

Paper Reference(s) 1ET0/02P
Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

English Literature
PAPER 2
OPTION 2: Poetry since 1789

Time: 1 hour 20 minutes plus your additional time allowance

Questions Booklet

**DO NOT RETURN THIS
QUESTIONS BOOKLET WITH THE
ANSWER BOOKLET.**

Answer TWO questions:

ONE question from Part 1 and question 5 from Part 2.

The poems for use are in this booklet.

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Part 1

Poetry Anthology

Answer ONE question in Part 1 from the collection you have studied.

You should spend about 35 minutes plus some of your additional time allowance on this section.

Relationships

A Child to his Sick Grandfather

Grand-dad, they say you're old and frail,
 Your stocked legs begin to fail:
 Your knobbed stick (that was my horse)
 Can scarce support your bended corse,
 While back to wall, you lean so sad, 5
 I'm vexed to see you, dad.

You used to smile and stroke my head,
 And tell me how good children did;
 But now, I wot not how it be,
 You take me seldom on your knee, 10
 Yet ne'ertheless I am right glad,
 To sit beside you, dad.

How lank and thin your beard hangs down!
 Scant are the white hairs on your crown;
 How wan and hollow are your cheeks! 15
 Your brow is rough with crossing breaks;
 But yet, for all his strength be fled,
 I love my own old dad.

The housewives round their potions brew,
 And gossips come to ask for you; 20
 And for your weal each neighbour cares,
 And good men kneel, and say their prayers;
 And everybody looks so sad,
 When you are ailing, dad.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

You will not die and leave us then? 25
 Rouse up and be our dad again.
 When you are quiet and laid in bed,
 We'll doff our shoes and softly tread;
 And when you wake we'll aye be near
 To fill old dad his cheer. 30

When through the house you shift your stand,
 I'll lead you kindly by the hand;
 When dinner's set I'll with you bide,
 And aye be serving at your side;
 And when the weary fire turns blue, 35
 I'll sit and talk with you.

I have a tale both long and good,
 About a partlet and her brood,
 And cunning greedy fox that stole
 By dead of midnight through a hole, 40
 Which slyly to the hen-roost led –
 You love a story, dad?

And then I have a wondrous tale
 Of men all clad in coats of mail,
 With glittering swords – you nod, I think? 45
 Your fixed eyes begin to wink;
 Down on your bosom sinks your head –
 You do not hear me, dad.

Joanna Baillie (1790)

- 1 Re-read A Child to his Sick Grandfather. Choose ONE other poem from the Relationships anthology.**

Compare how family relationships 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 1 = 20 marks)

The poems you have studied are:

La Belle Dame Sans Merci – John Keats

A Child to his Sick Grandfather – Joanna Baillie

She Walks in Beauty – Lord Byron

A Complaint – William Wordsworth

Neutral Tones – Thomas Hardy

Sonnet 43 – Elizabeth Barrett Browning

My Last Duchess – Robert Browning

1st Date – She and 1st Date – He – Wendy Cope

Valentine – Carol Ann Duffy

One Flesh – Elizabeth Jennings

i wanna be yours – John Cooper Clarke

Love's Dog – Jen Hadfield

Nettles – Vernon Scannell

The Manhunt – Simon Armitage

My Father Would Not Show Us – Ingrid de Kok

Turn over

Conflict

Exposure

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that
knife us...

Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent...

Low, drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient...

Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous, 5
But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,

Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.

Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,

Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war. 10
What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow...

We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag
stormy.

Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army 15

Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,

But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.

Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,

With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause, and renew, 20

We watch them wandering up and down the wind's
nonchalance,

But nothing happens.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our
faces — 25

We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare,
snow-dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird
fusses. 30

Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires,
glozed
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs; 35
Shutters and doors, all closed: on us the doors are
closed,—

We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
Nor ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit. 40
For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
For love of God seems dying.

Tonight, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,
Shrivelling many hands, puckering foreheads crisp. 45
The burying party, picks and shovels in shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.

Wilfred Owen (1917)

2 Re-read *Exposure*. Choose ONE other poem from the *Conflict* anthology.

Compare how war is 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 2 = 20 marks)

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 – John 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

Turn over

Time and Place

Nothing's Changed

Small round hard stones click
under my heels,
seeding grasses thrust
bearded seeds
into trouser cuffs, cans, 5
trodden on, crunch
in tall, purple-flowering,
amiable weeds.

District Six.
No board says it is: 10
But my feet know,
And my hands,
And the skin about my bones,
And the soft labouring of my lungs,
and the hot, white, inwards turning 15
anger of my eyes.

Brash with glass,
name flaring like a flag,
it squats
in the grass and weeds, 20
incipient Port Jackson trees:
new, up-market, haute cuisine,
guard at the gatepost,
whites only inn.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

No sign says it is: 25
but we know where we belong.

I press my nose
to the clear panes, know,
before I see them, there will be
crushed ice white glass, 30
linen falls,
the single rose.

Down the road,
working man's cafe sells
bunny chows. 35
Take it with you, eat
it at a plastic table's top,
wipe your fingers on your jeans,
spit a little on the floor:
it's in the bone. 40

I back from the glass,
boy again,
leaving small mean O

of small mean mouth.
Hands burn 45
for a stone, a bomb,
to shiver down the glass.
Nothing's changed.

