

# X270/13/01

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NATIONAL THURSDAY, 1 MAY  
QUALIFICATIONS 1.00 PM – 4.00 PM  
2014

ENGLISH  
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

<b>Section 1—Literary Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>2 – 9</b>
<b>Section 2—Language Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>10 – 14</b>
<b>Section 3—Textual Analysis</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>15 – 35</b>
<b>Section 4—Reading the Media</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>36 – 37 (plus Insert)</b>

Depending on the options you have chosen, you must answer **one** or **two** questions.

If you have submitted a Creative Writing folio, you must answer only **one** question.

Otherwise, you must answer **two** questions.

If you are required to answer only **one question**

- it must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- you must leave the examination room **after 1 hour 30 minutes**.

If you are required to answer **two questions**

- your first must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- your second must be taken from a **different section**
- each answer must be written in a **separate answer booklet**
- the maximum time allowed for any question is **1 hour 30 minutes**.

You must identify each question you attempt by indicating clearly

- **the title of the section** from which the question has been taken
- **the number of the question** within that section.

You must also write inside the front cover of your Literary Study answer booklet

- **the topic** of your Specialist Study (Dissertation)
- **the texts** used in your Specialist Study (Dissertation).



## Section 1—Literary Study

This section is **mandatory** for all candidates.

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

### **DRAMA**

#### **1. Beckett**

“. . . *light and dark, action and inaction, speech and silence . . .*”

Discuss the uses Beckett makes of such opposites in *Waiting for Godot* **and** in *Endgame*.

#### **2. Byrne**

“*From quick-fire one-liners to gut-wrenching comic cruelty . . .*”

Discuss the uses Byrne makes of humour in *The Slab Boys Trilogy*.

#### **3. Chekhov**

“*In Vanya and Lopakhin, Chekhov has created characters who are both noble and ludicrous.*”

How far do you agree?

#### **4. Friel**

“*In **Translations** and in **Dancing at Lughnasa**, Friel is more concerned with the fate of local communities than with the fate of individuals within those communities.*”

How far do you agree?

#### **5. Lindsay**

Discuss the structural and thematic significance of the Interlude in *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*.

#### **6. Lochhead**

Discuss the effectiveness of Lochhead’s dramatic presentation of the role of women in *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** in *Dracula*.

## 7. Pinter

“Pinter restored theatre to its basic elements: an enclosed space and unpredictable dialogue, where people are at the mercy of each other and pretence crumbles.”

Discuss the uses Pinter makes of these “basic elements” in *The Homecoming* **and** in **one** other specified play.

## 8. Shakespeare

### EITHER

#### (a) *Othello and Antony and Cleopatra*

“What brings about the downfall of Othello and Antony is the image they have of themselves: their belief that they—more than other men—are noble, heroic, great.”

Discuss.

### OR

#### (b) *The Winter’s Tale and The Tempest*

Compare the dramatic treatment of redemption in *The Winter’s Tale* with the dramatic treatment of redemption in *The Tempest*.

## 9. Stoppard

Discuss some of the uses Stoppard makes of doubles and parallels—of character, of plot and incident, of viewpoint—in developing the themes of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* **and** of *Arcadia*.

## 10. Wilde

“Indeed, as a rule, everybody turns out to be somebody else.”

(Lady Markby in *An Ideal Husband*)

Discuss the dramatic uses Wilde makes of characters who “turn out to be somebody else” in any **two** or in all **three** of the specified plays.

## 11. Williams

“In *Blanche and Chance*, Williams has created characters who are as full of self-loathing as they are of self-regard.”

Keeping this quotation in mind, make a detailed study of Williams’s characterisation of Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and his characterisation of Chance in *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

[Turn over

## POETRY

### 12. Burns

Show how, in the following **two** songs **and** in **two** other songs, Burns gives effective poetic expression to deeply felt emotion.

#### **Ae Fond Kiss**

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae farewell, and then forever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

5      Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me.

10     I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:  
Nothing could resist my Nancy!  
But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love for ever.

15     Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met – or never parted –  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

20     Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

#### **O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast**

O, wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

5      Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

10 Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a Paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or were I monarch of the globe,  
15 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

**13. Chaucer**

*“Chaucer is a remarkably graphic poet, creating strikingly detailed pictures of medieval characters and their worlds.”*

Discuss some of the principal means by which Chaucer creates “*strikingly detailed pictures of medieval characters and their worlds*” **either** in the General Prologue **or** in **one** of the specified Tales.

**14. Donne**

*“Even at its most serious there is always a playfulness in Donne’s love poetry.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to at least **three** of Donne’s love poems.

**15. Duffy**

*“Duffy’s poetry explores feelings of disconnection: for example, from the past or from the present or from love or from life . . .”*

How effectively, in your view, does Duffy explore “*feelings of disconnection*” in *Recognition* **and** in **two** or **three** of the other specified poems?

**16. Heaney**

Discuss Heaney’s poetic treatment of childhood and youthful experience in *The Ministry of Fear* **and** in **two** or **three** of the other specified poems.

**[Turn over**

## 17. Henryson

One critic praises Henryson for his ability to “*create a diverse range of poetic voices*”.

Read carefully the following extract from *The Testament of Cresseid* and then answer questions (a) and (b) that follow it.

[Cresseid] past into ane secret orature,  
Quhair scho nicht weip hir wofull desteny.  
Behind hir bak scho cloisit fast the dure  
And on hir kneis bair fell down in hy;  
5 Upon Venus and Cupide angerly  
Scho cryit out, and said on this same wyse,  
“Allace, that ever I maid yow sacrifice!  
“Ye gave me anis ane devine responsaill  
That I suld be the flour of luif in Troy;  
10 Now am I maid ane unworthie outwaill,  
And all in cair translatit is my joy.  
Quha sall me gyde? Quha sall me now convoy,  
Sen I fra Diomeid and nobill Troylus  
Am clene excludit, as abject odious?  
15 “O fals Cupide, is nane to wyte bot thow  
And thy mother, of lufe the blind goddes!  
Ye causit me alwayis understand and trow  
The seid of lufe was sawin in my face,  
And ay grew grene throw your supplie and grace.  
20 Bot now, allace, that seid with froist is slane,  
And I fra luifferis left, and all forlane!”

- (a) Discuss the means by which Henryson creates the “*poetic voice*” of Cresseid in this extract.
- (b) Go on to discuss some of the principal means by which he creates other “*poetic voices*” elsewhere in *The Testament of Cresseid* **or** in **one** or **two** of the *Morall Fabillis*.

## 18. Keats

Discuss the effectiveness of Keats’s use of contrast in *The Eve of St Agnes*.

19. **MacDiarmid**

It has been said that in his poetry MacDiarmid “*brings together the local and the universal*”.

Read carefully the following poem and then answer the question that follows it.

**CROWDIEKNOWE**

Oh to be at Crowdieknowe  
When the last trumpet blows  
An' see the deid come loupin' owre  
The auld grey wa's.  
5 Muckle men wi' tousled beards,  
I grat at as a bairn  
'll scramble frae the croodit clay  
Wi' feck o' swearin'.  
An' glower at God an' a' his gang  
10 O' angels i' the lift  
—Thae trashy bleezin' French-like folk  
Wha gar'd them shift!  
Fain the weemun-folk'll seek  
To mak them haud their row  
15 —Fegs, God's no blate gin he stirs up  
The men o' Crowdieknowe!

Show how MacDiarmid brings together “*the local and the universal*” in this poem **and** in *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*.

20. **Muir**

Discuss Muir's poetic treatment of a sense of loss in *One Foot in Eden* **and** in **two** or **three** of the other specified poems.

21. **Plath**

“*Sylvia Plath is a poet of landscape and seascape—but in several of her poems she transforms these landscapes and seascapes into unique and harrowing territories.*”

How far do you agree?

You should support your answer with evidence drawn from *Wuthering Heights* **and** from **two** or **three** of the other specified poems.

22. **Yeats**

Discuss Yeats's poetic treatment of youth and age in *Among School Children* **and** in **one** or **two** of the other specified poems.

[Turn over

## PROSE FICTION

### 23. Atwood

Discuss Atwood's use of first person narrative in *Cat's Eye* **and** in *Alias Grace*.

### 24. Austen

*"In **Pride and Prejudice** the tone is a comic one—befitting a world worthy of mockery; in **Persuasion** the tone is sober and reflective—befitting a world where happy endings are rare."*

How far do you agree?

### 25. Dickens

Discuss the thematic significance of Dickens's presentation of Louisa and Sissy in *Hard Times* **or** the thematic significance of his presentation of Estella and Bidy in *Great Expectations*.

### 26. Fitzgerald

Compare the role of Gloria in the downfall of Antony Patch in *The Beautiful and the Damned* with the role of Nicole in the downfall of Dick Diver in *Tender is the Night*.

### 27. Galloway

*"In Galloway's fiction ordinary aspects of life—objects, elements, incidents, encounters—are invested with symbolic significance."*

Show how in *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** in *Foreign Parts* Galloway invests "ordinary aspects of life" with symbolic significance.

### 28. Gray

Show how Gray makes effective use of aspects of Glasgow in *Lanark* **and** in *Poor Things*.

### 29. Hardy

*"A sense of the world's random cruelty permeates **The Return of the Native** and **Tess of the D'Urbervilles**."*

How far do you agree?



**30. Hogg**

Discuss some of the principal features of Hogg's treatment of "justification" in *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*.

**31. Joyce**

Discuss Joyce's use of symbolism in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* **and** in **one** or **two** short stories from *Dubliners*.

**32. Stevenson**

*"A large part of Stevenson's skill as a writer lies in his ability to create striking and memorable scenes that capture character or thought or emotion."*

How far do you agree?

Choose **three** key scenes from the specified texts and discuss what it is that makes them "*striking and memorable*".

**33. Waugh**

Discuss the principal features of Waugh's treatment of materialism—in individuals and in society—in *A Handful of Dust* **and** in *Brideshead Revisited*.

**PROSE NON-FICTION**

**34.** *"When we read about other places, other times, we are often acutely aware of the voice of the writer shaping our perceptions."*

Discuss the importance of the "*voice of the writer*" in any **two** of the specified texts.

**35.** Discuss some of the principal means by which the authors of any **two** of the specified texts give significance to key scenes and events from their pasts.

**[Turn over**

## Section 2—Language Study

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of **an essay/analytical report** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

### Topic A—Varieties of English or Scots

1. Describe how you have used a range of sources—dictionaries, dialect maps, interviews with speakers, literary texts, historical records, or any other source—as part of your study of a particular variety of contemporary English or Scots.
2. *“If we define dialect as a way of speaking that fixes a person geographically, then it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in Britain there are as many dialects as there are hills and valleys.”*

(Bill Bryson, *Mother Tongue: The English Language*, page 92)

With reference to your own reading and research, how far do you agree that dialect is “*a way of speaking that fixes a person geographically*”?

### Topic B—The historical development of English or Scots

3. *“The history of the vocabulary of a speech community is a reflection of its general history, since both innovation and losses document changes in the social needs of this community arising from the pressure to adapt to changing external circumstances.”*

(Dieter Kastovsky, “Vocabulary”, in Richard M. Hogg and David Denison (eds), *A History of the English Language*, Cambridge, C.U.P., page 202)

Describe some of the ways in which the history of the vocabulary of **either** English **or** Scots is a reflection of the general history of its speakers.

4. Discuss the effects of any **two** or **three** technological innovations on the development of **either** English **or** Scots.

### Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland.

5. What factors might trigger codeswitching by multilingual speakers in contemporary Scotland?
6. *“Evidence from several countries shows that children in solid bilingual programmes enjoy greater flexibility of mind than their unilingual counterparts.”*

(Mark Abley, *Spoken Here*, page 248)

With reference to your own research into multilingualism in contemporary Scotland, how would you construct a “*solid bilingual programme*” for children?

**Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature.**

For this topic you are provided with two examples of the use of Scots in contemporary literature.

Text A is an extract from the prose piece, *Honest*, by Tom Leonard in *Outside the Narrative*.

Text B is the poem, *Olympic Runes*, by Christine De Luca.

Read the texts carefully and then answer **either** Question 7 **or** Question 8.

**Text has been removed due to copyright issues.**

**[Turn over**

## Text B

### *Olympic Runes*

Bergen, February 2010

Climmin bi Fjellveien, bairns pass me,  
skis shoodered lik Olympic javelins.  
Hit taks me a age, for der a bird sheerlin  
laek ta splinter da raem calm Vågen.

5 Alang gaets, best clim while we can,  
while da sun bides. Afore lang  
hit'll be doonhill aa da wye, sliddery,  
tipperin, seekin ivery haand-hadd.

10 Sun glisters icicles. Apön glansin snaa  
twigs scrit runes sayin Ingeborg is  
beautiful\* or, mair lik, Live dangerously,  
tink dangerously! Yesterday's billboard

wi hits graffiti. Sud I spunder doon,  
tak aff, laav, laand wi a styooch, a dirl.

15 Or, less sun melts mi wings, hadd back  
till he's dark an toon lichts is mirlin

apön da black fjord; or a Shetland voe?  
As da sun dips her, Stoorburgh blackens,  
treatens. We tak da Kloss fae da tap –

20 belly-gutsie, feet rudderin, ice smookin,  
aert an human embracin een anidder:  
nae saaft smoorikin, but a faerce kyiss.  
Höve caution tae da fowr erts, an scribe  
ecstatic runes apön da tidder's haert.

\* runic graffiti left by Vikings in Maeshowe,  
Orkney

7. Compare and contrast the use of Scots in the texts provided.

In your answer you might examine:

- vocabulary
- idiom
- grammar
- implied pronunciation
- orthography
- any other feature you think significant.

8. Compare and contrast the use of Scots in **one** of the texts provided with the use of Scots in the work of another writer you have studied.

## Topic E

### Language and social context

9. *“It is seldom the case that class is the only sociological factor involved in language variation. There is a strong case for considering gender to be an equally significant (or more significant) factor.”*

(Rajend Mesthrie, Joan Swann, Ana Deumart, and William Leap,  
*Introducing Sociolinguistics*, 2nd edition, Edinburgh, E.U.P., page 102)

How far do you agree with the above assertion?

10. Drawing evidence from your study of language and social context, describe and account for attitudes toward accent and dialect in **either** English **or** Scots.

## Topic F

### The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

11. What has your study of the linguistic characteristics of informal conversation suggested about the different ways in which conversations are structured?
12. Identify and discuss some of the linguistic characteristics that differentiate informal conversation from formal conversation.

## Topic G

### The linguistic characteristics of political communication

13. Compare the linguistic characteristics of any **two** of the following types of political communication:
- advertising
  - parliamentary debates
  - television or radio interviews with politicians
  - party political broadcasts
  - electronic messaging (blogs, tweets, YouTube uploads, etc).
14. For this question, you are provided with an extract from a leaflet produced by the Scottish Socialist Party. Read the extract overleaf carefully and then answer the following question.

Make a detailed analysis of the linguistic and rhetorical features of the extract which characterise it as political communication.

[Turn over

# Scottish Socialist Party

Public Sector  
Workers'  
Voice



## BUILD UNITED PUBLIC SECTOR ACTION

● **TAX THE RICH - bail out jobs & services - not bankers' and billionaires' profits**

The Scottish Socialist Party applauds and helped build today's mass, united march of public sector workers and communities against cuts.

This rally should be the launch of a concerted, united campaign across the entire public sector and its unions, to pound the mainstream politicians into retreat on their savage plans to cut jobs, pay and services - hitting them hard just as they beg for our votes in the General Election.

**Our message should be clear: the bankers and billionaires created the economic crisis - they should pay for it!**

As well as marching in protest today, a united Day of Action across the entire public sector should be built by the union leaderships - to unite the several strands of struggle that have erupted in the face of this carnage. Because in the words of Labour's Alistair Darling of the Rich, Labour's cuts will be the most severe in over 20 years, "deeper than Thatcher's in the 1980s"! And if the Tories take power, they will conduct an even more frenzied massacre of jobs and services!

We face hair-raising predictions of 32,000 (1 in 8) council workers' jobs being slashed; tens of thousands more civil servants chopped; teachers facing redundancies for the first time, alongside massive teacher unemployment; redundancies by text amongst University staff; huge budget deficits in the NHS ... and absolute pay cuts of up to £2,000 for the likes of workers part-privatised by Glasgow Labour council.

**VOTE  
SSP  
TAX  
THE  
RICH**



Unlike Labour, Tories, LibDems AND the SNP - who all want working people to pay the price of the £1.3trillion bankers' bailout - the Scottish Socialist Party fights for £billions to be invested in jobs and services, not wars and bankers' profits. The four pro-big business parties are conducting a grisly competition over whose cuts are the deepest - with an orgy of lies - claiming that public sector cuts are unavoidable and necessary. This is utter nonsense. Public sector cuts will further undermine spending power, deepen and prolong the recession.

## PUBLIC MEETING

**TODAY! - Sat 10 April -TODAY!**  
straight after UNISON Rally in Park  
**MEET @ SSP banner for venue**

*speakers:* members of UNISON, PCS, EIS and Scottish Socialist Party candidates  
**"Tax the rich - socialism, not service cuts."**  
**ALL WELCOME - relax & pool experiences**

There are oceans of money sloshing around that could be used to secure jobs, improve services, increase pay - and close the gaping chasm of inequality that blights Scotland. For starters, 600,000 people in the UK - the richest 1% - EACH enjoy a household income of over £2.6million!

**In contrast to the parties that put profit first, the SSP demands measures that would benefit the vast majority of the population - by taking the money off the billionaires and bankers. Measures such as:-**

- Employment of tax staff to collect the £130billion taxes dodged and unpaid by big business and the obscenely rich.
  - A 10% wealth tax on every millionaire - to create 80,000 new jobs in Scotland alone, on £25,000 a year, for 3 years.
  - Restore Corporation Tax to the 52% it was before Thatcher and New Labour cut it (to 28%) - and top income tax to its pre-Thatcher level of 83% ... to raise hundreds of billions extra for jobs; schools with classes of 20 or less; free public transport to cut poverty and pollution; environmentally-friendly public sector house-building; an £8 minimum wage for all over 16.
  - Scrap the £75billion Trident weapons replacement plan.
  - Bring the troops home now - end the waste of around £25bn on futile, bloody wars of occupation for oil and empire.
- Send ALL the parties of cuts a clear message: tax the rich - hands off our jobs and services! And VOTE FOR AND JOIN the one party that since 1998 has consistently fought to tax the rich and take all banks, services and major industry into democratic public ownership - the Scottish Socialist Party.**

for more material on community and trade union struggles - and socialist policies to combat mass unemployment, low pay, rent rises, public service cuts, privatisation, and the attempts to make workers pay for the bosses' crisis, visit:

**[www.scottishsocialistparty.org](http://www.scottishsocialistparty.org)**

### Section 3—Textual Analysis

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical analysis** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

#### 1. Prose Fiction [*Pages fifteen to nineteen*]

The following extract is from *Wives and Daughters* (1866) by Elizabeth Gaskell.

In this extract, the Squire of Hamley Hall is waiting to dine with his elder son Osborne. Roger, his younger son, is absent from home studying at Cambridge at this time. Mrs Hamley, the Squire’s wife, has recently died, and since her death the relationship between the Squire and Osborne has become more strained.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page nineteen*).

#### *Extract from Wives and Daughters*

Take one instance from among many similar scenes of the state of feeling between the Squire and his elder son, which, if it could not be called active discord, showed at least passive estrangement.

It took place on an evening in the March succeeding Mrs Hamley’s death. Roger was at Cambridge. Osborne had also been from home, and he had not volunteered any information as to his absence. The Squire believed that Osborne had been either at Cambridge with his brother, or in London; he would have liked to hear where his son had been, what he had been doing, and whom he had seen, precisely as pieces of news, and as some diversion from the domestic worries and cares which were pressing him hard; but he was too proud to ask any questions, and Osborne had not given him any details of his journey. This silence had aggravated the Squire’s internal dissatisfaction, and he came home to dinner weary and sore-hearted a day or two after Osborne’s return. It was just six o’clock, and he went hastily into his own little business-room on the ground-floor, and, after washing his hands, came into the drawing-room feeling as if he were very late, but the room was empty. He glanced at the clock over the mantlepiece, as he tried to warm his hands at the fire. The fire had been neglected, and had gone out during the day; it was now piled up with half-dried wood, which sputtered and smoked instead of doing its duty in blazing and warming the room, through which the keen wind was cutting its way in all directions. The clock had stopped, no one had remembered to wind it up, but by the Squire’s watch it was already past dinner time. The old butler put his head into the room, but seeing the Squire alone, he was about to draw it back, and wait for Mr Osborne, before announcing dinner. He had hoped to do this unperceived, but the Squire caught him in the act.

“Why isn’t dinner ready?” he called out sharply. “It’s ten minutes past six. And, pray, why are you using this wood? It’s impossible to get oneself warm by such a fire as this.”

“I believe, sir, that Thomas—”

“Don’t talk to me of Thomas. Send dinner in directly.”

