



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Friday 8 October 2021 – Afternoon

A Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H474/02 The language of poetry and plays

Time allowed: 2 hours



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 **64**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document has **24** pages.

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

Section A – Poetry: Stylistic analysis

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

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

1 William Blake

Explore how William Blake presents attitudes to children at play in ‘Nurse’s Song (I)’ and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Blake’s use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Nurse’s Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast
 And everything else is still

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down
 And the dews of night arise
 Come come leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies

No no let us play, for it is yet day
 And we cannot go to sleep
 Besides in the sky, the little birds fly
 And the hills are all coverd with sheep

Well well go & play till the light fades away
 And then go home to bed
 The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh’d
 And all the hills ecchoed

2 Emily Dickinson

Explore how Emily Dickinson presents ideas and feelings about fear in 'One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –' (670) and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Dickinson's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

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 –

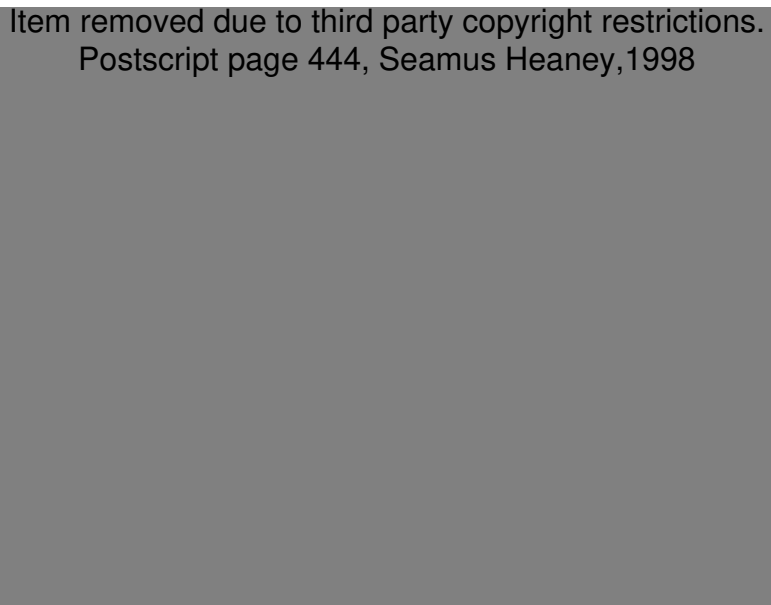
3 Seamus Heaney

Explore how Seamus Heaney presents thoughts and feelings about the landscape in 'Postscript' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Heaney's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]**Postscript**

Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.
Postscript page 444, Seamus Heaney, 1998



4 Eavan Boland

Explore how Eavan Boland presents thoughts and feelings on the shifting relationship of a parent and a child in 'The Pomegranate' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Boland's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

The Pomegranate

The only legend I have ever loved is
 the story of a daughter lost in hell.
 And found and rescued there.
 Love and blackmail are the gist of it.
 Ceres and Persephone the names.
 And the best thing about the legend is
 I can enter it anywhere. And have.
 As a child in exile in
 a city of fogs and strange consonants,
 I read it first and at first I was
 an exiled child in the crackling dusk of
 the underworld, the stars blighted. Later
 I walked out in a summer twilight
 searching for my daughter at bed-time.
 When she came running I was ready
 to make any bargain to keep her.
 I carried her back past whitebeams
 and wasps and honey-scented buddleias.
 But I was Ceres then and I knew
 winter was in store for every leaf
 on every tree on that road.
 Was inescapable for each one we passed.
 And for me.

It is winter
 and the stars are hidden.
 I climb the stairs and stand where I can see
 my child asleep beside her teen magazines,
 her can of Coke, her plate of uncut fruit.
 The pomegranate! How did I forget it?
 She could have come home and been safe
 and ended the story and all
 our heart-broken searching but she reached
 out a hand and plucked a pomegranate.
 She put out her hand and pulled down
 the French sound for apple and
 the noise of stone and the proof
 that even in the place of death,
 at the heart of legend, in the midst
 of rocks full of unshed tears
 ready to be diamonds by the time
 the story was told, a child can be
 hungry. I could warn her. There is still a chance.
 The rain is cold. The road is flint-coloured.

