



National
Qualifications
2015

X724/76/12

**English
Critical Reading**

FRIDAY, 15 MAY
10:50 AM – 12:20 PM

Total marks — 40

SECTION 1 — Scottish Text — 20 marks

Read an extract from a Scottish text you have previously studied and attempt the questions.

Choose ONE text from either

Part A — Drama Pages 2–11

or

Part B — Prose Pages 12–21

or

Part C — Poetry Pages 22–33

Attempt ALL the questions for your chosen text.

SECTION 2 — Critical Essay — 20 marks

Attempt ONE question from the following genres — Drama, Prose Fiction, Prose Non-fiction, Poetry, Film and Television Drama, or Language.

Your answer must be on a different genre from that chosen in Section 1.

You should spend approximately 45 minutes on each Section.

Write your answers clearly in the answer booklet provided. In the answer booklet you must clearly identify the question number you are attempting.

Use **blue** or **black** ink.

Before leaving the examination room you must give your answer booklet to the Invigilator; if you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.



SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

Choose ONE text from Drama, Prose or Poetry.

Read the text extract carefully and then attempt ALL the questions for your chosen text.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this Section.

PART A — SCOTTISH TEXT — DRAMA

Text 1 — Drama

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Drama in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

The Slab Boys by John Byrne

This extract is taken from Act 2 of the play. Phil has been dismissed from his job.

(Enter PHIL.)

SPANKY: I thought you were away?

PHIL: I went along for my wages . . . doll said she gave them to Jack.

JACK: The monkey's got them . . .

5 SPANKY: Catch. (*Flings packet to PHIL.*) 'S that you off, Jack-knife? Not fancy a hot poultice before you go?

JACK: If you need a lift home, Alan, let me know . . . I'll try and arrange something . . .

ALAN: Thanks.

10 (*Exit JACK.*)

SPANKY: (*To PHIL, who is opening his wage packet*) Your books?

PHIL: Yeh . . . P45, the lot . . . (*Reads document:*) "Non-Contributory Pension Scheme" . . . what's that?

ALAN: It means you haven't paid directly into . . .

15 PHIL: Shuttit, you! I'm talking to my friend. Well?

SPANKY: How should I know? I've got all these dishes to wash! Can you not give us a hand? There's hundreds of them.

PHIL: You're forgetting something, Spanky. I don't work here any more.

SPANKY: You never did, Phil.

20 PHIL: Less of the sarcasm . . . (*Sarcastically*) Slab Boy.

SPANKY: At least I still am one.

PHIL: Yeh . . . how come? Me and Hector get the heave and you're still here washing dishes safe and secure. How d'you manage it, eh?

SPANKY: Going to get out of my road? I've got work to do . . .

25 PHIL: Work? Has Noddy there been getting to you?

SPANKY: Why don't you can it, Phil? Me and the boy wants to get cleared up.

PHIL: Aw . . . it's "me and the boy" now, is it?

SPANKY: Yeh . . . what of it?

PHIL: I think I'm going to be sick.

30 SPANKY: Well, don't hang over the shades, there's gum in them already . . .
(PHIL grabs him. They confront one another. Enter CURRY.)

CURRY: Still here, McCann? You can go any time, you know.

PHIL: I'm waiting for a phone call.

CURRY: Only urgent personal calls allowed . . .

35 PHIL: This is urgent. I'm waiting for word from the hospital.

CURRY: What's up . . . someone in the family ill?

PHIL: It's my maw.

CURRY: Oh, yes, of course. Were the lacerations severe? It can do a great deal of damage, plate glass . . .

40 PHIL: What?

CURRY: Plate glass . . . the stuff they have in shop windows.

PHIL: What d'you know about shop windows? Who told you about it?

CURRY: There was a bit in today's *Paisley Express* . . . "Ferguslie Park Woman in Store Window Accident" . . .

45 PHIL: It wasn't an accident. She meant to do it.

CURRY: Eh? But the paper said your mother was thrown through the window by a passing car . . .

PHIL: Well, they got it wrong, didn't they? There was a car there but it wasn't passing . . . it was parked. What she done was take a header off the roof . . .

50 straight through the Co. window . . . simple.

CURRY: From the roof of a car? She must've been badly injured.

PHIL: Not a scratch. They say it was the angle she jumped off the roof of the motor.

CURRY: Good God, it must've been a miracle.

55 PHIL: Nope . . . a Ford Prefect.

Questions

1. Look at lines 1–15.

Explain fully the contrast in these lines between the attitude of Jack and Phil towards Alan.

2

2. Look at lines 16–31.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the tension between Phil and Spanky is made clear.

4

3. Look at lines 32–55.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how language is used to convey the feelings of Phil and/or Curry.

4

4. In this extract, various aspects of Phil's character are revealed through humour. By referring to this extract and elsewhere in the play, discuss how humour is used to develop Phil's character.

10

[OPEN OUT FOR QUESTIONS]

DO NOT WRITE ON THIS PAGE

OR

Text 2 — Drama

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Drama in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***The Cheviot, the Stag and the Black, Black Oil* by John McGrath**

DUKE: The Queen needs men, and as always, she looks to the North. My Commissioner, Mr Loch, informs me that the response so far has been disappointing.

Enter LOCH, now an old man.

5 LOCH: Disappointing? A disgrace. In the whole county of Sutherland, not one man has volunteered.

DUKE: I know you to be loyal subjects of the Queen. I am prepared to reward your loyalty. Every man who enlists today will be given a bounty of six golden sovereigns from my own private purse. Now if you will all step up in an
10 orderly manner, Mr Loch will take your names and give you the money.

