

X824/75/11

English Reading for Understanding, Analysis and Evaluation

THURSDAY, 9 MAY 9:00 AM – 10:00 AM

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.





How we eat

It is over thirty years since McDonald's opened its first UK drive-thru — 1986 being a year of firsts for a brand that now has 1,200 restaurants across Britain. The figures show today's consumers really are "lovin' it", yet the fast food experience is also ubiquitous — familiar, disposable and repeatable. So, how was it for customers when such places were still new? Was what is now 5 commonplace ever thought a thrill?

It is 1975. UK cinemas are showing an advert for a brand whose name, at this point, is principally linked in the national consciousness to a nursery rhyme farmer. To the viewer, "golden arches" means nothing. A "Big Mac" is just an oversized raincoat.

The advert comes a year after American fast food restaurants started to appear in London. Few Brits, however, have visited them. People are still using knives and forks. The past, as they say, is a foreign country — they do things differently there.

Fast forward to 1983 and there are still only 100 McDonald's restaurants in the UK. The odds remain against most people seeing one. They literally do not know what they are missing.

Then 1986 rolls around and three things happen to boost our acquaintance with fast food empires. In Middlesex, the first franchises are given out by McDonald's to allow individuals to run their own stores. Another introduction is the Happy Meal, the very title of which suggests things have moved on from buying food to buying emotions — "eat this to feel like this." Things are now about experience. The stand-out concept in late-86, though, is the drive-thru: the missing "o", "g" and "h" letting Brits know things are different. Or at least in Manchester, where the first one opened, followed before the end of the year by drive-thrus in London and the West Midlands.

"It seemed a wacky idea and one with technology my family didn't trust."

This is the memory of a present-day McDonald's customer Chris Hammond — a West Midlands man born in the 70s and raised in the 80s. These were halcyon days for those who remember the brand when it was new and Britain was a thinner and, some would say, healthier nation. Chris gives an estimate of "mid-80s" for his first McDonald's visit, but it was not until as a teen in the 90s that he used a "space age" drive-thru, with its electronic ordering of goods via disembodied dialogue, overseen by teens in caps.

"The futuristic nature of it meant that we didn't understand what was meant to happen," he says. "And friends who did use drive-thrus back then didn't quite know their purpose; their parents ordered the food but ate it in the car park. It was driving through for its own sake. Now my car has a cup-holder as standard."

But what was it that put on the brakes and left people confused as to whether to take home the food? How could things have ever appeared "other" and "not for me"? In the mid-1980s a visit to a fast food eatery was so outwith the realm of everyday experience that it created doubt over how to be and how to feel — uncertainty mixed with a thrill now difficult to imagine. This was a place where up was down and even falsehood had an air of glamour. "McDonald's was the first place I ever saw a fake plant," one early customer recalled.

This new environment scrambled people's brains. Before the arrival of fast food establishments, children's experience of eating out was limited. Social eating tended to happen at home, or at school, or at a friend's house. Yet here was a restaurant where they did not have to keep their legs still. It was a picnic inside. Christmas in July.

Customers thought the once-a-year visit to McDonald's "exotic", the Filet-O-Fish "posh", and the taste secondary to going at all. Chris remembers it as an "event". It was an experience and destination unto itself. And one which created a cultural shift towards American eating habits.

45 "At first," he said, recalling colourful, plastic toadstools for seats, "McDonald's seemed to be only about children's parties — I couldn't conceive of people just going for something to eat, but after a while, I was one of them.

"Before, I had been used to knives and forks, but here you were out of the house and using your hands without a plate. And yet my parents felt the need to formalise it all by choosing what amounted to a starter, a main course and a pudding."

But the balance of formality and convenience in the 80s played havoc with concepts of time. Fast food? It was not that simple. "We were never sure," Chris said, "about how quickly to get away. If anything, it was the opposite of fast food and we hung around. You wanted it to feel like it was a thing you'd set out to do."

The product the nostalgic are most excited to recall is the Big Mac, which was invented in 1967 by a US franchisee, and is still going, of course. But it is now a background thing, rarely resulting in a second glance, except at the discarded gherkins: discs of crinkly pickled cucumber left on a table top. But thirty or more years ago, the Big Mac drew kids' gasps. In one sesame-seeded stack it seemed to rip up the rulebook. With its two burgers and bread bridge, the top half mirrored the bottom; a sort of bun and beef palindrome for mouths that — crucially — were milk teeth-free.

