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# English Language

## "Textual Analysis"

### Pack 3

(Approximate level: Higher or equivalent)

#### Contents

- ❖ 10 assignments (worth 30 marks each)
- ❖ associated questions
- ❖ suggested answers



## Textual Analysis Passage 1

### In Spite of Everything, the Stars

1 Like a stunned piano, like a bucket  
of fresh milk flung into the air  
or a dozen fists of confetti  
thrown hard at a bride  
5 stepping down from the altar,  
the stars surprise the sky.  
Think of dazed stones  
floating overhead, or an ocean  
of starfish hung up to dry. Yes,  
10 like a conductor's expectant arm  
about to lift toward the chorus,  
or a juggler's plates defying gravity,  
or a hundred fastballs fired at once  
and freezing in midair, the stars  
15 startle the sky over the city.

And that's why drunks leaning up  
against abandoned buildings, women  
hurrying home on deserted side streets,  
policemen turning blind corners, and  
20 even thieves stepping from alleys  
all stare up at once. Why else do  
sleepwalkers move towards the windows,  
or old men drag flimsy lawn chairs  
onto fire escapes, or hardened criminals  
25 press sad foreheads to steel bars?  
Because the night is alive with lamps!  
That's why in dark houses all over the city  
dreams stir in the pillows, a million  
plumes of breath rise into the sky.

30 At midnight the soul dreams of a small fire  
of stars flaming on the other side of the sky,  
but the body stares into an empty night sheen,  
a hollow-eyed darkness. Poor luckless angels,  
feverish old loves: don't separate yet.  
35 Let what rises live with what descends.

By Edward Hirsch

### **Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 1**

1. By referring closely to the text, comment on the poet's effective use of colour in lines 1-15. (4)
2. What is unusual about the image presented to the reader in lines 3-5 of the poem? Show how this relates to the text as a whole. (3)
3. What do the images in lines 7-9 have in common and why has the poet used these comparisons? (2)
4. Show how the mood changes in lines 16-25 of the poem. (3)
5. In lines 21-25 the poet manipulates the reader's response to convey the importance of stars. How does he do this? (3)
6. In line 26 the poet uses the word 'lamps' to describe the stars. Explain why you think the poet has done this and evaluate the effectiveness of this comparison. (2)
7. Comment on the importance of sound in lines 26-29. (2)
8. What is unusual about the statement made by the poet in line 30? (2)
9. Using your own words, describe the main differences between the body and soul during sleep. (2)
10. What does the poet mean by 'luckless angels' and 'feverish old loves' in lines 33 & 34? (2)
11. What overall message is the poet trying to convey in the last line of the poem? (2)
12. Comment on the significance of the poem's title in relation to the text as a whole. (3)

**Total 30**



**Blackberrying**

1 Nobody in the lane, and nothing, nothing but blackberries,  
Blackberries on either side, though on the right mainly,  
A blackberry alley, going down in hooks, and a sea  
Somewhere at the end of it, heaving. Blackberries

5 Big as the ball of my thumb, and dumb as eyes  
Ebon in the hedges, fat  
With blue-red juices. These they squander on my fingers.  
I had not asked for such a blood sisterhood; they must love me.  
They accommodate themselves to my milkbottle, flattening their sides.

10 Overhead go the choughs in black, cacophonous flocks-  
Bits of burnt paper wheeling in a blown sky.  
Theirs is the only voice, protesting, protesting.  
I do not think the sea will appear at all.  
The high, green meadows are glowing, as if lit from within.

15 I come to one bush of berries so ripe it is a bush of flies,  
Hanging their bluegreen bellies and their wing panes in a Chinese screen.  
The honey-feast of the berries has stunned them; they believe in heaven.  
One more hook, and the berries and bushes end.

The only thing to come now is the sea.

20 From between two hills a sudden wind funnels at me,  
Slapping its phantom laundry in my face.  
These hills are too green and sweet to have tasted salt.  
I follow the sheep path between them. A last hook brings me  
To the hills' northern face, and the face is orange rock

25 That looks out on nothing, nothing but a great space  
Of white and pewter lights, and a din like silversmiths  
Beating and beating like an intractable metal.

