

AS

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Paper 1 Views and Voices

Friday 17 May 2019

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.

Section A
Imagined Worlds

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either
Frankenstein – Mary Shelley

0	1
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Read the extract printed below. Examine how Shelley presents Victor's thoughts in this extract.

[35 marks]

5 I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing. Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart, and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant; she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder and wretchedness. He had sworn to quit the neighbourhood of man, and hide himself in deserts; but she had not; and she, who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal, might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation. They might even hate each other; the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity, and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form? She also might turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man; she might quit him, and he be again alone, exasperated by the fresh provocation of being deserted by one of his own species.

10 Even if they were to leave Europe, and inhabit the deserts of the new world, yet one of the first results of those sympathies for which the dæmon thirsted would be children, and a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth, who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition precarious and full of terror. Had I a right, for my own benefit, to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations? I had before been moved by the sophisms of the being I had created; I had been struck senseless by his fiendish threats: but now, for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price perhaps of the existence of the whole human race.

15 I trembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the dæmon at the casement. A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise.

20 As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and, with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.

or

Dracula – Bram Stoker

0 2

Read the extract printed below. Examine how Stoker presents the events in this extract.

[35 marks]

‘Go on,’ said Arthur hoarsely. ‘Tell me what I am to do.’

‘Take this stake in your left hand, ready to place the point over the heart, and the hammer in your right. Then when we begin our prayer for the dead – I shall read him, I have here the book, and the others shall follow – strike in God’s name, that so all may be well with the dead that we love, and that the Un-Dead pass away.’

Arthur took the stake and the hammer, and when once his mind was set on action his hands never trembled nor even quivered. Van Helsing opened his missal and began to read, and Quincey and I followed as well as we could. Arthur placed the point over the heart, and as I looked I could see its dint in the white flesh. Then he struck with all his might.

The Thing in the coffin writhed; and a hideous, blood-curdling screech came from the opened red lips. The body shook and quivered and twisted in wild contortions; the sharp white teeth champed together till the lips were cut, and the mouth was smeared with a crimson foam. But Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake, whilst the blood from the pierced heart welled and spurted up around it. His face was set, and high duty seemed to shine through it; the sight of it gave us courage, so that our voices seemed to ring through the little vault.

And then the writhing and quivering of the body became less, and the teeth ceased to champ, and the face to quiver. Finally it lay still. The terrible task was over.

The hammer fell from Arthur’s hand. He reeled and would have fallen had we not caught him. The great drops of sweat sprang out on his forehead, and his breath came in broken gasps. It had indeed been an awful strain on him; and had he not been forced to his task by more than human considerations he could never have gone through with it. For a few minutes we were so taken up with him that we did not look towards the coffin. When we did, however, a murmur of startled surprise ran from one to the other of us. We gazed so eagerly that Arthur rose, for he had been seated on the ground, and came and looked too; and then a glad, strange light broke over his face and dispelled altogether the gloom of horror that lay upon it.

There, in the coffin lay no longer the foul Thing that we had so dreaded and grown to hate that the work of her destruction was yielded as a privilege to the one best entitled to it, but Lucy as we had seen her in her life, with her face of unequalled sweetness and purity. True that there were there, as we had seen them in life, the traces of care and pain and waste; but these were all dear to us, for they marked her truth to what we knew. One and all we felt that the holy calm that lay like sunshine over the wasted face and form was only an earthly token and symbol of the calm that was to reign for ever.

Turn over for the next question**Turn over ►**

or

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

0 3

Read the extract printed below. Examine how Atwood presents the interaction between Offred and the Commander in this extract.

[35 marks]

- The Commander is standing in front of the fireless fireplace, back to it, one elbow on the carved wooden overmantel, other hand in his pocket. It's such a studied pose, something of the country squire, some old come-on from a glossy men's mag. He probably decided ahead of time that he'd be standing like that when I came in. When I
- 5 knocked he probably rushed over to the fireplace and propped himself up. He should have a black patch, over one eye, a cravat with horseshoes on it.
- It's all very well for me to think these things, quick as staccato, a jittering of the brain. An inner jeering. But it's panic. The fact is I'm terrified.
- I don't say anything.
- 10 "Close the door behind you," he says, pleasantly enough. I do it, and turn back. "Hello," he says.
- It's the old form of greeting. I haven't heard it for a long time, for years. Under the circumstances it seems out of place, comical even, a flip backward in time, a stunt. I can think of nothing appropriate to say in return.
- 15 I think I will cry.
- He must have noticed this, because he looks at me, puzzled, gives a little frown I choose to interpret as concern, though it may merely be irritation. "Here," he says. "You can sit down." He pulls a chair out for me, sets it in front of his desk. Then he goes around behind the desk and sits down, slowly and it seems to me elaborately. What this
- 20 act tells me is that he hasn't brought me here to touch me in any way, against my will. He smiles. The smile is not sinister or predatory. It's merely a smile, a formal kind of smile, friendly but a little distant, as if I'm a kitten in a window. One he's looking at but doesn't intend to buy.
- I sit up straight on the chair, my hands folded on my lap. I feel as if my feet in their flat red shoes aren't quite touching the floor. But of course they are.
- 25 "You must find this strange," he says.
- I simply look at him. The understatement of the year, was a phrase my mother uses. Used.
- I feel like cotton candy: sugar and air. Squeeze me and I'd turn into a small sickly damp wad of weeping pinky-red.
- 30 "I guess it is a little strange," he says, as if I've answered.
- I think I should have a hat on, tied with a bow under my chin.
- "I want ..." he says.
- I try not to lean forward. Yes? Yes yes? What, then? What does he want? But I
- 35 won't give it away, this eagerness of mine. It's a bargaining session, things are about to be exchanged. She who does not hesitate is lost. I'm not giving anything away: selling only.
- "I would like –" he says. "This will sound silly." And he does look embarrassed, *sheepish* was the word, the way men used to look once. He's old enough to remember how to look that way, and to remember also how appealing women once found it. The young ones don't know those tricks. They've never had to use them.
- 40 "I'd like you to play a game of Scrabble with me," he says.