"I thought Big Macs were only for truckers and wrestlers," Chris said. "I thought there must be a rule about it."

It was typical of those early fast food experiences: confusion, newness and thrill all at once. It sounds like love. Or at least "lovin' it." But "lovin' it" now in a different century, where eating habits have certainly changed, has brought with it another cultural shift — a growing awareness of how and what we eat.

Adapted from an article by John Newton on the BBC news website.

Attempt ALL questions

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By referring to **two** examples of word choice, explain how the writer gives a clear impression of the fast food experience.

4

2. Look at lines 6–8.

By referring to **one** example of language, explain how the writer makes it clear that McDonald's was unfamiliar when it first came to the UK.

2

3. Look at lines 12–20.

Summarise, using your own words as far as possible, how McDonald's developed in Britain in the 1980s.

You should make four key points in your answer.

4

4. Look at lines 21–27.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the writer makes it clear that a visit to McDonald's could have seemed strange.

4

5. By referring to any part of the sentence in line 28 ('The futuristic nature ..., he says'), explain how it helps to provide a link between the writer's ideas at this point in the passage.

2

6. Look at lines 32–50.

Using your own words as far as possible, identify **six** ways in which fast food affected people's eating habits.

6

7. Look at lines 51–54.

Using your own words as far as possible, explain what the writer means when he describes the 80s as a time of 'formality and convenience'.

2

8. Look at lines 55–62.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the writer makes it clear that there have been different reactions to the Big Mac over time.

4

9. Look at line 63–66.

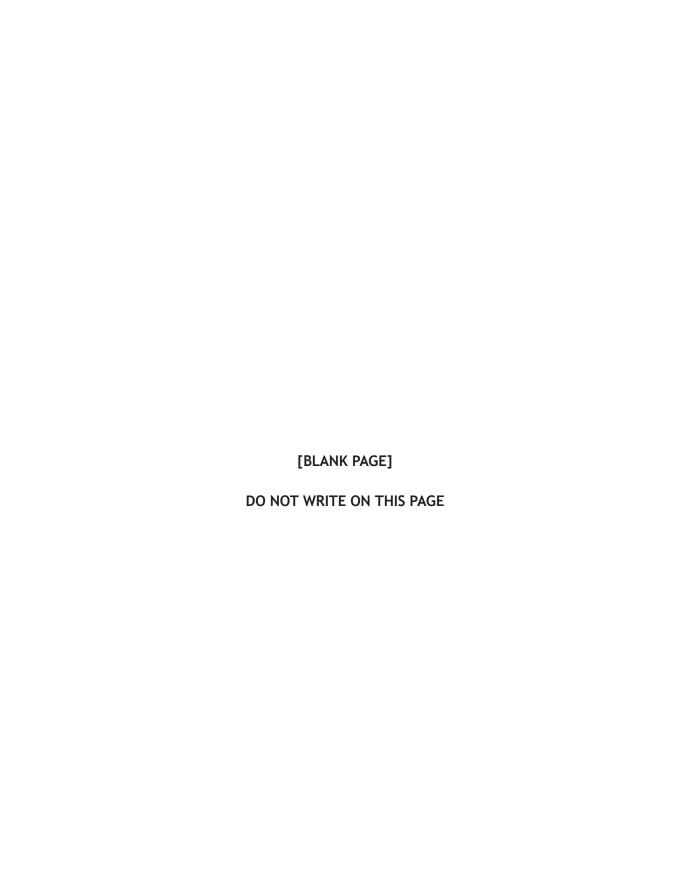
Select any expression from these lines and explain how it contributes to the passage's effective conclusion.

2

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

OPEN OUT FOR QUESTIONS

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Article — Article is adapted from "The McDonalds drive-thru at 30: A journey back to an exotic experience" by John Newton, from *BBC News* website, 29 December 2016. Reproduced by kind permission of BBC News.

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X824/75/12

English Critical Reading

THURSDAY, 9 MAY 10:30 AM – 12:00 NOON

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 Four (Marie and Deirdre are in Marie's house . . .)

MARIE: It wasn't that I lied. I just didn't tell all the truth that was in me. Sure, what good

would telling that kind of truth do you? You'd be crazy to talk about it wouldn't you? What man would listen to that? If he heard you he'd have to change. Maybe he'd sooner leave. I didn't want him to leave. I loved him. I can't throw that away even now. I loved him. You see I'm just a mug, Deirdre. Cassie was right. I knew

who you were the first time I saw you. I knew. (Pause) What age are you?

DEIRDRE: I'm sixteen.

MARIE: (sucking in her breath) I was married sixteen years.

DEIRDRE: I know.

10 There is a pause

5

MARIE: Sometimes — sometimes when he came home he'd cry, from tiredness, because

his heart was sick in him. He'd cry and I'd comfort him.

Deirdre pushes at the money on the table for a minute

DEIRDRE: I'll get the other fiver for you.

15 MARIE: It doesn't matter.

DEIRDRE: It's your money.

MARIE: It's Cassie's now. It'll go back to her. She needs it to dream with. (She shakes her

head) She'll not use it for much else. You're shivering.

DEIRDRE: I've cold blood. That's what they say . . . I'm away now. (She gets up)

20 MARIE: You can't go out like that.

Deirdre pulls the blanket round her; she looks at Marie

MARIE: Your daddy . . . Your daddy was a man, like any other. If he knew you were alive

he never told me. And he's dead now . . . You've got his eyes.

They look at each other for a minute

25 Deirdre nods

DEIRDRE: I'll be away up the road then.

MARIE: Not at this hour, it's nearly morning. I'll get the breakfast started. Come on you'll

be hungry soon. (She moves back to the kitchen and starts getting out food) You

can give me a hand if you like.

30 Deirdre hesitates, then goes to join her

MARIE: (Handing her a loaf) Slice the top crust off that bread but keep it.

DEIRDRE: What for?

MARIE: For the birds. Did you ever feed the birds, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE: No.

35 MARIE: I like the common wee birds, the pigeons and the starlings and the sparrows, it's

easy enough to build a great wee nest when you've a whole forest to fly in, but you'd need to be something special to build one round the Falls. Someone

should feed them. (Pause) You make crumbs of that. I'll put the kettle on.

Lights fade to Black-out

Questions

1. Using your own words as far as possible, summarise what happens in this extract. You should make **four** key points.

4

2. Look at lines 1–6.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the playwright reveals Marie's thoughts and/or feelings in these lines.

4

3. Look at lines 7–39.

By referring to **one** example of speech and **one** stage direction, explain how Marie shows Deirdre kindness.

4

4. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, show how the playwright explores family relationships.

8

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

(DAVIE is sitting in chair, reading newspaper. ALEC enters, singing.)

ALEC: (Sings)

Give me oil in my lamp keep me burning

Give me oil in my lamp I pray

5 Halleluja!

Give me oil in my lamp keep me burning

Keep me burning till the break of day

DAVIE: Right wee religious fanatic these days eh? What is it the night then, the bandy

hope?

10 ALEC: Christian Endeavour. Band a Hope's on Thursday.

DAVIE: Ah thought Christian Endeavour was last night?

ALEC: That was just the Juniors. Tonight's the real one.

DAVIE: Are ye no too young?

ALEC: The minister says ah can come.

15 DAVIE: Is that because ye were top in the bible exam?

ALEC: Top equal. Ah don't know if that's why. He just said ah could come.

DAVIE: Ach well, keeps ye aff the streets!

ALEC: Ah'll be the youngest there.

DAVIE: Mind yer heid in the door. Ye'll get stuck!

20 ALEC: (Peering at himself in shaving mirror) This wee mirror ae yours is really stupid!

DAVIE: What's up wi it?

ALEC: Look at it! There's a big crack doon the middle. The two halfs don't sit right — aw

squinty.

DAVIE: Does me fine for shavin.

25 ALEC: Canny get a good look at yerself. It's dead annoyin.

DAVIE: Ach away ye go!

ALEC: Seen ma bible?

DAVIE: Try lookin where ye left it. (ALEC looks around) What's that under thae papers?

ALEC: Where?

4

4

4

8

30 DAVIE: There. (*Picks up book*) Naw. It's yer prize fae the Sunday School. (*Reads*) The Life of David Livingstone. Good book that. Ah read it when ah was a boy, when ah was in the Boy's Brigade. Funny, it made me want to be a missionary maself. Great White Doctor an that. Off tae darkest Africa.

