



National
Qualifications
2014

X724/75/01

**English
Reading for Understanding,
Analysis and Evaluation**

WEDNESDAY, 30 APRIL

1:00 PM – 2:00 PM

Total marks — 30

Attempt ALL questions.

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

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

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



Hey, parents, leave those kids alone.

In many ways, nothing changes. We love our children. We want our children to grow up to be competent, decent human beings fit for adult purpose. These are the main things, and in these we have, I think we are all agreed, not done too badly. Our children, and I'll generalise here, are not serial axe murderers or kitten drowners. Our children do make an effort — at least on special occasions anyway — to repay the enormous investment of time, energy, money and emotion we have poured into them. Children are programmed to please, to be loved, and to love us back.

So we are not here to examine our children. What we should do is try to find out where we have gone so terribly wrong. Before we come to the wretchedly indulgent state of modern parenting, though, I suppose I'd better set out my stall. Inevitably, when one becomes a parent, one can't help revisiting one's own childhood to make comparisons.

When I was little, we were given no choices — about what we ate, what we wore, what we did, where we went to school, when we went to bed etc. I could only choose what to read.

There was not so much stuff (many of my son's 15-year-old friends have iPods, iPads, MacBooks, unlimited access to their parents' credit cards, Pay Pal, eBay and iTunes accounts — and not just iPhones, but BlackBerrys too), so we made our own fun.

Our parents provided us with the essentials, then got on with their own lives. Which makes me realise that my parents were brilliant, not for what they did, but more for what they didn't do.

So we were fed, we were clothed, we were loved, and we had all the books we could read. But there was not the expectation of having every wish granted, as there is now, and that is the best thing that my parents could ever have given us.

I remember only once going to a restaurant in the UK. It was a motorway café on the A303. My father told us, wincing as he looked at the laminated text, with its stomach-churning pictograms, that we could have the spag bol. From the children's menu.

We had a TV, but as we lived in Belgium there was nothing to watch apart from two American sitcoms, which came on only once a week.

My parents were so hard up that when we went to England for holidays on the family farm on Exmoor — mainly spent "wooding" for winter fuel on rainswept hillsides — my father would invariably book cheap overnight ferry crossings from the Continent. He would never shell out for a cabin, despite the 1am or 3am departure slots. Instead, he would tell us to go to sleep in the back of the car, parked in the lower deck, where we would eventually pass out from suffocation or diesel fumes.

We never had friends round for "playdates". Keeping children busy and happy was not a parental priority. If we were bored, that was our own fault. In fact, there was nothing to do for weeks on end except rake leaves (my father once made us spend a whole half-term raking leaves) and read on our beds. Occasionally my mother would shout up the stairs: "Stop reading!" Imagine that now, when children are on their laptops in their rooms, looking at . . . I don't even want to imagine.

As for school, well, reports were read, not dwelt upon, as they were not parents' business, but ours. As for parental involvement, all I can tell you is that my father's proudest boast as a parent is that he never, once, attended a parent-teacher meeting at any one of our schools.

It never did me any harm, but still, I can't repeat this sensible, caring regime of character-building, toughening, benign neglect for my own children . . . and nor, it appears, can anyone else. Now examples of "wet parenting" abound.

50 We also live in a world where a manic mum calls herself a Tiger Mother and writes a bestselling book by the same name about how to produce straight-A, violin-playing, tennis-champ, superkids, and where pushy, anxious helicopter parents hover over every school. A friend reports that when her son was due to visit the Brecon Beacons on a school camping trip this summer, three mothers pulled out their sons because the weather forecast was “rainy”.

55 University dons are also complaining of a traumatic level of parental over-involvement just at the exact moment that mummies and daddies are supposed to be letting go.

It was the complete opposite in my day. When I was on my gap year, I called my father from Israel in September and told him I’d decided not to take up my place at university. I announced that I wanted to stay in Galilee with a handsome local shepherd. For ever.

60 My father didn’t miss a beat. “Great scheme!” he cried, astutely divining that if he approved the plan, I would never carry it out.

65 In my lifetime, parenthood has undergone a terrifying transition. Becoming a mother or father is no longer something you just are. It is something you do, like becoming a vet—complete with training courses, parenting vouchers, government targets and guidelines, and a host of academics and caring professionals (as well as their websites, and telephone helplines) on hand 24/7 to guide you through what to expect when your twentysomethings return home.

Parenting has become subsidised and professionalised, even though anyone can (and, frankly, does) have a baby, after which they become parents.

70 I love being a parent, most of the time anyway, but we should immediately de-professionalise it, on the grounds that: one, it’s unpaid; and two, thanks to the economy, lack of housing and jobs etc, you never get to retire.

