the verge to muffle his approach. But her brother was with Cecilia, and that was a burden lifted. She could describe this delicious air too, the grasses giving off their sweet cattle smell, the hard-fired earth which still held the embers of the day's heat and exhaled the mineral odour of clay, and the faint breeze carrying from the lake a flavour of green and silver.

She broke into a loping run across the grass and thought she could go on all night, knifing through the silky air, sprung forwards by the steely coil of the hard ground under her feet, and by the way darkness doubled the impression of speed. She had dreams in which she ran like this, then tilted forward, spread her arms and, yielding to faith – the only difficult part, but easy enough in sleep – left the ground by simply stepping off it, and swooped low over hedges and gates and roofs, then hurtled upwards and hovered exultantly below the cloud base, above the fields, before diving down again. She sensed now how this might be achieved, through desire alone; the world she ran through loved her and would give her what she wanted and would let it happen. And then, when it did, she would describe it. Wasn't writing a kind of soaring, an achievable form of flight, of fancy, of the imagination?

But there was a maniac treading though the night with a dark, unfulfilled heart – she had frustrated him once already – and she needed to be earthbound to describe him too. She must first protect her sister against him, and then find ways of conjuring him safely on paper. Briony slowed to a walking pace, and thought how he must hate her for interrupting him in the library. And though it horrified her, it was another entry, a moment of coming into being, another first: to be hated by an adult. Children hated generously, capriciously. It hardly mattered. But to be the object of adult hatred was an initiation into a solemn new world. It was promotion.

**6 Jhumpa Lahiri: *The Namesake***

Write about the ways in which Jhumpa Lahiri tells the story in this extract.

In your answer you should:

- explore the narrative techniques used in the extract
- consider the extract in the context of the novel as a whole and its genre. **[25]**

Link to material: [https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=X9UjB-MGJCoC&printsec=frontcover&dq=the+namesake&hl=en&newbks=1&newbks\\_redir=0&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj96srMn-v3AhWYQkEAHSkoARIQ6AF6BAgJEAI#v=onepage&q=the%20namesake&f=false](https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=X9UjB-MGJCoC&printsec=frontcover&dq=the+namesake&hl=en&newbks=1&newbks_redir=0&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj96srMn-v3AhWYQkEAHSkoARIQ6AF6BAgJEAI#v=onepage&q=the%20namesake&f=false), pp. 186-187.  
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## Section B – The language of poetry

William Blake  
 Emily Dickinson  
 Seamus Heaney  
 Eavan Boland  
 Carol Ann Duffy  
 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Answer **one** question from **this section** on your **chosen poetry text**. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

### 7 William Blake

Compare the ways Blake uses language and poetic techniques in 'The Divine Image' (*Innocence*) and 'The Human Abstract' (*Experience*).

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

#### The Divine Image

To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
 All pray in their distress:  
 And to these virtues of delight  
 Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
 Is God our father dear:  
 And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
 Is Man his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart  
 Pity, a human face:  
 And Love, the human form divine,  
 And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,  
 That prays in his distress,  
 Prays to the human form divine  
 Love Mercy Pity Peace.

And all must love the human form,  
 In heathen, turk or jew.  
 Where Mercy, Love & Pity dwell,  
 There God is dwelling too.



**The Human Abstract**

Pity would be no more,  
If we did not make somebody Poor:  
And Mercy no more could be,  
If all were as happy as we:

And mutual fear brings peace:  
Till the selfish loves increase.  
Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,  
And waters the ground with tears:  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
Of Mystery over his head;  
And the Catterpillar and Fly,  
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat:  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea,  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree  
But their search was all in vain;  
There grows one in the Human Brain.