The DUKE sits. Silence. Nobody moves. The DUKE stands angrily.

DUKE: Damn it, do you want the Mongol hordes to come sweeping across Europe, burning your houses, driving you into the sea? (LOCH fidgets.) What are you
15 fidgeting for Loch? Have you no pride in this great democracy that we English — er — British have brought to you? Do you want the cruel Tsar of Russia installed in Dunrobin Castle? Step forward.

Silence. Nobody moves.

DUKE: For this disgraceful, cowardly conduct, I demand an explanation.

Short silence. OLD MAN stands up in audience.

20 OLD MAN: I am sorry for the response your Grace's proposals are meeting here, but there is a cause for it. It is the opinion of this country that should the Tsar of Russia take possession of Dunrobin Castle, we could not expect worse treatment at his hands than we have experienced at the hands of your family for the last fifty years. We have no country to fight for. You robbed us of our country and
25 gave it to the sheep. Therefore, since you have preferred sheep to men, let sheep now defend you.

ALL: Baa-aa.

The DUKE and LOCH leave. SOLDIER beats retreat.

30 MC: One man only was enlisted at this meeting. No sooner was he away at Fort George than his house was pulled down, his wife and family turned out, and put in a hut from which an old female pauper was carried a few days before to the churchyard.

Out of thirty-three battalions sent to the Crimea, only three were Highland.

35 But this was only a small set-back for the recruiters. These parts were still raided for men; almost as fast as they cleared them off the land, they later recruited them into the Army. The old tradition of loyal soldiering was fostered and exploited with careful calculation.

Questions

5. Look at lines 1–18.

The Duke uses a variety of tones in his speeches to the people in these lines. By referring to at least two examples, analyse how language is used to create different tones.

4

6. Look at lines 17–27.

Analyse how both the stage directions and dialogue convey the local people's defiance of the Duke.

4

7. Look at lines 29–37.

Explain how the MC's speech brings this section of the play to an ironic conclusion.

2

8. Discuss how McGrath develops the theme of change in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

10

[Turn over

OR

Text 3 — Drama

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Drama in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

Men Should Weep by Ena Lamont Stewart

In this extract from Act 3, Jenny is paying a visit to Maggie and John's tenement home after a period of absence.

Lily: Jenny, whit're ye getting at?

Jenny: Mammy seems tae think they're letting Bertie hame; but they're no. *No here.* No tae this. Mammy, ye've tae see the Corporation for a Cooncil hoose.

5 Maggie: A Cooncil house! A Cooncil hoose! Yer daddy's been up tae that lot til he's seek scunnert. Ye've tae wait yer turn in the queue.

Jenny: But if they kent about Bertie . . .

Lily: Is this whit brought ye back, Jenny?

10 Jenny: It's whit gied me the courage tae come. Least . . . it was ma daddy's face . . . in the water; (*more to herself than the others*) there wis lights shimmerin on the blackness . . . it kind o slinks along slow, a river, in the night. I was meanin tae let it tak me along wi it.

Maggie gives a gasp.

Maggie: Whit kind o talk is this, Jenny? Did ye no think o us. Yer daddy an me?

15 Jenny: Think o ye? Oh aye, Mammy, I thought o ye. But thinkin jist made me greet. I was that ashamed o masel . . . Isa and me, we were that rotten tae ye, the things we said.

Maggie: That's a bye, Jenny.

20 Jenny: Naethin's ever *bye*, Mammy; it's a there, like a photy-album in yer heid . . . I kept seein ma daddy, the way he used tae sing tae me when I wis wee; I seen him holdin ma bare feet in his hands tae warm them, an feedin me bread an hot milk oot o a blue cup. (*Pause*) I don't know where you were, Mammy.

Lily: Ben the back room wi the midwife, likely. (*Pause*) It's as weel ye came tae yer senses; yon's no the way tae tak oot o yer troubles; a river. But ye're daein fine noo? Ye merriet?

25 Jenny: No.

Lily: Oh. Livin in sin, as they ca it these days, eh?

Jenny: (*suddenly flaring up*) Aye, if ye want tae ca it sin! I don't. The man I'm livin wi is kind, an generous.

Lily: Oh aye. We can see that. We've had an eye-fu o yer wages o sin.

30 Maggie: (*mournful*) Aw Jenny. I wisht ye'd earned it.

Lily: (*coarse laugh*) Oh, she'll hae earned it, Maggie. On her back.

Maggie: *Lily!*

Lily: So the Bible's a wrang, is it? The wages o sin's nae deith, it's fancy hair-dos an a swanky coat an pur silk stockins.

35 Jenny: You seem tae ken yer Bible, Auntie Lily. I never pretended tae. But I'm happy, an I'm makin *him* happy. We've a nice wee flat in a clean district, wi trees an wee gardens.

Lily: A wee love-nest oot west! Great! Juist great — till yer tired business man gets tired o you an ye're oot on yer ear.

40 Jenny: Well, ye hevnae changed, Auntie Lily. I've got tae laugh at you.

Lily: Laugh awa. I'm no mindin. I've kept ma self-respect.

Jenny: Aye. An that's aboot a ye've got.

Maggie: Oh, stop it! Stop it! (*Her hands to her head*) I wis that happy . . .

Jenny: Mammy, I'm sorry. We'll sit doon properly an talk. (*She draws a couple of*
45 *chairs together, deliberately excluding Lily who moves off a little, but keeps within ear-shot and stands, back resting against the table — or the sideboard — watching.*) I've got plans for you.

Maggie: Plans?

Jenny: Aye. For getting yous a oot o this.

50 Maggie: Och Jenny, pet; you wis aye fu o dreams.

Lily: Aye. Dreams. Fairy-tales. She went awa an impident wee bizzom an she's come back on Christmas Eve, kiddin on she's a fairy wi a magic wand.

Jenny: (*She doesn't even look at Lily*) Listen, Mammy. We canna wait for a hoose frae the cooncil, it'll tak too lang; but mind! Ye've tae get ma daddy tae speak tae them. (*Maggie nods*) So, while ye're waitin, ye're goin tae flit tae a rented
55 hoose.

Maggie: Jenny, ye need a lot o money tae flit!

Jenny: I've got that. (*She opens her handbag and produces a roll of notes that makes Maggie's eyes bulge. She gasps.*) There's plenty for the flittin and the key
60 money forbye.

John comes in. He stops at the sight of Jenny and at first his face lights up: then his lips tighten.

Questions

- | | | |
|-----|---|----|
| 9. | Look at lines 1–21.
Explain two of Jenny’s reasons for visiting the family home. | 2 |
| 10. | Look at lines 22–42.
Analyse how Lily and Jenny’s differing attitudes are shown. | 4 |
| 11. | Look at lines 43–62.
Analyse the dramatic impact of at least two of the stage directions in these lines. | 4 |
| 12. | By referring to this extract and elsewhere in the play, discuss how Jenny’s growing maturity is made clear. | 10 |

[OPEN OUT FOR QUESTIONS]

DO NOT WRITE ON THIS PAGE

SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

Choose ONE text from Drama, Prose or Poetry.

Read the text extract carefully and then attempt ALL the questions for your chosen text.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this Section.

PART B — SCOTTISH TEXT — PROSE

Text 1 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

Mother and Son by Iain Crichton Smith

“It isn’t my fault I haven’t.” He spoke wearily. The old interminable argument was beginning again: he always made fresh attacks but as often retired defeated. He stood up suddenly and paced about the room as if he wanted to overawe her with his untidy hair, his thick jersey, and long wellingtons.

- 5 “You know well enough,” he shouted, “why I haven’t my day’s work. It’s because you’ve been in bed there for ten years now. Do you *want* me to take a job? I’ll take a job tomorrow . . . if you’ll only say!” He was making the same eternal argument and the same eternal concession: “If you’ll only say.” And all the time he knew she would never say, and she knew that he would never take any action.
- 10 “Why, you’d be no good in a job. The manager would always be coming to show you what you had done wrong, and you’d get confused with all those strange faces and they’d laugh at you.” Every time she spoke these words the same brutal pain stabbed him. His babyish eyes would be smitten by a hellish despair, would lose all their hope, and cloud over with the pain of the mute, suffering animal. Time and time again he would say to
- 15 her when she was feeling better and in a relatively humane mood: “I’m going to get a job where the other fellows are!” and time and time again, with the unfathomable and unknowable cunning of the woman, she would strike his confidence dead with her hateful words. Yes, he was timid. He admitted it to himself, he hated himself for it, but his cowardice still lay there waiting for him, particularly in the dark nights of his mind when
- 20 the shadow lay as if by a road, watching him, tripping behind him, changing its shape, till the sun came to shine on it and bring its plausible explanations. He spoke again, passing his hand wearily over his brow as if he were asking for her pity.

- “Why should anybody laugh at me? They don’t laugh at the other chaps. Everybody makes mistakes. I could learn as quickly as any of them. Why, I used to do his lessons for
- 25 Norman Slater.” He looked up eagerly at her as if he wanted her to corroborate. But she only looked at him impatiently, that bitter smile still upon her face.

“Lessons aren’t everything. You aren’t a mechanic. You can’t do anything with your hands. Why don’t you hurry up with that tea? Look at you. Fat good you’d be at a job.”

- He still sat despairingly leaning near the fire, his head on his hands. He didn’t even hear the last part of her words. True, he wasn’t a mechanic. He never could understand how things worked. This ignorance and inaptitude of his puzzled himself. It was not that he wasn’t intelligent: it was as if something had gone wrong in his childhood, some lack of interest in lorries and aeroplanes and mechanisms, which hardened into a wall beyond
- 30 which he could not go through — paradise lay yonder.

35 He reached up for the tea absent-mindedly and poured hot water into the tea-pot. He
 watched it for a while with a sad look on his face, watched the fire leaping about it as if
 it were a soul in hell. The cups were white and undistinguished and he felt a faint nausea
 as he poured the tea into them. He reached out for the tray, put the tea-cup and a plate
 40 tray from him, settling herself laboriously back against the pillows. She looked at it and
 said:

“Why didn’t you wash this tray? Can’t you see it’s all dirty round the edges?” He stood
 there stolidly for a moment, not listening, watching her frail, white-clad body, and her
 spiteful, bitter face. He ate little but drank three cups of tea.

Questions

13. Look at lines 1–22.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how language reveals the nature of
 the relationship between mother and son.

4

14. Look at lines 27–28.

Identify the tone of the mother’s words and analyse how this tone is created.

3

15. Look at lines 29–38.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how language is used to convey the
 son’s reaction to his mother’s words.

3

16. By referring to this extract and to at least one other story, discuss how Iain Crichton
 Smith uses contrasting characters to explore theme.