Rachel Johnson, in The Times

1. Look at line 9, where the writer gives the view that, nowadays, parents “have gone . . . terribly wrong”.
Explain **in your own words** what the writer goes on to say has gone wrong. 2
2. Explain any way in which the sentences in lines 12 – 14 help to provide a link between ideas at this point in the passage. 2
3. Look at lines 24 – 40, where the writer develops the idea of her family being “hard up”.
Show fully how examples of the writer’s use of such features of language as **word choice** or **sentence structure** helps to convey her ideas effectively. 4
4. Look at lines 45 – 47.
Explain what is meant by the expression “benign neglect”, and explain what is surprising about this expression. 3
5. Look at lines 48 – 55.
With reference to **three** examples of the writer’s **word choice** from these lines, show fully how she makes clear her disapproval of what she calls “wet parenting”. 6
6. In the expression “straight-A, violin-playing, tennis-champ, superkids” the writer tries to achieve a humorous, mocking tone.
Explain with reference to her use of language how successful you think she has been in achieving this tone. 2
7. Look at lines 59 – 60.
Show fully how the writer conveys her father’s **apparent** attitude, and his **actual attitude**, to her plan. 4
8. Look at lines 61 – 66, and then explain **as far as possible in your own words** what similarities the writer sees between “Becoming a mother or father” and “becoming a vet”. 2
9. In this article, the writer points out several differences between parenting and childhood when she was little and parenting and childhood now (she refers to “a terrifying transition”, line 61).
As far as possible in your own words, summarise what some main differences are. 5

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

[Open out for Questions]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Article—Article is adapted from “Me, Boris Johnson and our brilliantly hands-off parents” by Rachel Johnson, taken from *The Times*, 15 October 2012. Reproduced by permission of News Syndication. © The Times, October 2012.



National
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2014

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**English
Critical Reading**

WEDNESDAY, 30 APRIL

2:20 PM – 3:50 PM

Total marks — 40

SECTION 1 — Scottish Text — 20 marks

Read an extract from a Scottish text you have previously studied.

Choose ONE text from either

Part A — Drama Pages 2–7

or

Part B — Prose Pages 8–17

or

Part C — Poetry Pages 18–25

Attempt ALL the questions for your chosen text.

SECTION 2 — Critical Essay — 20 marks

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

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

You should spend approximately 45 minutes on each Section.

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

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

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



SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

PART A — SCOTTISH TEXT — DRAMA

Text 1 — Drama

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

Bold Girls by Rona Munro

Marie's house. Belfast. Late afternoon. Present day

It is irons and ironing boards and piles of clothes waiting to be smoothed, socks and pegs and damp sheets waiting for a break in the Belfast drizzle for the line; it's toys in pieces and toys that are just cardboard boxes and toys that are new and gleaming and flashing with lights and have swallowed up the year's savings. It's pots and pans and steam and the kettle always hot for tea; it's furniture that's bald with age and a hearth in front of the coal fire that's gleaming clean.

At the moment it's empty, an unnatural, expectant emptiness that suggests this room is never deserted; it's too stuffed with human bits and pieces, all the clutter of housework and life.

There is a small picture of the virgin on one wall, a large grainy blow-up photo of a smiling young man on the other. He has a seventies haircut and moustache.

Deirdre is not in this room, she is crouching on all fours on her own talking out of darkness in which only her face is visible. She is wary, young.

15 DEIRDRE: *(moving from all fours)* The sun is going down behind the hills, the sky is grey. There's hills at the back there, green. I can't hardly see them because the stones between here and there are grey, the street is grey. Somewhere a bird is singing and falling in the sky. I hear the ice cream van and the traffic and the helicopter overhead.

Black-out; after a few minutes Lights come up on Marie's house.

20 *Marie bursts into the room with her arms laden with four packets of crisps, two of Silk Cut and a packet of chocolate biscuits. She is cheerful, efficient, young. She drops one of the crisps, tuts in exasperation, and looks at it*

MARIE: *(shouting back out the door)* Mickey! Mickey were you wanting smoky bacon?... Well this is salt and vinegar . . . Well, why did you not say? Away you and swap this . . . Catch now. *(She hurls the bag)* No you cannot . . . No . . . because you'll not eat your tea if you do! *(At the doorway)* Mickey, pick up those crisps and don't be so bold.

Marie comes back into the room and starts two jobs simultaneously. First she puts the crisps etc away, then she fills a pan with water and throws it on the stove. She starts sorting her dry washing into what needs ironing and what doesn't; she sorts a few items then starts peeling potatoes; all her movements have a frenetic efficiency.

