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# AS ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

## Paper 1 Views and Voices

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Friday 19 May 2017

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

### Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book.  
The **Paper Reference** is 7706/1.
- There are two sections:  
**Section A: Imagined Worlds**  
**Section B: Poetic Voices.**
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.  
Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

### Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets. There are 35 marks for the question from Section A and 40 marks for the question from Section B.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

### Advice

- It is recommended that you spend about 40 minutes on Section A and 50 minutes on Section B.

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**Section A****Imagined Worlds**

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either*****Frankenstein – Mary Shelley***

**0 1** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Shelley presents the creature in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

‘Cursed, cursed creator! Why did I live? Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed? I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me; my feelings were those of rage and revenge. I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their shrieks and misery.

5           ‘When night came, I quitted my retreat, and wandered in the wood; and now, no longer restrained by the fear of discovery, I gave vent to my anguish in fearful howlings. I was like a wild beast that had broken the toils; destroying the objects that obstructed me, and ranging through the wood with a stag-like swiftness. O! what a  
10 miserable night I passed! the cold stars shone in mockery, and the bare trees waved their branches above me: now and then the sweet voice of a bird burst forth amidst the universal stillness. All, save I, were at rest or in enjoyment: I, like the arch-fiend, bore a hell within me; and finding myself unsympathised with, wished to tear up the trees, spread havoc and destruction around me, and then to have sat down and enjoyed the  
15 ruin.

‘But this was a luxury of sensation that could not endure; I became fatigued with excess of bodily exertion, and sank on the damp grass in the sick impotence of despair. There was none among the myriads of men that existed who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness towards my enemies? No: from that moment I  
20 declared everlasting war against the species, and, more than all, against him who had formed me, and sent me forth to this insupportable misery.

‘The sun rose; I heard the voices of men, and knew that it was impossible to return to my retreat during that day. Accordingly I hid myself in some thick underwood, determining to devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my situation.

or

**Dracula – Bram Stoker**

**0 2** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Stoker presents the interaction between Jonathan Harker and Dracula in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, 'Good morning.' I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting I had cut myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count's salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be no error, for the man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed; but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself. This was startling, and, coming on the top of so many strange things, was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near; but at the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the string of beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

'Take care,' he said, 'take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.' Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on: 'And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away with it!' and opening the heavy window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the glass, which was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he withdrew without a word.

**Turn over for the next question****Turn over ►**

or

***The Handmaid's Tale – Margaret Atwood***

**0 3** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Atwood presents Offred's thoughts in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

Here is what I believe.

I believe Luke is lying face down in a thicket, a tangle of bracken, the brown fronds from last year under the green ones just unrolled, or ground hemlock perhaps, although it's too early for the red berries. What is left of him: his hair, the bones, the  
5 plaid wool shirt, green and black, the leather belt, the workboots. I know exactly what he was wearing. I can see his clothes in my mind, bright as a lithograph or a full-colour advertisement, from an ancient magazine, though not his face, not so well. His face is beginning to fade, possibly because it wasn't always the same: his face had different expressions, his clothes did not.

10 I pray that the hole, or two or three, there was more than one shot, they were close together, I pray that at least one hole is neatly, quickly, and finally through the skull, through the place where all the pictures were, so that there would have been only the one flash, of darkness or pain, dull I hope, like the word *thud*, only the one and then silence.

15 I believe this.

I also believe that Luke is sitting up, in a rectangle somewhere, grey cement, on a ledge or the edge of something, a bed or chair. God knows what he's wearing. God knows what they've put him in. God isn't the only one who knows, so maybe there could be some way of finding out. He hasn't shaved for a year, though they cut his  
20 hair short, whenever they feel like it, for lice they say. I'll have to revise that: if they cut the hair for lice, they'd cut the beard too. You'd think.

Anyway, they don't do it well, the hair is ragged, the back of his neck is nicked, that's hardly the worst, he looks ten years older, twenty, he's bent like an old man, his eyes are pouched, small purple veins have burst in his cheeks, there's a scar, no, a wound,  
25 it isn't yet healed, the colour of tulips, near the stem end, down the left side of his face where the flesh split recently. The body is so easily damaged, so easily disposed of, water and chemicals is all it is, hardly more to it than a jellyfish, drying on sand.

or

***The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold***

**0 4** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Sebold presents Jack’s study in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

That night, as he had more and more often, my father stayed up by himself in his study. He could not believe the world falling down around him – how unexpected it all was after the initial blast of my death. “I feel like I’m standing in the wake of a volcano eruption,” he wrote in his notebook. “Abigail thinks Len Fenerman is right about  
5 Harvey.”