ALEC: So what happened?

35 DAVIE: Och, ye know. Just . . . drifted away fae it. Ended up in darkest Govan instead! (Reads label in book) Glasgow City Mission. First Prize (Equal). Bible knowledge.

ALEC: The questions were a skoosh. Who carried Christ's cross on the way to Calvary? And stuff fae the Catechism. Into what estate did the fall bring mankind? Dead easy. Just a matter of rememberin.

40 DAVIE: Ach aye, ye take yer brains fae yer mother son. She was clever ye know. Just wurnae the same opportunities when we were young. You stick in son. Get yerself a good education. Get a decent job. Collar and tie. Never have tae take yer jacket off.

(Reads) First Prize.

45 Ah was in the B.B. for a long time ye know.

Sure and Stedfast! (Sings)

Will your anchor hold

In the storms of life

When the clouds unfold

Their wings of strife

Questions

5. Look at lines 1–16.

By referring to **two** examples, explain how Alec's enthusiasm for church activities is made clear.

6. Look at lines 17–29.

By referring to **two** examples, explain how Alec and Davie's relationship is presented at this point in the play.

7. Look at lines 30–50.

By referring to two examples, explain what is revealed about Davie's character.

8. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, show how the issue of social class is an important feature of the play.

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

MASSIMO: Italy coming into the war. It's looking bad, Rosie.

ROSINELLA: What's that got to do with us?

MASSIMO: We're Italian, aren't we?

ROSINELLA: So what? We just live here. We're just ordinary working people.

5 MASSIMO: But if Italy's at war with this country —

ROSINELLA: (Interrupting) Italians are good for this country. Who else is prepared to work

till eleven o'clock every night, eh? You tell me that. And we work for ourselves, it's no as if we take any jobs away from any Scotch people. We stick together, pay our own way, stick to the laws. What more do they want?

10 Hughie, arms outstretched, making aeroplane noises, comes 'flying' across the stage, making shooting noises — 'pee-aiow, pee-aiow'.

Lucia saunters in: looks at him disdainfully: he circles her, still an aeroplane.

HUGHIE: Pee-aiow, pee-aiow! Pee-aiow, pee-aiow!

Lucia continues to look at him with contempt which begins to fade as she becomes 15 uncomfortable.

Freeze on Hughie and Lucia.

20

Pick up on Massimo and Rosinella.

MASSIMO: Maybe we should go back to Italy, Rosie. While we still can.

ROSINELLA No. We've worked hard for everything we've got. We're no going to throw it all away.

Freeze on Massimo and Rosinella: pick up on Hughie and Lucia: he continues to circle her, shooting sounds getting louder.

HUGHIE: Pee-aiow, pee-aiow! Pee-aiow, pee-aiow! Pee-aiow!

Lucia cowering, threatened by it.

25 Freeze on Hughie and Lucia: pick up on Massimo and Rosinella.

MASSIMO: I'm frightened, Rosie.

ROSINELLA: What for? Everybody likes you.

Freeze on Massimo and Rosinella: pick up on Lucia and Hughie.

He is still making shooting noises, she is still cowering: it dawns on her it is a game, she comes out of it: kicks Hughie on the shin.

LUCIA: Beat it, Hughie Devlin!

Hughie rubs his shin.

HUGHIE: I don't like this game.

LUCIA: And I don't like it either.

35 *She struts off.*

Pick up on Massimo.

MASSIMO: I've

I've lived here since I was a wee boy. I went to school here, my brother was born here, my mammy's buried here. I always thought I was lucky. I had two countries. Now I feel I've got nowhere.

Questions

9. Look at lines 6–9.

Using your own words as far as possible, summarise the reasons that Rosinella gives to support her statement that 'Italians are good for this country.'

You should make two key points.

2

10. Look at lines 18–27.

Using your own words as far as possible, summarise the disagreement(s) between Massimo and Rosinella.

You should make two key points.

2

11. Look at lines 37–39.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the playwright reveals Massimo's thoughts and/or feelings.

4

12. By referring to **two** examples from anywhere in the extract, explain why the action and/or speech involving Lucia and Hughie is important.

