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# AS

# ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Paper 1 Views and Voices

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Friday 20 May 2016

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 and on page 3. Examine how Shelley presents the mountain setting in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

The ascent is precipitous, but the path is cut into continual and short windings, which enable you to surmount the perpendicularity of the mountain. It is a scene terrifically desolate. In a thousand spots the traces of the winter avalanche may be perceived, where trees lie broken and strewed on the ground; some entirely  
 5 destroyed, others bent, leaning upon the jutting rocks of the mountain or transversely upon other trees. The path, as you ascend higher, is intersected by ravines of snow, down which stones continually roll from above; one of them is particularly dangerous, as the slightest sound, such as even speaking in a loud voice, produces a concussion of air sufficient to draw destruction upon the head of  
 10 the speaker. The pines are not tall or luxuriant, but they are sombre and add an air of severity to the scene. I looked on the valley beneath; vast mists were rising from the rivers which ran through it and curling in thick wreaths around the opposite mountains, whose summits were hid in the uniform clouds, while rain poured from the dark sky, and added to the melancholy impression I received from the objects  
 15 around me. Alas! why does man boast of sensibilities superior to those apparent in the brute; it only renders them more necessary beings. If our impulses were confined to hunger, thirst, and desire, we might be nearly free; but now we are moved by every wind that blows and a chance word or scene that that word may convey to us.

20 We rest; a dream has power to poison sleep.  
 We rise; one wand'ring thought pollutes the day.  
 We feel, conceive, or reason; laugh or weep,  
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away;  
 It is the same: for, be it joy or sorrow,  
 25 The path of its departure still is free.  
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;  
 Nought may endure but mutability!

It was nearly noon when I arrived at the top of the ascent. For some time I sat upon the rock that overlooks the sea of ice. A mist covered both that and the  
 30 surrounding mountains. Presently a breeze dissipated the cloud, and I descended upon the glacier. The surface is very uneven, rising like the waves of a troubled sea, descending low, and interspersed by rifts that sink deep. The field of ice is almost a league in width, but I spent nearly two hours in crossing it. The opposite mountain is a bare perpendicular rock. From the side where I now stood  
 35 Montanvert was exactly opposite, at the distance of a league; and above it rose

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Mont Blanc, in awful majesty. I remained in a recess of the rock, gazing on this wonderful and stupendous scene. The sea, or rather the vast river of ice, wound among its dependent mountains, whose aerial summits hung over its recesses. Their icy and glittering peaks shone in the sunlight over the clouds. My heart, 40 which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy; I exclaimed – ‘Wandering spirits, if indeed ye wander, and do not rest in your narrow beds, allow me this faint happiness, or take me, as your companion, away from the joys of life.’

**Turn over for the next question**

or

**Dracula – Bram Stoker**

**0 2** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Stoker presents the storm in Whitby in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

CUTTING FROM *THE DAILYGRAPH*, 8 AUGUST  
(Pasted in Mina Murray's Journal)

From a Correspondent

*Whitby.*

**[paragraphs omitted]**

- 5 Then without warning the tempest broke. With a rapidity which, at the time, seemed incredible, and even afterwards is impossible to realize, the whole aspect of nature at once became convulsed. The waves rose in growing fury, each overtopping its fellow, till in a very few minutes the lately glassy sea was like a roaring and devouring monster. White-crested waves beat madly on the level sands and rushed up the
- 10 shelving cliffs; others broke over the piers, and with their spume swept the lanthorns of the lighthouses which rise from the end of either pier of Whitby Harbour. The wind roared like thunder, and blew with such force that it was with difficulty that even strong men kept their feet, or clung with grim clasp to the iron stanchions. It was found necessary to clear the entire piers from the mass of onlookers, or else the fatalities of
- 15 the night would have been increased manifold. To add to the difficulties and dangers of the time, masses of sea-fog came drifting inland – white, wet clouds, which swept by in ghostly fashion, so dank and cold that it needed but little effort of imagination to think that the spirits of those lost at sea were touching their living brethren with the clammy hands of death, and many a one shuddered as the wreaths of sea-mist swept
- 20 by. At times the mist cleared, and the sea for some distance could be seen in the glare of the lightning, which now came thick and fast, followed by such sudden peals of thunder that the whole sky overhead seemed trembling under the shock of the footsteps of the storm. Some of the scenes thus revealed were of immeasurable grandeur and of absorbing interest – the sea, running mountains high, threw skywards
- 25 with each wave mighty masses of white foam, which the tempest seemed to snatch at and whirl away into space; here and there a fishing-boat, with a rag of sail, running madly for shelter before the blast; now and again the white wings of a storm-tossed sea-bird. On the summit of the East Cliff the new searchlight was ready for experiment, but had not yet been tried. The officers in charge of it got it into working
- 30 order, and in the pauses of the inrushing mist swept with it the surface of the sea. Once or twice its service was most effective, as when a fishing-boat, with gunwale under water, rushed into the harbour, able, by the guidance of the sheltering light, to avoid the danger of dashing against the piers. As each boat achieved the safety of the port there was a shout of joy from the mass of people on shore, a shout which for a
- 35 moment seemed to cleave the gale and was then swept away in its rush.

