

MATRICULATION AND SECONDARY EDUCATION CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS BOARD  
UNIVERSITY OF MALTA, MSIDA

MATRICULATION CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION  
ADVANCED LEVEL  
MAY 2012

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<b>SUBJECT:</b>	ENGLISH
<b>PAPER NUMBER:</b>	I
<b>DATE:</b>	2 <sup>nd</sup> May 2012
<b>TIME:</b>	4.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m.

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Answer one question from each section.  
Each section carries one-third of the total marks.

In the gobbet question you are expected to ground your response in the given text. You should identify the text's immediate context and relate the text to at least two of the following while making reference to the play as a whole: **characterization, imagery, theme, setting.**

Answer must not be shorter than 400 words.

**SECTION A: Shakespeare Set Texts**

**1. JULIUS CAESAR**

*Either*

(a) *Antony:* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use  
And dreadful objects so familiar  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Or*

(b) *Julius Caesar* is a play about power. Discuss.

*Or*

(c) Discuss some of the different forms and aspects of tragedy that emerge in *Julius Caesar*.

## 2. *THE TEMPEST*

### *Either*

**(a) Prospero:** My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —  
I pray thee, mark me, that a brother should  
Be so perfidious! —he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal Arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

**Miranda:** Sir, most heedfully.

**Prospero:** Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.

### *Or*

**(b)** 'You taught me language, and my profit on't / Is, I know how to curse.' Discuss the role and significance of Caliban in *The Tempest*.

### *Or*

**(c)** One thread of *The Tempest*'s complex tapestry is the deep concern with hurt and forgiveness. Discuss.

**3. OTHELLO**

*Either*

**(a) *Othello*:** Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters:  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter  
It is most true; true, I have married her.  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech  
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace,  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field,  
And little of this great world can I speak  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration and what mighty magic –  
For such proceeding I am charged withal –  
I won his daughter.

*Or*

**(b)** Discuss the view that 'convenience, deviousness and ruthless self-assertion' are the values by which Iago abides.

*Or*

**(c)** Deception plays a crucial role in Shakespeare's tragedy *Othello*. Discuss.

**SECTION B: Poetry Set Texts**

**Answer must not be shorter than 400 words.**

**1. EMILY DICKINSON**

*Either*

- (a) With reference to at least *three* poems, identify and discuss some of the formal and stylistic elements of Emily Dickinson's poetry that can appear unorthodox to conventional perceptions of poetry.

*Or*

- (b) Emily Dickinson's poetry can be both serene and disturbing. Discuss with reference to *three* poems.

**2. JOHN KEATS**

*Either*

- (a) The poetry of John Keats evokes the unreal and makes it vivid and present to the reader's mind. Discuss with reference to *three* poems.

*Or*

- (b) Keats' work is often described as 'sensual'. What, in your opinion, should be understood by this description, and why do you think it occurs so often in accounts of Keats' work?

**3. WILFRED OWEN**

*Either*

- (a) While describing his experience on the battlefield, Wilfred Owen refers to the soldiers' 'incomprehensible look': 'it was not despair, or terror, it was more terrible than terror, for it was a blindfold look, and without expression, like a dead rabbit's'. By making reference to *three* poems, illustrate how Owen captures this description.

*Or*

- (b) Setting in Wilfred Owen's war poems is often depicted as 'bleak, hostile, murderous and cold'. Discuss with reference to *three* poems.

### SECTION C: Literary Criticism

In this exercise of practical criticism, you are asked to write an appreciation of the poem below. You may wish to keep in mind some of the following considerations in your answer, and may also comment on any other aspect of the poem that you consider to be worthy of discussion:

- theme and motifs;
- form and structure;
- imagery and rhetoric;
- rhyme and metre;
- style and tone;
- place, time and mood.

#### Living

Slow bleak awakening from the morning dream  
Brings me in contact with the sudden day.  
I am alive – this I.  
I let my fingers move along my body.  
Realization warns them, and my nerves  
Prepare their rapid messages and signals.  
While Memory begins recording, coding,  
Repeating; all the time Imagination  
Mutters: You'll only die.

Here's a new day. O Pendulum move slowly!  
My usual clothes are waiting on their peg.  
I am alive – this I.  
And in a moment Habit, like a crane,  
Will bow its neck and dip its pulleyed cable,  
Gathering me, my body, and our garment,  
And swing me forth, oblivious of my question,  
Into the daylight – why?

I think of all the others who awaken,  
And wonder if they go to meet the morning  
More valiantly than I;  
Nor asking of this Day they will be living:  
What have I done that I should be alive?  
O, can I not forget that I am living?  
How shall I reconcile the two conditions:  
Living, and yet – to die?

Between the curtains the autumnal sunlight  
With lean and yellow finger points me out;  
The clock moans: Why? Why? Why?  
But suddenly, as if without a reason,  
Heart, Brain, and Body, and Imagination  
All gather in tumultuous joy together,  
Running like children down the path of morning  
To fields where they can play without a quarrel:  
A country I'd forgotten, but remember,  
And welcome with a cry.

*(Poem continues on the next page)*

O cool glad pasture; living tree, tall corn,  
Great cliff, or languid sloping sand, cold sea,  
Waves; rivers curving; you, eternal flowers,  
Give me content, while I can think of you:  
Give me your living breath!  
Back to your rampart, Death.

*Harold Monro*

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SUBJECT:	ENGLISH
PAPER NUMBER:	II
DATE:	3 <sup>rd</sup> May 2012
TIME:	4.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m.

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Answer all Sections.

**SECTION A: Novel Set Texts**

Answer two questions (not on the same novel) from this section. Answers in this section must not be shorter than 400 words.

In the gobbet question you are expected to ground your response in the given text. You should identify the text's immediate context and relate the text to two or more of the following while making reference to the novel as a whole: **characterization, imagery, theme, setting.**

**1. THE HANDMAID'S TALE (Margaret Atwood)**

*Either*

(a) "I'd like you to play a game of Scrabble with me," he says.

I hold myself absolutely rigid. I keep my face unmoving. So that's what's in the forbidden room! Scrabble! I want to laugh, shriek with laughter, fall off my chair. This was once the game of old women, old men, in the summers or in retirement villas, to be played when there was nothing good on television. Or of adolescents, once, long long ago. My mother had a set, kept at the back of the hall cupboard, with the Christmas tree decorations in their cardboard boxes. Once she tried to interest me in it, when I was thirteen and miserable and at loose ends.

Now of course it's something different. Now it's forbidden, for us. Now it's dangerous. Now it's indecent. Now it's something he can't do with his Wife. Now it's desirable. Now he's compromised himself. It's as if he's offered me drugs.

"All right," I say, as if indifferent. I can in fact hardly speak.

He doesn't say why he wants to play Scrabble with me. I don't ask him. He merely takes a box out from one of the drawers in his desk and opens it up. There are the plasticized wooden counters I remember, the board divided into squares, the little holders for setting the letters in. He dumps the counters out on the top of his desk and begins to turn them over. After a moment I join in.

*Or*

(b) 'This is a reconstruction. All of it is a reconstruction.' Discuss the significance of the use of flashback in *The Handmaid's Tale*.

**2. EMMA (Jane Austen)**

*Either*

(a) Mr. Knightley shook his head at her. Her father fondly replied, 'Ah! my dear, I wish you would not make matches and foretell things, for whatever you say always comes to pass. Pray do not make any more matches.'

'I promise you to make none for myself, papa; but I must, indeed, for other people. It is the greatest amusement in the world! And after such success, you know! Everybody said that Mr Weston would never marry again. Oh dear, no! Mr Weston, who had been a widower so long, and who seemed so perfectly comfortable without a wife, so constantly occupied either in his business in town or among his friends here, always acceptable wherever he went, always cheerful – Mr Weston need not spend a single evening in the year alone if he did not like it. Oh no! Mr Weston certainly would never marry again. Some people even talked of a promise to his wife on her deathbed, and others of the son and the uncle not letting him. All manner of solemn nonsense was talked on the subject, but I believed none of it. Ever since the day (about four years ago) that Miss Taylor and I met with him in Broadway Lane, when, because it began to drizzle, he darted away with so much gallantry, and borrowed two umbrellas for us from Farmer Mitchell's, I made up my mind on the subject. I planned the match from that hour; and when such success has blessed me in this instance, dear papa, you cannot think that I shall leave off match-making.'