4

13. By referring to this extract and to elsewhere in the play, show how the theme of war is explored.

8

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

Delighted to be out of this bondage of talk, Calum set his bag of cones firmly round his shoulders, and with consummate confidence and grace began the descent through the inner night of the great tree. Not once, all the long way down, was he at a loss. He seemed to find holds by instinct, and patiently guided his brother's feet on to them. Alone, Neil would have been in trouble; he was as dependent on his brother as if he was blind; and Calum made no attempt to make his superiority as climber compensate for his inferiority as talker. Every time he caught his brother's foot and set it on a safe branch it was an act of love. Once, when Neil slid down quicker than he meant and stamped on Calum's fingers, the latter uttered no complaint but smiled in the dark and sucked the bruise.

- 10 It was different as soon as they were on the ground. Neil immediately strode out, and Calum, hurrying to keep close behind, often stumbled. Gone were the balance and sureness he had shown in the tree. If there was a hollow or a stone or a stick, he would trip over it. He never grumbled at such mishaps, but scrambled up at once, anxious only not to be a hindrance to his brother.
- 15 When they reached the beginning of the ride that divided a cluster of Norway spruces, Neil threw over his shoulder the usual warning: to leave the snares alone, whether there were rabbits in them half throttled or hungry or frantic; and Calum gave the usual sad guilty promise.
- During their very first day in the wood they had got into trouble with the gamekeeper. 20 Calum had released two rabbits from snares. Neil had been angry and had prophesied trouble. It had come next evening when Duror, the big keeper, had been waiting for them outside their hut. His rage had been quiet but intimidating. Neil had said little in reply, but had faced up to the gun raised once or twice to emphasise threats. Calum, demoralised as always by hatred, had cowered against the hut, hiding his face.
- 25 Duror had sworn that he would seize the first chance to hound them out of the wood; they were in it, he said, sore against his wish. Neil therefore had made Calum swear by an oath which he didn't understand but which to Neil was the most sacred on earth: by their dead mother, he had to swear never again to interfere with the snares. He could not remember his mother, who had died soon after he was born.
- 30 Now this evening, as he trotted down the ride, he prayed by a bright star above that there would be no rabbits squealing in pain. If there were, he could not help them; he would have to rush past, tears in his eyes, fingers in his ears.

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

At tea-time one evening in the spring of 1966, he made an announcement.

'I have ordered a television set,' he said.

We stared at him, my mother with incomprehension and I with a tiny, thrilling hope that this might not be a perverse attempt at a joke. Almost all my school mates had television, or their neighbours had, but there had never been any question of it being allowed in the manse. It was like alcohol in that respect. My father's opinion had always been that television was a distillation of all the vices he most detested. Furthermore, John Logie Baird notwithstanding, he associated it with America, in his mind the wellspring of those selfsame vices. And now here he was, telling us he intended to bring this monster into the manse.

'A television set,' was all my mother said. I, for fear of betraying secret desires, didn't dare speak.

'We must move with the times,' my father said implausibly. 'I would like to see the news rather than just listen to it. There are, I believe, some good educational programmes which you may enjoy, Gideon. It will be useful for other things too, major sporting events and the like.'

'I see,' said my mother, although she didn't, having even less interest in football than I had. But this was the end of April. I knew the World Cup finals were to take place in England in July: clearly my father could not resist the thought of watching Pele and the other Brazilians, the Italians, the Russians and, most of all, the Portuguese, with their star player Eusebio. To do this, he required a television. It was despised and unwanted but necessary. A necessary evil, in fact.

'The licence fee and rental cost are not unreasonable,' he went on. 'We will take it on trial for three months, and if I see no harm in it, it can remain.'

Thus my father admitted a television — black and white, still, in 1966 — into the back parlour. It came with an internal aerial that you had to move around the room to get the best picture. Although the idea had been entirely his, my father treated the television from the day of its arrival with a kind of suppressed horror: it wasn't actually part of the contract with Radio Rentals that if its output proved corrosive to the morals of his wife and son it would be removed at once, but it might as well have been. He glowered at the box in the parlour as if it were a guest of extremely doubtful character and it was only a matter of time before it did something outrageously offensive. And on the second-last day of July it did: it showed England winning the World Cup. Still, it had also allowed him to watch international football at the highest level. Furthermore, he had let the beast in, and it would be an admission of error if he had to put it out again. The television remained, and gradually the rules that governed what was watched, and when, were relaxed.