About five minutes elapsed, spent by the hungry Squire in all sorts of impatient ways—attacking Thomas, who came in to look after the fire; knocking the logs about, scattering out sparks, but considerably lessening the chances of warmth; touching up the candles, which appeared to him to give a light unusually insufficient for the large cold room. While he was doing this, Osborne came in dressed in full evening dress. He

always moved slowly; and this, to begin with, irritated the Squire. Then an  
35 uncomfortable consciousness of a black coat, drab trousers, checked cotton cravat, and  
splashed boots, forced itself upon him as he saw Osborne's point-device costume. He  
chose to consider it affectation and finery in Osborne, and was on the point of bursting  
out with some remark, when the butler, who had watched Osborne downstairs before  
making the announcement, came in to say dinner was ready.

40 "It surely isn't six o'clock?" said Osborne, pulling out his dainty little watch. He was  
scarcely more unaware than it was of the storm that was brewing.

"Six o'clock! It's more than a quarter past," growled out his father.

"I fancy your watch must be wrong, sir. I set mine by the Horse Guards only two days  
ago."

45 Now, impugning that old steady, turnip-shaped watch of the Squire's was one of the  
insults which, as it could not reasonably be resented, was not to be forgiven. That  
watch had been given him by his father when watches were watches long ago. It had  
given the law to house-clocks, stable-clocks, kitchen-clocks—nay, even to Hamley  
Church clock in its day; and was it now, in its respectable old age, to be looked down  
50 upon by a little whipper-snapper of a French watch which could go into a man's  
waistcoat pocket, instead of having to be extricated with due efforts, like a respectable  
watch of size and position, from a fob in the waistband. No! not if the whipper-  
snapper were backed by all the Horse Guards that ever were, with the Life Guards to  
boot. Poor Osborne might have known better than to cast this slur on his father's flesh  
55 and blood; for so dear did he hold his watch!

"My watch is like myself," said the Squire, "girling", as the Scotch say—"plain, but  
steady-going. At any rate, it gives the law in my house. The King may go by the Horse  
Guards if he likes."

60 "I beg your pardon, sir," said Osborne, really anxious to keep the peace, "I went by  
my watch, which is certainly right by London time; and I'd no idea you were waiting  
for me; otherwise I could have dressed much quicker."

"I should think so," said the Squire, looking sarcastically at his son's attire. "When I  
was a young man I should have been ashamed to have spent as much time at my  
looking-glass as if I'd been a girl. I could make myself as smart as any one when I was  
65 going to a dance, or to a party where I was likely to meet pretty girls; but I should have  
laughed myself to scorn if I'd stood fiddle-faddling at a glass, smirking at my own  
likeness, all for my own pleasure."

Osborne reddened, and was on the point of letting fly some caustic remark on his  
father's dress at the present moment; but he contented himself with saying, in a low  
70 voice:

"My mother always expected us all to dress for dinner. I got into the habit of doing it  
to please her, and I keep it up now." Indeed, he had a certain kind of feeling of loyalty  
to her memory in keeping up all the little domestic habits and customs she had  
instituted or preferred. But the contrast which the Squire thought was implied by  
75 Osborne's remark, put him beside himself.

"And I, too, try to attend to her wishes. I do; and in more important things. I did  
when she was alive; and I do so now."

"I never said you did not," said Osborne, astonished at his father's passionate words  
and manner.



80 “Yes, you did, sir. You meant it. I could see by your looks. I saw you look at my morning coat. At any rate, I never neglected any wish of hers in her lifetime. If she’d wished me to go to school again and learn my ABC, I would. By — I would; and I wouldn’t have gone playing me, and lounging away my time, for fear of vexing and disappointing her. Yet some folks older than schoolboys—”

85 The Squire choked here; but though the words would not come his passion did not diminish. “I’ll not have you casting up your mother’s wishes to me, sir. You, who went near to break her heart at last!”

Osborne was strongly tempted to get up and leave the room. Perhaps it would have been better if he had; it might then have brought about an explanation, and a  
90 reconciliation between father and son. But he thought he did well in sitting still and appearing to take no notice. This indifference to what he was saying appeared to annoy the Squire still more, and he kept on grumbling and talking to himself till Osborne, unable to bear it any longer, said, very quietly, but very bitterly:

“I am only a cause of irritation to you, and home is no longer home to me, but a place  
95 in which I am to be controlled in trifles, and scolded about trifles as if I were a child. Put me in a way of making a living for myself—that much your oldest son has a right to ask of you—I will then leave this house, and you shall be no longer vexed by my dress, or my want of punctuality.”

“You make your request pretty much as another son did long ago: ‘Give me the  
100 portion that falleth to me.’ But I don’t think what he did with his money is much encouragement for me to—” Then the thought of how little he could give his son his ‘portion,’ or any part of it, stopped the Squire.

Osborne took up the speech.

“I’m as ready as any man to earn my living; only the preparation for any profession  
105 will cost money, and money I haven’t got.”

“No more have I,” said the Squire shortly.

“What is to be done then?” said Osborne, only half believing his father’s words.

“Why, you must learn to stop at home, and not take expensive journeys; and you must  
110 reduce your tailor’s bill. I don’t ask you to help me in the management of the land—you’re far too fine a gentleman for that; but if you can’t earn money, at least you needn’t spend it.”

“I’ve told you I’m willing enough to earn money,” cried Osborne, passionately at last. “But how am I to do it? You really are very unreasonable, sir.”

“Am I?” said the Squire—cooling in manner, though not in temper, as Osborne grew  
115 warm. “But I don’t set up for being reasonable; men who have to pay away money that they haven’t got for their extravagant sons aren’t likely to be reasonable. There’s two things you’ve gone and done which put me beside myself, when I think of them; you’ve turned out next door to a dunce at college, when your poor mother thought so much of you—and when you might have pleased and gratified her so if you chose—and, well! I  
120 won’t say what the other thing is.”

“Tell me, sir,” said Osborne.

“No!” said the Squire. “I know what I know; and I’m not going to tell you how I  
125 know it. Only, I’ll just say this—your friends no more know a piece of good timber when they see it than you or I know how you could earn five pounds if it was to keep you from starving. Now, there’s Roger—we none of us made an ado about him; but he’ll have his Fellowship now, I’ll warrant him, and be a bishop, or a chancellor, or something, before we’ve found out he’s clever—we’ve been so much taken up thinking

about you. I don't know what's come over me to speak of 'we'—'we' in this way," said he, suddenly dropping his voice—a change of voice as sad as sad could be. "I ought to  
130 say 'I'; it will be 'I' for evermore in this world."

He got up and left the room in quick haste, knocking over his chair, and not stopping to pick it up. Osborne, who was sitting and shading his eyes with his hand, as he had been doing for some time, looked up at the noise, and then rose as quickly and hurried after his father, only in time to hear the study-door locked on the inside the moment he  
135 reached it.

Osborne returned into the dining-room chagrined and sorrowful. But he was always sensitive to any omission of the usual observances, which might excite remark; and even with his heavy heart he was careful to pick up the fallen chair, and restore it to its place near the bottom of the table; and afterwards so to disturb the dishes as to make it  
140 appear that they had been touched, before ringing for Robinson. When the latter came in, followed by Thomas, Osborne thought it necessary to say to him that his father was not well, and had gone into the study; and that he himself wanted no dessert, but would have a cup of coffee in the drawing-room. The old butler sent Thomas out of the room, and came up confidentially to Osborne.

145 "I thought master wasn't justly himself, Mr Osborne, before dinner. And, therefore, I made excuses for him—I did. He spoke to Thomas about the fire, sir, which is a thing I could in nowise put up with, unless by reason of sickness, which I am always ready to make allowances for."

150 "Why shouldn't my father speak to Thomas?" said Osborne. "But, perhaps, he spoke angrily, I dare say; for I'm sure he's not well."

"No, Mr Osborne, it wasn't that. I myself am given to anger; and I'm blessed with as good health as any man in my years. Besides, anger's a good thing for Thomas. He needs a deal of it. But it should come from the right quarter—and that is me, myself, Mr Osborne. I know my place, and I know my rights and duties as well as any butler  
155 that lives. And it's my duty to scold Thomas, and not master's. Master ought to have said, 'Robinson! you must speak to Thomas about letting out the fire', and I'd ha' given it him well—as I shall do now, for that matter. But as I said before, I make excuses for master, as being in mental distress and bodily ill-health; so I've brought myself round not to give warning, as I should ha' done, for certain, under happier circumstances."

160 "Really, Robinson, I think it's all great nonsense," said Osborne, weary of the long story the butler had told him, and to which he had not half attended. "What in the world does it signify whether my father speaks to you or to Thomas? Bring me coffee in the drawing-room, and don't trouble your head any more about scolding Thomas."

Robinson went away offended at his grievance being called nonsense. He kept  
165 muttering to himself in the intervals of scolding Thomas, and saying: "Things is a deal changed since poor missis went. I don't wonder master feels it, for I'm sure I do. She was a lady who had always a becoming respect for a butler's position, and could have understood how he might be hurt in his mind. She'd never ha' called his delicacies of feelings nonsense—not she; no more would Mr Roger. He's not a merry young  
170 gentleman, and over fond of bringing dirty, slimy creatures into the house; but he's always a kind word for a man who is hurt in his mind. He'd cheer up the Squire, and keep him from getting so cross and wilful. I wish Mr Roger was here, I do."

The poor Squire, shut up with his grief, and his ill-temper as well, in the dingy, dreary study where he daily spent more and more of his indoors life, turned over his cares and troubles till he was as bewildered with the process as a squirrel must be in going round in a cage. He had out daybooks and ledgers, and was calculating up back-rents; and every time the sum-totals came to different amounts. He could have cried like a child over his sums; he was worn out and weary, angry and disappointed. He closed his books at last with a bang.

180 “I’m getting old,” he said, “and my head’s less clear than it used to be. I think sorrow for her has dazed me. I never was much to boast on; but she thought a deal of me—bless her! She’d never let me call myself stupid; but, for all that, I am stupid. Osborne ought to help me. He’s had money enough spent on his learning; but, instead, he comes down dressed like a popinjay, and never troubles his head to think how I’m to  
185 pay his debts. I wish I’d told him to earn his living as a dancing-master,” said the Squire, with a sad smile at his own wit. “He’s dressed for all the world like one. And how he’s spent the money no one knows! Perhaps Roger will turn up some day with a heap of creditors at his heels. No, he won’t—not Roger; he may be slow, but he’s steady, is old Roger. I wish he was here. He’s not the elder son, but he’d take an  
190 interest in the estate; and he’d do up these weary accounts for me. I wish Roger was here!”

