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 C. 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 7712/1.
• In Section A you will answer one question about a Shakespeare play.
• In Section B you will answer the one question about unseen poetry.
• In Section C you will answer one question about two texts: one poetry text and one prose text, one of which must be written pre-1900.
• Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information
• The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
• The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
• 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.
Section A: Shakespeare

Answer one question in this section.

Either

**Othello – William Shakespeare**

‘As lovers, Othello and Desdemona either worship or despise one another. There is no middle ground.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Othello’s and Desdemona’s attitudes towards one another in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

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**OTHELLO**  Why, what art thou?
**DESDEMONA**  Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

**OTHELLO**  Come, swear it; damn thyself;
Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-damned:
Swear thou art honest.

**DESDEMONA**  Heaven doth truly know it.

**OTHELLO**  Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

**DESDEMONA**  To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

**OTHELLO**  Ah, Desdemon! Away, away, away!

**DESDEMONA**  Alas, the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
I have lost him too.

**OTHELLO**  Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from which my current runs,
Or else dries up – to be discarded thence
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
Ay, there look grim as hell!

DESDEMONA
I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO
O, ay! As summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing, O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell’st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne’er been born!

DESDEMONA
Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO
Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write ‘whore’ upon? What committed!
Committed? O, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear it. What committed?
Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA
By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTHELLO
Are you not a strumpet?

DESDEMONA
No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTHELLO
What! Not a whore?

DESDEMONA
No, as I shall be saved.

OTHELLO
Is’t possible?

DESDEMONA
O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO
I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.

(Act 4, Scene 2)
In the literature of love, the more a husband tries to demonstrate power and control, the more he appears powerless and foolish.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Petruchio in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

PETRUCHIO
Be merry, Kate. Some water here. What ho!
Enter one with water
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.
Exit another Servingman
One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
He knocks the basin out of the Servant's hands
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?
He strikes the Servant
KATHERINA
Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
PETRUCHIO
A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? Mutton?
FIRST SERVINGMAN    Ay.
PETRUCHIO    Who brought it?
PETER    I.
PETRUCHIO
'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
He throws the food and dishes at them
You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Exeunt Servants hurriedly
KATHERINA
I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
PETRUCHIO
I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, tomorrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. Exeunt
Enter Servants severally

NATHANIEL
Peter, didst ever see the like?
PETER
He kills her in her own humour.
Enter Curtis

GRUMIO Where is he?
CURTIS
In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her,
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. Exeunt
Enter Petruchio

PETRUCHIO
Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her.
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak – 'tis charity to show. Exit

(Act 4, Scene 1)
or

**Measure for Measure** – William Shakespeare

‘The literature of love tends to present women as selfless and compassionate.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents women in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

DUKE

For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana’s sake, but as he adjudged your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother’s life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
‘An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!’
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault’s thus manifested,
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

MARIANA

O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE

It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

MARIANA

O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE

Never crave him. We are definitive.

MARIANA

Gentle my liege! –

DUKE

You do but lose your labour. (To Lucio) Now, sir, to you.

MARIANA

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I’ll lend you all my life to do you service.
DUKE
Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
MARIANA Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad. So may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
DUKE
He dies for Claudio's death.
ISABELLA (kneeling) Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned
As if my brother lived. I partly think
A due sincerity governed his deeds
Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.
MARIANA Merely, my lord.
DUKE
Your suit's unprofitable. Stand up, I say.

(Act 5, Scene 1)

Turn over for the next question
‘Happy endings in the literature of love depend on problems being resolved and characters getting what they deserve.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Paulina’s role in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

PAULINA
   It is required
   You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
   Or those that think it is unlawful business
   I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES
   Proceed.
   No foot shall stir.

PAULINA
   Music, awake her, strike!

   Music
   'Tis time: descend; be stone no more; approach;
   Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
   I'll fill your grave up. Stir; nay, come away.
   Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
   Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.

   Hermione descends
   Start not: her actions shall be holy as
   You hear my spell is lawful. (To Leontes) Do not shun her
   Until you see her die again, for then
   You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
   When she was young you wooed her: now, in age,
   Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES
   O, she’s warm!
   If this be magic, let it be an art
   Lawful as eating.

POLIXENES
   She embraces him.

CAMILLO
   She hangs about his neck.
   If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POLIXENES
   Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
   Or how stol’n from the dead.

PAULINA
   That she is living,
   Were it but told you, should be hooted at
   Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
   Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
   (To Perdita) Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
   And pray your mother’s blessing. Turn, good lady:
   Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE
   You gods, look down,
   And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? Where lived? How
found
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA  There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to everyone. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES  O peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine –
But how is to be questioned: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far –
For him, I partly know his mind – to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
(To Hermione) What! Look upon my brother. Both your
pardons
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away.  Exeunt

(Act 5, Scene 3)
It has been said that Dyer's poem is “a simple poem of grief and devotion” whereas Dunn's is about “the complexity of conflicting emotions”.

Compare and contrast the presentation of love in the following poems in the light of this comment.

[25 marks]

**Epitaph on the Monument of Sir William Dyer at Colmworth 1641**

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day  
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay  
One hour longer: so that we might either  
Sit up, or gone to bed together?  
But since thy finished labour hath possessed  
Thy weary limbs with early rest,  
Enjoy it sweetly; and thy widow bride  
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side;  
Whose business, now, is only to prepare  
My nightly dress, and call to prayer:  
Mine eyes wax heavy and the day grows old,  
The dew falls thick, my blood grows cold.  
Draw, draw the closed curtains: and make room:  
My dear, my dearest dust; I come, I come.

Catherine Dyer (1641)

**The Kaleidoscope**

To climb these stairs again, bearing a tray,  
Might be to find you pillowed with your books,  
Your inventories listing gowns and frocks  
As if preparing for a holiday.  
Or, turning from the landing, I might find  
My presence watched through your kaleidoscope,  
A symmetry of husbands, each redesigned  
In lovely forms of foresight, prayer and hope.  
I climb these stairs a dozen times a day  
And, by the open door, wait, looking in  
At where you died. My hands become a tray  
Offering me, my flesh, my soul, my skin.  
Grief wrongs us so. I stand, and wait, and cry  
For the absurd forgiveness, not knowing why.

Douglas Dunn (1985)
Section C: Comparing Texts

Answer one question in this section.

You must write about two texts: one prose text and one poetry text (at least two poems must be covered). One of these texts must be written pre-1900.

Either

0 6 Compare how the authors of two texts you have studied present aspects of desire.

You must write about at least two poems in your answer as well as a prose text you have studied.

[25 marks]

or

0 7 Compare how the authors of two texts you have studied present ideas about romantic commitment.

You must write about at least two poems in your answer as well as a prose text you have studied.

[25 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS