



AS

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Paper 1 Views and Voices

Friday 18 May 2018

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.

Section A

Imagined Worlds

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either

Frankenstein – Mary Shelley

0	1
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Read the extract printed below. Examine how Shelley presents the natural world in this extract.

[35 marks]

5 The sky was serene; and, as I was unable to rest, I resolved to visit the spot where my poor William had been murdered. As I could not pass through the town, I was obliged to cross the lake in a boat to arrive at Plainpalais. During this short voyage I saw the lightnings playing on the summit of Mont Blanc in the most beautiful figures. The storm appeared to approach rapidly; and, on landing, I ascended a low hill, that I might observe its progress. It advanced; the heavens were clouded, and I soon felt the rain coming slowly in large drops, but its violence quickly increased.

10 I quitted my seat, and walked on, although the darkness and storm increased every minute and the thunder burst with a terrific crash over my head. It was echoed from Salève, the Juras, and the Alps of Savoy; vivid flashes of lightning dazzled my eyes, illuminating the lake, making it appear like a vast sheet of fire; then for an instant everything seemed of a pitchy darkness, until the eye recovered itself from the preceding flash. The storm, as is often the case in Switzerland, appeared at once in various parts of the heavens. The most violent storm hung exactly north of the town, 15 over that part of the lake which lies between the promontory of Belrive and the village of Copêt. Another storm enlightened Jura with faint flashes; and another darkened and sometimes disclosed the Môle, a peaked mountain to the east of the lake.

20 While I watched the tempest, so beautiful yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step. This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits; I clasped my hands and exclaimed aloud, "William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!" As I said these words, I perceived in the gloom a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me; I stood fixed, gazing intently: I could not be mistaken. A flash of lightning illuminated the object, and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was 25 the wretch, the filthy daemon, to whom I had given life. What did he there? Could he be (I shuddered at the conception) the murderer of my brother? No sooner did that idea cross my imagination, than I became convinced of its truth; my teeth chattered, and I was forced to lean against a tree for support. The figure passed me quickly, and I lost it in the gloom.

or

Dracula – Bram Stoker

0 2

Read the extract printed below. Examine how Stoker presents Renfield in this extract.

[35 marks]*Dr. Seward's Diary.*

20 August. – The case of Renfield grows even more interesting. He has now so far quieted that there are spells of cessation from his passion. For the first week after his attack he was perpetually violent. Then one night, just as the moon rose, he grew
 5 quiet, and kept murmuring to himself: 'Now I can wait; now I can wait.' The attendant came to tell me, so I ran down at once to have a look at him. He was still in the strait-waistcoat and in the padded room, but the suffused look had gone from his face, and his eyes had something of their old pleading – I might almost say, 'cringing' – softness. I was satisfied with his present condition, and directed him to be relieved. The
 10 attendants hesitated, but finally carried out my wishes without protest. It was a strange thing that the patient had humour enough to see their distrust, for, coming close to me, he said in a whisper, all the while looking furtively at them: –

'They think I could hurt you! Fancy *me* hurting *you*! The fools!'

15 It was soothing, somehow, to the feelings to find myself dissociated even in the mind of this poor madman from the others; but all the same I do not follow his thought. Am I to take it that I have anything in common with him, so that we are, as it were, to stand together; or has he to gain from me some good so stupendous that my well-being is needful to him? I must find out later on. Tonight he will not speak. Even the offer of a kitten or even a full-grown cat will not tempt him. He will only say: 'I don't take any
 20 stock in cats. I have more to think of now, and I can wait; I can wait.'

After a while I left him. The attendant tells me that he was quiet until just before dawn, and that then he began to get uneasy, and at length violent, until at last he fell into a paroxysm which exhausted him so that he swooned into a sort of coma.

25 ... Three nights has the same thing happened – violent all day, then quiet from moonrise to sunrise. I wish I could get some clue to the cause. It would almost seem as if there was some influence which came and went. Happy thought! We shall tonight play sane wits against mad ones. He escaped before without our help; tonight he shall escape with it. We shall give him a chance, and have the men ready to follow in case they are required....

Turn over ►

or

The Handmaid's Tale* – Margaret Atwood*0 3**

Read the extract printed below. Examine how Atwood presents Gilead in this extract.

[35 marks]

Now we turn our backs on the church and there is the thing we've in truth come to see: the Wall.