The suburb has cars and cable television.
The veiled stars are above ground.
It is another world. But what else
can a mother give her daughter but such
beautiful rifts in time?
If I defer the grief I will diminish the gift.
The legend will be hers as well as mine.
She will enter it. As I have.
She will wake up. She will hold
the papery flushed skin in her hand.
And to her lips. I will say nothing.

5 Carol Ann Duffy

Explore how Carol Ann Duffy presents ideas and feelings about grief and loss in 'Grief' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Duffy's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Grief

Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions. Poem(set by specification), Grief page 49, Carol Ann Duffy,2006,978-330-4-3391-4

6 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Explore how Jacob Sam-La Rose presents ideas and feelings about the search for a voice in 'Talk This Way' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Sam-La Rose's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]**Talk This Way**

Dear boys on road,
 dear girls on bus
top decks, dear hip-hop, dear love letters
pressed deep into vinyl platters, dear Americas,
Jamaica and East End –
 dear Queen's best
cool and clipped as seams pressed sharp
in spite of noon day sun high in a Guyanese sky,
dear received pronunciation, dear raw, unfettered
music of my motherland once removed, dear music
smuggled in the old-fashioned way, beneath the folds
of skirts and blouses in a hard leather suitcase,
in the bones of flying fish and guava cheese,
cassava bread, in the notes of spilt casrip
loosed from broken bottles –
 dear music
melting in the cauldron and pit, dear molten
brogue we birthed and spanked to wailing heights,
dear empty spaces, dear silence –

thank you for your many tongues.
Now, to find my own.

Section B – Plays: dramatic and stylistic analysis

William Shakespeare: *Othello*
 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*
 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*
 Brian Friel: *Translations*
 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*
 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about one hour on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: *Othello*

Explore how Shakespeare presents the conversation between Iago and Cassio in this extract from *Othello*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Iago: What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio: Ay, past all surgery.

Iago: Marry, God forbid!

Cassio: Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago: As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more of sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! There are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cassio: I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! And speak parrot! And squabble! Swagger! Swear! And discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago: What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cassio: I know not.

Iago: Is't possible?

Cassio: I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago: Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

- Cassio:** It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.
- Iago:** Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.
- Cassio:** I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredience is a devil.
- Iago:** Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.
- Cassio:** I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!
- Iago:** You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her, importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blest a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.
- Cassio:** You advise me well.
- Iago:** I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.
- Cassio:** I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.
- Iago:** You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.
- Cassio:** Good night, honest Iago. *Exit*

8 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Explore how Wilde presents the secret lives of Jack and Algernon in this extract from *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Jack: Well, my name is Ernest in town and Jack in the country, and the cigarette case was given to me in the country.

Algernon: Yes, but that does not account for the fact that your small Aunt Cecily, who lives at Tunbridge Wells, calls you her dear uncle. Come, old boy, you had much better have the thing out at once.

Jack: My dear Algy, you talk exactly as if you were a dentist. It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist when one isn't a dentist. It produces a false impression.

Algernon: Well, that is exactly what dentists always do. Now, go on! Tell me the whole thing. I may mention that I have always suspected you of being a confirmed and secret Bunburyist; and I am quite sure of it now.

Jack: Bunburyist? What on earth do you mean by a Bunburyist?

Algernon: I'll reveal to you the meaning of that incomparable expression as soon as you are kind enough to inform me why you are Ernest in town and Jack in the country.

Jack: Well, produce my cigarette case first.

Algernon: Here it is. (*Hands cigarette case*) Now produce your explanation, and pray make it improbable. (*Sits on sofa*)

Jack: My dear fellow, there is nothing improbable about my explanation at all. In fact it's perfectly ordinary. Old Mr Thomas Cardew, who adopted me when I was a little boy, made me in his will guardian to his granddaughter, Miss Cecily Cardew. Cecily, who addresses me as her uncle from motives of respect that you could not possibly appreciate, lives at my place in the country under the charge of her admirable governess, Miss Prism.

Algernon: Where is that place in the country, by the way?

Jack: That is nothing to you, dear boy. You are not going to be invited. ... I may tell you candidly that the place is not in Shropshire.