*Or*

(b) *Emma* is a novel about the progress of the protagonist's self-knowledge. Discuss.



**3. GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Charles Dickens)**

*Either*

(a) She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a-going and the cold hearths a-blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin - in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose, because it is the clue by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover cannot be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her simply because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me, than if I had devoutly believed her to be human perfection.

*Or*

(b) 'Class divisions sustained by wealth destroy the bonds of fellowship which should exist between man and man, and can condition even a morally sensitive person such as Pip to act badly.' Discuss.

**4. THE END OF THE AFFAIR (Graham Greene)**

***Either***

(a) I knelt down on the floor: I was mad to do such a thing: I never even had to do it as a child – my parents never believed in prayer, any more than I do. I hadn't any idea what to say. Maurice was dead. Extinct. There wasn't such a thing as a soul. Even the half-happiness I gave him was drained out of him like blood. He would never have the chance to be happy again. With anybody I thought: somebody else could have loved him and made him happier than I could, but now he won't have that chance. I knelt and put my head on the bed and wished I could believe. Dear God, I said – why dear, why dear? – make me believe. I can't believe. Make me. I said, I'm a bitch and a fake and I hate myself. I can't do anything of myself. *Make* me believe. I shut my eyes tight and I pressed my nails into the palms of my hands until I could feel nothing but the pain, and I said, I will believe. Let him be alive, and I *will* believe. Give him a chance. Let him have his happiness. Do this and I'll believe. But that wasn't enough. It doesn't hurt to believe. So I said, I love him and I'll do anything if you'll make him alive, I said very slowly, I'll give him up for ever, only let him be alive with a chance, and I pressed and pressed and I could feel the skin break, and I said, People can love without seeing each other, can't they, they love You all their lives without seeing You, and then he came in at the door, and he was alive, and I thought now the agony of being without him starts, and I wished he was safely back dead again under the door.

***Or***

(b) Greene explains that *The End of the Affair* has 'two shades of the same colour – obsessive love and obsessive hate'. Discuss.

**5. THE HEART OF THE MATTER (Graham Greene)**

***Either***

(a) 'You give me information, Yusef. I don't give you information.'

Yusef nodded and smiled. Raising his bulk with some care he touched Scobie's sleeve quickly and shyly. 'You are quite right, Major Scobie. Believe me, I never want to do you any harm at all. I shall be careful and you be careful too, and everything will be all right.' It was as if they were in a conspiracy together to do no harm: even innocence in Yusef's hands took on a dubious colour. He said, 'If you were to say a good word to Tallit sometimes it would be safer. The agent visits him.'

'I don't know of any agent.'

'You are quite right, Major Scobie.' Yusef hovered like a fat moth on the edge of the light. He said, 'Perhaps if you were writing one day to Mrs Scobie you would give her my best wishes. Oh no, letters are censored. You cannot do that. You could say, perhaps – no, better not. As long as *you* know, Major Scobie, that you have my best wishes –' Stumbling on the narrow path, he made for his car. When he had turned on his lights he pressed his face against the glass: it showed up in the illumination of the dashboard, wide, pasty, untrustworthy, sincere. He made a tentative shy sketch of a wave towards Scobie, where he stood alone in the doorway of the quiet and empty house.

***Or***

(b) 'In *The Heart of the Matter*, Greene presents Scobie's kind of sympathy as a retreat from love and shows the fruits of pity to be destruction and pain.' Discuss.

