



National  
Qualifications  
2024

**X824/76/12**

**English  
Critical Reading**

THURSDAY, 9 MAY  
11:00 AM – 12:30 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 03–11

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 five genres — Drama, Prose (Fiction or 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.



\* X 8 2 4 7 6 1 2 \*

**[OPEN OUT FOR TEXT AND QUESTIONS]**

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## 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

*In this extract, Spanky is attempting to ask Lucille to the staff dance.*

- Lucille: You're a bunch of lying dogs. And you're bone idle . . . look at all them manky dishes.
- Spanky: Let lying dogs sleep, I always say. Er . . . Lucille, I was wondering . . .
- Lucille: Here we go again. Yes?
- 5 Spanky: I was wondering if you . . . er . . . caught my drift earlier on?
- Lucille: And what drift was that?
- Spanky: The Staffie . . . ?
- Lucille: The Staffie?
- Spanky: Staff Dance.
- 10 Lucille: Aw . . . that's what you call it? How childish.
- Spanky: If you fancied going with . . . ?
- Lucille: Fancied going with who? Not you?
- Spanky: Yeh . . . what's up with me? I know you aren't booked . . .
- Lucille: Oh, do you?
- 15 Spanky: I checked with Miss Walkinshaw. How about it, eh? I'm getting a gadgy dinner suit from Caled . . . from Jackson's . . . real honey . . . roll collar . . . swivel button . . . fingertip drape . . . Yeh, I know my arms look a bit on the long side, but the guy in the shop said that was no problem . . . He's going to break them off at the elbow for us. What d'you say? Eh? What're you staring at?
- 20 Lucille: I can't believe the cheek of you guys. Have you looked in a mirror lately?
- Spanky: Course I have . . . every morning when I'm shaving. I've got a very heavy growth, you know. Feel.
- Lucille: Don't come near me.
- Spanky: C'mon, cut the capers, Lucille . . . are you going to the dance or are you not going
- 25 to the dance?
- Lucille: Oh, I'm going okay . . .

Spanky: Terrific. What time d'you want me to . . . ?

Lucille: But not with you, sonny boy. I'm booked.

Spanky: What? Who're you going with? I never heard nothing.

30 Lucille: That's because your listeners are run up from the same material as your rompers . . .

Spanky: C'mon, who is it? Who are you going with?

Lucille: Excuse me . . .

Spanky: Don't be lousy . . . tell me who it is.

35 Lucille: All I'm saying is . . .

Spanky: Yeh?

Lucille: . . . it's someone from the Slab Room. Now, shift.

Spanky: Eh?

Lucille: Shift, I said. Move the torso.

40 Spanky: Sure . . .

*Enter Phil.*

Phil: Ah . . . Lucille . . . help yourself to a cork-tipped Woodbine . . . Don't scar the chest, throat or lungs . . . just tear the skin off your lips. On you go, I've got hundreds . . .

45 *Jack Hogg looks round the door.*

Jack: Farrell . . . Boss wants to see you. I mean now.

Phil: Oho. Put this behind your ear, kiddo. (*Places Woodbine behind Spanky's ear.*) When he offers you the desk . . . light up . . . that'll impress him.

Spanky: Thanks . . .

50 Jack: And you better quit spreading lies, McCann. This is non-transmittable. Serious but non-transmittable. Right, Farrell, follow me . . .

*Exeunt.*

Lucille: Let me out as well.

Phil: Hold your horses, sweetheart.

55 Lucille: Let me past, I said.

Phil: Wait a second . . . this is important.

Lucille: Aw, yeh? What is it? I'm dying to know . . .

Phil: Shhhh . . . listen . . . you're going to the dance tonight, right?

Lucille: If this is a mind-reading act it's pathetic.

60 Phil: I know it's asking a lot but . . . you don't have a date . . . right? (*Pause.*) Have you or have you not got a date?

Lucille: I might have . . .

Phil: When did this happen?

Lucille: Couple of minutes ago . . .

65 Phil: Bloody hell. You can break it, can't you? C'mon, doll, you can break it.

Lucille: All right . . . yeh . . . maybe. Depends who asks.

Phil: I'm asking.

Lucille: Then I'll think about it . . .

Phil: Yes or no?

70 Lucille: Quit pressing me . . . I said I'd think about it . . . okay, yeh.

Phil: Terrific. You're a doll.

Lucille: What time are you picking us up at?

Phil: No, no . . . you don't understand, sweetheart. Not me . . . Hector.

Lucille: What!