Two things, however, were beyond the pale. One was watching 'American trash': shows like *The Munsters*, *Mr Ed* and *Bewitched*, none of which my father knew anything about, but all of which I homed in on rapidly, picking up information from school and then watching surreptitiously whenever I could. The other was switching on the set on a Sunday.

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.

The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde by Robert Louis Stevenson

From that time forward, Mr Utterson began to haunt the door in the bystreet of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

5 'If he be Mr Hyde,' he had thought, 'I shall be Mr Seek.'

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the bystreet was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed, and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

Mr Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. 'Mr Hyde, I think?'

25 Mr Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: 'That is my name. What do you want?'

'I see you are going in,' returned the lawyer. 'I am an old friend of Dr Jekyll's — Mr Utterson of Gaunt Street — you must have heard my name; and meeting you so 30 conveniently, I thought you might admit me.'

'You will not find Dr Jekyll; he is from home,' replied Mr Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, 'How did you know me?' he asked.

'On your side,' said Mr Utterson, 'will you do me a favour?'

'With pleasure,' replied the other. 'What shall it be?'

35 'Will you let me see your face?' asked the lawyer.

Mr Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. 'Now I shall know you again,' said Mr Utterson. 'It may be useful.'

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.

Mother and Son by Iain Crichton Smith

The clock struck five wheezingly and, at the first chime, the woman woke up. She started as she saw the figure crouched over the fire and then subsided: 'It's only you.' There was relief in the voice, but there was a curious hint of contempt or acceptance. He still sat staring into the fire and answered dully: 'Yes, it's only me!' He couldn't be said to speak the words: they fell away from him as sometimes happens when one is in a deep reverie where every question is met by its answer almost instinctively.

'Well, what's the matter with you!' she snapped pettishly, 'sitting there moping with the tea to be made. I sometimes don't know why we christened you John' — with a sigh. 'My father was never like you. He was a man who knew his business.'

10 'All right, all right,' he said despairingly. 'Can't you get a new record for your gramophone. I've heard all that before,' as if he were conscious of the inadequacy of this familiar retort — he added: 'hundreds of times.' But she wasn't to be stopped.

'I can't understand what has come over you lately. You keep mooning about the house, pacing up and down with your hands in your pockets. Do you know what's going to happen to you, you'll be taken to the asylum. That's where you'll go. Your father's people had something wrong with their heads, it was in your family but not in ours.' (She had always looked upon him as her husband's son, not as her own: and all his faults she attributed to hereditary weaknesses on his father's side.)

He pottered about, putting water in the kettle, waiting desperately for the sibilant noise to stop. But no, it took a long time to stop. He moved about inside this sea of sound trying to keep detached, trying to force himself from listening. Sometimes, at rarer and rarer intervals, he could halt and watch her out of a clear, cold mind as if she didn't matter, as if her chatter which eddied round and round, then burst venomously towards him, had no meaning for him, could not touch him. At these times her little bitter barbs passed over him or through him to come out on the other side. Most often however they stung him and stood quivering in his flesh, and he would say something angrily with the reflex of the wound. But she always cornered him. She had so much patience, and then again she enjoyed pricking him with her subtle arrows. He had now become so sensitive that he usually read some devilish meaning into her smallest utterance.

30 'Have you stacked all the sheaves now?' she was asking. He swung round on his eddying island as if he had seen that the seas were relenting, drawing back. At such moments he became deferential.

how he presents characters who are lonely and/or isolated.

[Turn over

8

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.

Hieroglyphics by Anne Donovan

In this extract Mary is "doing a timed composition" as instructed by her teacher.

So ah startit tae write aboot ma journey tae the next world and the hings ah wid take wi me, aw in wee pictures. Ah drew me and ma mammy (ma da might as well be in the next world fur aw ah see of him) and ma sisters, Catherine an Elizabeth, in a wee boat fur ah hud some idea that ah wanted ma journey tae be ower the watter. And we took nice stuff tae eat, big plates a mince an tatties (ah know ye couldnae really keep them hot but it kinda makes sense the way the Egyptians dae it) and ice cream fae the café an bottles a ginger and sweeties and that.