As he wrote, the candle in the window kept flickering, and despite his desk lamp the flickering distracted him. He sat back in the old wooden school chair he’d had since college and heard the reassuring squeak of the wood under him. At the firm he was failing to even register what was needed of him. Daily now he faced column after  
10 column of meaningless numbers he was supposed to make square with company claims. He was making mistakes with a frequency that was frightening, and he feared, more than he had in the first days following my disappearance, that he would not be able to support his two remaining children.

He stood up and stretched his arms overhead, trying to concentrate on the few  
15 exercises that our family doctor had suggested. I watched his body bend in uneasy and surprising ways I had never seen before. He could have been a dancer rather than a businessman. He could have danced on Broadway with Ruana Singh.

He snapped off the desk light, leaving only the candle.

In his low green easy chair he now felt the most comfortable. It was where I  
20 often saw him sleep. The room like a vault, the chair like a womb, and me standing guard over him. He stared at the candle in the window and thought about what to do; how he had tried to touch my mother and she had pulled away over to the edge of the bed. But how in the presence of the police she seemed to bloom.

He had grown used to the ghostly light behind the candle’s flame, that  
25 quivering reflection in the window. He stared at the two of them – real flame and ghost – and began to work toward a doze, dozing in thought and strain and the events of the day.

As he was about to let go for the night, we both saw the same thing: another light. Outside.

**Turn over for Section B****Turn over ►**

## Section B

## Poetic Voices

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either

John Donne

**0 5** Read 'The Sun Rising' and 'Elegy 8. To His Mistress Going to Bed', printed below and on page 7. Compare and contrast how Donne presents places in these poems.

**[40 marks]**

**The Sun Rising**

5 Busy old fool, unruly Sun,  
Why dost thou thus,  
Through windows and through curtains call on us?  
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?  
5 Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide  
Late schoolboys and sour prentices,  
Go tell court-huntsmen that the King will ride,  
Call country ants to harvest offices;  
10 Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,  
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

15 Thy beams, so reverend and strong,  
Why should'st thou think?  
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
But that I would not lose her sight so long:  
15 If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
Look, and tomorrow late, tell me  
Whether both the Indias of spice and mine  
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.  
20 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

25 She's all states, and all princes I,  
Nothing else is.  
Princes do but play us; compared to this,  
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy;  
25 Thou Sun art half as happy'as we,  
In that the world's contracted thus.  
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.  
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;  
30 This bed thy centre is, these walls, thy sphere.

**Elegy 8. To His Mistress Going to Bed**

Come, madam, come, all rest my powers defy;  
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.  
 The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,  
 Is tired with standing though he never fight.  
 5 Off with that girdle, like heaven's zones glistening,  
 But a far fairer world encompassing.  
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear  
 That th'eyes of busy fools may be stopped there.  
 10 Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime  
 Tells me from you that now 'tis your bedtime.  
 Off with that happy busk, which I envy,  
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.  
 Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals  
 As when from flow'ry meads th'hill's shadow steals.  
 15 Off with that wiry coronet and show  
 The hairy diadem which on you doth grow.  
 Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread  
 In this love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.  
 In such white robes, heaven's angels used to be  
 20 Received by men; thou, angel, bring'st with thee  
 A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; and though  
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know  
 By this these angels from an evil sprite,  
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.  
 25 License my roving hands, and let them go  
 Behind, before, above, between, below.  
 O my America, my new-found-land,  
 My kingdom, safest when with one man manned,  
 My mine of precious stones, my empery,  
 30 How blest am I in this discovering thee!  
 To enter in these bonds is to be free;  
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.  
 Full nakedness, all joys are due to thee,  
 As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be  
 35 To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use  
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views,  
 That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,  
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.  
 Like pictures or like books' gay coverings made  
 40 For lay-men, are all women thus arrayed.  
 Themselves are mystic books, which only we  
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignify)  
 Must see revealed. Then, since that I may know,  
 As liberally as to a midwife show  
 45 Thyself. Cast all, yea, this white linen hence,  
 There is no penance, much less to innocence.  
 To teach thee, I am naked first; why then,  
 What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

or

**Robert Browning**

**0 6** Read 'The Lost Leader' and 'Prospice', printed below and on page 9. Compare and contrast how Browning presents speakers' emotions in these poems.

