

SECTION B (19th Century Prose)

Answer on **one** text only.

2

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A Christmas Carol

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

The characters in *A Christmas Carol* view Christmas in different ways. Write about some of these views and how Dickens presents them at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel

[40]

'A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

'Bah!' said Scrooge, 'Humbug!'

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

'Christmas a humbug, uncle!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'You don't mean that, I am sure?'

'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.'

'Come, then,' returned the nephew gaily. 'What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.'

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, 'Bah!' again; and followed it up with 'Humbug.'

'Don't be cross, uncle,' said the nephew.

'What else can I be,' returned the uncle, 'when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,' said Scrooge, indignantly, 'every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas," on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!'

'Uncle!' pleaded the nephew.

'Nephew!' returned the uncle, sternly, 'keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.'

'Keep it!' repeated Scrooge's nephew. 'But you don't keep it.'

'Let me leave it alone, then,' said Scrooge. 'Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!'

'There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,' returned the nephew: 'Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round – apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that – as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!'

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Answer on **one** text only.

2	1
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A Christmas Carol

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about how Dickens presents the ghosts. How are they important to the novel as a whole?

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel
- refer to the contexts of the novel

[40]

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before: he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

'How now!' said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. 'What do you want with me?'

'Much!' — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

'Who are you?'

'Ask me who I was.'

'Who were you then?' said Scrooge, raising his voice. 'You're particular — for a shade.' He was going to say 'to a shade', but substituted this, as more appropriate.

'In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.'

'Can you — can you sit down?' asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

'I can.'

'Do it then.'

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

'You don't believe in me,' observed the Ghost.

'I don't,' said Scrooge.

'What evidence would you have of my reality, beyond that of your senses?'

'I don't know,' said Scrooge.

'Why do you doubt your senses?'

'Because,' said Scrooge, 'a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!'

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

SECTION A (Post 1914 Prose/Drama)

Answer on one text only.

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Lord of the Flies

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

In *Lord of the Flies* rules are broken and law and order breaks down. Write about how Golding presents this at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Ralph pushed between them and got a thump on the chest. He wrested the conch from someone and sat down breathlessly.

'There's too much talk about ghosts. We ought to have left all this for daylight.'

A hushed and anonymous voice broke in.

'Perhaps that's what the beast is—a ghost.'

The assembly was shaken as by a wind.

'There's too much talking out of turn,' Ralph said, 'because we can't have proper assemblies if you don't stick to the rules.'

He stopped again. The careful plan of this assembly had broken down.

'What d'you want me to say then? I was wrong to call this assembly so late. We'll have to vote on them; on ghosts I mean; and then go to the shelters because we're all tired. No—Jack is it?—wait a minute. I'll say here and now that I don't believe in ghosts. Or I don't think I do. But I don't like the thought of them. Not now that is, in the dark. But we were going to decide what's what.'

He raised the conch for a moment.

'Very well then. I suppose what's what is whether there are ghosts or not—'

He thought for a moment, formulating the question.

'Who thinks there may be ghosts?'

For a long time there was silence and no apparent movement. Then Ralph peered into the gloom and made out the hands. He spoke flatly.

'I see.'

The world, that understandable and lawful world, was slipping away. Once there was this and that; and now—and the ship had gone.

The conch was snatched from his hands and Piggy's voice shrilled.

'I didn't vote for no ghosts!'

He whirled round on the assembly.

'Remember that all of you!'

They heard him stamp.

'What are we? Humans? Or animals? Or savages? What's grown-ups going to think? Going off—hunting pigs—letting fires out—and now!'

A shadow fronted him tempestuously.

'You shut up, you fat slug!'

There was a moment's struggle and the glimmering conch jiggled up and down. Ralph leapt to his feet.

'Jack! Jack! You haven't got the conch! Let him speak.'

Jack's face swam near him.

'And you shut up! Who are you, anyway? Sitting there—telling people what to do. You can't hunt, you can't sing—'

'I'm chief. I was chosen.'

'Why should choosing make any difference? Just giving orders that don't make any sense—'

'Piggy's got the conch.'

'That's right—favour Piggy as you always do—'

'Jack!'

Jack's voice sounded in bitter mimicry.

'Jack! Jack!'

'The rules!' shouted Ralph, 'you're breaking the rules!'

'Who cares?'

Ralph summoned his wits.

'Because the rules are the only thing we've got!'