

X724/75/12

English Critical Reading

FRIDAY, 12 MAY 10:20 AM – 11:50 AM

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 02–07

or

Part B — Prose Pages 08–17

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

Extract from Scene Two (The women are in a social club . . .)

CASSIE: It's the D.T.s. NORA: It's the R.U.C.

CASSIE: Oh don't let it get to you.

NORA: So let's see your hand!

5 Cassie holds hers out, it is also shaking

CASSIE: It's our life style Mummy, we'll have to change our life style.

NORA: Is that right?

CASSIE: We're living too fast so we are, it's the same problem the film stars have, we'll

burn ourselves out with all the excitement.

10 NORA: Me and Joan Collins both.

CASSIE: You can write articles for the women's magazines, "Stop and Search, would

your manicure stand up to the closest inspection?"

NORA: Let's see Marie's hand there.

Marie is lost in her own thoughts

15 Cassie pulls Marie's hand out, Nora and Cassie study it

CASSIE: Steady as a rock.

NORA: Ah she's got a clear conscience.

CASSIE: Either that or she's in a coma, are you with us, Marie?

MARIE: Hmmm?

20 NORA: Wired up but not plugged in.

MARIE: Are you reading my palm?

CASSIE: I will if you like.

Deirdre approaches their table with a tray of drinks

Cassie glances up at her, then bends theatrically over Marie's hand

CASSIE: Oh, you're going to meet a dark stranger Marie, all in white but with a black

wee heart. You better watch out for she'll thieve the clothes off your back but you'll not have peace till you nail the wee snake down and ask her what she's

up to.

DEIRDRE: (handing out the drinks correctly) Black Russian—gin and lime—Pernod and

blackcurrant.

CASSIE: So what about you Deirdre, if it is Deirdre?

DEIRDRE: It is.

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MARIE: Cassie . . .

CASSIE: I hope you've not taken a fancy to anything else that's caught your eye, like my

handbag.

DEIRDRE: (staring at Cassie for a minute) It was in a car. A blue car.

CASSIE: What?

DEIRDRE: That I saw you before.

CASSIE: You're a lying hoor, you never saw anything.

40 DEIRDRE: With a man. With him. With —

Cassie lunges at her before she can get another word out

Questions

1. Using your own words as far as possible, identify **four** things you learn about the women's lives in this extract.

4

2. Look at lines 1–12.

Identify one example of humour and explain why it is effective.

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- **3.** Look at lines 13–35.
 - (a) By referring to **one** example of word choice, explain how the playwright reveals the relationship between Nora and Marie.

2

(b) By referring to **one** example of word choice, explain how the playwright reveals the relationship between Cassie and Deirdre.

2

4. Look at lines 36–41.

By referring to **one** example of the writer's use of language, explain how this extract ends with a moment of tension.

2

5. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, show how mother and daughter-type relationships are explored.

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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

ALEC: What is it that gets intae ye? Wi the bettin ah mean?

DAVIE: Ah don't know. Just wan a these things.

Ah suppose it's the feelin you've at least got a chance.

Is there any wood in there? The paper just flares up then dies.

5 (ALEC empties out contents of box, hands box to DAVIE)

DAVIE: Great. (Starts breaking up box, ALEC goes out, comes back with canvas tool-bag,

cane bow. Fires imaginary arrow) Bring me my bow of burning gold, eh?

(ALEC breaks bow for fire)

That's more like it. (Warms himself)

10 That's the stuff.

ALEC: (Taking tools from canvas bag) Look at this.

DAVIE: God. Ma auld sailmakin tools. (Takes wooden marlinspike) Ah was an apprentice

when ah was your age. Hard work it wis tae.

Ah worked on the Queen Mary ye know.

15 ALEC: Aye.

DAVIE: Worked on destroyers durin the War. Made gun-covers, awnings, tarpaulins.

Made this wee bag!

ALEC: Did ye?

DAVIE: Oh aye. Used tae make leather wallets an things.

20 Made a shopping bag for yer mother. Made you a swing! Wi a big sorta bucket

seat. Used tae hang it in the doorway there.

ALEC: Ah remember!

You could still be makin things. Sellin them.

(DAVIE nods, shrugs)

25 Could ye no go back tae yer trade?

DAVIE: Nae demand. Was different durin the War. They needed us then awright. Reserved

occupation it was. Meant ah couldnae sign up. Been goin downhill since then but. Yards shuttin doon. Look at Harland's. Or where it was. Just a big empty space

covered wi weeds.