## 8 Emily Dickinson

Compare the ways Dickinson uses language and poetic techniques in 'The Soul has Bandaged moments' and 'One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### The Soul has Bandaged moments

The Soul has Bandaged moments –  
 When too appalled to stir –  
 She feels some ghastly Fright come up  
 And stop to look at her –

Salute her – with long fingers –  
 Caress her freezing hair –  
 Sip, Goblin, from the very lips  
 The Lover – hovered – o'er –  
 Unworthy, that a thought so mean  
 Accost a Theme – so – fair –

The soul has moments of Escape –  
 When bursting all the doors –  
 She dances like a Bomb, abroad,  
 And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee – delirious borne –  
 Long Dungeoned from his Rose –  
 Touch Liberty – then know no more,  
 But Noon, and Paradise –

The Soul's retaken moments –  
 When, Felon led along,  
 With shackles on the plumed feet,  
 And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,  
 These, are not brayed of Tongue –

**One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted**

One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –  
 One need not be a House –  
 The Brain has Corridors – surpassing  
 Material Place –

Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting  
 External Ghost  
 Than its interior Confronting –  
 That Cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,  
 The Stones a'chase –  
 Than Unarmed, one's a'self encounter –  
 In lonesome Place –

Ourself behind ourself, concealed –  
 Should startle most –  
 Assassin hid in our Apartment  
 Be Horror's least.

The Body – borrows a Revolver –  
 He bolts the Door –  
 O'erlooking a superior spectre –  
 Or More –

## 9 Seamus Heaney

Compare the ways Heaney uses language and poetic techniques in 'Punishment' and 'The Tollund Man'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### Punishment

I can feel the tug  
of the halter at the nape  
of her neck, the wind  
on her naked front.

It blows her nipples  
to amber beads,  
it shakes the frail rigging  
of her ribs.

I can see her drowned  
body in the bog,  
the weighing stone,  
the floating rods and boughs.

Under which at first  
she was a barked sapling  
that is dug up  
oak-bone, brain-firkin:

her shaved head  
like a stubble of black corn,  
her blindfold a soiled bandage,  
her noose a ring

to store  
the memories of love.  
Little adulteress,  
before they punished you

you were flaxen-haired,  
undernourished, and your  
tar-black face was beautiful.  
My poor scapegoat,

I almost love you  
but would have cast, I know,  
the stones of silence.  
I am the artful voyeur

of your brain's exposed  
and darkened combs,  
your muscles' webbing  
and all your numbered bones:

I who have stood dumb  
when your betraying sisters,  
cauled in tar,  
wept by the railings,

who would connive  
in civilized outrage  
yet understand the exact  
and tribal, intimate revenge.

## The Tollund Man

### I

Some day I will go to Aarhus  
To see his peat-brown head,  
The mild pods of his eyelids,  
His pointed skin cap.

In the flat country nearby  
Where they dug him out,  
His last gruel of winter seeds  
Caked in his stomach,

Naked except for  
The cap, noose and girdle,  
I will stand a long time.  
Bridegroom to the goddess,

She tightened her torc on him  
And opened her fen,  
Those dark juices working  
Him to a saint's kept body,

Trove of the turfcutters'  
Honeycombed workings.  
Now his stained face  
Reposes at Aarhus.

### II

I could risk blasphemy,  
Consecrate the cauldron bog  
Our holy ground and pray  
Him to make germinate

The scattered, ambushed  
Flesh of labourers,  
Stockinged corpses  
Laid out in the farmyards,

Tell-tale skin and teeth  
Flecking the sleepers  
Of four young brothers, trailed  
For miles along the lines.

### III

Something of his sad freedom  
As he rode the tumbriel  
Should come to me, driving,  
Saying the names

Tollund, Grauballe, Nebelgard,  
Watching the pointing hands  
Of country people,  
Not knowing their tongue.

Out there in Jutland  
In the old man-killing parishes  
I will feel lost,  
Unhappy and at home.

## 10 Eavan Boland

Compare the ways Boland uses language and poetic techniques in 'Object Lessons' and 'From the Irish of Pangur Ban'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### Object Lessons

It was yours.  
 Your coffee mug. Black,  
 with a hunting scene on the side  
 (cruel theatre as the kettle poured).  
 Together, we unpacked it  
 in the new house.

A hunting scene:  
 Dogs. Hawking. Silk.  
 Linen spread out in a meadow.  
 Pitchers of wine clouding in the shadow  
 of beech trees. Buttermilk.  
 A huntsman.

A wild rabbit.  
 A thrush ready to sing.  
 A lady smiling as the huntsman kissed her:  
 the way land looks before disaster  
 strikes or suffering  
 becomes a habit

was not a feature  
 of the history we knew. Now  
 it opened out before us, bright  
 as our curtainless October nights  
 whose street-lit glow  
 was second nature. Or

those mornings  
 we drank coffee  
 and shared cake in a kitchen full of  
 chaos, before we knew the details of  
 this pastoral were merely  
 veiled warnings

of the shiver  
 of presentiment with which  
 we found the broken pieces of  
 the sparrow hawk and the kisses of  
 the huntsman, the pitcher  
 and the thrush's never

to-be-finished  
 aria, an untouched meal,  
 and the lady and the hunting horn  
 on the floorboards you and I had sworn  
 to sand down and seal  
 with varnish.

## From the Irish of Pangur Ban

*for Mairin*

Myself and Pangur, cat and sage  
Go each about our business;  
I harass my beloved page,  
He his mouse.

Fame comes second to the peace  
Of study, a still day.  
Unenvying, Pangur's choice  
Is child's play.

Neither bored, both hone  
At home a separate skill,  
Moving after hours alone  
To the kill.

When at last his net wraps,  
After a sly fight,  
Around a mouse, mine traps  
Sudden insight.

On my cell wall here,  
His sight fixes, burning,  
Searching; my old eyes peer  
At new learning,

And his delight when his claws  
close on his prey  
Equals mine when sudden clues  
Light my way.

So we find by degrees  
Peace in solitude,  
Both of us, solitaries,  
Have each the trade

We love: Pangur, never idle  
Day or night  
Hunts mice; I hunt each riddle  
From dark to light.





## 12 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Compare the ways Sam-La Rose uses language and poetic techniques in 'Speechless I' and 'Here, Spirits'.

Support your answer with reference to relevant contextual factors.

[25]

### Speechless

I

At 15, she has a voice like ripe Jamoon wine  
and her name is on everyone's lips.  
1950. Uruguay beats Brazil 2–1

to win the World Cup, China invades Tibet,  
*Truth or Consequences* debuts on American  
television, and her father forbids her

from playing her guitar, hoists it up  
on a wall between pictures of Ella Fitzgerald,  
King George and a poster proclaiming

that Britain needs you. It will hang there, souvenir  
of the freedom she enjoyed since she was nine  
and spent three months learning to play

*My Home Is Heaven Just Waiting For Me*,  
three simple gospel chords, in secret,  
taught by her Sunday School teacher,

before unveiling her voice one evening  
in front of the family. Her father stayed silent then,  
but he's Police Sergeant on the Demerara's

west bank, with a sharp, black serge uniform  
and standards to match. And I'd like to know how  
the cogs and wheels turn in his head,

how the decision is made, whether  
he weighs her tears and pleas against  
the notion that a father knows best,

that his word is law, that a proper young  
Guyanese woman belongs to the home  
behind curtains, not music. I'd like to know

if it's just that easy. Easy as lifting  
a gramophone's needle from a groove,  
closing a door, or blowing out a candle.

He forbids her from playing guitar,  
forbids her from singing, orders her  
to fold her voice down into a small,

pocketable silence. Hangs the guitar from a nail  
on a wall like a trophy or stuffed animal,  
like something he's hunted and killed.

Weeks will pass, before whatever's left inside her  
rises, claws its way out – before she stands on a chair,  
unhooks that guitar from its resting place, brings it down

with an overhead swing that cracks the frame,  
again and again, until it's broken wood, tangled nylon,  
a few snagged keys.

The girl will be my mother.

When she tells the story, it's just a guitar.  
*You don't have to make it sound so bad, she'll say –  
he loved us in his own, stiff way.*

**Here, Spirits**

When a jot of noodle meets the table,  
 escapee from the chopsticks raised  
 to your mouth, I say the spirits are hungry:

what my aunt would say  
 whenever food was dropped.  
*You're feeding spirits, boy,*

for the plate of rice  
 that hit the kitchen floor –  
 some solid form of libations, offerings.

Hard to shift the image of phantom mouths  
 wreathed round the ankles, each deft nudge  
 to divert loaded forks or spoons.

It's years since I heard the story  
 of the uncle who woke my mother up  
 to turn the television on,

switch channel to a title bout  
 though he'd passed three days before.  
 What the spirits want, they know to take or ask for.

You challenge my first thought with more, a pea  
 for a prayer of security,  
 a tear of chicken for provision,

a fleck of carrot for nothing.  
 And the noodle?  
*A prayer for you.*

**END OF QUESTION PAPER**

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