or

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

**0 3** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Atwood presents Moira in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

I stand hesitant, not knowing what to do. I don't want to ask about Moira, I don't know whether it's safe. Then a toilet flushes and Moira comes out of a pink cubicle. She teeters towards me; I wait for a sign.

5 "It's all right," she says, to me and to the other women. "I know her." The others smile now, and Moira hugs me. My arms go around her, the wires propping up her breasts dig into my chest. We kiss each other, on one cheek, then the other. Then we stand back.

"Godawful," she says. She grins at me. "You look like the Whore of Babylon."

10 "Isn't that what I'm supposed to look like?" I say. "You look like something the cat dragged in."

"Yes," she says, pulling up her front, "not my style and this thing is about to fall to shreds. I wish they'd dredge up someone who still knows how to make them. Then I could get something halfway decent."

15 "You pick that out?" I say. I wonder if maybe she's chosen it, out of the others, because it was less garish. At least it's only black and white.

"Hell no," she says. "Government issue. I guess they thought it was me."

I still can't believe it's her. I touch her arm again. Then I begin to cry.

20 "Don't do that," she says. "Your eyes'll run. Anyway there isn't time. Shove over." This she says to the two women on the sofa, her usual peremptory rough-cut slapdash manner, and as usual she gets away with it.

"My break's up anyway," says one woman, who's wearing a baby-blue laced-up Merry Widow and white stockings. She stands up, shakes my hand. "Welcome," she says.

25 The other woman obligingly moves over, and Moira and I sit down. The first thing we do is take off our shoes.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Moira says then. "Not that it isn't great to see you. But it's not so great for you. What'd you do wrong? Laugh at his dick?"

I look up at the ceiling. "Is it bugged?" I say. I wipe around my eyes, gingerly, with my fingertips. Black comes off.

30 "Probably," says Moira. "You want a cig?"

"I'd love one," I say.

"Here," she says to the woman next to her. "Lend me one, will you?"

The woman hands over, ungrudging. Moira is still a skilful borrower. I smile at that.

35 "On the other hand, it might not be," says Moira. "I can't imagine they'd care about anything we have to say. They've already heard most of it, and anyway nobody gets out of here except in a black van. But you must know that, if you're here."

I pull her head over so I can whisper in her ear. "I'm temporary," I tell her. "It's just tonight. I'm not supposed to be here at all. He smuggled me in."

"Who?" she whispers back. "That shit you're with? I've had him, he's the pits."

40 "He's my Commander," I say.

She nods. "Some of them do that, they get a kick out of it. It's like screwing on the altar or something: your gang are supposed to be such chaste vessels. They like to see you all painted up. Just another crummy power trip."

or

**The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold**

**0 4** Read the extract printed below. Examine how Sebold presents Lindsey Salmon in this extract.

**[35 marks]**

I worried that my sister, left alone, would do something rash. She sat in her room on the old couch my parents had given up on and worked on hardening herself. *Take deep breaths and hold them. Try to stay still for longer and longer periods of time. Make yourself small and like a stone. Curl the edges of yourself up and fold them under where no one can see.*

5 My mother told her it was her choice whether she wanted to return to school before Christmas — there was only one week left — but Lindsey chose to go.

On Monday, in homeroom, everyone stared at her as she approached the front of the classroom.

10 “The principal would like to see you, dear,” Mrs. Dewitt confided in a hush.

My sister did not look at Mrs. Dewitt when she was speaking. She was perfecting the art of talking to someone while looking through them. That was my first clue that something would have to give. Mrs. Dewitt was also the English teacher, but more importantly she was married to Mr. Dewitt, who coached boys’ soccer and had encouraged Lindsey to try out for his team. My sister liked the Dewitts, but that morning she began looking into the eyes of only those people she could fight against.

As she gathered her things, she heard whispers everywhere. She was certain that right before she left the room Danny Clarke had whispered something to Sylvia Henley. Someone had dropped something near the back of the classroom. They did this, she believed, so that on their way to pick it up and back again, they could say a word or two to their neighbor about the dead girl’s sister.

Lindsey walked through the hallways and in and out of the rows of lockers — dodging anyone who might be near. I wished I could walk with her, mimic the principal and the way he always started out a meeting in the auditorium: “Your principal is your pal with principles!” I would whine in her ear, cracking her up.