Algernon: I suspected that, my dear fellow! I have Bunburied all over Shropshire on two separate occasions. Now, go on. Why are you Ernest in town and Jack in the country?

Jack: My dear Algy, I don't know whether you will be able to understand my real motives. You are hardly serious enough. When one is placed in the position of guardian, one has to adopt a very high moral tone on all subjects. It's one's duty to do so. And as a high moral tone can hardly be said to conduce very much to either one's health or one's happiness, in order to get up to town I have always pretended to have a younger brother of the name of Ernest, who lives in the Albany, and gets into the most dreadful scrapes. That, my dear Algy, is the whole truth pure and simple.

Algernon: The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!

Jack: That wouldn't be at all a bad thing.

Algernon: Literary criticism is not your forte, my dear fellow. Don't try it. You should leave that to people who haven't been at a University. They do it so well in the daily papers. What you really are is a Bunburyist. I was quite right in saying you were a Bunburyist. You are one of the most advanced Bunburyists I know.

Jack: What on earth do you mean?

Algernon: You have invented a very useful younger brother called Ernest, in order that you may be able to come up to town as often as you like. I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose. Bunbury is perfectly invaluable. If it wasn't for Bunbury's extraordinary bad health, for instance, I wouldn't be able to dine with you at Willis's tonight, for I have been really engaged to Aunt Augusta for more than a week.

9 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Explore how Williams presents Blanche's opinions of Stanley in this extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Blanche: I understand how it happened – a little. You saw him in uniform, an officer, not here but –

Stella: I'm not sure it would have made any difference where I saw him.

Blanche: Now don't say it was one of those mysterious electric things between people! If you do I'll laugh in your face.

Stella: I am not going to say anything more at all about it!

Blanche: All right, then, don't!

Stella: But there are things that happen between a man and a woman in the dark – that sort of make everything else seem – unimportant. [*Pause.*]

Blanche: What you are talking about is brutal desire – just – Desire! – the name of that rattle-trap streetcar that bangs through the Quarter, up one old narrow street and down another ...

Stella: Haven't you ever ridden on that streetcar?

Blanche: It brought me here. – Where I'm not wanted and where I'm ashamed to be ...

Stella: Then don't you think your superior attitude is a bit out of place?

Blanche: I am not being or feeling at all superior, Stella. Believe me I'm not! It's just this. This is how I look at it. A man like that is someone to go out with – once – twice – three times when the devil is in you. But live with! Have a child by?

Stella: I have told you I love him!

Blanche: Then I *tremble* for you! I just – *tremble* for you ...

Stella: I can't help your trembling if you insist on trembling!

[*There is a pause.*]

Blanche: May I – speak – *plainly*?

Stella: Yes, do. Go ahead. As plainly as you want to.

[*Outside a train approaches. They are silent till the noise subsides. They are both in the bedroom.*

Under cover of the train's noise Stanley enters from outside. He stands unseen by the women, holding some packages in his arms, and overhears their following conversation. He wears an undershirt and grease-stained seersucker pants.]

Blanche: Well – if you’ll forgive me – he’s *common*!

Stella: Why, yes, I suppose he is.

Blanche: Suppose! You can’t have forgotten that much of our bringing up, Stella, that you just *suppose* that any part of a gentleman’s in his nature! *Not one particle, no!* Oh, if he was just – *ordinary*! Just *plain* – but good and wholesome, but – *no*. There’s something downright – *bestial* – about him! You’re hating me saying this, aren’t you?

Stella [*coldly*]: Go on and say it all, Blanche.

Blanche: He acts like an animal, has an animal’s habits! Eats like one, moves like one, talks like one! There’s even something – sub-human – something not quite to the stage of humanity yet! Yes, something – ape-like about him, like one of those pictures I’ve seen in – anthropological studies! Thousands and thousands of years have passed him right by, and there he is – Stanley Kowalski – survivor of the Stone Age! Bearing the raw meat home from the kill in the jungle! And you – *you* here – *waiting* for him! Maybe he’ll strike you or maybe grunt and kiss you! That is, if kisses have been discovered yet! Night falls and the other apes gather! There in the front of the cave, all grunting like him, and swilling and gnawing and hulking! His poker night! – you call it – this party of apes! Somebody growls – some creature snatches at something – the fight is on! *God!* Maybe we are a long way from being made in God’s image, but Stella – my sister – there has been *some* progress since then! Such things as art – as poetry and music – such kinds of new light have come into the world since then! In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! That we have got to make *grow!* And *cling* to, and hold as our flag! In this dark march towards whatever it is we’re approaching ... *Don’t – don’t hang back with the brutes!*