30 Yer Uncle Billy had the right idea. Took his redundancy money and moved tae

Aberdeen. Doin all right.

ALEC: lan's an Aberdeen supporter now.

DAVIE: Billy'll disown him for that!

ALEC: Did you ever think about movin?

35 DAVIE: Thought about it. (Shrugs) Thing is Billy bein a painter had more chance ae a job. Ah backed a loser right fae the start. Then it got even worse. They started bringin in aw the manmade fibres, usin machines. Got lassies daein hauf the work. Dead loss.

So for God's sake you dae somethin wi your life!

Questions

6. By referring to **two** examples from anywhere in this extract, explain how Alec's attitude towards Davie is revealed at this point in the play.

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7. Look at lines 14–21.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the writer suggests Davie's enthusiasm for his old trade.

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8. Look at lines 26–38.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the writer makes it clear that Davie's old trade is not important any more.

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9. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, show how the character of Davie is presented.

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

ROSINELLA: You don't see it, do you? It's up to me to see everything.

MASSIMO: See what?

ROSINELLA: Why do you think she was in that state, eh?

MASSIMO: Over the wedding.

5 ROSINELLA: Stupid eejit. Over Hughie, you mean.

MASSIMO: Hughie?

ROSINELLA: You no see the way he looks at our Lucia? He's crazy for her.

MASSIMO: Away you go. They grew up together.

ROSINELLA: She's to marry an Italian.

10 MASSIMO: For God's sake, Rosie, she's no asking to marry him, just to go to his brother's

wedding. You worry too much.

ROSINELLA: No, Massimo. I don't worry enough. It's been going on before my eyes and

I've never seen it till tonight.

MASSIMO: Seen what?

15 ROSINELLA: It's bad enough he's fell for her. But don't tell me she's to get falling for him.

I'll soon put a stop to this before it starts.

MASSIMO: (Groans) Rosie . . .

ROSINELLA: Italians are not interested in a lassie that's been out with anybody

else — especially the Scotch men. They like a girl that's kept herself for them.

20 I'm surprised at you.

25

MASSIMO: What have I done now?

ROSINELLA: Are you forgetting what this country did to the Italians during the war?

(Massimo groans) They took you out of here as if you were a thief.

MASSIMO: Listen, Rosie, all I care about the war is that it's over. I lost ma faither, ma

brother and four years out ma life.

ROSINELLA: Well, I'll never get over it.

MASSIMO: Neither will I. But everybody suffered. Not just us.

ROSINELLA: Italians have got to stick together.

MASSIMO: Then come to Italy with me, Rosie, what do you say?

30 Rosinella uncomfortable at mention of Italy.

ROSINELLA: No . . . I don't think so.

MASSIMO: A wee holiday. The three of us.

ROSINELLA: Not yet, Massimo. You go, yourself. I don't mind.

MASSIMO: Everybody was asking for you when I was over. Asking why you've never been

back. Please, Rosie, I'm dying to show you my daddy's house. You can help

me make it nice. Next year, maybe, eh? How about it, Rosie?

ROSINELLA: I'm not going anywhere, Massimo, not until I see Lucia settled. (A beat) You

think she's calmed down now? I think I'll take her to Glasgow on Saturday, go

round the shops, get her something nice, take her to Palombo's to get her

hair done. I'll go and tell her.

Questions

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10. Look at lines 1–17.

Using your own words as far as possible, identify the key areas of disagreement between Rosinella and Massimo. You should make four key points in your answer.

4

11. Look at lines 9–20.

By referring to two examples of language, explain what is revealed about Rosinella's character.

4

12. Look at lines 22–27.

By referring to two examples from their dialogue, explain how Rosinella and Massimo's different attitudes to the war are revealed.

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13. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, show how the character of Massimo is presented.

SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

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 from Chapter One, Duror is watching the cone-gatherers' hut.