By Sylvia Plath

## Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 2

1. Explain why lines 1 and 2 are unusual way to start a poem. (2)
2. How does the image used in line 3 create a menacing atmosphere? (2)
3. Fully explain what you understand from the description of the sea as 'heaving'. (3)
4. By referring to lines 7&8, comment on the effectiveness of the 'blood sisterhood' imagery used by the poet. (2)
5. Which figure of speech is used to describe the blackberries in line 9 and how effective is this? (2)
6. Evaluate the poet's effective use of sound in line 10 to describe the 'choughs'. (4)
7. By referring closely to lines 15-17, show how the poet creates a disturbing image of the berries. (6)
8. How effective is the imagery used to describe the wind in lines 20&21? (2)
9. Using your own words, why do you feel the hills 'are too green and sweet to have tasted salt'? (2)
10. Comment on the poet's effective use of imagery in lines 25-27. (3)
11. How important is the poet's use of colour throughout the poem? Justify your answer. (2)

**Total 30**

## Textual Analysis Higher 3

### The Sea, The Sea

1 I awoke suddenly. The moon was shining into my bedroom, where I had omitted to pull down the blind. I could hear the splash of the sea and a very faint rattle of the stones which the waves were gently clawing as they withdrew from the cauldron. It must be low tide. I could hear also, or sense, a vast void, a dome of silence, within which my heart was beating exceedingly fast. I felt suffocated and had to sit up abruptly and gasp for breath. I remembered, as I now did whenever I awoke, with a pang of anguish and love and fear, that Hartley was in the house. At the same time I felt the most terrible dread, a premonition of some catastrophe, some horror, or indeed the certainty that it had already occurred. I began to get out of bed, trembling violently, and fumbled for my candle. I lit it and then stood up and listened. The void dark house was ominously quiet. I very quickly opened my bedroom door and looked down the landing. There seemed to be a dim light coming from the alcove, but perhaps it was a trick of the moon. I listened and seemed to hear a beating sound, a heavy noise, deep and accelerating, very very far away. I moved slowly forward, putting each foot down carefully so as not to make the boards creak. I could now see quite clearly Hartley's door and the key in the lock. I wanted to reach it, to put my hand onto the key, but I was afraid to hurry, afraid to enter that terrible room. I got the key into my hand and turned it and stepped in through the doorway holding my candle. The mattress on the floor, at which I always looked on entering, was empty, the bedclothes disordered. Hartley was gone – I stared about, ready to cry out with panic fear. And then I saw her – she was standing in the corner. I thought, how odd I had forgotten how tall she is. Then I thought she is standing on something, how odd, she must be up on the chair or the table. Then I saw that she was suspended from the lamp bracket. She had hanged herself.

2 I woke up. The lightning flash of thought which showed me the dream showed me at the same moment that it was a dream. I was lying in my bed. I had not been to Hartley's room and found her dead, having hanged herself with one of her stockings from the cast-iron lamp bracket, climbing up onto the table and casting herself off. I felt intense violent relief: and then the thought, but supposing it is true? Sick and trembling I got up, lit my candle, and quietly opened my bedroom door. The candle-light illumined the barrier of the bead curtain but nothing beyond. The curtain was clicking softly, no doubt as a result of the draught from the door. I carefully plucked the bead strings apart and glided on to Hartley's room and turned the key very quietly. I leaned through the door way and peered in.

3 There she was, in the light of my candle, lying curled up on the mattress, covered by a blanket, her hand over her face. I watched and heard her steady quiet breathing. Then I silently withdrew and locked the door again. I went back through the bead curtain, trying not to agitate it too much, and in sheer distraction went into the drawing room. I had, since Hartley's incarceration, kept out of the drawing room, out of a sort of sense of propriety, because of the long window which gave onto Hartley's room. I went in now, vaguely with the idea of making sure there was no one there, and of course there was not. I stood, holding my candle, and looking at the long inner window which was now like a glossy black mirror; and it occurred to me that I was shunning the drawing room not out of propriety but because of the appalling possibility that I might see Hartley actually looking out. And then I suddenly remembered the face which I had seen looking at me through the dark glass; and I thought, that face was too high up. It could not have been the face of someone standing on the floor. It was just at the level at which Hartley's face would have been if she really had hanged herself.