or

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold

0 4

Read the extract printed below. Examine how Sebold presents Mr. Harvey in this extract. **[35 marks]**

5 In the hours after I was murdered, as my mother made phone calls and my father began going door to door in the neighborhood looking for me, Mr. Harvey had collapsed the hole in the cornfield and carried away a sack filled with my body parts. He passed within two houses of where my father stood talking to Mr. and Mrs. Tarking. He kept to the property line in between two rows of warring hedge – the O'Dwyers' boxwood and the Steads' goldenrod. His body brushed past the sturdy green leaves, leaving traces of me behind him, smells the Gilberts' dog would pick up and follow to find my elbow, smells the sleet and rain of the next three days would wash away before police dogs could even be thought of. He carried me back to his house, where, while he went inside to wash up, I waited for him.

10 After the house changed hands, the new owners tsk-tsked at the dark spot on the floor of their garage. As she brought prospective buyers through, the realtor said it was an oil stain, but it was me, seeping out of the bag Mr. Harvey carried and spilling onto the concrete. The beginning of my secret signals to the world.

15 It would be some time before I realized what you've undoubtedly already assumed, that I wasn't the first girl he'd killed. He knew to remove my body from the field. He knew to watch the weather and to kill during an arc of light-to-heavy precipitation because that would rob the police of evidence. But he was not as fastidious as the police liked to think. He forgot my elbow, he used a cloth sack for a bloody body, and if someone, anyone, had been watching, maybe they would have thought it strange to see their neighbor walk a property line that was a tight fit, even for children who liked to pretend the warring hedges were a hideout.

20 As he scoured his body in the hot water of his suburban bathroom – one with the identical layout to the one Lindsey, Buckley, and I shared – his movements were slow, not anxious. He felt a calm flood him. He kept the lights out in the bathroom and felt the warm water wash me away and he felt thoughts of me then. My muffled scream in his ear. My delicious death moan. The glorious white flesh that had never seen the sun, like an infant's, and then split, so perfectly, with the blade of his knife. He shivered under the heat, a prickling pleasure creating goose bumps up and down his arms and legs. He had put me in the waxy cloth sack and thrown in the shaving cream and razor from the mud ledge, his book of sonnets, and finally the bloody knife. They were tumbled together with my knees, fingers, and toes, but he made a note to extract them before my blood grew too sticky later that night. The sonnets and the knife, at least, he saved.

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

Section B**Poetic Voices**

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either**John Donne**

0	5
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Read *Woman's Constancy* and *The Relic*. Compare and contrast how Donne presents time in these poems.

[40 marks]**Woman's Constancy**

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
Tomorrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?

Or say that now

5 We are not just those persons which we were?

Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?

10 Or, as true deaths, true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?

Or, your own end to justify,

For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?

15 Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would,

Which I abstain to do,

For by tomorrow, I may think so too.

The Relic

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain
(For graves have learned that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed),
5 And he that digs it spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let'us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
10 To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

 If this fall in a time or land
 Where mis-devotion doth command,
 Then he that digs us up will bring
15 Us to the bishop and the king
 To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be'a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
20 And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

 First, we loved well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
25 Difference of sex no more we knew
 Than our guardian angels do;
 Coming and going, we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
 Our hands ne'er touched the seals
30 Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.
These miracles we did, but now, alas,
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

Robert Browning

0 6

Read *Johannes Agricola in Meditation* and *Home-Thoughts, from Abroad*. Compare and contrast how Browning presents the speaker's desires in these poems.