[*Another train passes outside. Stanley hesitates, licking his lips. Then suddenly he turns stealthily about and withdraws through the front door. The women are still unaware of his presence. When the train has passed he calls through the closed front door.*]

Stanley: Hey! Hey! Stella!

10 Brian Friel: *Translations*

Explore how Friel presents the relationship between Yolland and Owen in this extract from *Translations*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Owen: I'm asking you: what do we write in the Name-Book?

Yolland: Tobair Vree.

Owen: Even though the well is a hundred yards from the actual crossroads – and there's no well anyway – and what the hell does Vree mean?

Yolland: Tobair Vree.

Owen: That's what you want?

Yolland: Yes.

Owen: You're certain?

Yolland: Yes.

Owen: Fine. Fine. That's what you'll get.

Yolland: That's what you want, too, Roland.

Pause.

Owen [*explodes*]: George! For God's sake! *My name is not Roland!*

Yolland: What?

Owen [*softly*]: My name is Owen.

Pause.

Yolland: Not Roland?

Owen: Owen.

Yolland: You mean to say – ?

Owen: Owen.

Yolland: But I've been –

Owen: O-w-e-n.

Yolland: Where did Roland come from?

Owen: I don't know.

Yolland: It was never Roland?

Owen: Never.

Yolland: O my God!

Pause. They stare at one another. Then the absurdity of the situation strikes them suddenly. They explode with laughter. Owen pours drinks. As they roll about their lines overlap.

Yolland: Why didn't you tell me?

Owen: Do I look like a Roland?

Yolland: Spell Owen again.

Owen: I was getting fond of Roland.

Yolland: O my God!

Owen: O-w-e-n.

Yolland: What'll we write –

Owen: – in the Name-Book?

Yolland: R-o-w-e-n!

Owen: Or what about Ol-

Yolland: Ol- what?

Owen: Oland!

*And again they explode.
Manus enters. He is very elated.*

Manus: What's the celebration?

Owen: A christening!

Yolland: A baptism!

Owen: A hundred christenings!

Yolland: A thousand baptisms! Welcome to Eden!

Owen: Eden's right! We name a thing and – bang! it leaps into existence!

Yolland: Each name a perfect equation with its roots.

Owen: A perfect congruence with its reality.

11 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*

Explore how Wertenbaker presents attitudes towards criminals in this extract from *Our Country's Good*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Ralph: The play has several parts for women. We have no other women here.

Collins: Your wife excepted, Reverend.

Revd. Johnson: My wife abhors anything of that nature. After all, actresses are not famed for their morals.

Collins: Neither are our women convicts.

Revd. Johnson: How can they be when some of our officers set them up as mistresses.

He looks pointedly at Lieutenant George Johnston.

Ross: Filthy, thieving, lying whores and now we have to watch them flout their flitty wares on the stage!

Phillip: No one will be forced to watch the play.

Dawes: I believe there's a partial lunar eclipse that night. I shall have to watch that. The sky of this southern hemisphere is full of wonders. Have you looked at the constellations?

Short pause.

Ross: Constellations. Plays! This is a convict colony, the prisoners are here to be punished and we're here to make sure they get punished. Constellations! Jemmy? Constellations!

He turns to Jemmy Campbell for support.

Campbell: Tss, weh, marines, marines: war, phoo, discipline. Eh? Service – His Majesty.

Phillip: We are indeed here to supervise the convicts who are already being punished by their long exile. Surely they can also be reformed?

Tench: We are talking about criminals, often hardened criminals. They have a habit of vice and crime. Many criminals seem to have been born that way. It is in their nature.

Phillip: Rousseau would say that we have made them that way, Watkin: 'Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains.'

Revd. Johnson: But Rousseau was a Frenchman.

Ross: A Frenchman! What can you expect? We're going to listen to a foraging Frenchman now –

- Collins:** He was Swiss actually.
- Campbell:** Eeh, eyeh, good soldiers, the Swiss.
- Phillip:** Surely you believe man can be redeemed, Reverend?
- Revd. Johnson:** By the grace of God and a belief in the true church, yes. But Christ never proposed putting on plays to his disciples. However, he didn't forbid it either. It must depend on the play.
- Johnston:** He did propose treating sinners, especially women who have sinned, with compassion. Most of the convict women have committed small crimes, a tiny theft –
- Collins:** We know about your compassion, not to say passion, for the women convicts, George.
- Tench:** A crime is a crime. You commit a crime or you don't. If you commit a crime, you are a criminal. Surely that is logical? It's like the savages here. A savage is a savage because he behaves in a savage manner. To expect anything else is foolish. They can't even build a proper canoe.
- Phillip:** They can be educated.
- Collins:** Actually, they seem happy enough as they are. They do not want to build canoes or houses, nor do they suffer from greed and ambition.
- Faddy** [*looking at Ralph*]: Unlike some.
- Tench:** Which can't be said of our convicts. But really, I don't see what this has to do with a play. It is at most a passable diversion, an entertainment to wile away the hours of the idle.
- Campbell:** Ttts, weh, heh, the convicts, bone idle.
- Dawes:** We're wiling away precious hours now. Put the play on, don't put it on, it won't change the shape of the universe.
- Ralph:** But it could change the nature of our little society.
- Faddy:** Second Lieutenant Clark change society!
- Phillip:** William!
- Tench:** My dear Ralph, a bunch of convicts making fools of themselves, mouthing words written no doubt by some London ass, will hardly change our society.

12 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Explore how Butterworth presents Johnny in this extract near the end of the play.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts. [32]

Marky: I got lost.

Pause.

Johnny: Come here. [*Pause.*] Come here. I won't bite.

He does.

What did you do? Did you go on... go on the whirler-swirlers? Have – Coke, Coca-Cola?

Marky: Yes.

Johnny: It's all right, boy. Don't be scared. Here. Sit down. On that.

Marky sits on the drum.

There. Now, there's something I'm gonna tell you. Your mum won't like this, so listen hard, because I'm only tellin' it once.

He lights a cigarette. Wipes his nose, shows Marky.

See that. That's blood. And not just any blood. That's Byron blood. Now, listen to me, now, and listen good, because this is important. [*Beat.*] I used to jump. Across Wiltshire, south-west. All over. One day here, ten thousand people showed up. In Stroyer's Field, half a mile from here, they lined up thirteen double-decker buses. Fair Day like today. But wet. Raining. The ground was soft as butter. Stroyer's Field slopes left to right and it's rutted. On the day, the wind was blowing straight down the field. [*Pause.*] And I raced down the ramp. And I took off. I hit that last bus so hard my boots came off. That's what they want to see. They want to see you shatter some bones. Swallow all your top teeth. Tongue. And when they get you out after an hour and four heart attacks, they want to see the ambulance get stuck in the mud halfway across the field. When I got to the hospital they found something out. I've got rare blood. Rarest there is. Romany blood. All Byrons have got it. I've got it and you've got it too. Listen to me, now. This blood, it's valuable. To doctors. Hospitals. Every six weeks, I go up Swindon General, and I give 'em a pint of my blood. And they give me six hundred pound. They need it, see, and I'm the only one they know's got it. [*Pause.*] And when I sit in that waiting room, waiting to go in, they treat me like a king. I can sit there, with the other patients all around, and I can smoke, have a can, right there in front of the nurses. And they can't touch me. People complain. They can't touch me. They need me. See. They need me. So don't ever worry, because anywhere you go. If you're ever short. Back to the wall. Remember the blood. The blood.

He kneels in front of his boy. Clasps his shoulders. Holds his eye.

School is a lie. Prison's a waste of time. Girls are wondrous. Grab your fill. No man was ever lain in his barrow wishing he'd loved one less woman. Don't listen to no one and nothing but what your own heart bids. Lie. Cheat. Steal. Fight to the death. Don't give up. Show me your teeth.

END OF QUESTION PAPER

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