The hut was lit by oil-lamp. He smelled paraffin as well as woodsmoke. He knew they picked up old cones to kindle the fire, and on Sunday they had worked for hours sawing up blown timber for firewood: they had been given permission to do so. The only window was not in the wall facing him, so that he could not see inside; but he had been in their hut so often, they were in his imagination so vividly, and he was so close every sound they made could be interpreted; therefore it was easy for him to picture them as they went about making their meal. They peeled their potatoes the night before, and left them in a pot of cold water. They did not wash before they started to cook or eat. They did not change their clothes. They had no table; an upturned box did instead, with a newspaper for a 10 cloth; and each sat on his own bed. They seldom spoke. All evening they would be dumb, the taller brooding over a days-old paper, the dwarf carving some animal out of wood: at present he was making a squirrel. Seeing it half-finished that afternoon, holding it shudderingly in his hands, Duror had against his will, against indeed the whole frenzied thrust of his being, sensed the kinship between the carver and the creature whose likeness he was carving. When complete, the squirrel would be not only recognisable, it would be 15 almost alive. To Duror it had been the final defeat that such ability should be in a halfman, a freak, an imbecile. He had read that the Germans were putting idiots and cripples to death in gas chambers. Outwardly, as everybody expected, he condemned such barbarity; inwardly, thinking of idiocy and crippledness not as abstractions but as 20 embodied in the crouch-backed cone-gatherer, he had profoundly approved.

At last he roused himself and moved away. Yet, though he was going home, he felt he was leaving behind him in that hut something unresolved, which would never cease to torment him. It was almost as if there were not two brothers, but three; he himself was the third. Once he halted and looked back. His fists tightened on his gun. He saw himself returning, kicking open the door, shouting at them his disgust, and then blasting them both to everlasting perdition. He felt an icy hand on his brow as he imagined that hideous but liberating fratricide.

MARKS Questions **14.** Look at lines 1–12. Using your own words as far as possible, identify four things we learn about how the cone-gatherers live. 4 **15.** Look at lines 12–20. By referring to two examples of language, explain how the writer makes clear Duror's feelings towards the cone-gatherers. 4 **16.** Look at lines 21–27. By referring to two examples of language, explain how Duror feels at this point. 4 17. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the novel, show how the theme of good versus evil is explored. 8

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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

This extract is taken from the section of the novel where Gideon is relating his experience in the cave with the Devil after falling into the Black Jaws.

"You must understand," I said, "that I've never seriously thought you existed at all. It's a bit of a shock now, to find you just a few miles from Monimaskit."

"Don't think you're privileged," he said, sparking up a bit. "Don't think I'm paying you some kind of special attention. I do like Scotland, though, I spend a lot of time here. I once preached to some women at North Berwick who thought they were witches. They were burnt for it, poor cows. I preached at Auchtermuchty another time, disguised as one of your lot, a minister, but the folk there found me out. Fifers, thrawn buggers, they were too sharp. But I do like Scotland. I like the miserable weather. I like the miserable people, the fatalism, the negativity, the violence that's always just below the surface. And I like the way you deal with religion. One century you're up to your lugs in it, the next you're trading the whole apparatus in for Sunday superstores. Praise the Lord and thrash the bairns. Ask and ye shall have the door shut in your face. Blessed are they that shop on the Sabbath, for they shall get the best bargains. Oh, yes, this is a very fine country."

In spite of his claimed affection for Scotland, he seemed morose and fed up. Suddenly he brightened.

"I know what I'll do if you want proof. I'll do what I said I would. I'll fix your leg."

This did not strike me as a good idea. "No," I said. "A surgeon should do that."

"Please," he said. "I'd like to."

When I said no again I heard a low rumble growl round the cave, which I took to be the precursor of another stupendous roar. I made no further protest. He went over to the fire and I saw him put his right hand into the flames, deep into the middle of them. He was elbow-deep in fire but he didn't even flinch. His jacket didn't catch alight, and his hand and arm were quite unaffected by the heat. He stayed like that for fully three minutes. Then he turned and his whole arm was a white, pulsating glow. He came towards me and reached for my leg with that terrible arm, and I shrank away from him.

"It doesn't hurt me," he said, "and it won't hurt you. Don't move."

I was too terrified to move. I was still clutching my mug of tea and he took it from me with his left hand and placed it on the ground. I closed my eyes and waited for the burning agony, but it did not come. I was aware only of a slight tingling sensation on my right thigh.

I opened my eyes and looked down. There was intense concentration on his face. His hand was *inside* my leg. Where the bone bulged out the skin was sizzling and popping like bacon in a pan, but there was no pain, only this faint tickle. He was pushing and prodding the bone back into place, welding it together. Smoke and steam issued from my leg, but still there was no pain. I felt only an incredible warmth, like the warmth of the spirit in his black bottle, spreading through my whole body. His hand twisted something and my leg gave an involuntary jolt. "Don't move," he snapped. "I couldn't help it," I said.

