

General Certificate of Education
June 2003
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)
Unit 6**

LTA6

Friday 20 June 2003 9.00 am to 12.00 noon

In addition to this paper you will require:
a 16-page answer book.

Time allowed: 3 hours

Instructions

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is LTA6.
- Answer **both** parts of the question.

Information

- Materials from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 40.

Advice

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between the different aspects of English Literature.
- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary, where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

1 Reading

- Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study. You will be using this material to answer the questions in this examination which appear on the facing page.
- Alongside the four pieces (B, C, D and E) about World War One (the prescribed area for study) you will find **Extract A**, a pre-twentieth century poem written by John Scott. This also has war as its theme.
- Read all five pieces and their introductions carefully and closely. Then read them again several times in the light of the specific questions set on page 3.

2 Timing

- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on Question 1(a); this will include reading and planning time.
- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on Question 1(b); this will include reading and planning time.

3 Wider Reading

- Question 1(b) tests your wider reading on the subject of *War in Literature* with specific reference to literature of and about *The First World War*.
- In your answer, you should take every opportunity to refer to this wider reading and to your knowledge of this specific area of study.

Answer **both** parts of Question 1.

1 (a)

You should spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on this question.

Basing your answer on **Extract A and Extract E**, you should:

- write a comparison of the ways the writers present ideas about slaughter and sacrifice
- say how far you agree with the view that Scott's poem is more effective than Owen's in communicating its message.

(b)

You should spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on this question.

By comparing **Extracts B, C and D**, and by referring to your **wider reading**, examine how typical in both style and treatment of subject matter these writings are of literature from or about The First World War.

You should consider:

- language, form and structure
- the writers' thoughts and feelings about war and contemporary society
- the influence of the time of composition
- the gender of the writers.

END OF QUESTIONS

THE READING**Extract A**

This poem was written by John Scott in 1782. He was a Quaker and opposed to violence.

The Drum

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace,¹ and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,²
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

JOHN SCOTT

¹ lace was used in officers' uniforms

² young men from the country

Extract B

Blackadder Goes Forth, written by Richard Curtis and Ben Elton, was first screened on the BBC in 1989.

Orders have come for Blackadder and his men to 'go over the top'.

George But really this is brave, splendid, and noble....
Blackadder doesn't react. Long pause as all four stand together.
Blackadder Sir.
George Yes, Lieutenant.
Baldrick I'm scared, sir.
George I'm scared too, sir.
Blackadder I'm the last of the tiddly-winking leapfroggers from the golden summer of 1914.
Darling I don't want to die... I'm really not over keen on dying at all, sir.
Blackadder How are you feeling, Darling?
Darling Ahm – not all that good, Blackadder. Rather hoped I'd get through the whole show, go back to work at Pratt and Sons, keep wicket for the Croydon gentlemen, marry Doris. Made a note in my diary on the way here. Simply says: 'Bugger'.
Blackadder Well, quite.
Outside is heard the muffled faraway cry: 'Stand to, stand to, fix bayonets!'
 Come on, come on, let's move.
They all move out. At the door, Blackadder turns to George.
George Don't forget your stick, Lieutenant.
(Picking up his stick) Rather, sir. Wouldn't want to face a machine-gun without this.
They emerge in the misty trenches and all stand in a line, ready for the off. Then suddenly there is a silence. The machine-guns stop.
Darling I say, listen – our guns have stopped.
George You don't think...
Baldrick Perhaps the war's over. Perhaps it's peace.
George Hurrah! The big nobs have got round a table and yanked the iron out of the fire.
Darling Thank God – we lived through it – The Great War, 1914 to 1917.
All Three Hip hip hurray!!!
Blackadder I'm afraid not. The guns have stopped because we are about to attack. Not even our generals are mad enough to shell their own men. They feel it's more sporting to let the Germans do it.
George So, we are, in fact, going over. This is, as they say, it?
Blackadder Yes, unless I can think of something very quickly.
A command is heard: 'Company, one pace forward.' They all take one step forward.
Baldrick There's a nasty splinter on that ladder, sir. A bloke could hurt himself on that.
A call: 'Stand ready'. They put their hands on the ladders, ready to climb over.
 I have a plan, sir.
Blackadder Really, Baldrick, a cunning and subtle one?
Baldrick Yes, sir.
Blackadder As cunning as a fox who's just been appointed Professor of Cunning at Oxford University?
Baldrick Yes, sir.
Another call is heard: 'On the signal, Company will advance.'
Blackadder Well, I'm afraid it's too late. Whatever it was, I'm sure it was better than my plan to get out of this by pretending to be mad. I mean, who would have noticed another madman round here?
A whistle goes. He looks at Baldrick.
 Good luck, everyone.
Blackadder blows his whistle. There is a roar of voices – everyone leaps up the ladders. As they rise above the sandbags they are met by thunderous machine-gun fire.
Blackadder, Baldrick, George and Darling run on, brandishing their hand-guns. They will not get far.
Silence falls. Our soldiers fade away. No Man's Land turns slowly into a peaceful field of poppies. The only sound is that of a bird, singing sweetly.