## MARKS

### Questions

1. Look at lines 1–40.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how language is used to convey aspects of the characters of **both** Lucille and Spanky. 4
2. Look at lines 41–51.  
Analyse how dialogue **and/or** stage directions are used to convey Phil's sense of humour. 2
3. Look at lines 53–74.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how language is used to create tension. 4
4. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, discuss how Byrne uses the character of Phil to explore central concerns. 10

[Turn over

**[OPEN OUT FOR TEXT AND QUESTIONS]**

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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

*In this extract, Lord Crask and Lady Phosphate express their feelings about Scottish culture and people.*

- LORD CRASK: We love to dress as Highland lads  
In our tartans, kilts and plaids —
- LADY PH: And to dance the shean trew-oo-oos  
In our bonnie, ghillie, shoes —
- 5 BOTH: And the skirling of the pi-broch  
As it echoes o'er the wee-loch
- LORD CRASK: We love the games
- LADY PH: Their funny names
- LORD CRASK: The sporran's swing
- 10 LADY PH: The Highland fling.
- BOTH: We are more Scottish than Scotch.
- LADY PH: The Camera-ha
- LORD CRASK: The Slainte-Vah
- LADY PH: Is that the lot?
- 15 BOTH: Sir Walter Scott —  
We are more Scottish than the Scotch.
- They become more serious. They turn their guns on the audience.*
- LORD CRASK: But although we think you're quaint,  
Don't forget to pay your rent,  
20 And if you should want your land,  
We'll cut off your grasping hand.
- LADY PH: You had better learn your place,  
You're a low and servile race —  
We've cleared the straths
- 25 LORD CRASK: We've cleared the paths
- LADY PH: We've cleared the bens
- LORD CRASK: We've cleared the glens
- BOTH: And we can do it once again —
- LADY PH: We've got the brass
- 30 LORD CRASK: We've got the class
- LADY PH: We've got the law
- BOTH: We need no more —  
We'll show you we're the ruling class.
- Song ends.*

35 GHILLIE: You're in fine voice today Lord Crask and Lady Phosphate.  
 LORD CRASK: Thank you, MacAlister —  
 GHILLIE: Er — MacPherson, sir —  
 LORD CRASK: Yes, that's right MacDougall. Do you know, Lady Phosphate, there's a whole lot of  
 40 trouble-makers, do-gooders, woolly thinkers in the South trying to say these  
 people aren't satisfied in some way or another.  
 LADY PH: Oh — ghastly . . .  
 LORD CRASK: Absolute poppycock — look at MacDonald here, he's a bit of a peasant —  
 LADY PH: Yes, you're a peasant, aren't you?  
 GHILLIE: MacPherson, sir.  
 45 LORD CRASK: Nothing wrong with you is there, MacDonald? No complaints?  
 GHILLIE: No sir, no sir, not at all.  
 LORD CRASK: Everything's all right with you, MacAlister —  
 GHILLIE: Just fine, sir, just fine, everything's just fine.  
 LORD CRASK: Been with me twenty years. Just like one of the family, aren't you?  
 50 Mac — er. What's your name again?  
 GHILLIE: MacPherson, sir.  
 LORD CRASK: That's right, Mackenzie — none of your people complaining, eh? How's your  
 father?  
 GHILLIE: Dead, sir —  
 55 LORD CRASK: Marvellous, no complaints, marvellous — None of your people had to leave the  
 district, what?  
 GHILLIE: Oh no sir, my own niece from Skye, Mary, she's away working in your house in  
 Edinburgh — Mary MacPherson's her name.  
 LORD CRASK: Oh Mary — bright little girl — always singing happily around the house, never  
 60 understand a word she says.  
*Exeunt LORD CRASK and LADY PHOSPHATE.*  
 GHILLIE: Aye, Mary MacPherson, happy as a lintie, sir.  
*The GAELIC SINGER comes on as MARY MACPHERSON, sings a very sad song.*

## Questions

- |    |   |    |
|----|---|----|
| 5. | Look at lines 1–16.<br>Analyse how language is used to convey the apparent enthusiasm of Crask and Phosphate for Scottish culture.                            | 2  |
| 6. | Look at lines 17–34.<br>By referring to <b>at least two</b> examples, analyse how dialogue <b>and/or</b> stage directions are used to create a hostile mood.  | 4  |
| 7. | Look at lines 35–63.<br>By referring to <b>at least two</b> examples, analyse how language is used to reveal Crask's uncaring attitude towards his employees. | 4  |
| 8. | By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, discuss how McGrath uses music <b>and/or</b> song to explore central concerns.                     | 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, taken from the beginning of Act 1, Maggie is shouting to Edie and Ernest to come inside.*