4           Then I thought, my candle is shining into her room, making a faint ghostly light in her room. What dreads and fears did she have, poor captive, if she woke in the night? Did she climb on a chair to peer into the dim empty moonlit drawing room? Did she very quietly try the locked door, hoping and fearing to be able to creep downstairs and run away into the dark night? I hurriedly returned to my bedroom and closed the door. I sat on my bed shuddering and looked at my watch. It was half-past two. What was I doing, or rather what was happening to me? I held my head in my hands. I was totally vulnerable and helpless. I had lost control of my life and of the lives with which I was meddling. I felt dread and a terrible fatalism; and a bitter grief, grief such as I had never felt in my life since Hartley had left me so many years ago. I had wakened some sleeping demon, set going some deadly machine; and what would be would be.

5           The next morning something did happen, which was that Rosina turned up.

6           I had, after my horrible night interlude, managed to sleep. Perhaps sheer fatalism sent me to sleep. Let Ben come, let him set fire to the house, let him kill me. I deserved to die. I felt a good deal less fatalistic and more anxious when I woke up in the morning. It seemed urgently necessary to make a decision, but there was no material, no data, no evidence on which a decision could be made. I passionately wanted to take Hartley away, to London, to anywhere, or rather I wanted to want it enough to be able to do it now. But against her will, should I, could I? Could I pull a resisting, screaming woman into Gilbert's car and have her driven off? Could I deceive her into thinking she was going home? Would Gilbert let me? Would Titus let me? If I took her away by force, it might harden her against me, and impede that precious movement of her will for which I was so impatiently waiting.

From 'The Sea, The Sea' by Iris Murdoch

### **Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 3**

1. Why is the opening sentence of the extract so effective? (1)
2. Using your own words, explain why the moon was shining into the room. (1)
3. How does the author create an effective description of the waves in paragraph 1? (2)
4. Using your own words, explain why the narrator had to 'sit up abruptly'. (3)
5. What do you think 'ominously quiet' means when referring to the house? (1)
6. Explain why the narrator was afraid to hurry into the 'terrible room'. (1)
7. How had Hartley 'apparently' killed herself in the dream? (2)
8. Explain the use of the colon in paragraph 2 from, 'I felt intense violent relief:' (2)
9. 'The candle-light illumined the barrier of the bead curtain but nothing beyond.'  
Identify one sound technique being used here and comment on its effectiveness. (3)
10. How does sentence structure contribute to the impact of the opening sentence of paragraph 3? (3)
11. "Then I silently...into the drawing room.' Using your own words, explain what the narrator does when he leaves Hartley's room. (3)
12. What is the real reason for the narrator avoiding the drawing room till now? (2)
13. From paragraph 4, which two words describe how the narrator regards Hartley in her current position? (1)
14. Which two words describe how the narrator feels about himself in paragraph 4? (2)
15. Comment on the effectiveness of the imagery used in the last sentence of paragraph 4. (2)
16. Using your own words, explain why the narrator thinks it would be a bad idea to remove Hartley by force. (1)

**Total 30**

## Textual Analysis Passage 4

### Brave New World

1 They stepped across the threshold and found themselves on a wide terrace. Below them, shut in by the tall houses, was the village square, crowded with Indians. Bright blankets, and feathers in black hair, and the glint of turquoise, and dark skins shining with heat. Lenina put her handkerchief to her nose again. In the open space at the centre of the square were two circular platforms of masonry and trampled clay- the roofs, it was evident, of underground chambers; for in the centre of each platform was an open hatchway, with a ladder emerging from the lower darkness. A sound of subterranean flute-playing came up and was almost lost in the steady remorseless persistence of the drums.

2 Lenina liked the drums. Shutting her eyes she abandoned herself to their soft repeated thunder, allowed it to invade her consciousness more and more completely, till at last there was nothing left in the world but the one deep pulse of sound. It reminded her reassuringly of the synthetic noises made at Solidarity Services and Ford's Day celebrations. 'Orgy-porgy,' she whispered to herself. These drums beat out just the same rhythms.

3 There was a sudden startling burst of singing- hundreds of male voices crying out fiercely in harsh metallic unison. A few long notes and silence, the thunderous silence of the drums; then shrill, in a neighing treble, the women's answer. Then again the drums; and once more the men's deep savage affirmation of their manhood.

4 Queer-yes. The place was queer, so was the music, so were the clothes and the goitres and the skin diseases and the old people. But the performance itself – there seemed to be nothing specially queer about that.

5 'It reminds me of a lower-caste Community Sing,' she told Bernard.