**6. ATONEMENT (Ian McEwan)**

*Either*

(a) He thought he had no expectations – until he saw the beach. He'd assumed that the cussed army spirit which whitewashed rocks in the face of annihilation would prevail. He tried to impose order now on the random movement before him, and almost succeeded: marshalling centres, warrant officers behind makeshift desks, rubber stamps and docketts, roped-off lines towards the waiting boats; hectoring sergeants, tedious queues around mobile canteens. In general, an end to all private initiative. Without knowing it, that was the beach he had been walking to for days. But the actual beach, the one he and the corporals gazed on now, was no more than a variation on all that had gone before: there was a rout, and this was its terminus. It was obvious enough now they saw it – this was what happened when a chaotic retreat could go no further. It only took a moment to adjust. He saw thousands of men, ten, twenty thousand, perhaps more, spread across the vastness of the beach. In the distance they were like grains of black sand. But there were no boats, apart from one upturned whaler rolling in the distant surf. It was low tide and almost a mile to the water's edge. There were no boats by the long jetty. He blinked and looked again. That jetty was made of men, a long file of them, six or eight deep, standing up to their knees, their waists, their shoulders, stretching out for five hundred yards through the shallow waters. They waited, but there was nothing in sight, unless you counted in those smudges on the horizon – boats burning after an air attack. There was nothing that could reach the beach in hours. But the troops stood there, facing the horizon in their tin hats, rifles lifted above the waves. From this distance they looked as placid as cattle.

*Or*

(b) 'To atone means to make amends, to make up for a grave error or sin.' Discuss the process of atonement in Ian McEwan's novel.

7. *A HANDFUL OF DUST* (Evelyn Waugh)

*Either*

- (a) The day was still fine at eleven o'clock, though the wind had got up, fluttering the papers on which the order of the service was printed and once threatening to unveil the memorial prematurely. Several relatives were present, Lady St Cloud, Aunt Frances, and the family of impoverished Lasts who had not profited by Tony's disappearance. All the household and estate servants were there, several tenants and most of the village; there were also a dozen or so neighbours, among them Colonel Inch – Richard Last and Teddy had hunted regularly that season with the Pigstanton. Mr Tendril conducted the brief service in resonant tones that was clearly audible above the blustering wind. When he pulled the cord the flag fell away from the memorial without mishap.

It was a plain monolith of local stone, inscribed:

ANTHONY LAST OF HETTON

EXPLORER

Born at Hetton, 1902

Died in Brazil, 1934

When the local visitors had left and the relatives had gone into the house to be shown the new labour-saving arrangements, Richard Last and Lady St Cloud remained for a short time on the gravel.

'I'm glad we put that up,' he said. 'You know, I should have never thought of it, if it had not been for a Mrs Beaver. She wrote to me as soon as the news of Tony's death was published. I didn't know her at the time. Of course we knew very few of Tony's friends.'

*Or*

- (b) 'In Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*, the conventional and the grotesque clash in remarkable ways.' Discuss.

## SECTION B: Literary Criticism

### Answer all the Section.

In this exercise of practical criticism, you are asked to write an appreciation of the passage below. You may wish to keep in mind some of the following considerations in your answer, and may also comment on any other aspect of the passage that you consider to be worthy of discussion:

- theme and motifs;
- pattern and form;
- character and personality;
- drama and crisis;
- imagery and rhetoric;
- style and tone;
- place, time and mood;
- idiom and register.

Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. ‘My son!’ groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy’s death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men perhaps might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible! His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy’s stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy’s father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn’t make enough of the boy. And he wasn’t in the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, ‘Simply splendid!’

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. ‘Deeply regret to inform you....’ And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years.... How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn’t feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy’s

photograph. But it wasn't a favourite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy had never looked like that.

30 At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! Help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small, sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing as  
35 the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

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<b>SUBJECT:</b>	ENGLISH
<b>PAPER NUMBER:</b>	III
<b>DATE:</b>	4 <sup>th</sup> May 2012
<b>TIME:</b>	4.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m.