- MAGGIE: Edie! Ernie! Wull yous two come in oot o that when ye're tellt! If I've got tae cry on ye again, it'll be the worse for ye, I'm tellin ye. *(She sinks into a chair and sighs, then yawns widely)*
- 5 GRANNY: *(giving a companionable yawn)* Eh deary, deary me! *(Singing, none too tunefully)* 'When the weary seekin rest to thy goodness flee, when the heavy-laden . . .'
- MAGGIE: Aw, cut oot the music, Granny, ma heid's splittin. Time you wis in yer bed.
- GRANNY: No yet, Maggie. No yet. The nicht's ower lang when ye're aul.
- MAGGIE: I canna be as aul as I feel then, for the nicht's a hell o a sight tae short for me; seems I'm no sooner in ma bed than I've tae rise. It's a right for you wi naethin
- 10 tae dae but sit there an gant.
- GRANNY: Aye . . . that's a I'm fit for noo! Sittin an gantin.
- MAGGIE: I wish ye could pit yersel tae bed. Ye're as much bother as anither wean.
- GRANNY: That's right, cest up whit ye're daein for yer man's aul mither! *(Whining and rocking)* Oh, it's a terrible thing tae be aul wi naebody wantin yae. Oh, it's time I wisna here!
- 15 MAGGIE: Time I wisna here tae; I should be reddin up the place a bit afore Lily comes. Right enough, if a woman did everythin that ought tae be done aboot the hoose, she'd go on a day an a night till she drapped doon deid.
- GRANNY: Eh? Whit's that, Maggie? Wha's drapped doon deid?
- 20 MAGGIE: There's naebody drapped doon deid, Granny; leastways, *no here*. You'll no drap! You'll just sit it oot like it was a second roon o the pictures.
- GRANNY: I'll be away soon. *(Nodding her head)* Aye. It'll no be lang afore I'm awa. Aye. Ma lif's ebbin. Ebbin awa.
- MAGGIE: Och, it's been ebbin ever since I met ye; but the tide aye seems tae come in
- 25 again.
- GRANNY: *(setting up a terrible wail)* Oh, that's no nice! That's no a nice thing tae say! But I ken the way it is, Maggie; I'm just an aul nuisance, takin up room. I'll awa back tae Lizzie's the morn. *(She sets the chair rocking fiercely and cries)*
- MAGGIE: Ye're no due at Lizzie's till the end o the month and she'll no take ye a day sooner.
- 30 GRANNY: Oh, I'll no bother ony o ye. I'll awa tae the poorhoose an John can hae me boxed and buried frae there. It's him the disgrace'll fa on, no me.
- MAGGIE: Och, Granny, stop yer nonsense! Ye ken fine there's nae such a thing leastways it's got a fancy name noo. Anyway, John and me wad never send ye anywhere.
- GRANNY: Ye send me tae Lizzie's.
- 35 MAGGIE: Aye . . . well . . . Lizzie's tae tak her turn.

- GRANNY: She disna want me. She's aye crabbit, is Lizzie. She's got a tongue wad clip cloots. A she's interested in's ma pension book.
- MAGGIE: Aye she's a right skinflint, is Lizzie.
- GRANNY: She's aye been able tae keep her belly well lined, Lizzie. *She's had nae hard times! No like me, a widdy wi waens tae bring up.*
- 40 MAGGIE: Uch, I ken a that. It's ancient history. I live in the present. One day at a time. And, ma Goad! That's enough.
- GRANNY: *(after a pause, sudden shout)* Goad bless Lloyd George! Him that gie'd us wur pension books. *(Singing)* 'Glorious things of thee are spoken . . .'
- 45 MAGGIE: Wheesht! Lay aff the hymns. Ye'll waken the weans.  
*Sure enough, she has: Christopher starts to cry.*
- MAGGIE: There noo, see whit ye've done ye aul pest! And him teethin, tae.  
*She crosses to the bed and her head and shoulders disappear behind the curtain: she makes soothing noises.*
- 50 MAGGIE: Shoosh, shoosh, pet; go bye-byes.  
*Christopher continues to wail.*  
*Edie comes in. She is about eleven, skinny and somewhat adenoidal. She wears a miscellaneous collection of cast-off clothing, her stockings are down about her ankles.*
- 55 EDIE: Ma. Ma. Ernest won't come in. I tellt him, but he'll no. Ma. He said a bad word. He said: 'Awa tae hell'.  
*Granny makes an exclamation of horror.*
- GRANNY: Oo! hell is whaur yon lad'll gang. He's needin a guid leatherin, Maggie.
- MAGGIE: I hevna the energy. *(To Edie)* See's ower yon sugar basin, Edie.  
*Edie hunts out the sugar bowl, Maggie dips the baby's dummy into it and retires again behind the curtain: the wails cease abruptly. She emerges.*
- 60 EDIE: Ma. Ma. I'm hungry, Ma.
- MAGGIE: Oh, stummicks! Stummicks! Am I no seeck o folks an their stummicks. Get yersel a piece.

## MARKS

### Questions

9. Look at lines 1–28.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how language is used to convey aspects of the characters of both Maggie and Granny. 4
10. Look at lines 29–42.  
Analyse how language is used to convey strong feelings about Lizzie. 2
11. Look at lines 43–63.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how both stage directions and dialogue are used to convey a clear impression of the Morrisons' family life. 4
12. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, discuss how Lamont Stewart uses the character of Granny to explore central concerns. 10

## 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 (Fiction or Non-fiction) in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

#### *The Red Door* by Iain Crichton Smith

Now Mary had elegance. Though she was a bit odd, she had elegance. It was true that the villagers didn't understand her but that was because she read many books, her father having been a teacher. And on the other hand she made no concessions to anybody. She seemed to be saying, 'You can take me or leave me.' She never gossiped. She was proud and distant. She had a world of  
5 her own. She paid for everything on the nail. She was quite well off. But her world was her own, depending on none.

She was very fond of children and used to make up masks for them at Hallowe'en. As well as this she would walk by herself at night, which argued that she was romantic. And it was said that she had sudden bursts of rage which too might be the sign of a spirit without servility. One couldn't  
10 marry a clod.

Murdo stared at the door and as he looked at it he seemed to be drawn inside it into its deep caves with all sorts of veins and passages. It was like a magic door out of the village but at the same time it pulsed with a deep red light which made it appear alive. It was all very odd and very puzzling, to think that a red door could make such a difference to house and moors and streams.

15 Solid and heavy he stood in front of it in his wellingtons, scratching his head. But the red door was not a mirror and he couldn't see himself in it. Rather he was sucked into it as if it were a place of heat and colour and reality. But it was different and it was his.