[40 marks]**Johannes Agricola in Meditation**

There's heaven above, and night by night
 I look right through its gorgeous roof;
 No suns and moons though e'er so bright
 Avail to stop me; splendour-proof
 5 I keep the broods of stars aloof:
 For I intend to get to God,
 For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
 For in God's breast, my own abode,
 Those shoals of dazzling glory, passed,
 10 I lay my spirit down at last.
 I lie where I have always lain,
 God smiles as he has always smiled;
 Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
 Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
 15 The heavens, God thought on me his child;
 Ordained a life for me, arrayed
 Its circumstances every one
 To the minutest; ay, God said
 This head this hand should rest upon
 20 Thus, ere he fashioned star or sun.
 And having thus created me,
 Thus rooted me, he bade me grow,
 Guiltless for ever, like a tree
 That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know
 25 The law by which it prospers so:
 But sure that thought and word and deed
 All go to swell his love for me,
 Me, made because that love had need
 Of something irreversibly
 30 Pledged solely its content to be.
 Yes, yes, a tree which must ascend,
 No poison-gourd foredoomed to stoop!
 I have God's warrant, could I blend
 All hideous sins, as in a cup,
 35 To drink the mingled venoms up;
 Secure my nature will convert
 The draught to blossoming gladness fast:
 While sweet dews turn to the gourd's hurt,
 And bloat, and while they bloat it, blast,
 40 As from the first its lot was cast.
 For as I lie, smiled on, full-fed
 By unexhausted power to bless,
 I gaze below on hell's fierce bed,

or

Carol Ann Duffy

0	7
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Read *Close* and *First Love*. Compare and contrast how Duffy presents love in these poems.

[40 marks]**Close**

5 Lock the door. In the dark journey of our night,
two childhoods stand in the corner of the bedroom
watching the way we take each other to bits
to stare at our heart. I hear a story
told in sleep in a lost accent. You know the words.

10 Undress. A suitcase crammed with secrets
bursts in the wardrobe at the foot of the bed.
Dress again. Undress. You have me like a drawing,
erased, coloured in, untitled, signed by your tongue.
The name of a country written in red on my palm,

15 unreadable. I tell myself where I live now,
but you move in close till I shake, homeless,
further than that. A coin falls from the bedside table,
spinning its heads and tails. How the hell
can I win. How can I lose. Tell me again.

20 Love won't give in. It makes a hired room tremble
with the pity of bells, a cigarette smoke itself
next to a full glass of wine, time ache
into space, space, wants no more talk. Now
it has me where I want me, now you, you do.

25 Put out the light. Years stand outside on the street
looking up to an open window, black as our mouth
which utters its tuneless song. The ghosts of ourselves,
behind and before us, throng in a mirror, blind,
laughing and weeping. They know who we are.

First Love

5 Waking, with a dream of first love forming real words,
as close to my lips as lipstick, I speak your name,
after a silence of years, into the pillow, and the power
of your name brings me here to the window, naked,
to say it again to a garden shaking with light.

10 This was a child's love, and yet I clench my eyes
till the pictures return, unfocused at first, then
almost clear, an old film played at a slow speed.
All day I will glimpse it, in windows of changing sky,
in mirrors, my lover's eyes, wherever you are.

15 And later a star, long dead, here, seems precisely
the size of a tear. Tonight, a love-letter out of a dream
stammers itself in my heart. Such faithfulness.
You smile in my head on the last evening. Unseen
flowers suddenly pierce and sweeten the air.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

Seamus Heaney**0 8**

Read *The Tollund Man* and *Strange Fruit*. Compare and contrast how Heaney presents death in these poems.

[40 marks]**The Tollund Man**

	I		II
	Some day I will go to Aarhus To see his peat-brown head, The mild pods of his eye-lids, His pointed skin cap.		I could risk blasphemy, Consecrate the cauldron bog Our holy ground and pray Him to make germinate
5	In the flat country near by Where they dug him out, His last gruel of winter seeds Caked in his stomach,	25	The scattered, ambushed Flesh of labourers, Stockinged corpses Laid out in the farmyards,
10	Naked except for The cap, noose and girdle, I will stand a long time. Bridegroom to the goddess,	30	Tell-tale skin and teeth Flecking the sleepers Of four young brothers, trailed For miles along the lines.
15	She tightened her torc on him And opened her fen, Those dark juices working Him to a saint's kept body,	35	III Something of his sad freedom As he rode the tumbrel Should come to me, driving, Saying the names
20	Trove of the turfcutters' Honeycombed workings. Now his stained face Reposes at Aarhus.	40	Tollund, Grabaulle, Nebelgard, Watching the pointing hands Of country people, Not knowing their tongue.
			Out there in Jutland In the old man-killing parishes I will feel lost, Unhappy and at home.

Strange Fruit

Here is the girl's head like an exhumed gourd.
Oval-faced, prune-skinned, prune-stones for teeth.
They unswaddled the wet fern of her hair
And made an exhibition of its coil,
5 Let the air at her leathery beauty.
Pash of tallow, perishable treasure:
Her broken nose is dark as a turf clod,
Her eyeholes blank as pools in the old workings.
Diodorus Siculus confessed
10 His gradual ease among the likes of this:
Murdered, forgotten, nameless, terrible
Beheaded girl, outstaring axe
And beatification, outstaring
What had begun to feel like reverence.

END OF QUESTIONS

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