10

[Turn over

OR

Text 2 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

The Wireless Set by George Mackay Brown

One afternoon in the late summer of that year the island postman cycled over the hill road to Tronvik with a yellow corner of telegram sticking out of his pocket.

He passed the shop and the manse and the schoolhouse, and went in a wavering line up the track to Hugh's croft. The wireless was playing music inside, Joe Loss and his
5 orchestra.

Betsy had seen him coming and was standing in the door.

"Is there anybody with you?" said the postman.

"What way would there be?" said Betsy. "Hugh's at the lobsters."

"There should be somebody with you," said the postman.

10 "Give me the telegram," said Betsy, and held out her hand. He gave it to her as if he was a miser parting with a twenty-pound note.

She went inside, put on her spectacles, and ripped open the envelope with brisk fingers. Her lips moved a little, silently reading the words.

15 Then she turned to the dog and said, "Howie's dead." She went to the door. The postman was disappearing on his bike round the corner of the shop and the missionary was hurrying towards her up the path.

She said to him, "It's time the peats were carted."

20 "This is a great affliction, you poor soul," said Mr. Sinclair the missionary. "This is bad news indeed. Yet he died for his country. He made the great sacrifice. So that we could all live in peace, you understand."

Betsy shook her head. "That isn't it at all," she said. "Howie's sunk with torpedoes. That's all I know."

25 They saw old Hugh walking up from the shore with a pile of creels on his back and a lobster in each hand. When he came to the croft he looked at Betsy and the missionary standing together in the door. He went into the outhouse and set down the creels and picked up an axe he kept for chopping wood.

Betsy said to him, "How many lobsters did you get?"

He moved past her and the missionary without speaking into the house. Then from inside he said, "I got two lobsters."

30 "I'll break the news to him," said Mr. Sinclair.

From inside the house came the noise of shattering wood and metal.

"He knows already," said Betsy to the missionary. "Hugh knows the truth of a thing generally before a word is uttered."

Hugh moved past them with the axe in his hand.

35 "I got six crabs forby," he said to Betsy, "but I left them in the boat."

He set the axe down carefully inside the door of the outhouse. Then he leaned against the wall and looked out to sea for a long while.

“I got thirteen eggs,” said Betsy. “One more than yesterday. That old Rhode Islander’s laying like mad.”

- 40 The missionary was slowly shaking his head in the doorway. He touched Hugh on the shoulder and said, “My poor man — ”

Hugh turned and said to him, “It’s time the last peats were down from the hill. I’ll go in the morning first thing. You’ll be needing a cart-load for the Manse.”

- 45 The missionary, awed by such callousness, walked down the path between the cabbages and potatoes. Betsy went into the house. The wireless stood, a tangled wreck, on the dresser. She brought from the cupboard a bottle of whisky and glasses. She set the kettle on the hook over the fire and broke the peats into red and yellow flame with a poker. Through the window she could see people moving towards the croft from all over the valley. The news had got round. The mourners were gathering.

- 50 Old Hugh stood in the door and looked up at the drift of clouds above the cliff. “Yes,” he said, “I’m glad I set the creels where I did, off Yesnaby. They’ll be sheltered there once the wind gets up.”

“That white hen,” said Betsy, “has stopped laying. It’s time she was in the pot, if you ask me.”

Questions

17. Look at lines 1–5.

Explain how Mackay Brown creates both a sense of community life and the role of the wireless set within it.

2

18. Look at lines 6–22.

(a) By referring to lines 6–15, analyse how the postman’s attitude to Betsy is revealed.

2

(b) By referring to lines 16–22, analyse how language is used to convey the different reactions of the missionary and Betsy to the news.

2

19. In lines 23–54, Mackay Brown reveals a contrast between the couple’s real feelings and the missionary’s perception of how they feel.

By referring to at least two examples from these lines, analyse how the contrast is revealed.

4

20. In his writing, Mackay Brown explores the relationship between the island/small mainland community and the outside world. By referring to this extract and at least one other story by Mackay Brown, discuss how he does this.

10

[Turn over

OR

Text 3 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***The Trick Is To Keep Breathing* by Janice Galloway**

In this extract, Joy is struggling to cope after the death of her partner, Michael.

Look

all I wanted was to be civilised and polite. I wanted to be no trouble. I wanted to be brave and discreet. This had to be the final stage of the endurance test and all I had to do was last out. I thought I was Bunyan's Pilgrim and Dorothy in The Wizard of Oz. But the lasting out was terrible. I made appointments with the doctor and he gave me pills to tide me over when I got anxious. I got anxious when they didn't tide me over into anything different. He gave me more pills. I kept going to work. I was no nearer Kansas or the Celestial City. Then

I started smelling Michael's aftershave in the middle of the night. I would go to bed and there it was, in a cloud all round my head. I thought if I could smell his aftershave he must be around somewhere. I saw him in cars, across the street, in buses, roaring past on strange motorbikes, drifting by the glass panel of my classroom door. I read his horoscope. How could he be having a difficult phase with money if he was dead? Of course he wasn't *dead*: just hiding. At night I sunk my face into his clothes and howled at the cloth. A magazine article said it was fairly common and not as unhealthy as you'd think. Then I would go to bed and wait for the slow seep of aftershave through the ether. I knew he wasn't just a carcass liquefying in a wooden box but an invisible presence hovering in a cloud of Aramis above my bed. I also suspected I was lying. When I found the bottle, tipped on its side and leaking along the rim I knew for sure. I had put it there myself ages ago so I could reach for it and smell his neck when I wanted to feel like hell in the middle of the night. Then I must have knocked it over and been too wilful to admit to what it was later. My own duplicity shocked me. I held onto the bottle for a week or so then threw it out.