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**Answer all Sections. Each section carries one-third of the total marks.**

**SECTION A: Language Essay**

**Write an essay on ONE of the following topics in not less than 500 words.**

- a. 'Leaving the playroom, the lights in my sister's dollhouse came on...'
- b. A restaurant on a busy evening
- c. 'Computer games prepare children for life.' To what extent do you agree with this statement?
- d. 'What is this life if, full of care, / We have no time to stand and stare.' How far do you agree with these lines of poetry in view of today's modern lifestyle?
- e. The faces of poverty
- f. Legislating against 'hate crime'. Discuss.
- g. Write a story entitled 'A bolt from the blue.'
- h. The waiting room



## B: Reading Comprehension

**Read the following passage and answer the set questions.**

At the side of a 50m swimming pool in Tenerife last month, Patrick Miley thinks: “This is not how it should be.” In the water his daughter Hannah is trying but not succeeding. The times aren’t good. Insect bites under her arms have left her sore, restricting her more than she lets on and though her dad senses this, he wills her to  
5 somehow rise above them.

Gradually his disappointment turns to **agitation**. He doesn’t normally or even occasionally react like this. Perhaps it’s because they are at an elite Team GB camp with the pressure of knowing experts are watching: the sports psychologists who wish to speak with Hannah, the scientists who want to take lactic acid readings. Miley  
10 needs his swimmer to produce better times.

But every time Hannah stretches an arm it hurts. In the morning he asks how she’s feeling but is **fobbed off**, and receives retorts such as ‘there’s nothing here to see, let’s move on’. Next month’s British trials can’t be pushed back so they must keep working but the times betray her. In pain she can’t hold on to the technique that is  
15 normally her strength.

He knows it’s not her fault but he can’t help himself. “At this moment, I’m Mr Angry and though this is not good coaching it’s where I’m at. ‘I need a change here’, I say to Hannah, ‘You’re going to do 20 x 200 backstroke and here’s the time I want you to hold. I need it to be here, not there’. Her body language hardens and I don’t get  
20 much presentation of her face.”

After swimming the 200m 17 times, Hannah is told to nail the last three and if she does, that will be it for the day. She **toughs it out**, doing her best, but the final 200m is 1.1sec slow. He says: “I have a conversation with myself, very clear, ‘What am I going to do here? I can’t go soft’. So leaning over the blocks, I say, ‘1.1 out, we’ll do that one again’.”  
25

Hannah Miley is a 22-year-old sports science student at Robert Gordon University in Aberdeen. Before and after lectures she spends six hours each day in the swimming pool preparing herself for the London Olympics. Her alarm is set for 4.45am, her day begins with 10 minutes of monitoring her heart rate and continues with a three-mile  
30 run from the family home to the pool in Inverurie.

Sixth in the 400m individual medley at the Beijing Olympics, silver medallist at the world championships in Shanghai last year, for Miley London is now calling. To those familiar with the even flow of her enthusiasm and a body language that is mostly joyous and gentle, there has been a difference this season. She **stands taller**,  
35 trains with more purpose and among an army of elite swimmers in Tenerife last month her sense of belonging was obvious. London inspires her, as if her life is going to be defined by this moment.

Twelve years ago, aged 10, she attended the British trials for the Sydney Olympics, hung out over the edge of a protective railing and begged Graeme Smith to sign her  
40 poster. Smith, James Hickman, Mark Foster and Karen Pickering slept on her bedroom walls until she grew up quickly and competed at the trials for Athens. She didn’t make it that year but at 14 she had dreams and the time to realise them.

Central to her emergence as a world-class swimmer has been her relationship with her family, especially Patrick. She was three when he taught her to love the water. 45 “It’s so much more fun,” he explained, “when you can do it properly.” He didn’t consider her an exceptional talent but marvelled at her ability to learn.

Hannah wanted to please her parents, a trait that came in part from her experience of a family tragedy. She was four when her newly born brother Thomas passed away: 50 “I recall holding him, and wondering why his lips were turning blue, and while I have no memory of being told he had passed away, I remember the funeral. My dad was holding me, I was looking in front where Thomas was being buried and it scared me. Everybody was wearing black and in tears. For a long time I refused to go to the grave because I hated seeing my parents so upset.