But while she was blessed with empty halls, when she reached the main office she was cursed with the drippy looks of consoling secretaries. No matter. She had prepared herself at home in her bedroom. She was armed to the teeth for any onslaught of sympathy.

30 “Lindsey,” Principal Caden said, “I received a call from the police this morning. I’m sorry to hear of your loss.”

She looked right at him. It was not so much a look as a laser. “What exactly is my loss?”

35 Mr. Caden felt he needed to address issues of children’s crises directly. He walked out from behind his desk and ushered Lindsey onto what was commonly referred to by the students as The Sofa. Eventually he would replace The Sofa with two chairs, when politics swept through the school district and told him, “*It is not good to have a sofa here — chairs are better. Sofas send the wrong message.*”

40 Mr. Caden sat on The Sofa and so did my sister. I like to think she was a little thrilled, in that moment, no matter how upset, to be on The Sofa itself. I like to think I hadn’t robbed her of everything.

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

**Turn over for Section B**

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**Section B****Poetic Voices**

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either****John Donne**

**0 5** Read 'The Apparition' and 'A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning', printed below and on page 9. Compare and contrast how Donne presents the speakers' attitudes towards their lovers in these poems.

**[40 marks]****The Apparition**

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,  
And that thou think'st thee free  
From all solicitation from me,  
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
5 And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;  
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,  
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
Thou call'st for more,  
10 And in false sleep will from thee shrink,  
And then poor aspen wretch, neglected thou  
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie  
A verier ghost than I;  
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
15 Lest that preserve thee;'and since my love is spent,  
I'had rather thou should'st painfully repent,  
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.



### A Valediction Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly'away,  
 And whisper to their souls to go,  
 Whil'st some of their sad friends do say,  
 The breath goes now, and some say, no,

5 So let us melt, and make no noise,  
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,  
 'Twere profanation of our joys  
 To tell the laity our love.

10 Moving of th'earth brings harms and fears,  
 Men reckon what it did and meant,  
 But trepidation of the spheres,  
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love  
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
 15 Absence, because it doth remove  
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by'a love so much refined  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assurèd of the mind,  
 20 Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

25 If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiff twin compasses are two:  
 Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show  
 To move, but doth, if the'other do.

30 And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet when the other far doth roam,  
 It leans, and hearkens after it,  
 And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
 Like th'other foot, obliquely run.  
 35 Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
 And makes me end where I begun.

or

**Robert Browning****0 6**

Read 'Home-Thoughts, from Abroad' and 'De Gustibus –', printed below and on page 11. Compare and contrast how Browning presents England and Italy in these poems.

**[40 marks]****Home-Thoughts, from Abroad**

1

Oh, to be in England  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 5 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England – now!

2

And after April, when May follows,  
 10 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops – at the bent spray's edge –  
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
 15 Lest you should think he never could recapture  
 The first fine careless rapture!  
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower  
 20 – Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

**'De Gustibus –'**

1

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,  
 (If our loves remain)  
 In an English lane,  
 By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.  
 5 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice –  
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,  
 Making love, say, –  
 The happier they!  
 Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,  
 10 And let them pass, as they will too soon,  
 With the bean-flowers' boon,  
 And the blackbird's tune,  
 And May, and June!

2

What I love best in all the world  
 15 Is a castle, precipice-encurled,  
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.  
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine,  
 (If I get my head from out the mouth  
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,  
 20 And come again to the land of lands) –  
 In a sea-side house to the farther South,  
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,  
 And one sharp tree – 'tis a cypress – stands,  
 By the many hundred years red-rusted,  
 25 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,  
 My sentinel to guard the sands  
 To the water's edge. For, what expands  
 Before the house, but the great opaque  
 Blue-breadth of sea without a break?  
 30 While, in the house, for ever crumbles  
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,  
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.  
 A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles  
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,  
 35 And says there's news to-day – the king

Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,  
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:  
 – She hopes they have not caught the felons.  
 Italy, my Italy!  
 40 Queen Mary's saying serves for me –  
 When fortune's malice  
 Lost her – Calais) –  
 Open my heart and you will see  
 Graved inside of it, 'Italy'.  
 45 Such lovers old are I and she:  
 So it always was, so shall ever be!

or

**Carol Ann Duffy**

**0 7** Read 'The Captain of the 1964 *Top of the Form* Team' and 'Before You Were Mine', printed below and on page 13. Compare and contrast how Duffy presents experiences of youth in these poems.

