Instructions to Candidates

Please read this page carefully, but do not open the question paper until told to do so.

A separate 8 page answer booklet is provided. Please check you have one.

Write your name, date of birth and centre number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write very clearly, preferably in black ink.

You should allow at least 30 minutes for reading this question paper, making notes and preparing your answer.

At the end of the examination, you must hand in both your answer booklet and this question paper. Any rough notes or plans that you make should only be written in your answer booklet.

No texts, dictionaries or sources of reference may be brought into the examination.

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This paper consists of 8 printed pages and 4 blank pages.
The following poems and extracts from longer texts offer different representations of relationships within families. They are arranged chronologically by date of composition or publication. Read all the material carefully, and then complete the task below.

(a) From *Gilead* (2004), a novel by Marilynne Robinson  
(b) From *After You’d Gone* (2000), a novel by Maggie O’Farrell  
(c) 'The Pact' (1984), a poem by Sharon Olds  
(d) 'Heredity' (1917), a poem by Thomas Hardy  
(e) Sonnet 2 (1609), by William Shakespeare  
(f) From *King John* (1596), a play by William Shakespeare

**Task:**

Select two or three of the passages (a) to (f) and compare and contrast them in any ways that seem interesting to you, paying particular attention to distinctive features of structure, language and style. In your introduction, indicate briefly what you intend to explore or illustrate through close reading of your chosen passages.

*This task is designed to assess your responsiveness to unfamiliar literary material and your skills in close reading. Marks are not awarded for references to other texts or authors you have studied.*
(a) From *Gilead* (2004), a novel by Marilynne Robinson

Starting: “I told you last night that I might be gone sometime, and you said,”

Ending: “And that made it seem strange to me. I didn't feel very much at home in the world, that was a fact. Now I do.”

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(b) From *After You’d Gone* (2000), a novel by Maggie O’Farrell

Starting: “Jamie screams and batters the tray of his highchair with his plastic trainer cup."

Ending: “Neil comes across the room and stands behind Kirsty, listening. Jamie, sensing a change for the worse in the atmosphere, begins to snivel.”

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(c) 'The Pact' (1984), a poem by Sharon Olds

Starting: “We played dolls in that house where Father staggered with the Thanksgiving knife, where Mother wept at noon into her one ounce of cottage cheese, praying for the strength not to kill herself.

Ending “that burned in that house where you and I barely survived, sister, where we swore to be protectors.

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I am the family face;
Flesh perishes, I live on,
Projecting trait and trace
Through time to times anon
Leaping from place to place
Over oblivion.

The years-heired feature that can
In curve and voice and eye
Despise the human span
Of durance - that is I;
The eternal thing in man
That heeds no call to die.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.
KING PHILIP: Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

CONSTANCE: No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odouriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,

[King Philip: O fair affliction, peace!

CONSTANCE: No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

CARDINAL PANDULPH: Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONSTANCE: Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.