“At first it was difficult for me to understand and then later I got quite sad because 55 I thought, ‘It’s a little brother I never had’. I knew it was a very significant event because my parents went so quiet and I felt I should be quiet around them. It changed my mum and dad. I’ve since spoken to my dad and realised how much was going on behind the scenes. Looking back I have a deep respect for the fact that my mum and dad stayed together. They must have received a lot of support to be able to come 60 through it. If that hadn’t happened, I wouldn’t have had [brothers] Alistair and Joseph. I feel that I need to make up for not going to Thomas’s grave when I was younger.”

Blood, of course, is thicker than water and with Hannah it has been a special journey. From when she was 13 they tried to make the GB team for the European junior championships but twice failed before getting there in 2005 and winning a 65 silver medal. That was the start and two years later, US universities were offering scholarships and a home with more heat and light than ever she would see in Aberdeenshire.

“We have always worked closely as a family,” she says, “and I wasn’t ready to leave home. Not working with my dad would have been hard. This is going to sound 70 soppy but when I was younger, I always swam for my dad. As much as he doesn’t like or want me to say this, it’s true. I could see how happy it was making him and how happy it was making me and I just didn’t want to go to somebody else and then if I became more successful, that person would get the credit when really it’s about the work I’ve done with my dad. And I thought I would like to be able to take him to 75 places and give him the opportunities that he maybe wouldn’t have got if I’d left. It would have been a stab in the back. ‘Okay, you’ve helped me this far, I’m off now.’ I just couldn’t do it. Deep down, I fully trust what my dad’s doing and it’s pretty hard to break that.”

They train in a four-lane pool in Inverurie, sharing with Garioch clubmates in the 80 morning, having a little more space in the afternoon. She thinks of her rivals. “I am sure [world champion] Elizabeth Beisel has got maybe a 10-lane 50m pool, three of them within 100 yards of each other. Knowing they have better facilities makes me work a hell of a lot harder and gives me that Rocky edge. Compared to most swimmers, I’m not the biggest and I’m not the tallest, so I’ve got to find ways that 85 work for me. So we do things the hard way. Psychologically, that makes you stronger.”

“One point one,” he says, “we’ll do that again.” She doesn’t say yes or no, just clenches her right fist, draws it back and punches the rubber panel on the inside of her pool as hard as she can. He doesn’t know what to say but knows enough to say

90 nothing. The impact of the blow tears the skin from her knuckles and her blood stains the water. “Oh God, what have I done,” he thinks but can only look at her.

She sees the uncertainty, his vulnerability. “It’s okay,” she says, “I needed something to hurt more than my arms.”

95 As the chlorine collides and gets to work on the torn flesh, the stinging pain makes her grimace, but she is ready now to redo that last 200m. Pushing off the wall, her knuckles throb so much they override the pain from her arms and she can swim normally. Elated, she goes faster than she has gone all week and when it’s done she feels a euphoria that only athletes can know.

100 Patrick is humbled by what he has witnessed. He thinks of his father, Patrick, an Irish immigrant who moved to England for work, settled in Birmingham and drove a bus all of his working life. Aged 55 the elder Miley bought his first car because by then the money he saved under the mattress had climbed to a total that meant no borrowing. And her father remembers something the American poet David Whyte wrote about Irishness. “Being Irish is never about winning, it’s about being the last  
105 man standing.” Hannah had flown through the last 200m, driven by a pain that liberated her.

“How was it?” she asks.

“Not two or three but 15 seconds faster,” he says. She nods her satisfaction and begins her warm-down.

- (a) Give the meaning of the underlined words/phrases as they appear in context: agitation (line 6); fobbed off (line 12); toughs it out (line 22); stands taller (line 34); exceptional (line 46); collides (line 94). (6 marks)
- (b) In lines 2 – 3, Hannah’s father Patrick is reported saying, ‘Hannah is trying but not succeeding’. What is hindering progress in her swim time? (2 marks)
- (c) How does the writer convey the pressure felt by the father while coaching Hannah in Tenerife? (3 marks)
- (d) How did the family tragedy affect Hannah? (5 marks)
- (e) Explain the writer’s use of the expression ‘Blood, of course, is thicker than water’ in line 62? (2 marks)
- (f) What effect do you think the writer generates when using direct speech for both Patrick and Hannah? (3 marks)
- (g) Why do you think the writer includes Patrick’s anecdote about his Irish background in lines 99 – 106? (2 marks)
- (h) From a swim fan to a competitor, summarise in about 90 words (between 80 and 100 words), Hannah’s determination. (10 marks)

## SECTION C: Linguistics

Choose ONE question from this section.