### Question

In what ways, and how effectively, does Elizabeth Gaskell enable the reader to understand the relationship, “*the state of feeling*”, between Squire Hamley and his son Osborne?

[Turn over

## 2. Prose non-fiction [*Pages twenty to twenty-four*]

In 1977, Nan Shepherd revised and published a manuscript that she had written thirty years earlier about the Cairngorms – a range of Scottish mountains that takes its name from one of the highest peaks, Cairn Gorm. In the following extract you are presented with one of the chapters from this book.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-five*).

### *FROST AND SNOW*

The freezing of running water is another mystery. The strong white stuff, whose power I have felt in swollen streams, which I have watched pour over ledges in endless ease, is itself held and punished. But the struggle between frost and the force in running water is not quickly over. The battle fluctuates, and at the point of fluctuation  
5 between the motion in water and the immobility of frost, strange and beautiful forms are evolved. Until I spent a whole mid-winter day wandering from one burn to another watching them, I had no idea how many fantastic shapes the freezing of running water took. In each whorl and spike one catches the moment of equilibrium between two elemental forces.

10 The first time I really looked at this shaping process was in the Slugain valley on a January day. The temperature in Braemar village had fallen the previous night to  $-19^{\circ}\text{C}$ . We had climbed Morrone in the afternoon, and seen sunset and the rise of a full moon together over a world that was completely white except for some clumps of firwood that looked completely black. (In Glen Quoich next day the ancient fir trees  
15 far up the valley had the same dead black look—no green in them at all.) The intense frost, the cloudless sky, the white world, the setting sun and the rising moon, as we gazed on them from the slope of Morrone, melted into a prismatic radiation of blue, helio, mauve, and rose. The full moon floated up into green light; and as the rose and violet hues spread over snow and sky, the colour seemed to live its own life, to have  
20 body and resilience, as though we were not looking at it, but were inside its substance.

Next day a brilliant sun spangled the snow and the precipices of Ben a' Bhuid hung bright rose-red above us. How crisp, how bright a world! but, except for the crunch of our own boots on the snow, how silent. Once some grouse fled noiselessly away and we lifted our heads quickly to look for a hunting eagle. And down valley he came, sailing  
25 so low above our heads that we could see the separate feathers of the pinions against the sky, and the lovely lift of the wings when he steadied them to soar. Near the top of the glen there were coal-tits in a tree, and once a dipper plunged outright into the icy stream. But it was not an empty world. For everywhere in the snow were the tracks of birds and animals.

30 The animals had fared as we did: sometimes we stepped buoyantly over the surface of drifts, sometimes sank in well above the knees. Sometimes the tracks were deep holes in the snow, impossible to read except by the pattern in which they were placed; sometimes the mark of the pad was clear, just sunk into the snow surface, and at other times only four, or five, spaced pricks showed where the claws had pierced.

35 These tracks give to winter hill walking a distinctive pleasure. One is companioned, though not in time. A hare bounding, a hare trotting, a fox dragging his brush, grouse thick-footed, plover thin, red deer and roes have passed this way. In paw depressions may be a delicate tracery of frost. Or a hare's tracks may stand up in ice-relief above the softer snow that has been blown from around them. In soft dry snow the pad of a  
40 hare makes a leaflike pattern. A tiny track, like twin beads on a slender thread, appears

suddenly in the middle of virgin snow. An exploring finger finds a tunnel in the snow, from which the small mouse must have emerged.

But while birds and tracks (we saw nothing four-footed that morning) amused us as we went up the Slugain, our most exquisite entertainment came from the water. Since  
45 then I have watched many burns in the process of freezing, but I do not know if description can describe these delicate manifestations. Each is an interplay between two movements in simultaneous action, the freezing of frost and the running of water. Sometimes a third force, the blowing of wind, complicates the forms still further. The ice may be crystal clear, but more probably is translucent; crimped, crackled or  
50 bubbled; green throughout or at the edges. Where the water comes wreathing over stones the ice is opaque, in broken circular structure. Where the water runs thinly over a line of stones right across the bed and freezes in crinkled green cascades of ice, then a dam forms further up of half frozen slush, green, though colourless if lifted out, solid at its margins, foliated, with the edges all separate, like untrimmed hand-made paper,  
55 and each edge a vivid green. Where water drips steadily from an overhang, undeflected by wind, almost perfect spheres of clear transparent ice result. They look unreal, in this world of wayward undulations, too regular, as though man had made them. Spray splashing off a stone cuts into the slowly freezing snow on the bank and flutes it with crystal, or drenches a sprig of heather that hardens to a tree of purest glass, like an ingenious toy. Water running over a rock face freezes in ropes, with the ply visible.  
60 Where the water fell clear of the rock icicles hang, thick as a thigh, many feet in length, and sometimes when the wind blows the falling water askew as it freezes, the icicles are squint. I have seen icicles like a scimitar blade in shape, firm and solid in their place. For once, even the wind has been fixed. Sometimes a smooth portion of stream is  
65 covered with a thin coat of ice that, not quite meeting in the middle, shows the level of the water several inches below; since the freezing began, the water upstream has frozen and less water is flowing. When a level surface has frozen hard from bank to bank, one may hear at times a loud knocking, as the stream, rushing below the ice, flings a stone up against its roof. In boggy parts by the burnside one treads on what seems solid  
70 frozen snow, to find only a thin crisp crust that gives way to reveal massed thousands of needle crystals of ice, fluted columns four or five inches deep. And if one can look below the covering ice on a frozen burn, a lovely pattern of fluted indentations is found, arched and chiselled, the obverse of the water's surface, with the subtle shift of emphasis and superimposed design that occurs between a painting and the landscape it  
75 represents. In short, there is no end to the lovely things that frost and the running of water can create between them.

When the ice-paws crisped round the stones in the burns, and the ice-carrots that hang from the ledges, are loosened, and the freed ice floats down the river, it looks like masses of floating water lilies, or bunching cauliflower heads. Sunset plays through  
80 this greenish-white mass in iridescent gleams. At one point (I have heard of it nowhere else) near the exit of a loch, the peculiar motion of the current among ice-floes has woven the thousands of floating pine-needles into compacted balls, so intricately intertwined that their symmetrical shape is permanently retained. They can be lifted out of the water and kept for years, a botanical puzzle to those who have not been told  
85 the secret of their formation.

Snow too can be played with by frost and wind. Loose snow blown in the sun looks like the ripples running through corn. Small snow on a furious gale freezes on the sheltered side of stones on a hilltop in long crystals; I have seen these converge slightly as the wind blows round both sides of the stones. Another fixation of the wind. Or the  
90 wind lifts the surface of loose snow but before it has detached it from the rest of the

snow, frost has petrified the delicate shavings in flounces of transparent muslin. “Prince of Wales Feathers”, one of my friends has called a similar materialisation of wind and frost. Snow can blow past in a cloud, visible as it approaches, but formed of minute ice particles, so fine that the eye cannot distinguish them individually as they  
95 pass. Set the hand against them and it is covered by infinitesimal droplets of water whose impact has hardly been felt, though if the face is turned towards them, the spicules sting the eyeball. Such snow lies in a ghostly thin powdering on the hillside, like the “glaister o’ sifted snaw” that fell on the head of the old Scots minister in his ill-roofed kirk.

100 The coming of snow is often from a sky of glittering blue, with serried battalions of solid white cumuli low on the horizon. One of them bellies out from the ranks, and from its edge thin shreds of snow, so fine one is hardly aware of their presence, eddy lightly in the blue sky. And in a few minutes the air is thick with flakes. Once the snow has fallen, and the gullies are choked and ice is in the burns, green is the most  
105 characteristic colour in sky and water. Burns and river alike have a green glint when seen between snowy banks, and the smoke from a woodman’s fire looks greenish against the snow. The shadows on snow are of course blue, but where snow is blown into ripples, the shadowed undercut portion can look quite green. A snowy sky is often pure green, not only at sunrise or sunset, but all day; and a snow-green sky looks greener in  
110 reflection, either in water or from windows, than it seems in reality. Against such a sky, a snow-covered hill may look purplish, as though washed in blaeberry. On the other hand, before a fresh snowfall, whole lengths of snowy hill may appear a golden green. One small hill stands out from this greenness: it is veiled by a wide-spaced fringe of fir-trees, and behind them the whole snowy surface of the hill is burning with a vivid  
115 electric blue.

The appearance of the whole group, seen from without, while snow is taking possession, changes with every air. A thin covering of snow, through which the rock structure breaks, can look more insubstantial than the most diaphanous blue—a phantom created from reality. When the snow is melting, and the plateau is still white  
120 but the lower slopes are streaked and patched, against a grey-white sky only the dark portions show; the plateau isn’t there, the ridges that run up to the corries stand out like pinnacles and aiguilles. Later, at evening, the sky has turned a deep slate blue, identical with the blue that now washes the bare lower stretches of the mountains, and the long high level summit of snow, with its downward-reaching tentacles, hangs unsupported.

125 When the mountains are at last completely covered in with snow (and it doesn’t happen every winter, so unpredictable is this Cairngorm weather—the skiers may wait far into the spring in vain for the right depth and surface of snow), then on a sunny day the scintillation is bright but does not wound. The winter light has not the strength to harm. I have never myself found it distressing to the eyes, though sometimes I have  
130 walked all day through millions of sparkling sun spangles on the frosty snow. The only time I have suffered from snow-blindness was at the very end of April, by which time, five or six weeks after the equinox, this northern light has become strong. I have heard of a strange delusion that the sun does not shine up here. It does; and because of the clarity of the air its light has power: it has more power, I suppose, in light than in heat.  
135 On that late April day, after some halcyon weather, a sudden snow storm blew up. It snowed all night—thick heavy snow that lay even under the next day’s sunshine. We were going to the Dubh Loch of Ben a’ Bhuird, with no intention of a summit, and I had taken no precautions against exposure; I had expected neither frosty wind nor hot sun to play havoc with my skin, nor had I had till then any experience of strong light  
140 upon snow. After a while I found the glare intolerable; I saw scarlet patches on the

snow; I felt sick and weak. My companion refused to leave me sitting in the snow and I refused to defeat the object of his walk, which was to photograph the loch in its still wintry condition; so I struggled on, with his dark handkerchief veiling my eyes—a miserable blinkered imprisonment—and in time we were shadowed by the dark sides of the corrie. I was badly burned that day too; for some days my face was as purple as a boozers'; all of which discomfort I might have avoided had I remembered that snow can blow out of a warm sky.