5 The Wall is hundreds of years old too; or over a hundred, at least. Like the sidewalks, it's red brick, and must once have been plain but handsome. Now the gates have sentries and there are ugly new floodlights mounted on metal posts above it, and barbed wire along the bottom and broken glass set in concrete along the top.

No one goes through those gates willingly. The precautions are for those trying to get out, though to make it even as far as the Wall, from the inside, past the electronic alarm system, would be next to impossible.

10 Beside the main gateway there are six more bodies hanging, by the necks, their hands tied in front of them, their heads in white bags tipped sideways onto their shoulders. There must have been a Men's Salvaging early this morning. I didn't hear the bells. Perhaps I've become used to them.

15 We stop, together as if on signal, and stand and look at the bodies. It doesn't matter if we look. We're supposed to look: this is what they are there for, hanging on the Wall. Sometimes they'll be there for days, until there's a new batch, so as many people as possible will have the chance to see them.

20 What they are hanging from is hooks. The hooks have been set into the brickwork of the Wall, for this purpose. Not all of them are occupied. The hooks look like appliances for the armless. Or steel question marks, upside-down and sideways.

25 It's the bags over the heads that are the worst, worse than the faces themselves would be. It makes the men look like dolls on which the faces have not yet been painted; like scarecrows, which in a way is what they are, since they are meant to scare. Or as if their heads are sacks, stuffed with some undifferentiated material, like flour or dough. It's the obvious heaviness of the heads, their vacancy, the way gravity pulls them down and there's no life anymore to hold them up. The heads are zeros.

Though if you look and look, as we are doing, you can see the outlines of the features under the white cloth, like grey shadows. The heads are the heads of snowmen, with the coal eyes and the carrot noses fallen out. The heads are melting.

30 But on one bag there's blood, which has seeped through the white cloth, where the mouth must have been. It makes another mouth, a small red one, like the mouths painted with thick brushes by kindergarten children. A child's idea of a smile. This smile of blood is what fixes the attention, finally. These are not snowmen after all.

or

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold

0 4

Read the extract printed below. Examine how Sebold presents Susie's thoughts in this extract.

[35 marks]

5 My mother was, in her need, irresistible. As a child I had seen her effect on men. When we were in grocery stores, stockers volunteered to find the items on her list and would help us out to the car. Like Ruana Singh, she was known as one of the pretty mothers in the neighborhood; no man who met her could help but smile. When she asked a question, their beating hearts gave in.

But still, it had only ever been my father who stretched her laughter out into the rooms of the house and made it okay, somehow, for her to let go.

10 By tacking on extra hours here and there and skipping lunches, my father had managed to come home early from work every Thursday when we were little. But whereas the weekends were family time, they called that day "Mommy and Daddy time." Lindsey and I thought of it as good-girl time. It meant no peeps out of us as we stayed quiet on the other side of the house, while we used my father's then sparsely filled den as our playroom.

15 My mother would start preparing us around two.

"Bath time," she sang, as if she were saying we could go out to play. And in the beginning that was how it felt. All three of us would rush up to our rooms and put on bathrobes. We would meet in the hallway – three girls – and my mother would take us by the hands and lead us into our pink bathroom.

20 Back then she talked to us about mythology, which she had studied in school. She liked to tell us stories about Persephone and Zeus. She bought us illustrated books on the Norse gods, which gave us nightmares. She had gotten her master's in English – having fought tooth and nail with Grandma Lynn to go so far in school – and still held on to vague ideas of teaching when the two of us were old enough to be left on our own.

25 Those bath times blur together, as do all the gods and goddesses, but what I remember most is watching things hit my mother while I looked at her, how the life she had wanted and the loss of it reached her in waves. As her firstborn, I thought it was me who took away all those dreams of what she had wanted to be.

30 My mother would lift Lindsey out of the tub first, dry her, and listen to her chatter about ducks and cuts. Then she would get me out of the tub and though I tried to be quiet the warm water made my sister and me drunk, and we talked to my mother about everything that mattered to us. Boys that teased us or how another family down the block had a puppy and why couldn't we have one too. She would listen seriously as if she were mentally noting the points of our agenda on a steno pad to which she would later refer.