1. Read the text below and attempt all the tasks set on it.

It is Wednesday. Carol Dee arrives home at nine o'clock. It has been a seemingly unending day. Early this morning she left Birmingham, where she had spent the night after a long meeting the previous day. Tomorrow morning she flies to Paris, where quite a lot of her dress collections will be bought. By the end of the week she will have clocked up over seventy hours, including travel time.

Richard, her husband, is out. She knows he's been back already from work because the television is on. He's cooked his meal and done the washing up. Good old Richard.

She looks at her watch. Nine-twenty. She wonders where he is. He often writes a note when he goes out. It occurs to her that it's quite likely she'll be asleep when he returns. These days they hardly see each other. Carol is too tired to eat.

It's 3<sup>rd</sup> March. She looks at the calendar on the kitchen wall and remembers there has been talk of sending her to Brussels. **She sits down and wonders when she's going to be told.** She reflects on the fact that her life has become unnervingly hectic.

- (a) From the first paragraph identify:
- i. 3 auxiliary verbs
  - ii. 4 proper nouns
  - iii. 4 abstract nouns
  - iv. 2 'nouns' functioning as adjectives
  - v. 5 adverbial phrases

(9 marks)

- (b) Identify the clause elements (S=Subject; V=Verb; O=Object; C=Complement; A=Adverbial) in the four underlined sentences. Present your analysis as shown in this example.

<i>Example</i>	Richard, her husband, is out.
	Richard her husband = S
	is = V
	out = A

(16 marks)

- (c) Say whether the sentence printed in bold is Simple, Compound or Complex. Explain why.

(4 marks)

- (d) Analyse the structure of the following four words. For each word identify the Free and Bound Morphemes and in the case of the Bound Morphemes say whether they are Derivational or Inflectional. Present your analysis as shown in this example.

*Example*            disabilities  
                          dis + able + ity + s  
                          (D) + free + (D) + (I)

- i.    seemingly
- ii.   unending
- iii.   collections
- iv.   unnervingly

*(4 marks)*

2. ‘The distinction between speech and writing is traditionally felt to be fundamental to any discussion about language.’ Write about the main differences between the two modes commenting on the strengths and weaknesses of each.

*(33 marks)*

3. Alan Gardiner lists the following features as a guide to examining printed advertisements in detail:

- Visual Element/Graphology
- Form and Structure
- Attitudes to reader/audience
- Vocabulary
- Grammar
- Content

Using the above points as a plan, comment on this holiday advertisement (printed on the next page).

*(33 marks)*

*Elegant Resorts*  
Beyond Luxury



There really is nothing quite like a couple of weeks away from it all relaxing on a white, powdery sand beach, soaking up the sun's rays; feeling a reduction in stress levels and an increase in your sense of well being. Here at *Elegant Resorts* we offer a wide range of luxury beach holidays that will help you do just that. What's more our experts are on-hand to ensure you select the right beach in the right destination - one that will suit you best.

You may like the idea of the placid blue waters, languid beaches and whispering trade winds of the Caribbean. Or perhaps the idea of a private picnic on a sheltered beach as offered by the Southern Indian Ocean islands of the Seychelles appeals. Alternatively, there's a string of more than a thousand coral atolls sprinkled in the Indian Ocean (we know them as the Maldives) offering dreamy barefoot luxury - blue lagoons, dazzling beaches and rustling palms provide the perfect setting for some real time-out. Here the pace of life is perfect for unwinding with a good book or dozing off in a hammock.

A good beach holiday can't always take us to Nirvana or solve all our problems, but it can cause a fundamental shift in our outlook and improve our confidence levels. A simple beach holiday might be seen as unadventurous, but for total relaxation it's tough to beat.