Ah spent a long time thinkin oot whit else ah wanted tae take, fur a loaty the hings we huv in this world might no be oany use tae us in the next. After aw, whit use are CDs if there's nae electricity? So ah decided tae gie each ae us three hings tae take in the boat fur ye widnae want that much stuff that the boat wid sink, an oanyway three is wanny they numbers that's gey important in stories. Who ever heardy emdy gettin five wishes aff their fairy godmother or the two blind mice or seventeen wee pigs?

Elizabeth's three hings were easy fur she's only four an she aye cairries a bitty auld blanket roond wi her, and she'll no go oanywhere wioot her teddy or her Sindy doll. Catherine's eight but she would need tae take her teddy too and her new blue jumper wi a picture of a wee lamb on it an her deelie-boablers; ye know they hings ye pit roond yer heid like an Alice band but they've got wee antennas stickin oot fae them an they make ye look lik sumpn fae ooter space. Ah know these kindy hings go in and ooty fashion and two weeks fae noo she'll feel like a real chookie when she minds she wanted tae go tae mass in them, but at the moment she'd want tae take them. And ah'd take some paper and the black pen fur daein ma hieroglyphics, and ma picture ae a wee spaniel pup that ah cut oot of a magazine and keep on the wall by ma bed, fur we couldnae huv a real dug doon ma bit.

But whit would ma mammy take wi her? Aw ae a sudden it came tae me that ah didnae know whit ma mammy wid take on her journey tae the next world, it wud need tae be sumpn private and jist fur her, and mammys don't tell ye these things fur they're too busy workin and bringin ye up tae huv a loaty time fur theirsels. And then auld Kelly told us tae finish off, it wis time, so ah hud tae leave her wi naethin. But mibby no, fur ah hink if ah'd asked her, ma mammy wid say we are her three best hings; Catherine and Elizabeth and me.

Mary Ryan will collect in the compositions.

Ah walked roond the class, gaitherin in the bits a paper, lookin at each wan as ah picked it up. Aw they different kinds a haunwritin; squinty, straight, big or wee, different sizes and shapes on the page. Then ah picked up ma ain story wi its neat wee black drawins and noticed ah hudny pit ma name on it. So ah drew a wee picture of masel wi a cheery face on it, pit ma story right on tap ae the pile and planted the whole lot doon in the centre of his desk.

SECTION 1 — SCOTTISH TEXT — 20 marks

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.

The Way My Mother Speaks by Carol Ann Duffy

I say her phrases to myself in my head or under the shallows of my breath, restful shapes moving.

5 The day and ever. The day and ever.

The train this slow evening goes down England browsing for the right sky, too blue swapped for a cool grey.

- 10 For miles I have been saying What like is it the way I say things when I think. Nothing is silent. Nothing is not silent. What like is it.
- 15 Only tonight
 I am happy and sad
 like a child
 who stood at the end of summer
 and dipped a net
- 20 in a green, erotic pond. The day and ever. The day and ever.I am homesick, free, in love with the way my mother speaks.

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.

Glasgow Sonnet i by Edwin Morgan

A mean wind wanders through the backcourt trash. Hackles on puddles rise, old mattresses puff briefly and subside. Play-fortresses of brick and bric-a-brac spill out some ash.

- 5 Four storeys have no windows left to smash, but in the fifth a chipped sill buttresses mother and daughter the last mistresses of that black block condemned to stand, not crash. Around them the cracks deepen, the rats crawl.
- 10 The kettle whimpers on a crazy hob.
 Roses of mould grow from ceiling to wall.
 The man lies late since he has lost his job,
 smokes on one elbow, letting his coughs fall
 thinly into an air too poor to rob.

Questions

41. Look at lines 1–4.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the poet creates a negative first impression of the place.

4

42. Look at lines 5–8.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the poet creates a sense of hopelessness.

4

43. Look at lines 9–14.

By referring to **two** examples of language, explain how the poet makes it clear the situation is extremely concerning.

4

44. By referring to this poem and to at least one other by Morgan, show how the poet explores painful experiences.

8

[Turn over for Text 3 — *Brooklyn cop* by Norman MacCaig]

DO NOT WRITE ON THIS PAGE

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.