It was true that the villagers when they woke would see it and perhaps make fun of it, and would advise him to repaint it. They might not even want him in the village if he insisted on having a red  
20 door. Still they could all have red doors if they wanted to. Or they could hunt him out of the village.

Hunt him out of the village? He paused for a moment, stunned by the thought. It had never occurred to him that he could leave the village, especially at his age, forty-six. But then other people had left the village and some had prospered though it was true that many had failed. As  
25 for himself, he could work hard, he had always done so. And perhaps he had never really belonged to the village. Perhaps his belonging had been like the Hallowe'en mask. If he were a true villager would he like the door so much? Other villagers would have been angry if their door had been painted red in the night, their anger reflected in the red door, but he didn't feel at all angry, in fact he felt admiration that someone should actually have thought of this, should  
30 actually have seen the possibility of a red door, in a green and black landscape.

He felt a certain childlikeness stirring within him as if he were on Christmas day stealing barefooted over the cold red linoleum to the stocking hanging at the chimney, to see if Santa Claus had come in the night while he slept.

35 Having studied the door for a while and having had a long look round the village which was rousing itself to a new day, repetitive as all the previous ones, he turned into the house. He ate his breakfast and thinking carefully and joyously and having washed the dishes he set off to see Mary though in fact it was still early.

40 His wellingtons creaked among the sparkling frost. Its virginal new diamonds glittered around him, millions of them. Before he knocked on her door he looked at his own door from a distance. It shone bravely against the frost and the drab patches without frost or snow. There was pride and spirit about it. It had emerged out of the old and the habitual, brightly and vulnerably. It said, 'Please let me live my own life.' He knocked on the door.

## MARKS

### Questions

13. Look at lines 1–10.

Analyse how language is used to convey a clear impression of Mary.

2

14. Look at lines 11–30.

By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how language is used to convey the impact that seeing the door has on Murdo.

4

15. Look at lines 31–42.

By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how language is used to convey the excitement of the moment.

4

16. By referring to this extract and to at least one other short story, discuss how Crichton Smith uses moments of understanding **and/or** realisation to explore central concerns.

10

[Turn over

OR

## Text 2 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose (Fiction or Non-fiction) in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

### *The Eye of the Hurricane* by George Mackay Brown

5 'Come and help me at once, please,' cried Miriam from the door. Her face was white and blank as a mushroom. I followed her up the stair. Captain Stevens was lying on his back on the floor, his feet under the table and his head in the fireplace. His eyes were open and he seemed to be conscious of what was happening, but he was absolutely paralytic. Miriam took his feet and I took his shoulders and we heaved him into bed, boots and all. Miriam covered him with a blanket and a coat. 'Much obliged,' he muttered. 'Thank you. A rough night, shipmates.'

10 There were empty rum bottles everywhere; one in the fireplace, one on the mantles shelf, one on the table beside the photograph of Mrs Stevens. There was a full bottle on the sideboard and another two-thirds empty on the small television table — Miriam emptied them both down the sink.

'Well,' she said, 'he won't get to any licensed grocer today, that's one thing sure. He's too helpless.'

'Miriam,' came the mumble from the bed, 'don't leave me.'

'I've a good mind to leave you for good,' she said sharply, 'but I won't, because then there'd be only the devil and yourself.'

15 'How's the old ship standing up, eh, to this battering?'

'Go to sleep,' said Miriam. 'Get that nonsense about ships out of your head. You're in a house on dry land and you're half dead with rum, and you've got friends trying to help you.'

At the foot of the stairs I said to Miriam, 'He's going to put the law on me. He says I'm taking prostitutes into the house. He says I have bad intentions towards you.'

20 'Pray for him,' she said gently, and went back upstairs.

I arranged the rough draft of Chapter Five on the table and took up my biro. Nothing happened. In the rose garden of Narbonne a small white hand lay in a hand rough as barnacles. A communication, something between lust and sanctity, trembled in that green place, an unspoken dialogue. Somewhere, hidden in leaves, a bird began to sing . . .

25 The weather continued mild. The sea rose gently round the *Dinesen* and broke the wreck into trembling reflections. But, silently and inexorably, it was tearing the boat apart. And today the local men were taking a hand in the game. They were carrying pots, lamps, spars, drums of oil out of the boat when I rounded the corner of the kirkyard. 'There'll be trouble about this,' Dan Fraser assured me, squirting brown tobacco juice at the kirkyard wall. 'Nobody gave them permission to do that. I warned them. Next thing you see, the police'll be here.'

30 I wandered into the graveyard. This was the first tombstone I stopped to read:

ELIZABETH STEVENS

1930–1956

MICHAEL STEVENS

born and died

June 1956

When I got back to the house passing three o'clock Miriam was buttoning up her coat in the lobby.

'I'm very glad you're back,' she said. 'I cleaned him up as best I could. I must go now . . .'

40 She opened the front door. 'Please stay in the house. He's asleep. He won't be able to take one step for drink this day, thank God. I'm feared all the same the horrors come on him, like they did that time last summer when he saw the Irishmen and the clocks everywhere.'

'I wouldn't know what to do,' I said.