35

Turn over ►

Section B
Poetic Voices

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either**John Donne**

0	5
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Read 'The Flea' and 'The Triple Fool', printed below and on page 7. Compare and contrast how Donne presents speakers' feelings of love in these poems.

[40 marks]**The Flea**

- 5 Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.
- 10 O stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met
- 15 And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.
- 20 Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me, the weaker now;
- 25 'Tis true; then learn how false, fears be;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

The Triple Fool

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
 In whining poetry;
But where's that wiseman that would not be I,
5 If she would not deny?
Then as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge seawater's fretful salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay;
10 Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth set and sing my pain,
15 And by delighting many, frees again
 Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read,
 Both are increased by such songs,
20 For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three;
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

Robert Browning**0 6**

Read 'Cristina' and 'The Laboratory', printed below and on pages 9–11. Compare and contrast how Browning presents speakers' attitudes towards their lovers in these poems.

[40 marks]**Cristina**

1

She should never have looked at me
 If she meant I should not love her!
 There are plenty ... men, you call such,
 I suppose ... she may discover
 5 All her soul to, if she pleases,
 And yet leave much as she found them:
 But I'm not so, and she knew it
 When she fixed me, glancing round them.

2

What? To fix me thus meant nothing!
 10 But I can't tell (there's my weakness)
 What her look said! – no vile cant, sure,
 About 'need to strew the bleakness
 'Of some lone shore with its pearl-seed.
 'That the sea feels' – no 'strange yearning
 15 'That such souls have, most to lavish
 'Where there's chance of least returning.'

3

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
 But not quite so sunk that moments,
 Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
 20 When the spirit's true endowments
 Stand out plainly from its false ones,
 And apprise it if pursuing
 Or the right way or the wrong way,
 To its triumph or undoing.

4

25 There are flashes struck from midnights,
 There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
 Whereby piled-up honours perish,
 Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
 While just this or that poor impulse,
 30 Which for once had play unstifled,
 Seems the sole work of a life-time
 That away the rest have trifled.

5

Doubt you if, in some such moment,
 As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
 35 Ages past the soul existed,
 Here an age 'tis resting merely,
 And hence fleets again for ages,
 While the true end, sole and single,
 It stops here for is, this love-way,
 40 With some other soul to mingle?

6

Else it loses what it lived for,
 And eternally must lose it;
 Better ends may be in prospect,
 Deeper blisses (if you choose it),
 45 But this life's end and this love-bliss
 Have been lost here. Doubt you whether
 This she felt as, looking at me,
 Mine and her souls rushed together?

7

Oh, observe! Of course, next moment,
 50 The world's honours, in derision,
 Trampled out the light for ever:
 Never fear but there's provision
 Of the devil's to quench knowledge
 Lest we walk the earth in rapture!
 55 – Making those who catch God's secret
 Just so much more prize their capture!

8

Such am I: the secret's mine now!
 She has lost me, I have gained her;
 Her soul's mine: and thus, grown perfect,
 60 I shall pass my life's remainder.
 Life will just hold out the proving
 Both our powers, alone and blended:
 And then, come next life quickly!
 This world's use will have been ended.

Turn over for the next extract

Turn over ►

The Laboratory

ANCIEN RÉGIME

1

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy –
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

2

5 He is with her, and they know that I know
Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow
While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them! – I am here.

3

10 Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder, – I am not in haste!
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

4

15 That in the mortar – you call it a gum?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,
Sure to taste sweetly, – is that poison too?

5

20 Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket!

6

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!
But to light a pastile, and Elise, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead!

7

25 Quick – is it finished? The colour's too grim!
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

8

30 What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me!
That's why she ensnared him: this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes, – say, 'no!'
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

9

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
35 Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall
Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

10

Not that I bid you spare her the pain;
Let death be felt and the proof remain:
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace –
40 He is sure to remember her dying face!

11

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close;
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee!
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

12

45 Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
Ere I know it – next moment I dance at the King's!

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

Carol Ann Duffy

0

7

Read 'Never Go Back' and 'Mean Time', printed below and on page 13. Compare and contrast how Duffy presents speakers' attitudes towards time in these poems.

[40 marks]**Never Go Back**

5 In the bar where the living dead drink all day
and a jukebox reminisces in a cracked voice
there is nothing to say. You talk for hours
in agreed motifs, anecdotes shuffled and dealt
from a well-thumbed pack, snapshots. The smoky mirrors
flatter; your ghost buys a round for the parched,
old faces of the past. Never return
to the space where you left time pining till it died.

