

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde: R L Stevenson

From 'The Last Night' – Mr Utterson is relaxing after dinner when Poole, Jekyll's butler, unexpectedly arrives.

Mr Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

'Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?' he cried; and then taking a second look at him, 'What ails you?' he added, 'is the doctor ill?'

'Mr Utterson,' said the man, 'there is something wrong.'

'Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you,' said the lawyer. 'Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want.'

'You know the doctor's ways, sir,' replied Poole, 'and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in the cabinet; and I don't like it, sir – I wish I may die if I like it. Mr Utterson, sir, I'm afraid.'

'Now, my good man,' said the lawyer, 'be explicit. What are you afraid of?'

'I've been afraid for about a week,' returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question, 'and I can bear it no more.'

The man's appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. 'I can bear it no more,' he repeated.

'Come,' said the lawyer, 'I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is.'

'I think there's been foul play,' said Poole, hoarsely.

'Foul play!' cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. 'What foul play? What does the man mean?'

'I daren't say, sir,' was the answer; 'but will you come along with me and see for yourself?'

Mr Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and great coat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler's face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face.

Question 3 - Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

3 (a) Explore how Stevenson presents fear in this extract.

Give examples from the extract to support your ideas.

(20)

(b) In this extract, Poole goes to Mr Utterson for help.

Explain why Mr Utterson is important **elsewhere** in the novel.

In your answer, you must consider:

- what Mr Utterson says and does
- what we learn about his character.

(20)

(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)

Conflict***Cousin Kate***

I was a cottage-maiden
 Hardened by sun and air
 Contented with my cottage-mates,
 Not mindful I was fair.
 Why did a great lord find me out 5
 And praise my flaxen hair?
 Why did a great lord find me out
 To fill my heart with care?

He lured me to his palace-home –
 Woe's me for joy thereof –
 To lead a shameless shameful life,
 His plaything and his love.
 He wore me like a golden knot,
 He changed me like a glove:
 So now I moan, an unclean thing 15
 Who might have been a dove.

O Lady Kate, my Cousin Kate,
 You grew more fair than I:
 He saw you at your father's gate,
 Chose you, and cast me by.
 He watched your steps along the lane, 20
 Your sport among the rye:
 He lifted you from mean estate
 To sit with him on high.

Because you were so good and pure
 He bound you with his ring:
 The neighbours call you good and pure,
 Call me an outcast thing.
 Even so I sit and howl in dust
 You sit in gold and sing: 25
 Now which of us has tenderer heart?
 You had the stronger wing.

O Cousin Kate, my love was true,
 Your love was writ in sand:
 If he had fooled not me but you,
 If you stood where I stand, 35
 He'd not have won me with his love
 Nor bought me with his land;
 I would have spit into his face
 And not have taken his hand.

Yet I've a gift you have not got
 And seem not like to get:
 For all your clothes and wedding-ring
 I've little doubt you fret.
 My fair-haired son, my shame, my pride, 40
 45

20

Cling closer, closer yet:
 Your sire would give broad lands for one
 To wear his coronet.

P72892A

Christina Rossetti (1860)

9 Re-read *Cousin Kate*. Choose **one** other poem from the *Conflict* anthology.

Compare how strong feelings are presented in the two poems.

In your answer, you should consider the:

- poets' use of language, form and structure
- influence of the contexts in which the poems were written.

(Total for Question 9 = 20 marks)

BEGIN YOUR ANSWER ON PAGE 10 OF THE ANSWER BOOKLET.

The poems you have studied are:

A Poison Tree — William Blake
The Destruction of Sennacherib — Lord Byron
Extract from The Prelude — William Wordsworth
The Man He Killed — Thomas Hardy
Cousin Kate — Christina Rossetti
Half-caste — Jon Agard
Exposure — Wilfred Owen
The Charge of the Light Brigade — Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Catrin — Gillian Clarke
War Photographer — Carole Satyamurti
Belfast Confetti — Ciaran Carson
The Class Game — Mary Casey
Poppies — Jane Weir
No Problem — Benjamin Zephaniah
What Were They Like? — Denise Levertov

SECTION B, Part 2 – Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 11.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: *The Month of May*

'O! the month of May, the merry month of May ... '
 – Thomas Dekker (d. 1632)

The month of May, the merry month of May,
 So long awaited, and so quickly past.
 The winter's over, and it's time to play.

I saw a hundred shades of green today
 And everything that Man made was outclassed. 5
 The month of May, the merry month of May.

Now hello pink and white and farewell grey.
 My spirits are no longer overcast.
 The winter's over and it's time to play.

Sing 'Fa la la la la,' I dare to say, 10
 (Tried being modern but it didn't last)
 'The month of May, the merry month of May.'

I don't know how much longer I can stay.
 The summers come, the summers go so fast,
 And soon there will be no more time to play. 15

So *carpe diem**, gather buds, make hay.
 The world is glorious. Compare, contrast
 December with the merry month of May.
 Now is the time, now is the time to play.

Wendy Cope

Glossary:

**carpe diem*: Latin for 'seize the day'

Poem 2: *British Weather*

It is the merry month of May,
 when everything is cold and grey,
 the rain is dripping from the trees
 and life is like a long disease,

the storm clouds hover round like ghouls*, 5
 the birds all sing, because they're fools,
 and beds of optimistic flowers
 are beaten down by thunder showers,

under a weak and watery sun
 nothing seems to be much fun – 10
 exciting as a piece of string,
 this is the marvellous British Spring!

Gavin Ewart

Glossary:

**ghouls*: ghosts or spirits

11 Compare the ways the writers present the month of May in Poem 1: *The Month of May* and Poem 2: *British Weather*.

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison**.

(Total for Question 11 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS