



AS

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Paper 1 Views and Voices

7706/1

Friday 20 May 2016

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.**

[Turn over]

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.**

DO NOT TURN OVER UNTIL TOLD TO DO SO

SECTION A**IMAGINED WORLDS**

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER**‘Frankenstein’ – Mary Shelley**

0 1 Read the extract printed below and on pages 5 and 6. 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
5 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 destroyed, others bent, leaning upon the jutting rocks of the
10 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
15 slightest sound, such as even speaking in a loud voice, produces a concussion of air sufficient to draw destruction upon the head of the speaker. The pines are not tall or luxuriant, but they are sombre and add an air
20 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
25 uniform clouds, while rain poured from the
dark sky, and added to the melancholy
impression I received from the objects
around me. Alas! why does man boast of
sensibilities superior to those apparent in
30 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
35 or scene that that word may convey to us.

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,
40 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away;
It is the same: for, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free.
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his
morrow;
45 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 surrounding
50 mountains. Presently a breeze dissipated the
cloud, and I descended upon the glacier.

[Turn over]

The surface is very uneven, rising like the waves of a troubled sea, descending low, and interspersed by rifts that sink deep. The
55 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 Montanvert was exactly opposite, at the
60 distance of a league; and above it rose 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
65 mountains, whose aerial summits hung over its recesses. Their icy and glittering peaks shone in the sunlight over the clouds. My heart, which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy; I exclaimed
70 – ‘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.’

OR

‘Dracula’ – Bram Stoker

0 2 Read the extract printed below and on pages 8 and 9. 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]**

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
10 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 shelving cliffs; others broke
15 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
20 men kept their feet, or clung with grim clasp to the iron stanchions.

[Turn over]

It was found necessary to clear the entire piers from the mass of onlookers, or else the fatalities of the night would have been
25 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
30 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 by. At times the mist cleared, and the sea for some distance
35 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
40 the scenes thus revealed were of immeasurable grandeur and of absorbing interest – the sea, running mountains high, threw skywards with each wave mighty masses of white foam, which the tempest seemed to
45 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
50 searchlight was ready for experiment, but had not yet been tried. The officers in charge of it got it into working order, and in the pauses of the inrushing mist swept with it the surface of the sea. Once or twice its service was most
55 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
60 was a shout of joy from the mass of people on shore, a shout which for a moment seemed to cleave the gale and was then swept away in its rush.

[Turn over]

OR

'The Handmaid's Tale' – Margaret Atwood

0 3 Read the extract printed below and on pages 11 and 12. 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
5 towards me; I wait for a sign.

"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
10 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."

"Isn't that what I'm supposed to look like?" I
15 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
20 knows how to make them. Then I could get something halfway decent."

"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
25 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.

30 "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.

35 "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.

The other woman obligingly moves over, and
40 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
45 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.

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

50 "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.

55 "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,
60 if you're here."

I pull her head over so I can whisper in her
[Turn over]

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

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

"He's my Commander," I say.

70 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
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Read the extract printed below and on pages 14 and 15. 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*
5 *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.*

10 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.

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

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

20 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.

[Turn over]

That was my first clue that something would have to give. Mrs. Dewitt was also the
25 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
30 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
35 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
40 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
45 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.

50 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.

55 She was armed to the teeth for any onslaught of sympathy.

“Lindsey,” Principal Caden said, “I

received a call from the police this morning.
I'm sorry to hear of your loss."

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

Mr. Caden felt he needed to address issues
of children's crises directly. He walked out
from behind his desk and ushered Lindsey
65 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*
70 *here — chairs are better. Sofas send the*
wrong message."

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
75 on The Sofa itself. I like to think I hadn't
robbed her of everything.

[Turn over]

SECTION B**POETIC VOICES**

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

John Donne

- 0 5** Read 'The Apparition' and 'A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning', printed below and on pages 17,18 and 19. 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,

5 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
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
10 before,

 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Thou call'st for more,

 And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
And then poor aspen wretch, neglected

15 thou

Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee;’and since my love
20 is spent,
I’had rather thou should’st painfully repent,
Than by my threat’nings rest still innocent.

[Turn over]

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.

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

[Turn over]

OR

Robert Browning

- 0 6** Read 'Home-Thoughts, from Abroad' and 'De Gustibus -', printed below and on pages 21, 22 and 23. 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
10 orchard bough
In England – now!

2

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all
the swallows!
15 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree
in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the
clover

20 Blossoms and dewdrops – at the bent
spray's edge –
That's the wise thrush; he sings each
song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could
recapture
25 The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with
hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes
anew
30 The buttercups, the little children's
dower
– Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower!

[Turn over]

'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.
40 Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me –
 When fortune's malice
 Lost her – Calais) –
Open my heart and you will see
45 Graved inside of it, 'Italy'.
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

[Turn over]

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 pages 25, 26, 27 and 28. 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

5 were everywhere else. I can give you the B-side

of the Supremes one. Hang on. *Come See About Me?*

10 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.

15 No snags. The Nile rises in April. Blue and
White.

The humming-bird's song is made by its
wings, which beat

20 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.

25 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*
30 *domine dominum.*

Dave Dee Dozy ... Try me. Come on. My
mother kept my
mascot Gonk
on the TV set for a year. And the
35 photograph. I look
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
40 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
45 I stamped
the pawprints of badgers and skunks in the
mud. My country.

[Turn over]

I want it back. The captain. The one with all
the answers. *Bzz.*

50 My name was in red on Lucille Green's
jotter. I smiled
as wide as a child who went missing on the
way home

55 from school. The keeny. I say to my stale
wife

Six hits by Dusty Springfield. I say to my
boss *A pint!*

*How can we know the dancer from the
dance?* Nobody.

60 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
each other, or your knees, and shriek at the
5 pavement.
Your polka-dot dress blows round your legs.
Marilyn.

I'm not here yet. The thought of me doesn't
occur
10 in the ballroom with the thousand eyes, the fizzy,
movie tomorrows
the right walk home could bring. I knew you
would dance
like that. Before you were mine, your Ma stands
15 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?
20 I remember my hands in those high-heeled red
shoes, relics,
and now your ghost clatters toward me over
George Square
till I see you, clear as scent, under the tree,
25 with its lights, and whose small bites on your
neck, sweetheart?

[Turn over]

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

OR

Seamus Heaney

0	8
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Read 'Blackberry-Picking' and 'Death of a Naturalist', printed below and on pages 29, 30, 31 and 32. 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
10 hunger
Sent us out with milk-cans, pea-tins, jam-
pots
Where briars scratched and wet grass
bleached our
15 boots.
Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills
We trekked and picked until the cans were
full,

[Turn over]

20 Until the tinkling bottom had been covered
With green ones, and on top big dark blobs
burned
Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were
peppered
25 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,
A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.
The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush
30 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.
Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they
35 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.

5 Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.
Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles
Wove a strong gauze of sound around the
smell.

10 There were dragon-flies, spotted butterflies,
But best of all was the warm thick slobber
Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring
I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied

15 Specks to range on window-sills at home,
On shelves at school, and wait and watch
until

The fattening dots burst into nimble-
Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us
how

20 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
25 frogs too

For they were yellow in the sun and brown
In rain.

[Turn over]

Then one hot day when fields were rank
With coddung in the grass and angry frogs
30 Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through
hedges
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
35 cocked
On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails.
Some
hopped:
The slap and plop were obscene threats.
40 Some sat
Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads
farting.
I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime
kings
45 Were gathered there for vengeance and I
knew
That if I dipped my hand the spawn would
clutch it.

END OF QUESTIONS

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