My mother was right. I have no common sense. I don't know a damn thing worth knowing.

THE CHURCH

THE MARRIED

THE LAW

WHAT'S WHAT

I haven't a clue.

The clock ticks too loud while I lie still, shrinking.

Please god make boulders crash through the roof. In three or four days when the Health Visitor comes she will find only mashed remains, marrowbone jelly oozing between the shards like bitumen. *Well*, she'll say, *We're not doing so well today, are we?* It's too cold. The hairs on my legs are stiff. I shiver and wish the phone would ring.

Needing people yet being afraid of them is wearing me out. I struggle with the paradox all the time and can't resolve it. When people visit I am distraught trying to look as if I can cope. At work I never speak but I want to be spoken to. If anyone does I get anxious and stammer. I'm scared of the phone yet I want it to ring.

Questions

21. Look at lines 1–8.
Analyse how Galloway makes the reader aware of Joy’s efforts to cope with her situation. 2
22. Look at lines 9–23.
By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the writer conveys Joy’s desperation for Michael’s presence. 4
23. Look at lines 29–37.
By referring to at least two examples, analyse how Galloway conveys Joy’s feelings of despair. 4
24. By referring to this extract and elsewhere in the novel, discuss how Galloway demonstrates Joy’s fear and/or anxiety in relating to other people. 10

[Turn over

OR

Text 4 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

Sunset Song by Lewis Grassie Gibbon

This extract is from the beginning of Part II (Drilling). In this extract Chris reflects on the death of her mother.

Lying down when her climb up the cambered brae was done, panting deep from the rate she'd come at — skirt flying and iron-resolute she'd turn back for nothing that cried or called in all Blawearie — no, not even that whistle of father's! — Chris felt the coarse grass crackle up beneath her into a fine quiet couch. Neck and shoulders and hips and
5 knees she relaxed, her long brown arms quivered by her side as the muscles slacked away, the day drowsed down an aureal light through the long brown lashes that drooped on her cheeks. As the gnomons of a giant dial the shadows of the Standing Stones crept into the east, snipe called and called —

10 Just as the last time she'd climbed to the loch: and when had that been? She opened her eyes and thought, and tired from that and closed down her eyes again and gave a queer laugh. The June of last year it had been, the day when mother had poisoned herself and the twins.

So long as that and so near as that, you'd thought of the hours and days as a dark, cold pit you'd never escape. But you'd escaped, the black damp went out of the sunshine and
15 the world went on, the white faces and whispering ceased from the pit, you'd never be the same again, but the world went on and you went with it. It was not mother only that died with the twins, something died in your heart and went down with her to lie in Kinraddie kirkyard — the child in your heart died then, the bairn that believed the hills were made for its play, every road set fair with its warning posts, hands ready to snatch
20 you back from the brink of danger when the play grew over-rough. That died, and the Chris of the books and the dreams died with it, or you folded them up in their paper of tissue and laid them away by the dark, quiet corpse that was your childhood.

So Mistress Munro of the Cuddiestoun told her that awful night she came over the rain-soaked parks of Blawearie and laid out the body of mother, the bodies of the twins that
25 had died so quiet in their crib. She nipped round the rooms right quick and pert and uncaring, the black-eyed futret, snapping this order and that, it was her that terrified Dod and Alec from their crying, drove father and Will out tending the beasts. And quick and cool and cold-handed she worked, peeking over at Chris with her rat-like face. *You'll be leaving the College now, I'll warrant, education's dirt and you're better clear of it.*
30 *You'll find little time for dreaming and dirt when you're keeping house at Blawearie.*

And Chris in her pit, dazed and dull-eyed, said nothing, she minded later; and some other than herself went searching and seeking out cloths and clothes. Then Mistress Munro washed down the body that was mother's and put it in a nightgown, her best, the one
35 with blue ribbons on it that she hadn't worn for many a year; and fair she made her and sweet to look at, the tears came at last when you saw her so, hot tears wrung from your eyes like drops of blood. But they ended quick, you would die if you wept like that for long, in place of tears a long wail clamoured endless, unanswered inside your head *Oh mother, mother, why did you do it?*

40 And not until days later did Chris hear why, for they tried to keep it from her and the boys, but it all came out at the inquest, mother had poisoned herself, her and the twins,

because she was pregnant again and afraid with a fear dreadful and calm and clear-eyed. So she had killed herself while of unsound mind, had mother, kind-eyed and sweet, remembering those Springs of Kildrummie last of all things remembered, it may be, and the rooks that cried out across the upland parks of Don far down beyond the tunnels of
45 the years.

Questions

- | | |
|---|----|
| 25. Look at lines 1–8.
Explain fully how Chris feels in these lines. | 2 |
| 26. Look at lines 9–22.
By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the writer conveys the impact her mother's death has had on Chris. | 4 |
| 27. Look at lines 23–45.
By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the writer conveys the horror of Chris's memory of her mother's death. | 4 |
| 28. Discuss how Grassie Gibbon presents Chris's growing to maturity in this extract and elsewhere in the novel. | 10 |

[Turn over

OR

Text 5 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

The Cone-Gatherers by Robin Jenkins

This extract is taken from Chapter Four. Duror has gone to the Big House to see Lady Runcie-Campbell.