Questions

1. Look at the description of Marie's house. By referring to word choice and/or sentence structure, explain what impression this creates of Marie's daily life. 4

2. With close reference to the text, explain what Deirdre's **actions** and **speech** tell us about her relationship to her surroundings. You could consider: word choice, tone, the use of imagery etc . . . 4

3. The playwright introduces Marie. What do we find out about:
 - (a) her attitude towards Mickey; 2
 - (b) her attitude towards her daily routine. 2

4. The play goes on to develop our understanding of how challenging life is in many respects for the "bold girls". By referring to this extract and at least one other example from the play, discuss what these challenges are. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 2 — Drama

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***Sailmaker* by Alan Spence**

Extract from Act Two

- ALEC: Look at the state ae us. We're livin like bloody Steptoe and Son! Nae light. Place is like a midden. When did we last gie it a good clean? Needs gutted.
Look at it!
- DAVIE: It's hard son. It's no easy on yer own.
- 5 ALEC: So ye go an get bevvied. Forget it all.
- DAVIE: Ye'd think ah came in steamin every night!
Christ ah need a wee break once in a while. Like the night. Nae harm in it. Good company. Wee sing song. Right gents, a wee bit order there. One singer one song. That lassie's a rare singer. Sang Honky Tonk Angels.
- 10 She's the one ah told ye about.
- ALEC: (*Sarcastic*) The really nice person.
- DAVIE: She wis.
- ALEC: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
- DAVIE: That was no lady, that was a really nice person.
- 15 Nae harm in it.
- ALEC: It's always the same. Every time ye meet a wumman she's a really really really nice person.
Why don't ye just admit that ye fancy her?
(*DAVIE slaps him, exits*)
- 20 Ach aye, yirra good boy son. Wallop!
Bad. Bad. Bad.
(*Pause*)
Wallop.
(*Darkness. Spotlight on ALEC*)
- 25 I keep goin back.
What is it I'm tryin to remember?
What is it I'm tryin to say?
There's somethin I've lost. Something I've forgotten.
Sometimes in the middle of the night . . .
- 30 What is it I'm looking for?
God knows.

Questions

5. In your own words, summarise what happens in this part of the play. Make **two** key points. 2
6. Think about how Alec and Davie are feeling during their dialogue with one another (lines 1–19).
- (a) Show how Alec’s language reflects his feelings. 2
- (b) Although he does not say very much, Davie experiences a range of emotions during his dialogue with his son. With close reference to the text, explain what **at least two** of these are. 4
7. Alec is left alone at the end of this extract.
With reference to word-choice and sentence structure, explain clearly his state of mind at this stage in the play. 4
8. By referring to this extract, and to elsewhere in the play, explain how the character of Alec develops and changes as he grows older. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 3 — Drama

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***Tally's Blood* by Ann Marie di Mambro**

This scene takes place in the back of the Pedreschi's shop.

ROSINELLA: You see the way Italians are getting on now, eh? Beginning to make a wee bit money? Because they're prepared to WORK that's why. I don't know anybody who works so hard as the Italian men.

Hughie in: with pail and mop.

5 HUGHIE: That's the tables cleared and the front shop mopped, Mrs Pedreschi, and the chip pan cleaned out. Is the milk boiled?

ROSINELLA: Should be.

She turns attention back to Lucia, Hughie lifts pot from stove and pours contents into two pails: he covers them and sets them aside, working like a trojan.

10 ROSINELLA: And the way they love their families. Nobody loves their families like the Italians. You want to stay for a wee bit pasta, Hughie? It's your favourite. Rigatoni.

HUGHIE: No thanks, Mrs Pedreschi. I better get up the road. Bridget's going out and I don't like my mammy left on her own.

15 ROSINELLA: Bridget's going out is she? Don't tell me she's winching?

HUGHIE: No. Her and Davie are going up to Charmaine's the night — to go over all the arrangements. My mammy's no up to it.

ROSINELLA: That's right. When's the wedding now?

20 *Hughie and Lucia exchange glances: he makes gesture of "go ahead" to her. Lucia shakes head.*

Hughie: Saturday.

ROSINELLA: And where are they going to stay?

HUGHIE: At Charmaine's.

25 ROSINELLA: It's funny that, isn't it, but that's the way they do it here. In Italy a girl must go to her husband's house. That's why you must have land if you've got sons.

Massimo in.

30 ROSINELLA: So that'll be your mammy left with her eldest and her youngest, eh? I don't see your Bridget ever marrying, do you? You see, Lucia, there's a lot of women Bridget's age no married. The war killed that many young men. I'm right there, amn't I Massimo?

MASSIMO: You got those pails ready, son?

HUGHIE: I'll bring them through.

- MASSIMO: And give's a hand to put these shutters up before you go.
- 35 *Hughie and Massimo out: Rosinella watches him go.*
- ROSINELLA: I'm right about that Davie, amn't I Lucia? Give it five or six months, Hughie'll be telling us he's an uncle again. Mind you, I suppose his mother must feel it, right enough. Can you find me a wee envelope hen, a wee poke or something? What was I saying . . . ah yes . . . See what I mean about Italian men. Just take that brother of Hughie's. Getting married on Saturday, give him two or three days and he'll be out DRINKING with his pals.
- 40
- Rosinella shooshes up when Hughie comes in, followed by Massimo: all locked up. Massimo takes off his apron, reaches for a bottle of wine.*
- 45 MASSIMO: Thanks, Hughie son. You want a wee glass of wine?
- HUGHIE: I better not, Mr Pedreschi. I better get up the road.
- ROSINELLA: Hang on a minute, son. (She has slipped a couple of notes into the poke, gives it to Hughie) Here, give this to your brother from me. Instead of a present. Help them out a wee bit, eh? (Hughie hangs back, embarrassed)
- 50 . . . Take it.

Questions

9. (a) Rosinella makes stereotypical statements about Italians and/or Scots which are shown to be false in this extract. Identify **two** statements and explain how the playwright shows they are false. 4
- (b) Explain how you think the audience would react to this falseness. 2
10. Think about the character Rosinella.
- (a) How is Rosinella shown to be kind or caring in this extract? 2
- (b) How is Rosinella shown to be unkind or unpleasant in this extract? 2
11. Identify **two** examples of colloquial or conversational language from the extract. 2
12. This extract deals with racial stereotypes. With close reference to this extract and elsewhere in the play explain how the issue of racism is explored. 8

[Turn over

PART B — SCOTTISH TEXT — PROSE

Text 1 — Prose

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

The Cone-Gatherers by Robin Jenkins.

In this extract, a deer hunt, at which Neil and Calum have been told to help out, is coming to its violent end.

The drive was nearly over. Only a hundred or so yards away were the waiting guns. Frightened by the noises approaching them from the rear, and apprehensive of the human silence ahead, the five roe deer were halted, their heads high in nervous alertness. When Calum saw them, his cry was of delight and friendship, and then of terrified warning as
5 the dogs too, and Duror, caught sight of them and rushed in pursuit. Silently, with marvellous grace and agility over such rough ground, the deer flew for the doom ahead. Their white behinds were like moving glints of sunlight; without them their tawny hides might not have been seen in the autumnal wood.

Calum no longer was one of the beaters; he too was a deer hunted by remorseless men.
10 Moaning and gasping, he fled after them, with no hope of saving them from slaughter but with the impulse to share it with them. He could not, however, be so swift or sure of foot. He fell and rose again; he avoided one tree only to collide with another close to it; and all the time he felt, as the deer must have, the indifference of all nature; of the trees, of tall withered stalks of willow herb, of the patches of blue sky, of bushes, of piles
15 of cut scrubwood, of birds lurking in branches, and of the sunlight: presences which might have been expected to help or at least sympathise.

The dogs barked fiercely. Duror fired his gun in warning to those waiting in the ride. Neil, seeing his brother rush into danger, roared to him to come back. All the beaters, except Charlie far in the rear, joined in the commotion; the wood resounded with their
20 exultant shouts. Realising this must be the finish or kill, Graham, recuperating on the road, hopped back over the fence into the wood and bellowed loudest of all.

As Duror bawled to his dogs to stop lest they interfered with the shooting, and as the deer hesitated before making the dash across the ride, Calum was quite close to them as silent, desperate, and heroic, they sprang forward to die or escape. When the guns
25 banged he did not, as Neil had vehemently warned him to do, fall flat on the ground and put his fingers in his ears. Instead, with wails of lament, he dashed on at demented speed and shot out onto the broad green ride to hear a deer screaming and see it, wounded in the breast and forelegs, scrabbling about on its hindquarters. Captain Forgan was feverishly reloading his guns to fire again. Calum saw no one else, not even the lady
30 or Mr Tulloch, who was standing by himself about twenty yards away.

Screaming in sympathy, heedless of the danger of being shot, Calum flung himself upon the deer, clasped it around the neck and tried to comfort it. Terrified more than ever, it dragged him about with it in its mortal agony. Its blood came off onto his face and hands.

While Captain Forgan, Young Roderick, and Lady Runcie-Campbell stood petrified by this
35 sight, Duror followed by his dogs came leaping out of the wood. He seemed to be laughing in some kind of berserk joy.

Questions

13. Look at the first paragraph and describe the changing emotions Calum experiences when he sees the deer. 2
14. In lines 5–8 how does the writer emphasise the sadness of what is about to happen to the deer? 2
15. Identify two examples of how the writer’s language in lines 9–16 convey Calum’s clumsy panic as he tries to help the hunted animals. 2
16. Look again at lines 24–33. Show how the writer conveys the chaos of the moment when Calum reaches and tries to help the wounded deer. 4
17. How unusual do you find Duror’s reaction in lines 34–36 to Calum ruining the deer drive? 2
18. Discuss how Duror is portrayed in this extract and elsewhere in the novel. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 2 — Prose

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***The Testament of Gideon Mack* by James Robertson**

I went running every second or third day. I ran not as a member of a club, not in training for competitions (although I have run marathons for charity), not even to keep fit (although it had that effect), but because I enjoyed it. Yes, running filled me with joy, contentment, as nothing else did. It took me out of myself. Also, it was how I released
5 the energy inside me: as if the fire blazing away in there was my fuel. If I went four days without a run, I grew hot and tense and felt as if my chest was about to explode. I needed to run. It was how I got the heat out of my system.

Running made me aware both of the countryside in which I lived and of my physical self. When I set off through the streets of Monimaskit, I could feel the disapproval of some of
10 my parishioners boring into the back of my neck — there was something just *no richt* about a minister in shorts, and sweating. But once out of the town I left all that behind me. I avoided traffic-heavy main roads and ran on narrow, deserted unclassifieds, farm tracks, paths that led me through woods and alongside fields and over burns. I ran along the shore, I ran up into the low hills, I ran beside the crashing of the sea on sand and
15 shingle and I ran above the roaring of the Keldo Water as it fought through the Black Jaws on its way to that sea. I loved the idea of myself — was this vanity? — running among the shadows of trees, against the backdrop of hills, in the echo of birdsong and bellowing cows. I could run for a couple of hours at a time if I chose, barely pausing at gates or stiles, sensitive to the different noises my trainers made when I went up or down a hill, or
20 when I moved from hard road to soft path or grass. Usually I ran in the late afternoon, the dead time between daytime appointments and evening visits and meetings, and I seldom met anybody else. A woman walking her dog, perhaps, or a couple of lads on their bikes. Sometimes the woman would recognise me and say hello. Sometimes she'd recognise me but pretend not to, embarrassed by the ministerial knees. If the boys had a
25 clue who I was, they never let on.

I loved that time of day in all seasons and all weathers, the bright hot stillness of summer and the dark moody dampness of winter. I loved it for itself, but running made it more special still. Running emptied my head of work, the Kirk, the world. Difficult issues and awkward individuals were repelled by the force of my energy, and their ghosts faded into
30 the trees. In Israel young fanatics with explosives strapped to their bodies were wiping themselves and busloads of hated strangers off the planet; insect species were being extinguished every five minutes in the Amazon forest; military coups were being bloodily launched in Africa; dams were being built in China, making tens of thousands homeless; but in Keldo Woods, alone and immune and having slipped his clerical collar, Gideon Mack
35 was running. Sometimes a line from a song or a hymn got trapped in my head and I ran to its rhythm, half-enjoying it and half-annoyed by it. Phrases from the Scriptures that became strange and mantra-like in the repetition: *Nec tamen consumebatur*; “The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour”; MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN. Sometimes I heard my own voice in there, bits of poems I'd read, things I wished I'd said at the right
40 moment, heroic and true things I might say in the future — nothing, as it's turned out, remotely connected with what I would actually say.

Sometimes I saw myself as I do now — as if in a film, splashing through puddles to a soundtrack by Vangelis: *when I run I feel God's pleasure*. But that was somebody else: Eric Liddell, the Flying Scotsman, a missionary, a kind of saint. *The loneliness of the*
 45 *long-distance runner*: phrases like that would enter my head and bounce around in there as I ran; but that was someone else again, a Borstal boy, a figure of fiction. I was somewhere in between — an escapee from my professional hypocrisy, a minister off the leash, a creature neither wholly real nor wholly imagined, hurrying through an ancient
 50 landscape. Yes, even then I suspected what I now know to be true: that life itself is not wholly real. Existence is one thing, life quite another: it is the ghost that haunts existence, the spirit that animates it. Running, whether in the rain or sun, felt like life.

Questions

19. Using examples from this extract to support your points, explain the different reasons why Gideon Mack enjoys running. 4
20. What does this extract reveal about Mack's attitude to his job? Give evidence from the extract to support your answer. 2
21. Look closely at the **language** used in this extract.
- (a) Show how **sentence structure** helps the reader understand how much Gideon Mack enjoys running. 3
- (b) Choose one example of **imagery** used to help the reader understand the importance of running to Gideon Mack and explain how it does so. 3
22. Discuss one aspect of Gideon Mack's character which features in this extract and is developed elsewhere in the novel. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 3 — Prose

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***Kidnapped* by Robert Louis Stevenson**

In this extract, which is from Chapter 9 of the novel, David Balfour sees Alan Breck Stewart for the first time as he arrives on the Covenant.

We had run down a boat in the fog, and she had parted in the midst and gone to the bottom with all her crew, but one. This man (as I heard afterwards) had been sitting in the stern as a passenger, while the rest were on the benches rowing. At the moment of the blow, the stern had been thrown into the air, and the man (having his hands free, and
5 for all he was encumbered with a frieze overcoat that came below his knees) had leaped up and caught hold of the brig's bowsprit. It showed he had luck and much agility and unusual strength, that he should have thus saved himself from such a pass. And yet, when the captain brought him into the round-house, and I set eyes on him for the first time, he looked as cool as I did.

10 He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the small-pox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword.
15 His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

The captain, too, was taking his observations, but rather of the man's clothes than his person. And to be sure, as soon as he had taken off the great-coat, he showed forth
20 mighty fine for the round-house of a merchant brig: having a hat with feathers, a red waistcoat, breeches of black plush, and a blue coat with silver buttons and handsome silver lace; costly clothes, though somewhat spoiled with the fog and being slept in.

"I'm vexed, sir, about the boat," says the captain.

"There are some pretty men gone to the bottom," said the stranger, "that I would
25 rather see on the dry land again than half a score of boats."

"Friends of yours?" said Hoseason.

"You have none such friends in your country," was the reply. "They would have died for me like dogs."

"Well, sir," said the captain, still watching him, "there are more men in the world than
30 boats to put them in."

"And that's true, too," cried the other, "and ye seem to be a gentleman of great penetration."

"I have been in France, sir," says the captain, so that it was plain he meant more by the words than showed upon the face of them.

35 "Well, sir," says the other, "and so has many a pretty man, for the matter of that."

“No doubt, sir,” says the captain, “and fine coats.”

“Oho!” says the stranger, “is that how the wind sets?” And he laid his hand quickly on his pistols.

40 “Don’t be hasty,” said the captain. “Don’t do a mischief before ye see the need of it. Ye’ve a French soldier’s coat upon your back and a Scotch tongue in your head, to be sure; but so has many an honest fellow in these days, and I dare say none the worse of it.”

Questions

23. Look at paragraph 1 (lines 1–9) and summarise the circumstances of how Alan Breck Stewart came to arrive on the Covenant. You should make at least four key points. 4
24. Look at paragraph 2 (lines 10–17).
In **your own words**, explain what David Balfour’s first impressions were of Alan Breck Stewart’s physical appearance and character. 4
25. Look at the conversation between Alan Breck Stewart and Captain Hoseason (lines 23–42).
Show how any **two** examples of the writer’s use of language contributes to the creation of tension in the dialogue. 4
26. With reference to this extract and to elsewhere in the novel, discuss the development of David and Alan’s relationship. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 4 — Prose

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***The Telegram* by Iain Crichton Smith**

The elder had passed the Murrays. The next house was her own. She sat perfectly still. Oh, pray God it wasn't hers. And yet it must be hers. Surely it must be hers. She had dreamt of this happening, her son drowning in the Atlantic ocean, her own child whom she had reared, whom she had seen going to play football in his green jersey and white shorts, whom she had seen running home from school. She could see him drowning but she couldn't make out the name of the ship. She had never seen a really big ship and what she imagined was more like the mailboat than a cruiser. Her son couldn't drown out there for no reason that she could understand. God couldn't do that to people. It was impossible. God was kinder than that. God helped you in your sore trouble. She began to mutter a prayer over and over. She said it quickly like the Catholics. O God save my son O God save my son O God save my son. She was ashamed of prattling in that way as if she was counting beads but she couldn't stop herself, and on top of that she would soon cry. She knew it and she didn't want to cry in front of that woman, that foreigner. It would be weakness. She felt the arm of the thin woman around her shoulders, the thin arm and it was like first love, it was like the time Murdo had taken her hand in his when they were coming home from the dance, such an innocent gesture, such a spontaneous gesture. So unexpected, so strange, so much a gift. She was crying and she couldn't look . . .

"He has passed your house," said the thin woman, in a distant firm voice, and she looked up. He was walking along and he had indeed passed her house. She wanted to stand up and dance all around the kitchen, all fifteen stone of her, and shout and cry and sing a song but then she stopped. She couldn't do that. How could she do that when it must be the thin woman's son? There was no other house. The thin woman was looking out at the elder, her lips pressed closely together, white and bloodless. Where had she learnt that self control? She wasn't crying or shaking. She was looking out at something she had always dreaded but she wasn't going to cry or surrender or give herself away to anyone.

And at that moment the fat woman saw. She saw the years of discipline, she remembered how thin and unfed and pale the thin woman had always looked, how sometimes she had had to borrow money, even a shilling to buy food. She saw what it must have been like to be a widow bringing up a son in a village not her own. She saw it so clearly that she was astounded. It was as if she had an extra vision, as if the air itself brought the past with all its details nearer. The number of times the thin woman had been ill and people had said that she was weak and useless. She looked down at the thin woman's arm. It was so shrivelled, and dry.

35 And the elder walked on.

Questions

27. Look closely at lines 1–18.
How does the writer use language effectively to create tension? 4
28. Look closely at the description of the thin woman in lines 19–26.
Show how the writer uses word choice to demonstrate:
- (a) her fear; 2
- (b) her self-control. 2
29. In your own words, summarise the main difficulties the thin woman has had to overcome in her life. You should make at least four points. 4
30. By referring to this story, and to at least one other story by Iain Crichton Smith, show how he is successful in creating a character or characters we can feel sympathy for. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 5 — Prose

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

***Away in a Manger* by Anne Donovan**

This year the nativity was bigger than life-sized. The figures were bronze statues, staunin on a carpet of straw and surrounded by what looked like a hoose made of glass. It was placed tae wan side of the square, inside a fence. Sandra thought it was quite dull lookin. Weans liked bright colours and these huge people were kind of scary. She minded
5 the wee plastic figures of Mary and Joseph she used tae set carefully in place every Christmas, leavin the baby Jesus tae last. They'd fitted intae the palm of her haund. She'd need tae get a crib for Amy. Sandra wisnae very religious, no religious at all, really, but still, it was nice for the wee ones tae have a crib.

“Is that a manger, Mammy?” Amy pointed.

10 “That’s right. D’you know who all the people are?”

Amy sucked at her mitt and looked carefully at the figures. “That’s Mary and that’s Joseph — and that’s the baby Jesus. And that’s a shepherd wi his sheep. But who’s that, Mammy?”

“They’re the three wise kings. Look — they’ve got presents for the baby Jesus.”

15 “But who’s that, Mammy? Behind the cow.”

Huddled in the straw, hidden in a corner behind the figure of a large beast, lay a man. He was slightly built, dressed in auld jeans and a thin jaicket. One of his feet stuck out round the end of the statue and on it was a worn trainin shoe, the cheapest kind they sold in the store. Sandra moved round tae get a better look at him. He was quite young, wi a
20 pointed face and longish dark hair. A stubbly growth covered his chin. He seemed sound asleep.

“Is he an angel, Mammy?”

Sandra didnae answer. She was lookin at the glass structure wonderin how on earth he’d got in. One of the panels at the back looked a bit loose, but you’d think they’d have an
25 alarm on it. Lucky for him they never — at least he’d be warm in there. She was that intent on the glass panels that she’d nearly forgotten he wisnae a statue. Suddenly he opened his eyes. They were grey.

Amy grabbed her mother’s arm and started jumpin up and down.

“Mammy, look, he’s alive! Look Mammy. He’s an angel!”

Questions

31. Using your own words as far as possible, summarise the main events in this extract. You should make at least two key points. 2
32. Look at lines 1–3. The writer uses a number of techniques to show how Amy tries to make sense of the scene. Identify two techniques and explain their effects. 4
33. Look at lines 7–8 from “Sandra wisnae...”. The writer creates the impression of Sandra thinking. Choose any one aspect of the writer’s use of language and explain its effect. 2
34. Look at lines 16–20. The writer uses word choice to create a detailed picture of the man. Identify **two** separate examples of the writer’s word choice from these lines and comment on their effects. 4
35. With reference to this story and at least one other story by Donovan, discuss how any one theme is explored. 8

[Turn over

PART C — SCOTTISH TEXT — POETRY

Text 1 — Poetry

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

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.

The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he

5 a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again

10 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,

15 a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white

20 from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.

From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Questions

36. As the photographer prepares to develop the film we learn important things about him.
Identify two important things we learn about him from stanza one. 2
37. Show how two examples of the poet's use of language in stanza two highlight the effect the photographer's work has had on the photographer. 4
38. Show how one example of the poet's use of language contributes to the dramatic effect of stanza three. 2
39. How effective do you find any two aspects of the final stanza as a conclusion to the poem?
Your answer might deal with ideas and/or language. 4
40. Using close textual reference, show how the presentation of the main character in this poem is similar or different to the presentation of the main character in another poem or poems by Duffy which you have read. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 2 — Poetry

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

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***In the Snack-bar* by Edwin Morgan**

A cup capsizes along the formica,
slithering with a dull clatter.

A few heads turn in the crowded evening snack-bar.

An old man is trying to get to his feet

5 from the low round stool fixed to the floor.

Slowly he levers himself up, his hands have no power.

He is up as far as he can get. The dismal hump
looming over him forces his head down.

He stands in his stained beltless gabardine

10 like a monstrous animal caught in a tent

in some story. He sways slightly,

the face not seen, bent down

in shadow under his cap.

Even on his feet he is staring at the floor

15 or would be, if he could see.

I notice now his stick, once painted white

but scuffed and muddy, hanging from his right arm.

Long blind, hunchback born, half paralysed

he stands

20 fumbling with the stick

and speaks:

‘I want - to go to the - toilet.’

It is down two flights of stairs but we go.

I take his arm. ‘Give me - your arm - it’s better,’ he says.

25 Inch by inch we drift towards the stairs.

A few yards of floor are like a landscape

to be negotiated, in the slow setting out

time has almost stopped. I concentrate

my life to his: crunch of spilt sugar,

30 slidy puddle from the night’s umbrellas,

table edges, people's feet,
hiss of the coffee-machine, voices and laughter,
smell of a cigar, hamburgers, wet coats steaming,
and the slow dangerous inches to the stairs.

Questions

41. (a) Identify two of the poem's main ideas or central concerns that are introduced in this extract. 2
- (b) Show how any two examples of the poet's use of language in stanza 1 help to make these concerns clear to readers. 4
42. Explain how the poet's own role in what is happening in the snack-bar changes from stanza 1 to stanza 2. 2
43. Look at lines 23–34. Show how the poet uses language to emphasise the difficulty of the start of the journey to the toilet. 4
44. By closely referring to the text of this and at least one other Morgan poem, show how Morgan uses language effectively to create interesting characters. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 3 — Poetry

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

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***Basking Shark* by Norman MacCaig**

To stub an oar on a rock where none should be,
To have it rise with a slounge out of the sea
Is a thing that happened once (too often) to me.