Brooklyn cop by Norman MacCaig

Built like a gorilla but less timid, thick-fleshed, steak-coloured, with two hieroglyphs in his face that mean trouble, he walks the sidewalk and the 5 thin tissue over violence. This morning, when he said, 'See you, babe' to his wife, he hoped it, he truly hoped it. He is a gorilla to whom 'Hiya, honey' is no cliché.

10 Should the tissue tear, should he plunge through into violence, what clubbings, what gunshots between Phoebe's Whamburger and Louie's Place.

Who would be him, gorilla with a nightstick, 15 whose home is a place he might, this time, never get back to?

And who would be who have to be his victims?

Text 4 — Poetry

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

Read the extract below and then attempt the following questions.

My Grandmother's Houses by Jackie Kay

This extract is from sections 2 and 3 of the poem. In the first part of the poem, the poet has described her Grandmother's earlier tenement home and has fondly remembered childhood visits there as well as explaining her Grandmother's forced move to a 'high rise'.

2

But she still doesn't settle down;
even at 70 she cleans people's houses
for ten bob and goes to church on Sundays,
dragging me along to the strange place where the air

5 is trapped and ghosts sit at the altar.
My parents do not believe. It is down to her.
A couple of prayers. A hymn or two.
Threepenny bit in the collection hat.
A flock of women in coats and fussy hats

10 flapping over me like missionaries, and that is that,
until the next time God grabs me in Glasgow with Gran.

3

By the time I am seven we are almost the same height. She still walks faster, rushing me down the High Street till we get to her cleaning house. The hall is huge.

- 15 Rooms lead off like an octopus's arms.
 I sit in a room with a grand piano, top open —
 a one-winged creature, whilst my gran polishes
 for hours. Finally bored I start to pick some notes,
 oh can you wash a sailor's shirt oh can you wash and clean
- 20 till my gran comes running, duster in hand.
 I told you don't touch anything. The woman comes too; the posh one all smiles that make goosepimples run up my arms. Would you like to sing me a song?
 Someone's crying my Lord Kumbaya. Lovely, she says,
- beautiful child, skin the colour of café au lait.
 'Café oh what? Hope she's not being any bother.'
 Not at all. Not at all. You just get back to your work.
 On the way back to her high rise I see her like the hunchback of Notre Dame. Everytime I crouch
 over a comic she slaps me. Sit up straight.

She is on the ground floor of a high rise. From her living-room you see ambulances,

screaming their way to the Royal Infirmary.

MARKS Questions **50.** Look at lines 1–11. By referring to two examples of language, explain how the poet makes clear the speaker's feelings about going to church. 4 **51.** Look at lines 12–30. By referring to two examples of language, explain what we learn about the relationship between the speaker and the Grandmother. 4 **52.** Look again at lines 12–30. (a) By referring to one example of language, explain how the poet creates a clear impression of the house that the Grandmother cleans. 2 (b) By referring to one example of language, explain how the poet creates a clear impression of the attitude of the woman who lives there. 2 53. By referring to this extract and to at least one other poem by Kay, show how strong

[END OF SECTION 1]

feelings are a feature of her poetry.

[Turn over

8

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 one of the main characters has to face a difficulty.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the character's difficulty is explored.
- 2. Choose a play which deals with an important theme or issue.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the writer deals with this important theme or issue.

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** short story **or** work of non-fiction which explores a theme that interests you.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the writer makes this theme interesting.
- **4.** Choose a novel **or** short story **or** work of non-fiction in which there is a character for whom you feel sympathy.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the writer makes you feel this way.

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 you found memorable.By referring to appropriate techniques, explain why you found the poem memorable.
- **6.** Choose a poem which creates an atmosphere which is positive **or** sad **or** dramatic. By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how the poet creates this 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 sequence from a film or TV drama* in which an atmosphere of suspense or tension or horror is created.
 - By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how this atmosphere is created.
- Choose a film or TV drama which involves conflict.
 By referring to appropriate techniques, explain how this conflict is explored.

^{* &#}x27;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 an example of language which aims to persuade you to buy something new **or** change an aspect of your lifestyle **or** change your point of view.
 - By referring to specific examples, explain how persuasive language is used effectively.
- **10.** Consider the distinctive language used by a group of people who use a particular dialect **or** specific vocabulary **or** any other language feature.

By referring to specific examples, explain how the distinctive language is used.

[END OF SECTION 2]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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