**[40 marks]****The Lost Leader**

1

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat –  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;  
 5 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
 How all our copper had gone for his service!  
 Rags – were they purple, his heart had been proud!  
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
 10 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us, – they watch from their graves!  
 15 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
 – He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

2

We shall march prospering, – not thro' his presence;  
 Songs may inspirit us, – not from his lyre;  
 Deeds will be done, – while he boasts his quiescence,  
 20 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:  
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
 One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
 25 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part – the glimmer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning again!  
 Best fight on well, for we taught him – strike gallantly,  
 30 Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!



**Prospice**

Fear death? – to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
5 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained.  
10 And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so – one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
15 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
20 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
25 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

**Carol Ann Duffy**

**0 7** Read 'Small Female Skull' and 'Valentine', printed below and on page 11. Compare and contrast how Duffy presents strong feelings in these poems.

**[40 marks]****Small Female Skull**

With some surprise, I balance my small female skull in my hands.  
 What is it like? An ocarina? Blow in its eye.  
 It cannot cry, holds my breath only as long as I exhale,  
 mildly alarmed now, into the hole where the nose was,  
 5 press my ear to its grin. A vanishing sigh.

For some time, I sit on the lavatory seat with my head  
 in my hands, appalled. It feels much lighter than I'd thought;  
 the weight of a deck of cards, a slim volume of verse,  
 but with something else, as though it could levitate. Disturbing.  
 10 So why do I kiss it on the brow, my warm lips to its papery bone,

and take it to the mirror to ask for a gottle of geer?  
 I rinse it under the tap, watch dust run away, like sand  
 from a swimming-cap, then dry it – firstborn – gently  
 with a towel. I see the scar where I fell for sheer love  
 15 down treacherous stairs, and read that shattering day like braille.

*Love*, I murmur to my skull, then, louder, other grand words,  
 shouting the hollow nouns in a white-tiled room.  
 Downstairs they will think I have lost my mind. No. I only weep  
 into these two holes here, or I'm grinning back at the joke, this is  
 20 a friend of mine. See, I hold her face in trembling, passionate hands.

**Valentine**

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.  
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.  
It promises light  
5 like the careful undressing of love.

Here.  
It will blind you with tears  
like a lover.  
It will make your reflection  
10 a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.  
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,  
15 possessive and faithful  
as we are,  
for as long as we are.

Take it.  
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,  
20 if you like.  
Lethal.  
Its scent will cling to your fingers,  
cling to your knife.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

**Seamus Heaney**

**0 8** Read 'Digging' and 'The Otter', printed below and on page 13. Compare and contrast how Heaney presents the speakers' attitudes towards other people in these poems.

**[40 marks]****Digging**

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

5 Under my window, a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

10 The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

15 By God, the old man could handle a spade.  
Just like his old man.

20 My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, going down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

25 The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

30 Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

**The Otter**

When you plunged  
The light of Tuscany wavered  
And swung through the pool  
From top to bottom.

5 I loved your wet head and smashing crawl,  
Your fine swimmer's back and shoulders  
Surfacing and surfacing again  
This year and every year since.

10 I sat dry-throated on the warm stones.  
You were beyond me.  
The mellowed clarities, the grape-deep air  
Thinned and disappointed.

15 Thank God for the slow loadening,  
When I hold you now  
We are close and deep  
As the atmosphere on water.

20 My two hands are plumbed water.  
You are my palpable, lithe  
Otter of memory  
In the pool of the moment,

Turning to swim on your back,  
Each silent, thigh-shaking kick  
Re-tilting the light,  
Heaving the cool at your neck.

25 And suddenly you're out,  
Back again, intent as ever,  
Heavy and frisky in your freshened pelt,  
Printing the stones.

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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