But not too often—though enough I count as gain

- 5 That once I met, on a sea tin-tacked with rain,
That roomsized monster with a matchbox brain.

He displaced more than water He shoggled me
Centuries back—this decadent townee
Shook on a wrong branch of his family tree.

- 10 Swish up the dirt and, when it settles, a spring
Is all the clearer. I saw me, in one fling,
Emerging from the slime of everything.

So who's the monster? The thought made me grow pale
For twenty seconds while as, sail after sail,

- 15 The tall fin slid away, and then the tail.

Questions

45. Look at stanza 1. What event is described in this stanza and how does MacCaig react? Refer to the poet's language in your answer. 3
46. Referring closely to stanza 2, show how MacCaig uses word choice to convey how he feels about the encounter. 4
47. "He displaced more than water". Explain what this line means and show how the poet in the rest of the stanza develops this idea further. 3
48. Choose an example of word choice in stanza 4 and explain how effective you find this example. 2
49. MacCaig often describes his personal experiences in his poetry, using these to explore wider themes. Referring closely to this poem and to at least one other poem by MacCaig, show how he uses personal experience to explore wider themes. 8

[Turn over

OR

Text 4 — Poetry

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

Read the poem below and then attempt the following questions.

***Lucozade* by Jackie Kay**

My mum is on a high bed next to sad chrysanthemums.

“Don’t bring flowers, they only wilt and die.”

I am scared my mum is going to die

on the bed next to the sad chrysanthemums.

5 She nods off and her eyes go back in her head.

Next to her bed is a bottle of Lucozade.

“Orange nostalgia, that’s what it is,” she says.

“Don’t bring Lucozade, either,” then fades.

“The whole day was a blur, a swarm of eyes.

10 Those doctors with their white lies.

Did you think you could cheer me up with a Woman’s Own?

Don’t bring magazines, too much about size.”

My mum wakes up, groggy and low.

“What I want to know,” she says, “is this:

15 where’s the big brandy, the generous gin, the Bloody Mary,
the biscuit tin, the chocolate gingers, the dirty big meringue?”

I am sixteen; I’ve never tasted a Bloody Mary.

“Tell your father to bring a luxury,” says she.

“Grapes have no imagination, they’re just green.

20 Tell him: stop the neighbours coming.”

I clear her cupboard in Ward 10B, Stobhill Hospital.

I leave, bags full, Lucozade, grapes, oranges,

sad chrysanthemums under my arms,

weighted down. I turn round, wave with her flowers.

25 My mother, on her high hospital bed, waves back.

Her face is light and radiant, dandelion hours.

Her sheets billow and whirl. She is beautiful.

Next to her the empty table is divine.

I carry the orange nostalgia home singing an old song.

Questions

50. Look at stanzas 1 and 2 (lines 1–8).
Why does the poet’s mother not want her to bring flowers or Lucozade? 2
51. Referring to lines 9–20, show how the poet gives the reader a clear impression of the mother’s character or personality. 4
52. Explain how the poet uses language in lines 21–29 to indicate a clear change in the girl’s feelings. 6
53. Identify at least one theme from this poem. Using close textual reference, show how the theme (or themes) is explored in this poem, and in at least one other poem by Jackie Kay. 8

[END OF SECTION 1]

[Turn over

SECTION 2 — CRITICAL ESSAY — 20 marks

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

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

You should spend approximately 45 minutes on this Section.

DRAMA

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

1. Choose a play in which there is a character who is important in relation to the theme of the play.

Referring to appropriate techniques, explain how this character affects our understanding of this theme.

2. Choose a play in which there is a key scene.

Briefly describe what happens in this scene then, by referring to dramatic techniques, go on to explain why the scene is important to the play as a whole.

PROSE

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

3. Choose a novel or short story or work of non-fiction which has a key incident.

Give a brief account of the incident, and by referring to appropriate techniques, show how this incident is important to the text as a whole.

4. Choose a novel or short story in which there is a character involved in some form of conflict.

By referring to appropriate techniques, show how the character comes to be involved in this conflict and how the conflict develops throughout the text.

POETRY

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

5. Choose a poem which you find particularly thought-provoking.

By referring to poetic techniques, explain how the poet makes this poem so thought-provoking.

6. Choose a poem which deals with human experience.

By referring to poetic techniques, show how the poet makes this experience come alive and helps you appreciate the poem as a whole.

FILM AND TELEVISION DRAMA

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

7. Choose the opening or closing scene or sequence from a film or television drama*.

By referring to appropriate techniques, explain why you find it an effective opening or closing scene or sequence.

8. Choose a film or television drama* which has a character who either supports or threatens the main character.

By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how this character plays an important role in the film/television drama as a whole.

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

[Turn over

LANGUAGE

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

9. Choose two advertisements, and consider the language used.

By referring to the language techniques used, explain how effective they are at persuading you.

10. Consider the differences in language between two groups of people - for example people who live in different areas, or who have different jobs.

By referring to appropriate language techniques, explain the main differences in language use between the two groups.

[END OF SECTION 2]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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