Extract C

Pat Barker wrote *The Ghost Road*, the last in her trilogy of novels about World War One, in 1995. This extract comes from very near the end of the novel; Major Hallet's soldier son is dying of his wounds in hospital.

The light was growing now, the subdued, brownish light of a November dawn. At the far end of the ward, Simpson, too far gone himself to have any understanding of what was happening, jargoned and gobbled away, but all the other faces were turned towards the screens, each man lending the little strength he had to support Hallet in his struggle.

So far, except for the twice repeated whisper and the wordless cries, Hallet had been silent, but now the whisper began again, only more loudly. *Shotvarfet. Shotvarfet.* Again and again, increasing in volume as he directed all his strength into the cry. His mother tried to soothe him, but he didn't hear her. *Shotvarfet. Shotvarfet.* Again and again, each time louder, ringing across the ward. He opened his one eye and gazed directly at Rivers, who had come from behind the screens and was standing at the foot of his bed.

'What's he saying?' Major Hallet asked.

Rivers opened his mouth to say he didn't know and then realized he did. 'He's saying, "It's not worth it."'

'Oh, it is worth it, it is,' Major Hallet said, gripping his son's hand. The man was in agony. He hardly knew what he was saying.

'Shotvarfet. Shotvarfet.'

The cry rose again as if he hadn't spoken, and now the other patients were growing restless. A buzz of protest not against the cry, but in support of it, a wordless murmur from damaged brains and drooping mouths.

'Shotvarfet. Shotvarfet.'

'I can't stand much more of this,' Major Hallet said. The mother's eyes never left her son's face. Her lips were moving though she made no sound. Rivers was aware of a pressure building in his own throat as that single cry from the patients went on and on. He could not afterwards be sure that he had succeeded in keeping silent, or whether he too had joined in. All he could remember later was gripping the metal rail at the end of the bed till his hands hurt.

And then suddenly it was over. The mangled words faded into silence, and a moment or two later, with an odd movement of the chest and stomach muscles like somebody taking off a too tight jumper, Hallet died. Rivers reached the bedside before the family realized he was gone, closed the one eye, and from sheer force of habit looked at his watch.

'6.25,' he said, addressing Sister Roberts.

He raised the sheet as far as Hallet's chin, arranged his arms by his sides and withdrew silently, leaving the family alone with their grief, wishing, as he pulled the screens more closely together, that he had not seen the young girl turn aside to hide her expression of relief.

Extract D

This poem was written by an American poet, Sara Teasdale (1844 – 1933).

‘There Will Come Soft Rains’

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows calling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild-plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

SARA TEASDALE

TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT EXTRACT

Extract E

Wilfred Owen, poet and officer, wrote this poem in 1918.

The Send-off

Down the close darkening lanes they sang their way
To the siding-shed,
And lined the train with faces grimly gay.

Their breasts were stuck all white with wreath and spray
As men's are, dead.

Dull porters watched them, and a casual tramp
Stood staring hard,
Sorry to miss them from the upland camp.

Then, unmoved, signals nodded, and a lamp
Winked to the guard.

So secretly, like wrongs hushed-up, they went.
They were not ours:
We never heard to which front these were sent;

Nor there if they yet mock what women meant
Who gave them flowers.

Shall they return to beating of great bells
In wild train-loads?
A few, a few, too few for drums and yells,

May creep back, silent, to village wells
Up half-known roads.

WILFRED OWEN

END OF EXTRACTS**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS**

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright owners have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future papers if notified.

Extract B: Source: *Blackadder, The Whole Damn Dynasty*, RICHARD CURTIS and BEN ELTON, (Penguin).

Extract C Source: *The Ghost Road*, PAT BARKER, (Viking)

Extract D Source: *Scars Upon My Heart*, SARA TEASDALE, (Virago) 1981 By Permission of Wellesley College

Extract E Source: *Wilfred Owen: The Complete Poems and Fragments* ed JON STALLWORTHY (London: Chatto & Windus) 1998