It is not, however, such freak storms that are of moment, but the January blizzards, thick, close and wild—the *blin' drift* that shuts a man into deadly isolation. To go into such conditions on the mountain is folly; the gamekeeper's dictum is: if you can't see your own footsteps behind you in the snow, don't go on. But a blizzard may blow up so rapidly that one is caught. The great storms, when the snow beats down thick and solid for days on end, piling into the bowls of the corries, pressing itself down by its own weight, may be seen gathering over the mountains before they spread and cover the rest of the earth. I watched the preparation of the storm that was called, when it broke upon the country, the worst for over fifty years. I watched, from the shoulder of Morrone, the Cairngorm mass eddy and sink and rise (as it seemed) like a tossed wreck on a yellow sea. Sky and the wrack of precipice and overhang were confounded together. Now a spar, now a mast, just recognisable as buttress or cornice, tossed for a moment in the boiling sea of cloud. Then the sea closed on it, to open again with another glimpse of mounting spars—a shape drove its way for a moment through the smother, and was drawn under by the vicious swirl. Ashen and yellow, the sky kicked convulsively.

All this while the earth around me was bare. Throughout December the ground had been continuously white, but in the first week of the year there came a day like April, the snow sunned itself away and the land basked mildly in the soft airs. But now the commotion among the mountains lashed out in whips of wind that reached me where I stood watching. Soon I could hardly stand erect against their force. And on the wind sailed minute thistledowns of snow, mere gossamers. Their fragility, insubstantial almost as air, presaged a weight and solidity of snow that was to lie on the land for many weeks.

In the corries the tight-packed snow stands for many months. Indeed until a succession of unusually hot summers from 1932 to 1934, even in July there were solid walls of snow, many feet thick and as high as the corrie precipices, leaning outwards from the rock and following its contours. There was snow worth seeing in those old summers. I used to believe it was eternal snow, and touched it with a feeling of awe. But by August 1934, there was no snow left at all in the Cairngorms except a small patch in the innermost recess of the Garbh Choire of Braeriach. Antiquity has gone from our snow.

It was in the storm whose beginnings I have described, during a blizzard, that a plane containing five Czech airmen crashed into Ben a'Bhuird. That its impact was made in deep snow was clear from the condition of the engines, which were only a little damaged.

Blizzard is the most deadly condition of these hills. It is wind that is to be feared, even more than snow itself. Of the lives that have been lost in the Cairngorms while I have been frequenting them (there have been about a dozen, excepting those who have perished in plane crashes) four were lost in blizzard. Three fell from the rock—one of these a girl. One was betrayed by the ice-hard condition of a patch of snow in May, and slipped. All these were young. Two older men have gone out, and disappeared. The body of one of these was discovered two years later.

Of the four who were caught in blizzard, two died on 2 January 1928, and two on the same date in 1933. The former two spent their last night in the then disused cottage where I have since passed some of the happiest times of my life. Old Sandy Mackenzie the stalker, still alive then, in the other small house on the croft, warned the boys  
195 against the blizzard. As I sit with Mrs Mackenzie, now, by the open fireplace, with a gale howling in the chimney and rattling the iron roof (“this tin-can of a place”, she calls it), and watch her wrinkled hands build the fir-roots for a blaze, she tells me of the wind that was in it. I listen to the smashing of this later gale, which has blown all night. “If you had been getting up and going away the house would have been  
200 following you,” she says, knowing my habit of sleeping by the door and prowling at all sorts of hours. And remembering how I crept down into my bag last night, I picture those two boys lying on the floor in the empty house, with the roof rattling and the icy wind finding every chink. Not that they had cared. They asked for nothing but a roof. “And salt—they asked for salt.” Strange symbolic need of a couple of boys who were to  
205 find no hospitality again on earth. Her old bleared eyes look into the distance. She says, “the snow would be freezing before it would be on your cheek”. John, the son, found the second body in March, in a snow drift that he and his West Highland terrier had passed many times. “But that morning”, he told me, “she was scraping”. “You will not be finding a thing but in the place where it will be”, says the old woman. She  
210 had fetched the bellows and blown the logs into a flame. “Sandy used to say, *The fire is the finest flower of them all*, when he would be coming in from the hill.” She makes the tea. But she has brought the storm in to our fireside, and it stays there through the night.

The other two boys went over Cairn Gorm in the kind of miraculous midwinter  
215 weather that sometimes occurs, and slept the night at the Shelter Stone beside Loch Avon. They were local boys. In the July of that year, on a very fine Sunday when we had gone out at dawn and had an empty hill all morning to ourselves, we saw with amazement a stream of people come up the hill the easy way from Glenmore and pass over and down to the Shelter Stone. We counted a hundred persons on the hill. They  
220 had come to see the place where the two boys slept and to read their high-spirited and happy report in the book that lies in its waterproof cover beneath the huge balanced boulder that has sheltered so many sleepers. That they would not reach home when they set out that morning after writing it, they could not dream. One of them was an experienced hill walker. But they reckoned without the wind. The schoolmistress of  
225 the tiny school at Dorback, which lies under Cairn Gorm on the Abernethy side, told me, of that wind, that her crippled sister, crossing the open space of the playground, was blown from her feet. And five miles from Glenmore and safety, crawling down Coire Cas on hands and knees, the boys could fight the wind no further. It was days later till they found them; and one of the men who was at the finding described to me  
230 their abraded knees and knuckles. The elder of the two was still crawling, on hands and knees, when they found him fast in the drift. *So quick bright things come to confusion*. They committed, I suppose, an error of judgment, but I cannot judge them. For it is the risk we must all take when we accept individual responsibility for ourselves on the mountain, and until we have done that, we do not begin to know it.

## Question

In what ways and how effectively does Nan Shepherd convey to the reader the knowledge and understanding she has gained from her experience of the Cairngorms?



### 3. Poetry [*Page twenty-five*]

Read carefully *Rain* (2009) by Don Paterson and then answer the question that follows it.

#### *Rain*

I love all films that start with rain:  
rain, braiding a windowpane  
or darkening a hung-out dress  
or streaming down her upturned face;

5 one big thundering downpour  
right through the empty script and score  
before the act, before the blame,  
before the lens pulls through the frame

to where the woman sits alone  
10 beside a silent telephone  
or the dress lies ruined on the grass  
or the girl walks off the overpass,

and all things flow out from that source  
along their fatal watercourse.

15 However bad or overlong  
such a film can do no wrong,

so when his native twang shows through  
or when the boom dips into view  
or when her speech starts to betray  
20 its adaptation from the play,

I think to when we opened cold  
on a starlit gutter, running gold  
with the neon of a drugstore sign  
and I'd read into its blazing line:

25 *forget the ink, the milk, the blood—  
all was washed clean with the flood  
we rose up from the falling waters  
the fallen rain's own sons and daughters*

*and none of this, none of this matters.*

#### Question

Write a detailed critical response to this poem.

In your response you should comment upon those features of the poem which you found interesting and which helped to shape your understanding of it, particularly of its final italicised lines.

#### 4. Drama [*Pages twenty-six to thirty-five*]

The following extract is from Act II of the play *Bus Stop* (1955) by William Inge.

This scene takes place in a roadside diner where bus passengers have been forced to take refuge from a blizzard. It is one o'clock in the morning and through the window the audience can see the blizzard raging. Inside, by comparison, the scene is warm and cosy, if a bit dingy.

Characters:

Local characters are:

ELMA, a young, naive student who is a waitress in the diner

WILL, the town's sheriff

Four passengers from the bus are:

CHERIE, a young, attractive nightclub singer

DR LYMAN, a former college professor

VIRGIL, a ranch-hand travelling with his friend Bo

BO, a young rancher who is pursuing Cherie

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page thirty-five*).

#### **Extract from *Bus Stop***

*The stranded passengers are trying to pass the time as best they can. Virgil has taken out his guitar and is playing a soft, melancholy cowboy ballad. Bo lingers in the corner, a picture of troubled dejection. Dr Lyman sits at the bar, sipping his drink and courting Elma, although Elma does not realize she is being courted by him. She sits on a stool behind the counter. Cherie comes in, shivering.*

CHERIE: (*Crosses to stove.*) Brr, it's cold. Virgil, I wish you'd play us another song. I think we all need somethin' to cheer us up.  
(*Elma crosses D. S., around counter.*)

VIRGIL: I'll make a deal with ya. I'll play if you'll sing.

5 ELMA: (*A bright idea comes to her.*) Let's have a floor show!

(*Her suggestion comes as a surprise and there is silence while all consider it.*)  
Everyone here can do something! (*Crosses L.*)

DR. LYMAN: A brilliant idea, straight from Chaucer. You must read Juliet for me.

ELMA: (*Not hearing Dr. Lyman, running to Virgil.*) Will you play for us, Virgil?  
10 (*Cherie runs L. behind counter, gets suitcase, takes it U. L. and looks for costume.*)

VIRGIL: I don't play opery music or jitterbug.

ELMA: (*Turning to Bo.*) Will you take part? (*Stubbornly, Bo just turns the other way.*)  
Please! It won't be fun unless we all do something.

VIRGIL: (*Rises, crosses L. to R. of Bo.*) G'wan, Bo.

15 BO: I never was no play-actor, Miss.

VIRGIL: Ya kin say the Gettysburg Address.

BO: (*Gruffly.*) I ain't gonna say it now.

VIRGIL: Then why don't ya do your rope tricks? Yer rope's out on the bus. I could get it for ya easy enough.

20 ELMA: Oh, please! Rope tricks would be lots of fun.

BO: (*Emphatically.*) No! I ain't gonna get up before a lotta strangers and make a fool a m'self.

VIRGIL: (*To Elma.*) I guess he means it, Miss.

ELMA: Shucks! (*Crosses D. L. to behind counter.*)

25 VIRGIL: (*Quietly to Bo.*) I don't see why ya couldn't a co-operated a little, Bo.

BO: (*Rises, stands at window facing U. S.*) I got too much on my mind to worry about doin' stunts.

ELMA: (*To Cherie.*) You'll sing a song for us, won't you, Cherie?

CHERIE: I will fer a piece a pie and another cup a coffee.

30 ELMA: Sure. (*Cherie hurries to Virgil.*)

CHERIE: Virgil, kin you play for me?

VIRGIL: You start me out and I think I can pick out the chords.  
*(Cherie sits by his side as they work out their number together. Elma hurries to Dr. Lyman.)*

35 ELMA: And you'll read poetry for us, won't you? (*Bo walks D. R.*)

DR: LYMAN: (*Already assuming his character.*) Why, I intend to play Romeo opposite your Juliet.

ELMA: Gee, I don't know if I can remember the lines.

DR. LYMAN: (*Handing her a volume he has taken off the shelves.*) Sometimes one can  
 40 find Shakespeare on these shelves among the many lurid novels of juvenile delinquents. Here it is, *Four Tragedies of Shakespeare*, with my compliments. (*They begin to go over the scene together as Bo, resentful of the closeness between Cherie and Virgil, goes to them belligerently.*)

BO: (*To Cherie.*) Thass my seat.

45 ELMA: (*Taking book from Dr. Lyman.*) If I read it over a few times, it'll come back. Do you know the Balcony Scene?

CHERIE: (*Jumping to her feet.*) You kin have it. (*Hurries to Elma, at counter.*)

DR. LYMAN: My dear, I know the entire play by heart. I can recite it backwards.  
*(Elma comes from behind counter to sit on stool. Dr. Lyman sits by her.)*

50 CHERIE: (*To Elma.*) I got a costume with me. Where can I change?

ELMA: Behind the counter. There's a mirror over the sink.  
*(Cherie darts behind the counter, digging into her suitcase.)*

BO: (*To Virgil.*) She shines up to you like a kitten to milk. (*Sits at Virgil's table.*)

ELMA: Gee, costumes and everything. (*She resumes her study with Dr. Lyman.*)

55 VIRGIL: (*Trying to make a joke of it.*) Kin I help it if I'm so darn attractive to women? (*Unfortunately Bo cannot take this as a joke, as Virgil intended. Virgil perceives he is deeply hurt.*) Shucks, Bo, it don't mean nothin'.

BO: Maybe it don't mean nothin' to you.

VIRGIL: She was bein' nice to me 'cause I was playin' my guitar, Bo. Guitar music's  
60 kinda tender and girls seem to like it.

BO: Tender?

VIRGIL: Yah, Bo! Girls like things t' be *tender*.

BO: They do!

VIRGIL: Sure they do, Bo.

65 BO: A fella gets "tender", then someone comes along and makes a sap outa him.

VIRGIL: Sometimes, Bo, but not always. You just gotta take a chance.

BO: Well . . . I allus tried t' be a *decent* sorta fella, but I don't know if I'm *tender*.

VIRGIL: I think ya are, Bo. You know how ya feel about deerhuntin'. Ya never could  
do it. Ya couldn't any more *shoot* one a them sweet li'l deers with the sad eyes  
70 than ya could jump into boilin' oil.

BO: Are you makin' fun of me?

VIRGIL: (*Impatient with him.*) No, I'm not makin' fun of ya, Bo. I'm just tryin' to  
show ya that *you* got a tender side to your nature, same as anyone else.

BO: I s'pose I do.

75 VIRGIL: A course ya do.

BO: (*With a sudden feeling of injustice.*) Then how come Cherry don't come over and  
talk sweet to *me*, like she does to *you*?

VIRGIL: Ya *got* a tender side, Bo, but ya don't know how to *show* it.

BO: (*Weighing the verdict.*) I don't!

80 VIRGIL: No, ya just don't know how.

BO: How does a person go about showin' his tender side, Virge?

VIRGIL: Well . . . I dunno as I can tell ya. (*Elma comes over to them ready to start the  
show.*)

ELMA: Will you go first, Virgil?

85 VIRGIL: It's all right by me.

ELMA: OK. Then I'll act as Master of the Ceremonies. (*Centerstage, to her audience.*)  
Ladies and gentlemen! Grace's Diner tonight presents its gala floor show of  
celebrated artists from all over the world! (*Virgil plays an introductory chord.*) The  
first number on our show tonight is that musical cowboy, Mr. Virgil—(*She pauses  
and Virgil supplies her with his last name.*)—Virgil Blessing, who will entertain you  
90 with his guitar. (*Applause. Elma retires to the back of the room where she sits on the  
bench. Dr. Lyman crosses to sit by her. Virgil begins to play. During his playing, Bo  
is drawn over to the counter where he tries to further himself with Cherie, who is  
behind the counter, dressing.*)

95 BO: (*At U. S. end of counter. Innocently.*) I think you got me all wrong, Cherry.

CHERIE: Don't you come back here. (*He turns around, goes front of counter.*) I'm  
dressing.

BO: Cherry . . . I think you misjudged me.

CHERIE: Be quiet. (*Pops up.*) The show's started.

100 BO: (*Leans on counter.*) Cherry, I'm really a very *tender* person. You jest don't know.  
I'm so tenderhearted I don't go deer-huntin'. 'Cause I jest couldn't kill them  
"sweet li'l deers with the sad eyes." Ask Virge.

CHERIE: I ain't int'rested. (*Ducks down.*)

BO: Ya ain't?

105 CHERIE: No. And furthermore I think you're a louse fer comin' over here and talkin' while yor friend is tryin' to play the guitar.

BO: Ya talk like ya thought more a Virge than ya do a me.

CHERIE: Would ya go away and lemme alone?

110 BO: (*A final resort.*) Cherry, did I tell ya 'bout my color-television set with the twenty-four-inch screen?

CHERIE: One million times! Now go 'way. (*Elma begins to make a shushing noise to quiet Bo. Finally Bo dejectedly returns to the other side of the room, where Virgil is just finishing his number. Bo sits down at a table in the midst of Virgil's applause.*)

CHERIE: That was wonderful, Virge!

115 DR. LYMAN: Brilliant! } (*Together.*)

ELMA: Swell! Play us another!

VIRGIL: No more just now. I'm ready to see the rest of ya do somethin'.

BO: (*To Virgil.*) A lot *she* cares how tender I am!

120 ELMA: (*Coming forth again as Master of Ceremonies.*) That was swell, Virgil. (*Turns back to Dr. Lyman.*) Are you ready?

DR. LYMAN: (*Preening himself, rises.*) I consider myself so.

ELMA: (*Taking the book to Virgil.*) Will you be our prompter?

VIRGIL: It's kinda funny writin', but I'll try.

ELMA: (*Back to Dr. Lyman above table.*) Gee, what'll we use for a balcony?

125 DR. LYMAN: That offers a problem. (*Together they consider whether to use the counter for Elma to stand on or one of the tables.*)

BO: (*To Virgil.*) What is it these folks are gonna do, Virge?

VIRGIL: *Romeo and Juliet . . .* by Shakespeare! (*Puts guitar down.*)

BO: Shakespeare!

130 VIRGIL: This Romeo was a great lover, Bo. Watch him and pick up a few pointers. (*Cherie comes running out from behind the counter now, a dressing gown over her costume, and she sits at one of the tables.*)

CHERIE: I'm ready.

135 BO: (*Reading some of the lines from Virgil's book.*) "But soft . . . what light through . . . yonder window breaks? It is the East . . . and Juliet is the sun . . . Arise, fair . . ." (*He has got this far only with difficulty, stumbling over most of the words. Virgil takes the book away from him now.*)

VIRGIL: Shh, Bo! (*Virgil comes forth to introduce the act as Dr. Lyman clears the counter.*)

**[Turn over**

140 ELMA: (*Crosses to C.*) Ladies and gentlemen! you are about to witness a playing of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Dr. Gerald Lyman will portray the part of Romeo, and I'll play Juliet. My name is Elma Duckworth. The scene is the orchard of the Capulets' house in Verona, Italy. (*Dr. Lyman takes a quick drink.*) This counter is supposed to be a balcony. (*Dr. Lyman helps her onto the counter where she stands, waiting for him to begin.*) O.K.? (*Dr. Lyman takes a quick reassuring drink from his bottle, then tucks it in his pocket, and comes forward in the great Romantic tradition. He is enjoying himself tremendously. The performance proves to be pure ham, but there is pathos in the fact that he does not seem to be aware of how bad he is. He is a thoroughly selfish performer, too, who reads all his speeches as though they were grand soliloquies, regarding his Juliet as a prop.*)

DR. LYMAN:

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound.  
But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

155 (*He tries to continue, but Elma, unmindful of cues and eager to begin her performance, reads her lines with compulsion.*)  
Arise . . . fair sun, and . . . kill the envious . . ."

ELMA: (*At same time as Dr. Lyman.*)

160 "O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

DR. LYMAN:

165 "She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold—"

BO: (*To Virgil.*) Bold? He's drunk.

VIRGIL: Ssssh!

DR. LYMAN:

170 ". . . 'tis not to me she speaks :  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return."

ELMA:

175 "Ay, me!"

DR. LYMAN:

"O! speak again, bright angel; thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
180 Unto the white-upturned . . ."  
(*Dr. Lyman continues with this speech, even though Bo talks over him.*)

BO: I don't understand all them words, Virge.

VIRGIL: It's *Romeo and Juliet*, for God's sake. Now will you shut up?

DR. LYMAN: (*Continuing uninterrupted.*)  
185 “ . . . wondering eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.”  
(*He is getting weary but he is not yet ready to give up.*)

190 ELMA:  
“’Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What’s a Montague? it is not hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, or any other part  
195 Belonging to a man. O! be some other name:  
What’s—”

DR. LYMAN: (*Interrupts. Beginning to falter now. Leans on back of chair.*)  
“I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and . . . I’ll be new baptiz’d;  
200 Henceforth . . . I never . . . will be Romeo.”  
(*It is as though he were finding suddenly a personal meaning in the lines.*)

ELMA:  
“What man art thou, that, thus bescreen’d in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?”

205 DR. LYMAN: (*Beginning to feel that he cannot continue.*)  
“By a name  
I know not how to tell thee . . . who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is . . . is *hateful* to myself.”  
(*He stops here. For several moments there is a wondering silence. Elma signals*  
210 *Virgil.*)

VIRGIL: (*Prompting.*) “Because it is an enemy to thee.”

DR. LYMAN: (*Leaving the scene of action, repeating the line dumbly, making his way*  
*stumblingly back to the counter.*)  
“My name . . . is hateful . . . to myself . . .”  
215 (*Elma hurries to Dr. Lyman’s side. Virgil grabs hold of Bo, pulls him back to the floor*  
*and shames him.*)

ELMA: Dr Lyman, what’s the matter?  
DR. LYMAN: My dear . . . let us not continue this meaningless little act!  
ELMA: Did I do something wrong?  
220 DR. LYMAN: You couldn’t possibly do anything wrong . . . if you tried.  
ELMA: I can try to say the lines differently.  
DR. LYMAN: Don’t. Don’t. Just tell your audience that Romeo suddenly is fraught  
with remorse. (*He drops to a stool, Elma remaining by him a few moments,*  
*uncertainly. Bo turns to Virgil.*)

225 BO: Virge, if thass the way to make love . . . I’m gonna give up.  
ELMA: (*Crosses R. to Virgil.*) I’m afraid he isn’t feeling well.  
VIRGIL: (*To Elma.*) I tried to prompt him.  
ELMA: (*To herself.*) Well, we’ve only got one more number. (*Crosses to Cherie.*) Are  
you ready?