45 'Just send for me,' she said. And then she did a most sweet and unexpected and trustful thing — she stood on tiptoe in the open door and leaned quickly forward and put her mouth to my mouth — a kiss small and chaste as a snowflake. She was gone before I could say a word.

MARKS

### Questions

17. Look at lines 1–10.

By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the writer uses language to convey the impact of Captain Stevens's drinking.

4

18. Look at lines 11–20.

Analyse how the writer uses language to convey Miriam's attitude towards Captain Stevens.

2

19. Look at lines 37–47.

By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the writer's use of language reveals Miriam's feelings towards Barclay.

4

20. By referring to this extract and to at least one other short story, discuss how Mackay Brown uses relationships to explore central concerns.

10

[Turn over

OR

### Text 3 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose (Fiction or Non-fiction) in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

#### *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* by Robert Louis Stevenson

*This extract is taken from Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case.*

- I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death; for any drug that so potently controlled and shook the very fortress of identity, might by the least scruple of an overdose or at the least inopportunitiy in the moment of exhibition, utterly blot out that immaterial tabernacle which I looked to it to change. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound, at last overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.
- 10 The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of
- 15 disordered sensual images running like a mill race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.
- 20 There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on and for the very purpose of these transformations. The night, however, was far gone into the morning — the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day — the inmates of my house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my
- 25 bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.
- I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the
- 35 countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the
- 40 imperfect and divided countenance, I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could

come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

Questions	MARKS
21. Look at lines 1–9. Analyse how the writer’s use of language creates a sense of danger.	2
22. Look at lines 10–28. By referring to <b>at least two</b> examples, analyse how the writer’s use of language conveys the powerful nature of Jekyll’s experience.	4
23. Look at lines 29–44. By referring to <b>at least two</b> examples, analyse how the writer’s use of language conveys Jekyll’s thoughts about Mr Hyde.	4
24. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the novel, discuss how Stevenson uses the relationship between Jekyll and Hyde to explore central concerns.	10

[Turn over

OR

#### Text 4 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose (Fiction or Non-fiction) in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

#### *Sunset Song* by Lewis Grassie Gibbon

*This extract is from Part II (Drilling). It is set on New Year's Eve at Blawearie.*

They redd up the beasts early that evening, father and Will, feeding them well with turnips and straw and hot treacle poured on the straw; and then they came in to their supper and had it and sat close round the fire while Chris made a fine dumpling for New Year's Day. None of them spoke for long, listening to that whoom and blatter on the window-panes, and the clap-clap-clap of some loose slate far up on the roof, till father whispered and looked at them, his whisper hurt worse than a shout, *God, I wonder why Jean left us?*

Chris cried then, making no sound, she looked at Will and saw him with his face red and shamed, all three of them thinking of mother, her that was by them so kind and friendly and quick that last New Year, so cold and quiet and forgotten now with the little dead twins in the kirkyard of Kinraddie, piling black with the driving of the snow it would be under the rustle and swing and creak of the yews. And Will stared at father, his face was blind with pity, once he made to speak, but couldn't, always they'd hated one the other so much and they'd feel shamed if they spoke in friendship now.

So father took up his paper again and at ten o'clock Chris went out to milk the kye and Will went with her over the close, carrying the lantern, the flame of it leapt and starred and quivered and hesitated in the drive of the snow. In the light of it, like a rain of arrows they saw the coming of the storm that night swept down from the Grampian heuchs, thick and strong it was in Blawearie, but high in the real hills a smoring, straight wall must be sweeping the dark, blinding down against the lone huts of the shepherds and the faces of lost tinks tramping through it looking for lights the snow'd smothered long before. Chris was shaking, but not with cold, and inside the byre she leant on a stall and Will said *God, you look awful, what is't?* And she shook herself and said *Nothing. Why haven't you gone to see Mollie to-night?*

He said he was going next day, wasn't that enough, he'd be a corpse long ere he reached Drumlithie to-night — *listen to the wind, it'll blow the damn place down on our lugs in a minute!* And the byre shook, between the lulls it seemed to set its breath to rise and take from the hill-side into the air, there was such straining and creaking. Not that the calves or the stirks paid heed, they slept and snored in their stalls with never a care, there were worse things in the world than being a beast.

Back in the house it seemed to Chris she'd but hardly sieved the milk when the great clock ben in the parlour sent peal after peal out dirling through the place. Will looked at Chris and the two at father, and John Guthrie was just raising up his head from his paper, but if he'd been to wish them a happy New Year or not they were never to know, for right at that minute there came a brisk chap at the door and somebody lifted the sneck and stamped the snow from his feet and banged the door behind him.