Questions		MARKS
18.	Look at lines 3–18. Using your own words as far as possible, identify three things we learn about the Devil.	3
19.	Look at lines 19–36. By referring to one example, explain how language is used to show Gideon's fear.	2
20.	Look again at lines 19–36. Using your own words as far as possible, explain how the Devil fixes Gideon's leg. You should make three key points in your answer.	3
21.	In this extract the devil's mood changes. By referring to two examples of language from anywhere in the extract, explain how the writer makes this clear.	4
22.	By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the novel, show how meeting the Devil affects the character of Gideon Mack.	8

OR

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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 from Chapter 20, David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart are on the run after the killing of Red Fox.

The first peep of morning, then, showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

"This is no fit place for you and me," he said. "This is a place they're bound to watch."

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the water side, in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering that made my belly quake; and there hung over the lynn a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but jumped clean upon the middle rock and fell there on his hands and knees to check himself, for that rock was small and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril before I had followed him, and he had caught and stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side upon a small rock slippery with spray, a far broader leap in front of us, and the river dinning upon all sides. When I saw where I was, there came on me a deadly sickness of fear, and I put my hand over my eyes. Alan took me and shook me; I saw he was speaking, but the roaring of the falls and the trouble of my mind prevented me from hearing; only I saw his face was red with anger, and that he stamped upon the rock. The same look showed me the water raging by, and the mist hanging in the air: and with that I covered my eyes again and shuddered.

The next minute Alan had set the brandy bottle to my lips, and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood into my head again. Then, putting his hands to his mouth and his mouth to my ear, he shouted, "Hang or drown!" and turning his back upon me, leaped over the farther branch of the stream, and landed safe.

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me in stead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again; and I was sliddering back into the lynn, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety.

Never a word he said, but set off running again for his life, and I must stagger to my feet and run after him. I had been weary before, but now I was sick and bruised, and partly drunken with the brandy; I kept stumbling as I ran, I had a stitch that came near to overmaster me; and when at last Alan paused under a great rock that stood there among a number of others, it was none too soon for David Balfour.

OR

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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 Crater by Iain Crichton Smith

On his hands and knees he squirmed forward, the others behind him. This was his first raid and he thought, "I am frightened." But it was different from being out in the open on a battlefield. It was an older fear, the fear of being buried in the earth, the fear of wandering through eternal passageways and meeting grey figures like weasels and fighting with them in the darkness. He tested the wire. Thank God it had been cut. And then he thought, "Will we need the ladders?" The sides of the trenches were so deep sometimes that ladders were necessary to get out again. And as he crawled towards the German trenches he had a vision of Germans crawling beneath British trenches undermining them. A transparent imagined web hung below him in the darkness quivering with grey spiders.

He looked at his illuminated watch. The time was right. Then they were in the German 10 trenches. The rest was a series of thrustings and flashes. Once he thought he saw or imagined he saw from outside a dugout a man sitting inside reading a book. It was like looking through a train window into a house before the house disappears. There were Mills bombs, hackings of bayonets, scurryings and breathings as of rats. A white face towered 15 above him, his pistol exploded and the face disappeared. There was a terrible stink all around him, and the flowing of blood. Then there was a long silence. Back. They must get back. He passed the order along. And then they wriggled back again avoiding the craters which lay around them, created by shells, and which were full of slimy water. If they fell into one of these they would be drowned. As he looked, shells began to fall into them 20 sending up huge spouts of water. Over the parapet. They were over the parapet. Crouched they had run and scrambled and were over. Two of them were carrying a third. They stumbled down the trench. There were more wounded than he had thought. Wright . . . one arm seemed to have been shot off. Sergeant Smith was bending over him. "You'll get sent home all right," he was saying. Some of the men were tugging at their equipment and 25 talking feverishly. Young Ellis was lying down, blood pouring from his mouth. Harris said, "Morrison's in the crater."

He and Sergeant Smith looked at each other. They were both thinking the same: there is no point, he's had it. They could see each other's eyes glaring whitely through the black, but could not tell the expression on the faces. The shells were still falling, drumming and shaking the earth. All these craters out there, these dead moons.

OR

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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.

Zimmerobics by Anne Donovan

So that was that. At 11am I assembled with the others in the dayroom. I knew most of their faces, but was surprised to see some of them wearing tracksuits and trainers. It hadn't occurred to me to ask what to wear and I didn't possess such things anyway, but somehow I felt out of place. It was like starting school and discovering that the others were wearing school uniform and you weren't.

Cheryl bounced into the room, wearing a pair of trainers that made her feet look like a horse's hooves. Her hair was tied back with an emerald green band which matched her shimmering leotard and tights.

"I hope she doesn't need to go to the toilet in a hurry," muttered a voice behind me.

"Hi there. It's great to see so many of you here this morning. Now, take it at your own pace and if you feel uncomfortable or out of breath any time, stop for a wee rest. Enjoy!"

She switched on the music. We stood behind our Zimmers as she got us to stretch first one, then the other, arm, move our heads to each side, then stretch our legs. I heard a few creaking sounds but so far so good. We moved on to circling movements and, as the record progressed, I felt an unaccustomed but pleasant tingling in my limbs.

"That was the warm-up. The next one's a bit faster."

The next record was a catchy tune about living in the YMCA. I couldn't keep up with the routine at first but, once we'd been through it a few times, I became quite proficient. We had to raise our right then our left arms to the Y and the M, then pause on the C and hold our Zimmers as we bent both legs for the A. Then we marched (well, shuffled in most cases) round to the left, raised our left arms twice to the Y and the M (that was a bit tricky), paused at the C and kicked our left leg out to the A. During the verse we did some marching and a few kicks, then we repeated the chorus routine, this time moving to the right. At the end we clapped three times, boldly taking both hands off our Zimmer frames.

It was brilliant. I hadn't felt like this for years. My body was old and decrepit, but it still worked. I had been concentrating so hard on what I was doing I had forgotten the others, but now I looked round and saw their faces, flushed and smiling.

"You all did great. Give yourselves a round of applause." She clapped her hands above her head while we patted our hands together, slightly embarrassed.

30 "Same time next week," she called as we hirpled out of the dayroom, old once again.

The memory of the exercise class lingered on for the rest of the day, not just in my mind as I relived the routine, but in my bones and muscles. I thought I'd be sore and stiff but, surprisingly, I felt better, as though someone had oiled all the creaky old joints. There was a feeling in them which I suppose you would call an ache, but it was a pleasant ache, an ache of life.

Questions		MARKS
32.	Using your own words as far as possible, explain how Miss Knight's attitude to Zimmerobics changes over the extract. You should make two key points in your answer.	2
33.		
	By referring to one example, explain how the writer's use of language makes clear the problems associated with old age.	2
34.	Look again at lines 12–35.	
	By referring to two examples, explain how the writer's use of language makes clear Miss Knight's feelings about exercise.	4
35.	Look at the extract as a whole.	
	By referring to two examples, explain how the writer's use of language creates humour.	4
36.	By referring to this extract and to at least one other story, show how Donovan creates convincing characters.	8

SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

PART C — SCOTTISH TEXT — POETRY

Text 1 — Poetry

10

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 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 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
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.

OR

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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.

Trio by Edwin Morgan

Coming up Buchanan Street, quickly, on a sharp winter evening a young man and two girls, under the Christmas lights—
The young man carries a new guitar in his arms, the girl on the inside carries a very young baby, and the girl on the outside carries a chihuahua.
And the three of them are laughing, their breath rises in a cloud of happiness, and as they pass the boy says, 'Wait till he sees this but!'
The chihuahua has a tiny Royal Stewart tartan coat like a teapotholder.

the baby in its white shawl is all bright eyes and mouth like favours in a fresh sweet cake,

the guitar swells out under its milky plastic cover, tied at the neck with silver tinsel tape and a brisk sprig of mistletoe.

15 Orphean sprig! Melting baby! Warm chihuahua! The vale of tears is powerless before you. Whether Christ is born, or is not born, you put paid to fate, it abdicates

under the Christmas lights.

20 Monsters of the year go blank, are scattered back, can't bear this march of three.

— And the three have passed, vanished in the crowd (yet not vanished, for in their arms they wind
25 the life of men and beasts, and music, laughter ringing them round like a guard) at the end of this winter's day.

Questions		MARKS
42.	Look at lines 1–8. By referring to one example of language, explain how the poet creates a sense of joy.	2
43.	Look at lines 11–14. By referring to one example of language, explain how the poet suggests the idea of innocence.	2
44.	Look at lines 15–22. By referring to two examples of language, explain how the poet makes it clear that the group of three represents a strong force.	4
45.	Look at lines 23–27. By referring to two examples of language, explain how the poet creates a positive ending to the poem.	4
46.	By referring to this poem and to at least one other by Morgan, show how setting is an important feature of his poetry.	8

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.

Aunt Julia by Norman MacCaig

Aunt Julia spoke Gaelic very loud and very fast. I could not answer her—I could not understand her.