230 CHERIE: (*Rises.*) Sure.

ELMA: (*Crosses R. above table.*) Ladies and gentlemen, our next number is Mademoiselle Cherie, the international *chanteuse*, direct from the Blue Dragon night club in Kansas City, Cherie! (*All applaud as Cherie comes forth, Virgil playing an introduction for her. Bo puts his fingers through his teeth and whistles for her. Cherie hands her robe to Virgil. Elma clears central table, Cherie climbs up on it.*)

CHERIE: (*Whispering to Elma.*) Remember, I don't allow no table service during my numbers.

ELMA: O.K. (*She crosses to counter, sits on D. S. stool. In the background now, we can observe that Dr. Lyman is drinking heavily from the bottle in his overcoat pocket. Cherie gets up on one of the tables and begins singing her song with a chord accompaniment from Virgil. Her rendition of the song is a most dramatic one, that would seem to have been created from Cherie's observations of numerous torch-singers. But she has appeal, and if she is funny, she doesn't seem to know it. Anyway, she rekindles Bo's most fervent love, which he cannot help expressing during her performance.*)

BO: (*About the middle of the song.*) Ain't she beautiful, Virge?

VIRGIL: (*Trying to keep his mind on his playing.*) Shh, Bo!

BO: I'm gonna git her, Virge.

VIRGIL: Ssshh!

BO: (*Pause. He pays no attention to anyone.*) I made up my mind. I told myself I was gonna git me a gal. Thass the only reason I entered that rodeo, and I ain't takin' no fer an answer.

VIRGIL: Bo, will you hush up and lemme be!

BO: Anything I ever wanted in this life, I went out and got and I ain't gonna stop now. I'm gonna git her. (*The song ends now and Cherie is enraged. She jumps down from her table and while her audience applauds, she goes straight to Bo and slaps him stingingly on the face.*)

CHERIE: You ain't got the manners God gave a monkey.

BO: (*Stunned.*) Cherry!

CHERIE: . . . and if I was a man, I'd beat the livin' daylights out of ya, and thass what some man's gonna do some day, and when it happens, I hope I'm there to see. (*She flounces back to her dressing room and crouches down behind counter, as Bo gapes. By this time Dr. Lyman has drunk himself almost to insensibility, and we see him weaving back and forth on his stool, mumbling almost incoherently.*)

DR. LYMAN: "Romeo . . . Romeo . . . wherefore art thou? Wherefore art thou . . . Romeo?" (*He laughs like a loon, falls off the stool and collapses on the floor. Elma and Virgil rush to him. Bo remains rooted, glaring at Cherie with puzzled hurt.*)

ELMA: (*Deeply concerned.*) Dr. Lyman! Dr. Lyman!

VIRGIL: The man's in a purty bad way. Let's get him on the bench. (*Elma and Virgil manage to get Dr. Lyman to his feet as Bo glides across the room, scales the counter in a leap and takes Cherie in his arms.*)

BO: I was tellin' Virge I love ya. Ya got no right to come over and slap me.



CHERIE: (*Twisting.*) Lemme be.

275 BO: (*Picking her up.*) We're goin' down and wake up the justice of the peace and you're gonna marry me t'night.

CHERIE: (*As he takes her in his arms and transports her to the door, just as Elma and Virgil are helping Dr. Lyman onto the bench.*) Help! Virgil, help!

BO: Shut up! I'll make ya a good husband. Ya won't never have nothin' to be sorry about.

280 CHERIE: (*As she is carried to the door.*) Help! Sheriff! Help me, someone! Help me! (*The action is now like that of a two-ringed circus for Elma and Virgil, whose attention suddenly is diverted from the plight of Dr. Lyman to the much noisier plight of Cherie. Bo gets her, kicking and protesting, as far as the front door when it suddenly opens and Bo finds himself confronted by Will who leaves the door open.*)

285 WILL: Put her down, cowboy!

BO: (*Trying to forge ahead.*) Git outta my way.

WILL: (*Shoving Bo back as Cherie manages to jump loose from his arms and runs L. behind counter.*) Yor gonna do as I say.

290 BO: I ain't gonna have no one interferin' in my ways. (*He makes an immediate lunge at Will, which Will is prepared for, coming up with a fist that sends Bo back reeling.*)

VIRGIL: (*Hurrying to Bo's side.*) Bo, ya cain't do this, Bo. Ya cain't pick a fight with the sheriff.

BO: (*Slowly getting back to his feet.*) By God, Mister, there ain't no man ever got the best a me, and there ain't no man ever gonna.

295 WILL: I'm ready and willin' to try, cowboy. Come on. (*Bo lunges at him again. Will steps aside and lets Bo send his blow into the empty doorway as he propels himself through it, outside. Then Will follows him out, where the fight continues. Virgil immediately follows them, as Elma and Cherie hurry to the window to watch.*)

300 CHERIE: I knowed this was gonna happen. I knowed it all along. (*Leaving the window, not wanting to see any more, going to a chair by one of the tables.*) Gee, I never wanted to cause so much trouble t'anyone.

ELMA: (*At the window, frightened by what she sees.*) Oh! (*Leaving the window.*) I . . . I don't want to watch any more. (*Cherie sobs softly. Elma goes to her.*) Will'll give him first aid. He always does.

305 CHERIE: Well . . . you gotta admit. He had it comin'. (*We become aware once more of Dr. Lyman, who gets up from the bench and weaves his way C.*)

DR. LYMAN: It takes strong men and women to love . . . (*About to fall, he grabs the back of a chair for support.*) People strong enough inside themselves to love . . . without humiliation. (*He sighs heavily and looks about him with blurred eyes.*)  
310 People big enough to grow with their love and live inside a whole, wide new dimension. People brave enough to bear the responsibility of being loved and not fear it as a burden. (*He sighs again and looks about him wearily.*) I . . . I never had the generosity to love, to give my own most private self to another, for I was weak. I thought the gift would somehow lessen me. *Me!* (*He laughs wildly and starts for the rear door.*)  
315 Romeo! Romeo! I am disgusting! (*Elma hurries after him, stopping him at the door.*)

ELMA: Dr. Lyman! Dr. Lyman!

DR. LYMAN: Don't bother, dear girl. Don't ever bother with a foolish old man like me.

320 ELMA: You're not a foolish old man. I like you more than anyone I've ever known.

DR. LYMAN: I'm flattered, my dear, and pleased, but you're young. In a few years, you will turn . . . from a girl into a woman; a kind, thoughtful, loving, intelligent woman . . . who could only pity me. For I'm a child, a drunken, unruly child, and I've nothing in my heart for a true woman.

325 ELMA: Let me get you something to make you feel better.

DR. LYMAN: No . . . no . . . I shall seek the icy comfort of the rest room (*He rushes out the rear door. Cherie gets her robe, puts it on. Now Virgil comes hurrying through the front door, going to Cherie.*)

VIRGIL: Miss, would ya help us? The sheriff says if you don't hold charges against Bo, he'll let him out to get back on the bus, if it ever goes.

330 CHERIE: So he can come back here and start maulin' me again?

VIRGIL: He won't do that no more, Miss. I promise.

CHERIE: *You promise!* How 'bout him?

VIRGIL: I think you can trust him now.

335 CHERIE: Thass what I thought before. Nothin' doin'. (*Starts L.*) He grabs ahold of a woman and kisses her . . . like he was Napoleon.

VIRGIL: (*Coming very close to speak as intimately as possible.*) Miss . . . if he was to know I told ya this, he'd never forgive me, but . . . yor the first woman he ever made love to at all.

340 CHERIE: Hah! I sure don't b'lieve that.

VIRGIL: It's true, Miss. He's allus been as shy as a rabbit.

CHERIE: (*In simple amazement.*) My God! (*Sits on chair at table.*)

ELMA: (*Dr. Lyman returns now through the rear door. Elma hurries to him.*) Dr. Lyman, are you all right?

345 DR. LYMAN: (*On his way to the bench.*) I'm an old man, my dear. I feel very weary. (*He stretches out on the bench, lying on his stomach. He goes almost immediately to sleep. Elma finds an old jacket and spreads it over his shoulders like a blanket. There is a long silence. Elma sits by Dr. Lyman attentively. Cherie is very preoccupied.*)

CHERIE: (*Jumps up suddenly and grabs Virgil's jacket off hook.*) Come on Virge. Let's

350 go.

VIRGIL: (*Enthused.*) I'm awful glad you're gonna help him, Miss.

CHERIE: But if you're tellin' me a fib just to get him out of jail, I'll never forgive ya.

VIRGIL: It's no fib, Miss. You're the first gal he ever made love to at all.

CHERIE: Well, I sure ain't never had that honor before. (*They hurry out front door*

355 *together.*)

**Question**

In what ways do you find this scene both dramatically and thematically interesting?

**[Turn over**

## Section 4 – Reading the Media

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

### Category A – Film

1. *“As a film nears its end, the viewers often find themselves contrasting what they are experiencing with what they experienced as the film began.”*

Discuss the cinematic techniques whereby an effective contrast is achieved between the opening minutes and the closing minutes of any **one** film you have studied.

2. Discuss the extent to which the effectiveness of any **one** film you have studied derives from the ways in which elements of different genres are combined.

### Category B – Television

3. *“It’s not just reality television that turns real life events into a form of fiction (where, for example, real people become characters in a story); television news, documentaries and current affairs programmes do exactly the same.”*

How far do you agree?

You should support your answer with evidence drawn from a range of programmes.

4. Discuss the means by which representation of family is constructed in **one** or **more than one** television drama you have studied.

### Category C – Radio

5. On almost all radio stations it is the breakfast and teatime shows that regularly attract the greatest number of listeners.

What is it about the content and style of such programmes that, in your view, attracts large audiences?

6. *“Radio channels are becoming increasingly specialised in terms of content and style, addressing the interests and tastes of their target listeners to the exclusion of a wider audience.”*

How far do you agree?

### Category D – Print journalism

7. How does the content of any **one** newspaper you have studied reflect the age, class, attitudes, and concerns of its readership?
8. For this question you are provided with two extracts from the coverage by *The Guardian* of the semi-final tennis match between Andy Murray and Rafael Nadal at Wimbledon in July 2010. (*See the colour insert provided for this section.*)

Compare and contrast the treatment of the event by Simon Hattenstone in the main newspaper with the treatment of the event by Kevin Mitchell in the sport section.

### Category E – Advertising

9. “*The aim of advertising is not to sell but to make people want to buy.*”

Drawing examples from a range of advertisements or from an advertising campaign, discuss some of the techniques by which advertisers attempt to make the public “*want to buy*”.