And there he was, Long Rob of the Mill, muffled in a great grey cravat and with leggings up to the knees, covered and frosted from head to foot in the snow, he cried *Happy New Year to you all! Am I the first?* And John Guthrie was up on his feet, *Ay, man, you're fairly that, out of that coat of yours!* They stripped off the coat between them, faith! Rob's mouser was nearly frozen, but he said it was fine and laughed, and waited the glass of toddy father brought him and cried *Your health!* And just as it went down his throat there came a new knock, damn't if it wasn't Chae

Strachan, he'd had more than a drink already and he cried *Happy New Year, I'm the first foot in am I not?* And he made to kiss Chris, she wouldn't have minded, laughing, but he slithered and couped on the floor, Long Rob peered down at him and cried out, shocked-like, *God Almighty, Chae, you can't sleep there!*

MARKS

### Questions

25. Look at lines 1–13.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the writer's use of language conveys the impact of Jean Guthrie's death on the family. 4
26. Look at lines 14–28.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the writer's use of language conveys the power of the storm. 4
27. Look at lines 35–44.  
Analyse how the writer's use of language creates a lively atmosphere. 2
28. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the novel, discuss how Grassie Gibbon uses specific events **and/or** moments in time to explore central concerns. 10

[Turn over

OR

### Text 5 — Prose

If you choose this text you may not attempt a question on Prose (Fiction or Non-fiction) in Section 2.

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

#### ***The Cone-Gatherers* by Robin Jenkins**

*In this extract from Chapter 1, Calum and Neil are in the trees looking towards the main house.*

‘Yonder’s a house with fifty rooms,’ went on Neil, ‘every one of them three times the size of our hut, and nearly all of them empty.’

‘But we couldn’t live in the big house, Neil.’

‘Why couldn’t we? We’re human beings just like them. We need space to live and breathe in.’

5 ‘We get lots of space in the trees, Neil, and on the hills.’

‘Like birds and animals, you mean?’

‘We’re just simple folk, Neil. I want us just to be simple folk.’

Neil yielded to the appeal in his brother’s voice, and also to the uselessness of complaint.

10 ‘I ken you do, Calum,’ he said. ‘And I ken too that, though you’re simple, you’re better than any of them. Is to be always happy a crime? Is it daft never to be angry or jealous or full of spite? You’re better and wiser than any of them.’

Calum smiled, scarcely knowing what the words meant.

15 ‘But it wouldn’t have hurt them to let us stay in the summer-house,’ cried Neil, with another burst of passion, ‘for all the time we’ll be here. No, we would soil it for them; and as soon as the war’s over it’s to be knocked down anyway. It just wouldn’t do for us to be using what the grand folk once used.’

He paused, and sighed again.

20 ‘What’s the matter with me these days, Calum?’ he asked. ‘Is it I’m getting too old? Am I frightened at something? It just comes over me. Sometimes I think it must be the war. There seems to be death in the air.’

Calum shivered: he knew and feared death.

‘This wood,’ said Neil, ‘it’s to be cut down in the spring.’

‘I ken that,’ whimpered Calum.

25 ‘There’s no sense in being sorry for trees,’ said his brother, ‘when there are more men than trees being struck down. You can make use of a tree, but what use is a dead man? Trees can be replaced in time. Aren’t we ourselves picking the cones for seed? Can you replace dead men?’

30 He knew that the answer was: yes, the dead men would be replaced. After a war the population of the world increased. But none would be replaced by him. To look after his brother, he had never got married, though once he had come very near it: that memory often revived to turn his heart melancholy.

‘We’d better get down,’ he muttered. ‘You lead the way, Calum, as usual.’

‘Sure, I’ll lead the way, Neil.’

Delighted to be out of this bondage of talk, Calum set his bag of cones firmly round his shoulders, and with consummate confidence and grace began the descent through the inner night of the

35 great tree. Not once, all the long way down, was he at a loss. He seemed to find holds by  
instinct, and patiently guided his brother's feet on to them. Alone, Neil would have been in  
trouble; he was as dependent on his brother as if he was blind; and Calum made no  
attempt to make his superiority as climber compensate for his inferiority as talker. Every  
time he caught his brother's foot and set it on a safe branch it was an act of love. Once,  
40 when Neil slid down quicker than he meant and stamped on Calum's fingers, the latter  
uttered no complaint but smiled in the dark and sucked the bruise.

It was different as soon as they were on the ground. Neil immediately strode out, and  
Calum, hurrying to keep close behind, often stumbled. Gone were the balance and  
sureness he had shown in the tree. If there was a hollow or a stone or a stick, he would trip  
45 over it. He never grumbled at such mishaps, but scrambled up at once, anxious only not to  
be a hindrance to his brother.

When they reached the beginning of the ride that divided a cluster of Norway spruces, Neil  
threw over his shoulder the usual warning: to leave the snares alone, whether there were  
rabbits in them half throttled or hungry or frantic; and Calum gave the usual sad guilty  
50 promise.

## MARKS

### Questions

29. Look at lines 1–16.

By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the writer's use of language  
conveys the unfairness of the brothers' situation.

4

30. Look at lines 17–30.

Analyse how the writer's use of language conveys Neil's sadness.

2

31. Look at lines 31–50.

By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the writer's use of language  
conveys a clear impression of Calum.

4

32. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the novel, discuss how Jenkins  
explores the theme of inequality.

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 extract below and then attempt the following questions.

#### *Tam O'Shanter* by Robert Burns

*In this extract, Tam is travelling home and has stopped at Kirk Alloway.*

As Tammie glower'd, amaz'd and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
5 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! Had thae been queans,  
10 A' plump and strapping in their teens,  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,  
15 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!  
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Louping and flinging on a crummock.  
20 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie:  
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
Lang after kend on Carrick shore;  
25 (For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd monie a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the countryside in fear);  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,

- 30 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best and she was vauntie.  
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
 35 Wi twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!
- But here my Muse her wing maun cour.  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
 40 (A souple jade she was and strang),  
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
 And thought his very een enrich'd;  
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:  
 45 Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
 Tam tint his reason a thegither,  
 And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'  
 And in an instant all was dark:  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied  
 50 When out the hellish legion sallied.

## MARKS

### Questions

33. Look at lines 1–8.  
 Analyse how the poet's use of language creates a lively atmosphere. 2
34. Look at lines 21–36.  
 By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys a clear impression of the young witch. 4
35. Look at lines 37–50.  
 By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language creates tension. 4
36. By referring to this extract and to at least one other poem by Burns, discuss how the poet uses aspects of Scottish life **and/or** culture to explore central concerns. 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.

***In Mrs Tilscher's Class* by Carol Ann Duffy**

You could travel up the Blue Nile  
with your finger, tracing the route  
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.

Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswan.

- 5 That for an hour, then a skittle of milk  
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.  
A window opened with a long pole.  
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.

- 10 The classroom glowed like a sweet shop.  
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley  
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.  
Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found  
she'd left a good gold star by your name.  
15 The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.  
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed  
from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs  
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,

- 20 followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking  
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy  
told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared  
at your parents, appalled, when you got back home.

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.

- 25 A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,  
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her  
how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,  
then turned away. Reports were handed out.  
You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown,  
30 as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

## Questions

37. Look at lines 1–8.  
Analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the speaker's excitement about school. 2
38. Look at lines 9–16.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the joyful atmosphere of the classroom. 4
39. Look at lines 17–30.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys a sense of unease. 4
40. By referring to this poem and to at least one other poem by Duffy, discuss how the poet uses specific experiences to explore central concerns. 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

41. Look at lines 1–11.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the unwelcoming atmosphere of the mother's house. 4
42. Look at lines 12–22.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the speaker's feelings about the mother. 4
43. Look at lines 30–39.  
Analyse how the poet's use of language conveys a clear impression of the mother. 2
44. By referring to this poem and to at least one other poem by Lochhead, discuss how the poet uses conflict to explore central concerns. 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.

- 20 Ward 7. She lies  
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

45. Look at lines 1–10.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the speaker's reactions to the situation. 4
46. Look at lines 11–30.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the speaker's emotions. 4
47. Look at lines 31–38.  
Analyse how the poet's use of language creates a bleak mood. 2
48. By referring to this poem and to at least one other poem by MacCaig, discuss how the poet uses challenging situations to explore central concerns. 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 men dead 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

49. Look at lines 1–12.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language creates a clear impression of disturbing events. 4
50. Look at lines 13–24.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys suffering. 4
51. Look at lines 25–32.  
Analyse how the poet's use of language conveys a sense of hopelessness. 2
52. By referring to this extract and to at least one other poem by MacLean, discuss how the poet explores the impact of time. 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 extract below and then attempt the following questions.

#### *Nil Nil* by Don Paterson

From the top, then, the zenith, the silent footage:  
McGrandle, majestic in ankle-length shorts,  
his golden hair shorn to an open book, sprinting  
the length of the park for the long hoick forward,  
5 his balletic toe-poke nearly bursting the roof  
of the net; a shaky pan to the Erskine St End  
where a plague of grey bonnets falls out of the clouds.  
But ours is a game of two halves, and this game  
the semi they went on to lose; from here  
10 it's all down, from the First to the foot of the Second,  
McGrandle, Visocchi and Spankie detaching  
like bubbles to speed the descent into pitch-sharing,  
pay-cuts, pawned silver, the Highland Division,  
the absolute sitters ballooned over open goals,  
15 the dismal nutmegs, the scores so obscene  
no respectable journal will print them; though one day  
Farquhar's spectacular bicycle-kick  
will earn him a name-check in Monday's obituaries.  
Besides the one setback — the spell of giant-killing  
20 in the Cup (Lochee Violet, then Aberdeen Bon Accord,  
the deadlock with Lochee Harp finally broken  
by Farquhar's own-goal in the replay)  
nothing inhibits the fifty-year slide  
into Sunday League, big tartan flasks,  
25 open hatchbacks parked squint behind goal-nets,  
the half-time satsuma, the dog on the pitch,  
then the Boys' Club, sponsored by Skelly Assurance,  
then Skelly Dry Cleaners, then nobody;  
stud-harrowed pitches with one-in-five inclines,  
30 grim fathers and perverts with Old English Sheepdogs  
lining the touch, moaning softly.  
Now the unrefereed thirty-a-sides,  
terrified fat boys with callipers minding  
four jackets on infinite, notional fields;  
35 ten years of dwindling, half-hearted kickabouts  
leaves two little boys — Alastair Watt,  
who answers to 'Forty', and wee Horace Madden,  
so smelly the air seems to quiver above him —  
playing desperate two-touch with a bald tennis ball  
40 in the hour before lighting-up time.

Alastair cheats, and goes off with the ball  
leaving wee Horace to hack up a stone  
and dribble it home in the rain;  
past the stopped swings, the dead shanty-town

45 of allotments, the black shell of Skelly Dry Cleaners  
and into his cul-de-sac, where, accidentally,  
he neatly back-heels it straight into the gutter  
then tries to swank off like he meant it.