5 She wore men's boots
when she wore any.
—I can see her strong foot,
stained with peat,
paddling with the treadle of the spinningwheel
10 while her right hand drew yarn
marvellously out of the air.

Hers was the only house where I've lain at night in the absolute darkness

of a box bed, listening to crickets being friendly.

She was buckets

and water flouncing into them.
She was winds pouring wetly
round house-ends.
She was brown eggs, black skirts
and a keeper of threepennybits
in a teapot.

Aunt Julia spoke Gaelic 25 very loud and very fast. By the time I had learned a little, she lay silenced in the absolute black of a sandy grave at Luskentyre. But I hear her still, welcoming me 30 with a seagull's voice across a hundred yards of peatscrapes and lazybeds and getting angry, getting angry with so many questions 35 unanswered.

15

20

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.

Bed by Jackie Kay

She is that guid tae me so she is an Am a burden tae her, I know Am ur. Stuck here in this big blastit bed year in, year oot, ony saint wuid complain.

5 There's things she has tae dae fir me A' wish she didnae huv tae dae. Am her wean noo, wey ma great tent o' nappy, an champed egg in a cup, an mashed tattie.

Aw the treats A' used tae gie her,

she's gieing me. A' dinny ken whit happened.
We dinny talk any mair. Whether it's jist
the blethers ha been plucked oot o' us

an Am here like some skinny chicken, ma skin aw bubbles and dots and spots, loose flap noo (an yet as a young wuman A' took pride in ma guid smooth skin.)

Aw A' dae is sit an look oot this windae. A've seen hale generations graw up an simmer doon fray this same windae that's no seen a lick o' paint fir donkeys.

The Kerrs have disappeared, but the last Campbells ur still here so Am telt—tho' hauf the time A' dinny believe her: A've no seen ony Campbell in a lang time.

25 My dochter says 'Awright mother?' haunds me a thin broth or puried neep an A say 'Aye fine,' an canny help the great heaving sigh that comes oot

my auld loose lips, nor ma crabbit tut, 30 nor ma froon when A' pu' ma cardie tight aroon ma shooders fir the night drawin in. Am jist biding time so am ur.

Time is whit A' hauld between the soft bits o' ma thumbs,

35 the skeleton underneath ma night goon; aw the while the glaring selfish moon

lights up this drab wee prison.
A'll be gone and how wull she feel?
No that Am saying A' want her guilty.

40 No that Am saying Am no grateful.

MARKS Questions **52.** Look at lines 1–12. By referring to two examples of language, explain how the poet makes it clear that the speaker is unhappy with her current situation. 4 **53.** Look at lines 13–20. By referring to two examples of language, explain how the poet gives a clear impression of the negative aspects of old age. 4 **54.** Look at lines 21–31. By referring to one example of language, explain how the poet suggests that the speaker's relationship with her daughter is problematic. 2 **55.** Look at lines 32–40. Using your own words as far as possible, explain the speaker's thoughts about what her life has become. You should make two key points in your answer. 2 **56.** By referring to this poem and to at least one other by Kay, show how she explores important changes in people's lives. 8

[END OF SECTION 1]

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 in this part 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 conflict.
 - Describe the conflict and by referring to the playwright's use of dramatic techniques, explain fully how the conflict develops.
- 2. Choose a play in which there is a scene that can be described as a turning point.

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

PROSE

Answers to questions in this part 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** a short story **or** a work of non-fiction which deals with an important issue or theme.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, show how the issue or theme is explored.
- **4.** Choose a novel **or** a short story **or** a work of non-fiction which has a memorable character/person, place or event.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the writer makes the character/person, place or event memorable.

POETRY

Answers to questions in this part 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 has a strong message.

Consider the whole poem, and by referring to poetic techniques explain how the strong message is explored.

6. Choose a poem which creates a particular mood or atmosphere.

By referring to poetic techniques, show how the poet creates this particular mood or atmosphere.

FILM AND TELEVISION DRAMA

Answers to questions in this part 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 a scene or a sequence from a film or TV drama* which has a powerful impact on the audience.

By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the director creates this impact.

8. Choose a film or TV drama* which explores an important issue.

By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the director presents the issue in the film/TV drama as a whole.

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

LANGUAGE

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

9. Consider the use of persuasive language in one or more advertisements that you have studied.

By referring to appropriate language techniques, explain how language is used effectively.

10. Consider the language used by two groups of people who are different in an important way. For example, they may be different in age, be from different places, or have different jobs.

By referring to specific examples, explain how language differences are important.

[END OF SECTION 2]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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