Lady Runcie-Campbell was in the office at the front of the house writing letters. When he knocked, she bade him enter in her clear courteous musical voice.

A stranger, hearing her, would have anticipated some kind of loveliness in so charming a speaker; he might not, however, have expected to find such outstanding beauty of face and form married to such earnestness of spirit; and he would assuredly have been both startled and impressed.

Duror, who knew her well, had been afraid that in her presence he might be shamed or inspired into abandoning his scheme against the cone-gatherers. In spite of her clothes, expensive though simple, of her valuable adornments such as earrings, brooches, and rings, and of her sometimes almost mystical sense of responsibility as a representative of the ruling class, she had an ability to exalt people out of their humdrum selves. Indeed, Duror often associated religion not with the smell of pinewood pews or of damp Bibles, but rather with her perfume, so elusive to describe. Her father the judge had bequeathed to her a passion for justice, profound and intelligent; and a determination to see right done, even at the expense of rank or pride. Her husband Sir Colin was orthodox, instinctively preferring the way of a world that for many generations had allowed his family to enjoy position and wealth. Therefore he had grumbled at his wife's conscientiousness, and was fond of pointing out, with affection but without sympathy, the contradiction between her emulation of Christ and her eminence as a baronet's wife.

She would have given the cone-gatherers the use of the beach-hut, if Duror had not dissuaded her; and she had not forgotten to ask him afterwards what their hut was like. He had had to lie.

Now, when he was going to lie again, this time knowing it would implicate her in his chosen evil, he felt that he was about to commit before her eyes an obscene gesture, such as he had falsely accused the dwarf of making. In the sunny scented room therefore, where the happy voices of the cricket players on the lawn could be heard, he suddenly saw himself standing up to the neck in a black filth, like a stags' wallowing pool deep in the wood. High above the trees shone the sun and everywhere birds sang; but this filth, as he watched, crept up until it entered his mouth, covered his ears, blinded his eyes, and so annihilated him. So would he perish, he knew; and somewhere in the vision, as a presence, exciting him so that his heart beat fast, but never visible, was a hand outstretched to help him out of that mire, if he wished to be helped.

He saw her hand with its glittering rings held out to invite him to sit down.

"Good morning, Duror," she said, with a smile. "Isn't it just splendid?"

"Yes, my lady."

She looked at him frankly and sympathetically: it was obvious she attributed his subdued tone to sorrow over his wife. If at the same time she noticed with surprise that he hadn't shaved, it did not diminish her sympathy, as it would have her husband's.

“How is Mrs. Duror?” she asked gently.

- 40 “Not too well, I’m sorry to say, my lady. This spell of fine weather has upset her. She asked me to thank you for the flowers.”

She was so slim, golden-haired, and vital, that her solicitude for Peggy gripped him like a fierce cramp in his belly.

She noticed how pale he had turned, how ill he looked.

- 45 “I often think of your poor wife, Duror,” she said.

She glanced at her husband’s portrait in uniform on the desk in front of her.

Duror could not see the photograph from where he sat, but he could see clearly enough in his imagination the original, as gawky as she was beautiful, as glum as she was gay, and as matter-of-fact as she was compassionate.

- 50 “This war,” she went on quickly, “with its dreadful separations has shown me at least what she has missed all these years. Something has come between us and the things we love, the things on which our faith depends: flowers and dogs and trees and friends. She’s been cut off so much longer.”

Questions

29. Look at lines 1–19.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how Jenkins’s use of language creates a positive impression of Lady Runcie-Campbell.

4

30. Look at lines 23–43.

By referring to two examples, analyse how the writer uses language to convey the contrast between Duror and Lady Runcie-Campbell.

4

31. Look at lines 50–53.

Explain why Lady Runcie-Campbell now feels more able to identify with Peggy’s situation.

2

32. In the novel, Duror is presented not just as an evil character, but one who might be worthy of some sympathy.

With reference to this extract and elsewhere in the novel, explain how both aspects of Duror’s character are portrayed.

10

[Turn over

SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

Choose ONE text from Drama, Prose or Poetry.

Read the text extract carefully and then attempt ALL the questions for your chosen text.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this Section.

PART C — SCOTTISH TEXT — POETRY

Text 1 — Poetry

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Poetry in Section 2

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

To a Mouse, On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November 1785 by Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!

5 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

10 Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,

An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

15 A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!

20 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,

Baith snell and keen!

25 Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

An' weary Winter comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coulter past

30 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 35 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' Mice an' Men
 40 Gang aft agley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy!

Still thou are blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 45 But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

Questions

33. Look at lines 1–18.

Analyse how Burns establishes at least two aspects of the speaker's personality in these lines.

4

34. Look at lines 19–36.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how Burns creates pity for the mouse and its predicament.

4

35. Look at lines 37–48.

Explain how the final two verses highlight the contrast between the speaker and the mouse.

2

36. Discuss how Burns uses a distinctive narrative voice to convey the central concerns of this poem and at least one of his other poems.

10

[Turn over

OR

Text 2 — Poetry

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Poetry in Section 2.

