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# ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 2 Love through the ages: prose

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Wednesday 23 May 2018      Afternoon      Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

## Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book
- a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for **Section B**. These texts must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

## Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is 7711/2.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question from Section B.

## Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.
- In your response you need to:
  - analyse carefully the writers' methods
  - explore the contexts of the texts you are writing about
  - explore connections across the texts you have studied
  - explore different interpretations of your texts.

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**Section A: Unseen prose**

Answer the question in this section.

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0	1
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*The Narrow Road to the Deep North* by Richard Flanagan was written in 2013. This part of the novel is set in 1940 in Adelaide, Australia, during the Second World War. Dorrigo, a military doctor, meets Amy (by chance) for the first time in a bookshop that is hosting a party.

Examine the view that Dorrigo is both challenged and disturbed by Amy's interest in him.

Make close reference to the writer's methods in your response.

**[25 marks]**

Her eyes burnt like the blue in a gas flame. They were ferocious things. For some moments her eyes were all he was aware of. And they were looking at him. But there was no look *in* them. It was as if she were just drinking him up. Was she assessing him? Judging him? He didn't know. Maybe it was this sureness that made him both resentful and unsure. He feared it was all some elaborate joke, and that in a moment she would burst out laughing and have her ring of men joining in, laughing at him. He took a step backwards, bumped into the bookcase and could retreat no more. He stood there, one hand jammed between him and the bookcase shelf, his body twisted at an awkward angle to her.

I saw you come into the bookshop, she said, smiling.

Afterwards, if asked to say what she looked like, he would have been stumped. It was the flower, he decided finally, something about her audacity in wearing a big red flower in her hair, stem tucked behind her ear, that summed her up. But that, he knew, really told you nothing at all about her.

Your eyes, she said suddenly.

He said nothing. In truth, he had no idea what to say. He had never heard anything so ridiculous. *Eyes?* And without meaning to, he found himself returning her stare, looking at her intently, drinking her up as she was him. She seemed not to care. There was some strange and unsettling intimacy, an inexplicable knowledge in this that shocked him – that he could just gaze all over a woman and she not give a damn as long as it was *him* looking at her.

It was as dizzying as it was bewildering. She seemed a series of slight flaws best expressed in a beauty spot above her right lip. And he understood that the sum of all these blemishes was somehow beauty, and there was about this beauty a power, and that power was at once conscious and unconscious. Perhaps, he resolved, she thinks her beauty allows her the right to have whatever she wants. Well, she would not have him.

So black, she said, now smiling. But I'm sure you get told that a lot.

No, he said.

It wasn't entirely true, but then no one had ever said it exactly how she had just said it. Something stopped him from turning away from her, from her outlandish talk, and walking out. He glanced at the ring of men at the far end of the bookcases. He had the unsettling sensation that she meant what she said, and that what she said was meant only for him.

Your flower, Dorrigo Evans said. It's –

He had no idea what the flower was.

Stolen, she said.

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**Section B: Comparing prose texts**

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either**

0	2
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 'Literature shows us that love never lasts.'

By comparing **two** prose texts, explore the extent to which you agree with this statement.  
**[25 marks]**

**or**

0	3
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 'In literature love always leads to happiness.'

By comparing **two** prose texts, explore the extent to which you agree with this statement.  
**[25 marks]**

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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**There are no questions printed on this page**

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