Unknown to him, it is all that remains  
50 of a lone fighter-pilot, who, returning at dawn  
to find Leuchars was not where he'd left it,  
took time out to watch the Sidlaws unsheathed  
from their great black tarpaulin, the haar burn off Tayport  
and Venus melt into Carnoustie, igniting  
55 the shoreline; no wind, not a cloud in the sky  
and no one around to admire the discretion  
of his unscheduled exit: the engine plopped out  
and would not re-engage, sending him silently  
twirling away like an ash-key,  
60 his attempt to bail out only partly successful,  
yesterday having been April the 1st —  
the ripcord unleashing a flurry of socks  
like a sackful of doves rendered up to the heavens  
in private irenicon. He caught up with the plane  
65 on the ground, just at the instant the tank blew  
and made nothing of him, save for his fillings,  
his tackets, his lucky half-crown and his gallstone,  
now anchored between the steel bars of a stank  
that looks to be biting the bullet on this one.

## MARKS

### Questions

53. Look at lines 1–18.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the highs **and** lows of the football team. 4
54. Look at lines 19–48.  
By referring to **at least two** examples, analyse how the poet's use of language conveys the decline of the team **and/or** the community. 4
55. Look at lines 57–69 ('the engine plopped . . . on this one').  
Analyse how the poet's use of language creates an effective conclusion to the extract. 2
56. By referring to this extract and to at least one other poem by Paterson, discuss how the poet uses everyday situations **and/or** experiences to explore central concerns. 10

[END OF SECTION 1]

## SECTION 2 — CRITICAL ESSAY — 20 marks

Attempt ONE question from the following five genres — Drama, Prose (Fiction or 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 character experiences guilt **or** disappointment **or** redemption.  
By referring to appropriate techniques, explain what causes the character to experience guilt **or** disappointment **or** redemption and discuss how this contributes to your appreciation of the play as a whole.
2. Choose a play in which there is a scene involving conflict **or** reconciliation.  
By referring to appropriate techniques, briefly explain the nature of the conflict **or** reconciliation and discuss how this scene contributes to your appreciation of the play as a whole.
3. Choose a play involving persuasion **or** betrayal **or** delusion.  
By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how this persuasion **or** betrayal **or** delusion is presented and discuss how this contributes 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 which features disagreement **or** deception **or** revelation.  
By referring to appropriate techniques, explain the nature of the disagreement **or** deception **or** revelation and discuss how this contributes to your understanding of the text as a whole.
5. Choose a novel or short story in which a character could be viewed as flawed **and/or** vulnerable.  
By referring to appropriate techniques, explain the nature of the flaws **and/or** vulnerability and discuss how this contributes to your appreciation of the text as a whole.
6. Choose a novel or short story in which there is an incident which is unsettling **or** shocking.  
By referring to appropriate techniques, briefly explain what happens during this incident and discuss how the unsettling **or** shocking nature of the incident is important to your understanding of 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 . . .*

7. Choose a non-fiction text in which the writer engages the reader's interest in a culture **or** society.

By referring to appropriate techniques, discuss how the writer successfully engages the reader's interest in this culture **or** society.

8. Choose a non-fiction text in which a specific experience leads the writer to reflect on a wider issue.

By referring to appropriate techniques, explain what the specific experience is and discuss how it leads the writer to reflect on a wider issue.

9. Choose a non-fiction text in which the writer expresses disgust **or** anger **or** sadness about an issue.

By referring to appropriate techniques, discuss how this expression of disgust **or** anger **or** sadness enhances your understanding of the issue.

## 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 explores loss **or** injustice **or** isolation.

With reference to appropriate techniques, discuss how the poet's presentation of loss **or** injustice **or** isolation enhances your appreciation of the poem as a whole.

11. Choose a poem in which the speaker's feelings **and/or** situation is explored.

With reference to appropriate techniques, discuss how this exploration of the speaker's feelings **and/or** situation enhances your appreciation of the poem as a whole.

12. Choose a poem in which the poet makes particularly effective use of imagery **and/or** sound.

With reference to appropriate techniques, discuss how the poet's use of imagery **and/or** sound enhances your appreciation of the poem as a whole.

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## 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 a central character experiences an emotional or moral challenge.

With reference to appropriate techniques, explain how the film or programme makers present this challenge and discuss how this contributes to your appreciation of the text as a whole.

14. Choose a film or television drama in which a sequence presents an important moment in the development of a character or theme.

With reference to appropriate techniques, explain how the film or programme makers present this important moment and discuss how this contributes to your appreciation of the text as a whole.

15. Choose a film or television drama which criticises aspects of the society in which it is set.

With reference to appropriate techniques, explain how the film or programme makers present this criticism and discuss how this contributes to your appreciation of the text as a whole.

\* ‘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 aspects of language used to promote a film or television programme or podcast or product.

Identify some examples of the language used and evaluate their effectiveness in achieving the purpose of the promotion.

17. Choose the language associated with a particular geographical area or a particular work setting.

Identify specific language features and discuss their contribution to efficient communication within the geographical area or work setting.

18. Choose the language associated with social media platforms.

Identify specific features of the language and discuss the extent to which these enhance and/or restrict communication for the users of the platforms.

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