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***War Photographer* by Carol Ann Duffy**

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
5 a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
10 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
15 a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
20 from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Questions

37. Look at lines 1–6.
Analyse how imagery is used to create a serious atmosphere. 2
38. Look at lines 7–12.
Analyse how Duffy conveys the photographer's perception of the difference between life in Britain and life in the war zones abroad. 4
39. Look at lines 13–18.
Analyse the use of poetic technique to convey the distressing nature of the photographer's memories. 2
40. Look at lines 19–24.
Analyse how the use of poetic technique highlights the British public's indifference to the suffering shown in the newspapers they read. 2
41. Referring closely to this poem and to at least one other poem by Duffy, discuss how she explores the link between the past and the present. 10

[Turn over

OR

Text 3 — Poetry

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Poetry in Section 2.

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***My Rival's House* by Liz Lochhead**

is peopled with many surfaces.

Ormolu and gilt, slipper satin,

lush velvet couches,

cushions so stiff you can't sink in.

5 Tables polished clear enough to see distortions in.

We take our shoes off at her door,

shuffle stocking-soled, tiptoe — the parquet floor

is beautiful and its surface must

be protected. Dust-

10 cover, drawn shade,

won't let the surface colour fade.

Silver sugar-tongs and silver salver,

my rival serves us tea.

She glosses over him and me.

15 I am all edges, a surface, a shell

and yet my rival thinks she means me well.

But what squirms beneath her surface I can tell.

Soon, my rival

capped tooth, polished nail

20 will fight, fight foul for her survival.

Deferential, daughterly, I sip

and thank her nicely for each bitter cup.

And I have much to thank her for.

This son she bore —

25 first blood to her —

never, never can escape scot free

the sour potluck of family.

And oh how close

this family that furnishes my rival's place.

30 Lady of the house.

Queen bee.

She is far more unconscious,

far more dangerous than me.

Listen, I was always my own worst enemy.

35 She has taken even this from me.

She dishes up her dreams for breakfast.

Dinner, and her salt tears pepper our soup.

She won't

give up.

Questions

42. Look at lines 1–11.
Explain why the speaker feels uncomfortable in her rival's house. 2
43. Look at lines 12–22.
By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the poet creates a tense atmosphere in these lines. 4
44. Look at lines 23–39.
By referring to at least two examples, discuss how the speaker's resentment of her rival is made clear. 4
45. Discuss how Lochhead uses descriptive detail to explore personality in this and at least one other poem. 10

[Turn over

OR

Text 4 — Poetry

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Poetry in Section 2.

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***Visiting Hour* by Norman MacCaig**

The hospital smell
combs my nostrils
as they go bobbing along
green and yellow corridors.

- 5 What seems a corpse
is trundled into a lift and vanishes
heavenward.

- I will not feel, I will not
feel, until
10 I have to.

- Nurses walk lightly, swiftly,
here and up and down and there,
their slender waists miraculously
carrying their burden
15 of so much pain, so
many deaths, their eyes
still clear after
so many farewells.

- Ward 7. She lies
20 in a white cave of forgetfulness.
A withered hand
trembles on its stalk. Eyes move
behind eyelids too heavy
to raise. Into an arm wasted
25 of colour a glass fang is fixed,
not guzzling but giving.
And between her and me
distance shrinks till there is none left
but the distance of pain that neither she nor I
30 can cross.

- She smiles a little at this
black figure in her white cave
who clumsily rises
in the round swimming waves of a bell
35 and dizzily goes off, growing fainter,
not smaller, leaving behind only
books that will not be read
and fruitless fruits.

Questions

46. Look at lines 1–7.
Analyse how the poet’s use of language conveys his response to his surroundings. 2
47. Look at lines 8–18.
Analyse how MacCaig uses language to highlight his own sense of inadequacy. 4
48. Look at lines 19–38.
Analyse how the poet’s use of language emphasises the painful nature of the situation for both patient and visitor. 4
49. By referring to this poem, and at least one other by MacCaig, discuss how he explores the theme of loss in his work. 10

[Turn over

OR

Text 5 — Poetry

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Poetry in Section 2.

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***An Autumn Day* by Sorley MacLean**

On that slope
on an autumn day,
the shells soughing about my ears
and six dead men at my shoulder,
5 dead and stiff — and frozen were it not for the heat —
as if they were waiting for a message.

When the screech came
out of the sun,
out of an invisible throbbing,
10 the flame leaped and the smoke climbed
and surged every way:
blinding of eyes, splitting of hearing.

And after it, the six men dead
the whole day:
15 among the shells snoring
in the morning,
and again at midday
and in the evening.

In the sun, which was so indifferent,
20 so white and painful;
on the sand which was so comfortable,
easy and kindly;
and under the stars of Africa,
jewelled and beautiful.

25 One Election took them
and did not take me,
without asking us
which was better or worse:
it seemed as devilishly indifferent
30 as the shells.

Six men dead at my shoulder
on an Autumn day.

Questions

50. Look at lines 1–12.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the poet's use of language emphasises the impact of this experience.

4

51. Look at lines 13–24.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the poet uses language to highlight how meaningless the men's deaths were.

4

52. Look at lines 25–32.

Explain what the speaker finds puzzling when he reflects on the men's deaths.

2

53. Nature is a significant aspect in MacLean's poetry. Discuss how he uses nature to convey the central concern(s) of this poem and those of at least one other poem.

10

[Turn over

OR

Text 6 — Poetry

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Poetry in Section 2.

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***Two Trees* by Don Paterson**

One morning, Don Miguel got out of bed
with one idea rooted in his head:
to graft his orange to his lemon tree.
It took him the whole day to work them free,
5 lay open their sides, and lash them tight.
For twelve months, from the shame or from the fright
they put forth nothing; but one day there appeared
two lights in the dark leaves. Over the years
the limbs would get themselves so tangled up
10 each bough looked like it gave a double crop,
and not one kid in the village didn't know
the magic tree in Miguel's patio.

The man who bought the house had had no dream
so who can say what dark malicious whim
15 led him to take his axe and split the bole
along its fused seam, and then dig two holes.
And no, they did not die from solitude;
nor did their branches bear a sterile fruit;
nor did their unhealed flanks weep every spring
20 for those four yards that lost them everything
as each strained on its shackled root to face
the other's empty, intricate embrace.
They were trees, and trees don't weep or ache or shout.
And trees are all this poem is about.

Questions

54. Look at lines 1–12.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the poet's use of poetic technique emphasises the importance of the story of the trees.

4

55. Look at lines 13–16.

By referring to at least two examples, analyse how the poet's use of language creates an impression of "the man".

4

56. Explain the irony of the final two lines.

2

57. Discuss how Paterson develops the theme of relationships in this and at least one other poem.

10

[END OF SECTION 1]

[Turn over

SECTION 2 — CRITICAL ESSAY — 20 marks

Attempt ONE question from the following genres — Drama, Prose Fiction, Prose Non-fiction, Poetry, Film and Television Drama, or Language.

Your answer must be on a different genre from that chosen in Section 1.

You should spend approximately 45 minutes on this Section.

PART A — DRAMA

Answers to questions on Drama should refer to the text and to such relevant features as characterisation, key scene(s), structure, climax, theme, plot, conflict, setting . . .

1. Choose a play in which a major character's actions influence the emotions of others.
Briefly explain how the dramatist presents these emotions and actions and discuss how this contributes to your understanding of the play as a whole.

2. Choose a play in which there is a scene involving a moment of conflict or of resolution to conflict.
By referring to details of the scene, explain how the dramatist presents this moment and discuss how this contributes to your appreciation of the play as a whole.

3. Choose a play which explores an important issue or issues within society.
Briefly explain the nature of the issue(s) and discuss how the dramatist's presentation of the issue(s) contributed to your appreciation of the play as a whole.

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Answers to questions on Prose Fiction should refer to the text and to such relevant features as characterisation, setting, language, key incident(s), climax, turning point, plot, structure, narrative technique, theme, ideas, description . . .

4. Choose a novel or short story in which the method of narration is important.

Outline briefly the writer's method of narration and explain why you feel this method makes such a major contribution to your understanding of the text as a whole.

5. Choose a novel or short story in which there is a moment of significance for one of the characters.

Explain briefly what the significant moment is and discuss, with reference to appropriate techniques, its significance to the text as a whole.

6. Choose a novel or short story which has a satisfying ending.

Discuss to what extent the ending provides a successful conclusion to the text as a whole.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

Answers to questions on Prose Non-fiction should refer to the text and to such relevant features as ideas, use of evidence, stance, style, selection of material, narrative voice . . .

Non-fiction texts can include travel writing, journalism, autobiography, biography, essays . . .

7. Choose a non-fiction text which recreates a moment in time.

Discuss how the description effectively recreates this moment and show how important this is to your appreciation of the text as a whole.

8. Choose a non-fiction text which is structured in a particularly effective way.

Explain how the structure enhances the impact of the writer's message.

9. Choose a non-fiction text which made you consider your views about a social or political or ethical issue.

Explain what the issue is and how the writer uses language effectively to engage you.

[Turn over

PART D — POETRY

Answers to questions on Poetry should refer to the text and to such relevant features as word choice, tone, imagery, structure, content, rhythm, rhyme, theme, sounds, ideas . . .

10. Choose a poem which takes as its starting point a memorable experience.
Discuss how the poet's presentation of the experience helps you to appreciate its significance.
11. Choose a poem which encourages you to think differently or to understand something in a new way.
Discuss how the poet's ideas and techniques led you to change your thinking or understanding.
12. Choose a poem which is written in a particular poetic form or which has a particularly effective structure.
Discuss how the poet's use of form or structure contributes to the impact of the poem's central concern(s).

PART E — FILM AND TELEVISION DRAMA

Answers to questions on Film and Television Drama should refer to the text and to such relevant features as use of camera, key sequence, characterisation, mise-en-scène, editing, music/sound, special effects, plot, dialogue . . .*

13. Choose a film or television drama in which the setting in time or place is important.
Explain how the film or programme makers use media techniques effectively to create this setting.
14. Choose a film or television drama where the hero is not completely good and/or the villain is not completely bad.
Explain how the film or programme makers use media techniques to develop the hero and/or villain.
15. Choose a film or television drama in which lighting and/or sound makes an important contribution to the impact of a particular sequence.
Explain how the film or programme makers use lighting and/or sound to enhance your appreciation of the sequence.

* "television drama" includes a single play, a series or a serial.

PART F — LANGUAGE

Answers to questions on Language should refer to the text and to such relevant features as register, accent, dialect, slang, jargon, vocabulary, tone, abbreviation . . .

16. Choose the language associated with a particular vocational or interest group.
Identify some examples of the language used within the group and discuss to what extent this shared language contributes to the effectiveness of the group's activities.
17. Choose the language of radio or television reporting on a topic such as sport, films, nature, science . . .
Identify some of the features of this language and discuss to what extent they are effective in communicating with the target audience.
18. Choose a commercial advertising campaign which makes use of persuasive language.
By examining specific examples, evaluate their effectiveness in achieving the purpose of the campaign.

[END OF SECTION 2]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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