**[40 marks]****The Captain of the 1964 *Top of the Form* Team**

*Do Wah Diddy Diddy, Baby Love, Oh Pretty Woman*  
 were in the Top Ten that month, October, and the Beatles  
 were everywhere else. I can give you the B-side  
 of the Supremes one. Hang on. *Come See About Me?*  
 5 I lived in a kind of fizzing hope. Gargling  
 with Vimto. The clever smell of my satchel. Convent girls.  
 I pulled my hair forward with a steel comb that I blew  
 like Mick, my lips numb as a two-hour snog.

No snags. The Nile rises in April. Blue and White.  
 10 The humming-bird's song is made by its wings, which beat  
 so fast that they blur in flight. I knew the capitals,  
 the Kings and Queens, the dates. In class, the white sleeve  
 of my shirt saluted again and again. *Sir! ... Correct.*  
 15 Later, I whooped at the side of my bike, a cowboy,  
 mounted it running in one jump. I sped down Dyke Hill,  
 no hands, famous, learning, *dominus domine dominum.*

Dave Dee Dozy ... Try me. Come on. My mother kept my  
 mascot Gonk  
 on the TV set for a year. And the photograph. I look  
 20 so brainy you'd think I'd just had a bath. The blazer.  
 The badge. The tie. The first chord of *A Hard Day's Night*  
 loud in my head. I ran to the Spinney in my prize shoes,  
 up Churchill Way, up Nelson Drive, over pink pavements  
 that girls chalked on, in a blue evening; and I stamped  
 25 the pawprints of badgers and skunks in the mud. My country.

I want it back. The captain. The one with all the answers. *Bzz.*  
 My name was in red on Lucille Green's jotter. I smiled  
 as wide as a child who went missing on the way home  
 from school. The keeny. I say to my stale wife  
 30 *Six hits by Dusty Springfield.* I say to my boss *A pint!*  
*How can we know the dancer from the dance?* Nobody.  
 My thick kids wince. *Name the Prime Minister of Rhodesia.*  
 My country. *How many florins in a pound?*

**Before You Were Mine**

I'm ten years away from the corner you laugh on  
with your pals, Maggie McGeeney and Jean Duff.  
The three of you bend from the waist, holding  
5 each other, or your knees, and shriek at the pavement.  
Your polka-dot dress blows round your legs. Marilyn.

I'm not here yet. The thought of me doesn't occur  
in the ballroom with the thousand eyes, the fizzy, movie tomorrows  
the right walk home could bring. I knew you would dance  
10 like that. Before you were mine, your Ma stands at the close  
with a hiding for the late one. You reckon it's worth it.

The decade ahead of my loud, possessive yell was the best one, eh?  
I remember my hands in those high-heeled red shoes, relics,  
and now your ghost clatters toward me over George Square  
15 till I see you, clear as scent, under the tree,  
with its lights, and whose small bites on your neck, sweetheart?

*Cha cha cha!* You'd teach me the steps on the way home from Mass,  
stamping stars from the wrong pavement. Even then  
I wanted the bold girl winking in Portobello, somewhere  
20 in Scotland, before I was born. That glamorous love lasts  
where you sparkle and waltz and laugh before you were mine.

**Turn over for the next question**

or

**Seamus Heaney**

**0 8** Read 'Blackberry-Picking' and 'Death of a Naturalist', printed below and on page 15.  
Compare and contrast how Heaney presents nature in these poems.

**[40 marks]****Blackberry-Picking***For Philip Hobsbaum*

Late August, given heavy rain and sun  
For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.  
At first, just one, a glossy purple clot  
Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.  
5 You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet  
Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it  
Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for  
Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger  
Sent us out with milk-cans, pea-tins, jam-pots  
10 Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our  
boots.  
Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills  
We trekked and picked until the cans were full,  
Until the tinkling bottom had been covered  
15 With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned  
Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered  
With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.  
  
We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.  
But when the bath was filled we found a fur,  
20 A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.  
The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush  
The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.  
I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair  
That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.  
25 Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

**Death of a Naturalist**

All year the flax-dam festered in the heart  
Of the townland; green and heavy headed  
Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.  
Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.  
5 Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles  
Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.  
There were dragon-flies, spotted butterflies,  
But best of all was the warm thick slobber  
Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water  
10 In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring  
I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied  
Specks to range on window-sills at home,  
On shelves at school, and wait and watch until  
The fattening dots burst into nimble-  
15 Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how  
The daddy frog was called a bullfrog  
And how he croaked and how the mammy frog  
Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was  
Frogspawn. You could tell the weather by frogs too  
20 For they were yellow in the sun and brown  
In rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank  
With cowdung in the grass and angry frogs  
Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges  
25 To a coarse croaking that I had not heard  
Before. The air was thick with a bass chorus.  
Right down the dam gross-bellied frogs were cocked  
On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some  
hopped:  
30 The slap and plop were obscene threats. Some sat  
Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting.  
I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings  
Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew  
That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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

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