10. Examine carefully the two advertisements for ghd (“good hair day”) hair straighteners and curling tongs published in *The Observer Woman* magazine in November 2009. (*See the colour insert provided for this section.*)

How effectively do the advertisements convey the brand image?

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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## Insert for Section 4 – Reading the Media Question 8

*The Guardian* (July 2010)

### All over again Even Nadal seems sorry as Murray fails to reach final once more

Simon Hattenstone

Not again. For the second successive year Andy Murray fell at the penultimate hurdle. Judging by the sympathetic post-match hug, even his rival Rafa Nadal felt sorry for him. If he keeps it up the surly Scotsman is in danger of turning into a national treasure after all.

The joke website *AndyMurrayometer.com* measures how British (as opposed to Scottish) the world No 4 is considered and is regularly updated through Wimbledon fortnight. Yesterday morning, he was deemed to have crossed over into emphatically British territory at 51%, and the Queen was waving with approval.

But when it comes to Wimbledon British still pretty much translates as English – squishy red fruit, cups of tea and decades of stiff-upper-lip defeat. This is no place for a stropky Scot who doesn't do crowd pleasing – and after crashing out of yesterday's semi-final in straight sets, Murray seemed more Scottish than ever.

If there was ever a day for Murray to prove himself an all-conquering British hero, it was yesterday. Especially after recent sporting events, of which the less said the better. Even the redtops had claimed him as Our Boy since he moved to England – “Murray of Surrey” trumpeted the Sun, though it doesn't really work as a chant. Meanwhile, the Mirror has been investigating the family tree and discovered English great-grandparents – and, of course, the English girlfriend.

But early yesterday there was little sign of Murraymania around the All England Club. There was no Murrayabilia being flogged, let alone choruses of “Tennis's coming home”.

Daryl Smith, selling cold water on the hot road to Wimbledon, was clear he wanted Nadal to win.

Why? “Murray's an arrogant git.” But he's a British hero isn't he? “He might be a British hero, but he's not an English hero.” If only Britain had a Rafa, so many blazers and straw

boaters said – a brute on court, sweet as honey off it. Cool enough to star in a Shakira video, cuddly enough to still live with his parents. You sensed that however much the beautifully attired David Beckham might protest, he was secretly here more for Nadal than for Murray.

Rodney Jeffreys was handing out cards asking people how to improve British tennis. Why so negative when Murray was in the semi-final for the second successive year? Simple, he says: he's not one of us. “I think he's anti-English actually. He even said Wimbledon wasn't the world's biggest tennis tournament.” The English do not forgive such heresies.

It's true Murray has got history. As a proud Scot, he has never been over-keen to embrace his almost-Englishness. It was only natural for him to say in 2006 he wanted whoever England was playing to win the World Cup (although he later claimed it was a joke). There have been other notably unBritish provocations: the quite foreign beefing up that resulted in his now-infamous clenched biceps, the stage-whispered swearing at former coach Brad Gilbert, the sacking of his team, and calling his autobiography *Hitting Back*. Even his mother, Judy, admits he wouldn't win a place at charm school.

But that is the past. Murray has been maturing nicely into his Britishness in recent times. Earlier this year in Australia he even wept after losing to a majestic Federer, then delivered the poignant soundbite: “I can cry like Roger. It's just a shame I can't play like him.” You don't get more British than that. Last week he bowed in front of the Queen – and without a hint of sarcasm. Surely, with a newly positive attitude, he could win the fans over? Surely this year he could win Wimbledon?

At noon, the crowds were milling round Court 11 where Murray was practising. Wendy Seddig, a Scot and Murray fan, said her man was misunderstood.

“He comes across as dour, but I think he's a bit shy actually. He's much more approachable these days. I judge a player by how many autographs he signs, and he signs lots now.”

She might have a point about the shyness. Murray once said he would love to have been a player like Andre Agassi, but he just didn't have a big enough personality. It seemed to be a painful admission; almost a confession.

By 4pm, the early-day hostility had disappeared. But in the visceral boxing ring that is Centre Court, the atmosphere was strangely subdued. No Murray T-shirts, no Murray hats, no flags, just one woman wearing a union flag as a knee warmer. Murray fought. Really fought. But for all he gave, Nadal gave that little bit more. Every rally is an epic existential battle for the silent Spaniard. Meanwhile, Murray, for all his power and for all his subtlety, began to look like the cartoon beansprout of old. His shoulders sloped a little, and he stared at his towel disconsolately. The drop shots were just too short, the lobs just too long, the second serve slowed to a soporific 83mph, and he muttered to himself.

And still the crowd gave him little, just when he needed a lift. “Come on Murray!” bawled an angry man, who sounded like Brian Glover's bullying schoolteacher in *Kes*. It was hard to believe that Murray was playing at home. “Come on Andy, come on the English,” shouted one wit. “Come on Andy, do it for Beckham.”

But he couldn't. Despite a set point in the second and a break in the third, there was still a sense of the inevitable slide to respectable defeat. Meanwhile the biggest roar of the day was left for the departure of Beckham. So tennis won't be coming home after all. But there's always next year.



Scot's missed . . . Andy Murray fails to win over sceptical English Wimbledon fans on his way to defeat against Rafa Nadal Photograph: Julian Finney/Getty Images

## Bold, brave, blown away



Britain's Andy Murray shows the strain on Centre Court as his best efforts failed to overcome Rafael Nadal, the world No1 Clive Brunskill/Getty Images

### Kevin Mitchell Wimbledon

Andy Murray said this week he knew “nothing” about Bunny Austin, the last British player to reach the men’s singles final at Wimbledon, in 1938. He will not need reminding this morning that he was at least in with a shout of joining Austin in the record books until he blew a break in the third set against Rafael Nadal yesterday, and a decent fightback died under grey skies.

Had he made it 2-1, there was at least hope. But he could not complain. It was not the pressure of expectation that made him crack; it was the man on the other side of the net. Nadal found the strength and inspiration that champions are made of to win 6-4, 7-6, 6-4, and looks a good bet to beat Tomas Berdych in the final. The rising and formidable Czech was methodically strong in getting past a faltering Novak Djokovic in the first semi-final, but Nadal should have too much for him.

“I am disappointed,” Murray said, head down in front of his inquisitors within moments of defeat. “I had chances in all of the sets. He just played better than me. You’re not going to be able to play every single point on your terms against one of the best players ever. There were periods when I was dictating. I won a lot of points off my serve until the end of the match. I am annoyed I lost. I wanted to reach my first final here.

It was at this point that he stopped in mid-sentence. The prospect of tears looked strong. He cried on court when Roger Federer beat him in this year’s Australian Open final. The emotions were coming from within, as well as those applied by an expectant nation. He will know he did not quite do himself justice.

Nadal was kind enough to concede: “To beat Andy you have to play your best tennis. It was an amazing victory for me against one of the toughest players in the world. He is good enough to win a grand slam—very

soon. He’s a very, very nice guy and I wish him the best of luck. I played Berdych in the quarters here in 2007. It will be a tough final.”

Murray, who lost to Berdych in straight sets in Paris when out of sorts, said: “I think Rafa is the favourite. He’s the best player in the world and he’s played four finals in a row. I’m going to stay away from the tennis court for a while.”

All that said, Murray showed the sort of spirit and flickering elan that was surely enough to win around his few remaining doubters and haters in Middle England. But it was not good enough, and he knows it. He found Federer at his Olympian peak in Melbourne. Nadal was similarly near his very best.

There were moments of inspired tennis on both sides of the net in this match, which lasted two hours 27 minutes, but Nadal provided the important ones. He is a quite phenomenal champion. Having struggled at points in this tournament, he found the shots under pressure to lift his game to another level when it mattered. Murray, who had dropped one set en route to the second Friday, could not find an extra gear.

Ten times in 15 matches Murray has triumphed in five-setters, coming from two-love down four times. Only once in his career has Nadal lost after taking the first two sets – to Roger Federer in Miami – and that was the killing statistic.

Criticised in some quarters for his passivity, Murray upped his aggression by a considerable measure, which at times had Nadal hanging on. But the Spaniard, returning here after missing last year’s championship through injury, found a way to counter his opponent’s well-worked strategy of stretching him on his favoured forehand.

Time and again in the first set, Murray risked retribution on that wing, and prospered to within sight of parity on the half-hour. When Nadal hit a superbly angled forehand past him to go 3-2 up, Murray issued a respectful little “Yeah”.

In the ninth game, Murray banged his fifth ace down the middle for 15-0, but looked a little complacent in dawdling after a lob and hit the return long. He pulled out another ace for 30-15 – then double-faulted. Nadal had his first break point on the back of a brilliant return then finished cross-court. Murray hit wide to drop serve, and the first crack had appeared.

He hit long again on Nadal’s final serve of the set, and the struggle became intense.

Murray was putting together little passages of winners in the second, but not for long enough to break Nadal’s resolve. They got to a tie-break that the big-serving fourth seed might have fancied in any other context but against Nadal, and he had his moments, going 2-0 up, then pulling out two aces in the middle. Nadal, unbelievably, double-faulted to hand Murray set point, but saved. Leading 7-6, he stretched Murray with a blistering forehand and took the set.

The task now looked monumental – and Murray responded by breaking Nadal to love in the first game of the third set. He was having his best patch, as Nadal could not find an answer to the increased tempo. When Murray served to love at 4-2, he had genuine hopes of getting back into the match but Nadal dug deep.

Nadal did not really pressure his opponent’s serve until the eighth game, but Murray netted a simple backhand from mid-court when 30-15 up. From that point on, the contest ebbed away from him. Nadal got break point at 30-40 but hit long for deuce. Murray was on the verge of holding serve when he hit a drop shot wide. A double fault let Nadal back in again. When he netted another tight forehand near the net, they were back on level terms.

Nadal served magnificently to lead 5-4 and Murray needed to hold serve to stay in the contest. When he belted a simple forehand volley long, it was done, a dream ended. As they converged on the net, Nadal issued the one word Murray probably didn’t really want to hear: “Sorry.”



Insert for Section 4 – Reading the Media Question 10

*The Observer Woman* (November 2009)



**B**inderella's a beauty, her hair all a-curl  
No need of a prince for this stunning young girl  
She's saying goodbye to glass slippers forever  
And running away with a bloke dressed in leather.

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[X270/13/01]

*The Observer Woman* (November 2009)



**L**ittle Red Riding Hood, neither timid nor shy  
Whilst straightening her locks, a wolf she did spy  
But far from fainting or running a fever  
She started to laugh and pulled out a cleaver.

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