Tatamkhulu Afrika (1994)

3 Re-read Nothing's Changed. Choose ONE other poem from the Time and Place anthology.

Compare how a specific place is 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 3 = 20 marks)

The poems you have studied are:

To Autumn – John Keats

Composed upon Westminster Bridge,

September 3, 1802 – William Wordsworth

London – William Blake

I started Early – Took my Dog – Emily Dickinson

Where the Picnic was – Thomas Hardy

Adlestrop – Edward Thomas

Home Thoughts from Abroad – Robert Browning

First Flight – U.A. Fanthorpe

Stewart Island – Fleur Adcock

Presents from my Aunts in Pakistan – Moniza Alvi

Hurricane Hits England – Grace Nichols

Nothing's Changed – Tatamkhulu Afrika

Postcard from a Travel Snob – Sophie Hannah

In Romney Marsh – John Davidson

Absence – Elizabeth Jennings

Turn over

Belonging

We Refugees

I come from a musical place
Where they shoot me for my song
And my brother has been tortured
By my brother in my land.

I come from a beautiful place 5
Where they hate my shade of skin
They don't like the way I pray
And they ban free poetry.

I come from a beautiful place 10
Where girls cannot go to school
There you are told what to believe
And even young boys must grow beards.

I come from a great old forest
I think it is now a field
And the people I once knew 15
Are not there now.

We can all be refugees
Nobody is safe,
All it takes is a mad leader
Or no rain to bring forth food, 20
We can all be refugees
We can all be told to go,
We can be hated by someone
For being someone.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

I come from a beautiful place 25
 Where the valley floods each year
 And each year the hurricane tells us
 That we must keep moving on.

I come from an ancient place
 All my family were born there 30
 And I would like to go there
 But I really want to live.

I come from a sunny, sandy place
 Where tourists go to darken skin
 And dealers like to sell guns there 35
 I just can't tell you what's the price.

I am told I have no country now
 I am told I am a lie
 I am told that modern history books
 May forget my name. 40

We can all be refugees
 Sometimes it only takes a day,
 Sometimes it only takes a handshake
 Or a paper that is signed.

We all came from refugees 45
 Nobody simply just appeared,
 Nobody's here without a struggle,
 And why should we live in fear

Of the weather or the troubles?
 We all came here from somewhere. 50

- 4 Re-read **We Refugees**. Choose ONE other poem from the **Belonging** anthology.

Compare how places are presented in the two poems.

In your answer, you should consider the:

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

(Total for Question 4 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR PART 1 = 20 MARKS

The poems you have studied are:

To My Sister – William Wordsworth

Captain Cook (To My Brother) – Letitia Elizabeth Landon

Sunday Dip – John Clare

Mild the Mist Upon the Hill – Emily Brontë

Clear and Gentle Stream – Robert Bridges

I Remember, I Remember – Thomas Hood

Island Man – Grace Nichols

Peckham Rye Lane – A K Blakemore

We Refugees – Benjamin Zephaniah

Us – Zaffar Kunial

In Wales, wanting to be Italian – Imtiaz Dharker

Kumukanda – Kayo Chingonyi

Jamaican British – Raymond Antrobus

My Mother's Kitchen – Choman Hardi

The Émigrée – Carol Rumens

Turn over

Part 2

Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 5.

You should spend about 45 minutes plus some of your additional time allowance on this section.

Poem 1: Boots

It's chilly on the touchline, but
with all my kit on
underneath my clothes
I'm not too cold. Besides,
I've got a job to do:
 I'm Third Reserve,
 I run the line.

5

I've been the Third Reserve all season,
every Saturday.
I've never missed a match.
At Home, Away:
it's all the same to me:
 Cos I'm the Third Reserve,
The bloke who runs the line.

10

(continued on the next page)

That's my reward 15
 for turning up
 to every practice session, every
 circuit training. Everything.
 No one else does that –
 To be the Third Reserve, 20
 To run the line.

No chance of substitutions.
 Broken ankles on the pitch
 mean someone else's chance, not mine.
 One down – 25
 and still two more to go:
 When you're the Third Reserve
 You run the line.

When I first made Third Reserve
 my dad and me went out 30
 and bought new boots. I keep them in the box.
 I grease them every week
 And put them back.
 When you're Third Reserve –
 you know the score – 35
 You run the line with worn-out daps*.

Mick Gower (1988)

GLOSSARY:

*daps: rubber-soled shoes or plimsoles

POEM 2: Absent Player

Ball games her agony,
at rounders she was posted out
and placed at the furthest
possible position
under a tree almost. 5

Lost, as usual, dreaming,
she heard some vague panic noises
breaking through, as if, desperate,
the whole team were shouting
'Catch the ball! Catch the ball! Catch it!' 10

She slowly turned her face upwards.
She did not see the ball,
but, it aimed at a resistance
and came down straight, smack
onto a well-shaped mouth. 15

Her front teeth were loosened
in blood. She lay on the grass.
No way could she tell any
sympathy from boiling rage
around her. She cried, quietly. 20

James Berry (1996)

- 5 Compare the ways the writers present different sporting experiences in Poem 1: *Boots* and Poem 2: *Absent Player*.**

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 5 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR PART 2 = 20 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 40 MARKS

END OF PAPER

SOURCES

Unseen Poetry:

Boots, Mick Gowar

Absent Player, James Berry