10 Outside, the streets tear litter in their thin hands,
a tired wind whistles through the blackened stumps of houses
at a limping dog. *God, this is an awful place*
says the friend, the alcoholic, whose head is a negative
of itself. You listen and nod, bereaved. Baby,
15 what you owe to this place is unpayable
in the only currency you have. So drink up. Shut up,
then get them in again. Again. And never go back.

*

20 The house where you were one of the brides
has cancer. It prefers to be left alone
nursing its growth and cracks, each groan and creak
accusing as you climb the stairs to the bedroom
and draw your loved body on blurred air
with the simple power of loss. All the lies
told here, and all the cries of love,
suddenly swarm in the room, sting you, disappear.

25 You shouldn't be here. You follow your shadow
through the house, discover that objects held
in the hands can fill a room with pain.
You lived here only to stand here now
and half-believe that you did. A small moment
30 of death by a window myopic with rain.
You learn this lesson hard, speechless, slamming
the front door, shaking plaster confetti from your hair.

*

35 A taxi implying a hearse takes you slowly,
the long way round, to the station. The driver
looks like death. The places you knew
have changed their names by neon, cheap tricks

40 in a theme-park with no name. Sly sums of money
wink at you in the cab. At a red light,
you wipe a slick of cold sweat from the glass
for a drenched whore to stare you full in the face.

45 You pay to get out, pass the *Welcome To* sign
on the way to the barrier, an emigrant
for the last time. The train sighs
and pulls you away, rewinding the city like a film,
snapping it off at the river. You go for a drink,
released by a journey into nowhere, nowhen,
and all the way home you forget. Forget. Already
the fires and lights come on wherever you live.

Mean Time

The clocks slid back an hour
and stole light from my life
as I walked through the wrong part of town,
mourning our love.

5 And, of course, unmendable rain
fell to the bleak streets
where I felt my heart gnaw
at all our mistakes.

10 If the darkening sky could lift
more than one hour from this day
there are words I would never have said
nor have heard you say.

15 But we will be dead, as we know,
beyond all light.
These are the shortened days
and the endless nights.

or

Seamus Heaney

0	8
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Read 'Personal Helicon' and 'Hailstones', printed below and on page 15. Compare and contrast how Heaney presents childhood experiences in these poems.

[40 marks]**Personal Helicon***For Michael Longley*

As a child, they could not keep me from wells
And old pumps with buckets and windlasses.
I loved the dark drop, the trapped sky, the smells
Of waterweed, fungus and dank moss.

5 One, in a brickyard, with a rotted board top.
I savoured the rich crash when a bucket
Plummeted down at the end of a rope.
So deep you saw no reflection in it.

10 A shallow one under a dry stone ditch
Fructified like any aquarium.
When you dragged out long roots from the soft mulch
A white face hovered over the bottom.

15 Others had echoes, gave back your own call
With a clean new music in it. And one
Was scaresome, for there, out of ferns and tall
Foxgloves, a rat slapped across my reflection.

20 Now, to pry into roots, to finger slime,
To stare, big-eyed Narcissus, into some spring
Is beneath all adult dignity. I rhyme
To see myself, to set the darkness echoing.

Hailstones

I

My cheek was hit and hit:
sudden hailstones
pelted and bounced on the road.

5

When it cleared again
something whipped and knowledgeable
had withdrawn

and left me there with my chances.
I made a small hard ball
of burning water running from my hand

10

just as I make this now
out of the melt of the real thing
smarting into its absence.

II

To be reckoned with, all the same,
those brats of showers.

15

The way they refused permission,

rattling the classroom window
like a ruler across the knuckles,
the way they were perfect first

20

and then in no time dirty slush.
Thomas Traherne had his orient wheat
for proof and wonder

but for us, it was the sting of hailstones
and the unstingable hands of Eddie Diamond
foraging in the nettles.

III

25

Nipple and hive, bite-lumps,
small acorns of the almost pleasurable
intimated and disallowed

30

when the shower ended
and everything said *wait*.
For what? For forty years

to say there, there you had
the truest foretaste of your aftermath –
in that dilation

35

when the light opened in silence
and a car with wipers going still
laid perfect tracks in the slush.

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

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