6 But a little later it was reminding her a good deal less of that innocuous function. For suddenly there had swarmed up from those round chambers underground a ghastly troop of monsters. Hideously masked or painted out of all semblance of humanity, they had tramped out a strange limping dance round the square; round and again round, singing as they went, round and round- each time a little faster; and the drums had changed and quickened their rhythm, so that it became like the pulsing of fever in the ears; and the crowd had begun to sing with the dancers, louder and louder; and first one woman had shrieked, and then another and another, as though they were being killed; and then suddenly the leader of the dancers broke out of the line, ran to a big wooden chest which was standing at one end of the square, raised the lid and pulled out a pair of black snakes. A great yell went up from the crowd, and all the other dancers ran towards him with outstretched hands. He tossed the snakes to the first-comers, then dipped back into the chest for more. More and more, black snakes and brown and mottled- he flung them out. And then the dance began again on a different rhythm. Round and round they went with their snakes, snakily, with a soft undulating movement at the knees and hips. Round and round. Then the leader gave a signal, and one after another, all the snakes were flung down in the middle of the square; an old man came up from underground and sprinkled them with corn meal, and from the other hatchway came a woman and sprinkled them with water from a black jar. Then the old man lifted his hand and, startlingly, terrifyingly, there was absolute silence. The drums stopped beating, life seemed to have come to an end. The old man pointed towards the two hatchways that gave entrance to the lower world. And slowly, raised by invisible hands from below, there emerged from the one a painted image of an eagle, from the other, that of a man, naked, and nailed to a cross. They hung there, seemingly self-sustained, as though watching. The old man clapped his hands. Naked but for a white cotton breech-cloth, a boy of about eighteen stepped out of the crowd and stood before him, his hands crossed over his chest, his head bowed. The old man made the sign of the cross

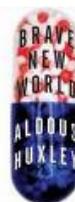
over him and turned away. Slowly, the boy began to walk round the writhing heap of snakes. He had completed the first circuit and was half-way through the second when, from among the dancers, a tall man wearing the mask of a coyote and holding in his hand a whip of plaited leather advanced towards him. The boy moved on as though unaware of the other's existence. The coyote-man raised his whip; there was a long moment of expectancy, then a swift movement, the whistle of the lash and its loud flat sounding impact on the flesh. The boy's body quivered; but he made no sound, he walked on at the same slow, steady pace. The coyote struck again; and at every blow at first a gasp and then a deep groan went up from the crowd. The boy walked on. Twice, thrice, four times round he went. The blood was streaming. Five times round, six times round. Suddenly Lenina covered her face with her hands and began to sob. 'Oh stop them, stop them!' she implored. But the whip fell and fell inexorably. Seven times round. Then all at once the boy staggered and, still without a sound, pitched forward on to his face. Bending over him, the old man touched his back with a long white feather, held it up for a moment, crimson, for the people to see, then shook it thrice over the snakes. A few drops fell, and suddenly the drums broke out again into a panic of hurrying notes; there was a great shout. The dancers rushed forward, picked up the snakes and ran out of the square. Men, women, children, all the crowd ran after them. A minute later the square was empty, only the boy remained, prone where he had fallen, quite still. Three old women came out of one of the houses, and with some difficulty lifted him and carried him in. The eagle and the man on the cross kept guard for a little while over the empty pueblo; then, as though they had seen enough, sank slowly down through their hatchways, out of sight, into the nether world.

7            Lenina was still sobbing. 'Too awful,' she kept repeating, and all Bernard's consolations were in vain. 'Too awful! That blood!' She shuddered. 'Oh, I wish I had my soma.'

8            There was the sound of feet in the inner room.

9            Lenina did not move, but sat with her face in her hands, unseeing, apart. Only Bernard turned round.

From 'Brave New World' by Aldous Huxley



## Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 4

1. Using your own words, describe the physical appearance of the Indians gathered in the square. (3)
2. Explain what you understand by 'steady remorseless persistence of the drums.' (2)
3. By referring to paragraph 2, explain why Lenina liked the drums. (3)
4. Quote the oxymoron used in paragraph 3 and explain its meaning. (2)
5. According to the narrator, what do the men's voices affirm? (1)
6. Identify the things that made this place 'queer'. (3)
7. What do you understand from the term 'lower-caste'? (2)
8. Quote a word from paragraph 6 that means the same as 'harmless'. (1)
9. Using your own words, describe in detail what the leader of the dancers does. (4)
10. Why does the author describe the silence as 'startling' and 'terrifying'? (2)
11. Who begins to whip the boy? (1)
12. How many circuits does the boy make before he falls? (1)
13. Using your own words, explain what the old man does with the feather. (2)
14. What reason is given for the disappearance of the eagle and the man on the cross? (1)
15. Explain why Lenina sits 'with her face in her hands'. (2)

**Total 30**

## Textual Analysis Passage 5

### Who's Joking with the Photographer?

(photographs of myself approaching seventy)

1 Not my final face, a map of how to get there.  
Seven ages, seven irreversible layers, each  
subtler and more supple than a snake's skin.  
Nobody looks surprised when we slough off one  
5 And begin to inhabit another.  
Do we exchange them whole in our sleep, or  
are they washed away in pieces, cheek by brow by chin,  
in the steady abrasions of the solar shower?  
Draw first breath, and in time turn on its taps.  
10 No wonder the newborn's tiny face crinkles and cries:  
chill, then a sharp collision with light,  
the mouth's desperation for the foreign nipple,  
all the uses of eyes, ears, hands still to be learned  
before the self pulls away in its skin-tight sphere  
15 to endure on its own the tectonic geology of childhood.

Imagine in space-time irretrievable mothers viewing  
the pensioners their babies have become.  
'Well, that's life, nothing we can do about it now.'  
They don't love us as much as they did, and  
20 why should they? We have replaced them. Just as we're  
being replaced by big sassy kids in school blazers.  
Meanwhile Federal Express has delivered my sixth face-  
grandmother's, scraps of me grafted to her bones.  
I don't believe it. Who made this mess,  
25 this developer's sprawl of roads that can't be retaken,  
high tension wires that run dangerously under the skin?  
What is the sceptical eyes are saying to the twisted lips;  
ambition is a cliché, beauty a banality? In any case,  
this face has given them up-old friends whose obituaries  
30 it reads in the mirror with scarcely a regret.

So, who's joking with the photographer?  
And what did she think she was doing,  
taking pictures of the impossible? Was a radioscope  
attached to her lens? Something teasing under the skull  
35 has infiltrated the surface, something you can't see  
until you look away, then it shoots out and tickles you.  
You could call it soul or spirit, but that would be serious.  
Look for a word that mixes affection with insurrection,  
frivolity, child's play, rude curiosity,  
40 a willingness to lift the seventh veil and welcome Yorick.  
That's partly what the photo says. The rest is private,  
guilt that rouses memory at four in the morning,  
truths such as Hamlet used, torturing his mother,  
all the dark half-tones of the sensuous unsayable  
45 finding a whole woman there, in her one face.

By Anne Stevenson

### **Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 5**

1. Why does the poet refer to her face as a 'map'? (2)
2. Why do you think the poet's skin is more subtle than a snake's? (2)
3. What explanations are offered for the ageing process in lines 6-8? (2)
4. Using your own words, explain what the 'tectonic geology of childhood' is. (2)
5. Describe what the poet thinks happens in space-time. (2)
6. What is the poet trying to say about these mothers in lines 19 & 20? (3)
7. Explain what is unusual about the poet's sixth face. (2)
8. Fully explain the imagery used in line 25, commenting on its effectiveness. (3)
9. What do you think the poet means by 'ambition is a cliché, beauty a banality'? (3)
10. What is the purpose of the question in line 31? (2)
11. What does the poet mean by 'soul or spirit' in line 37? (2)
12. Using your own words, explain what happens to the poet at four in the morning. (2)
13. Evaluate the importance of the poem's title in relation to the poem as a whole. (3)

**Total 30**



**Revolutionary Road**

- 1 A shrill metallic whine cut through the silence of his sleep. He tried to hide from it, huddling deeper into a cool darkness where the mists of an absorbing dream still floated, but it came tearing back again and again until his eyes popped open in the sunshine.
- 2 It was after eleven o'clock, Saturday morning. Both his nostrils were plugged as if with rubber cement, his head ached, and the first fly of the season was crawling up the inside of a clouded whiskey glass that stood on the floor beside a nearly empty bottle. Only after making these discoveries did he begin to remember the events of the night- how he'd sat here drinking until four in the morning, methodically scratching his scalp with both hands, convinced that sleep was out of the question. And only after remembering this did his mind come into focus on an explanation of the noise: it was his own rusty lawnmower, which needed oiling. Somebody was cutting the grass in the back yard, a thing he had promised to do last weekend.
- 3 He rolled heavily upright and groped for his bathrobe, moistening the wrinkled roof of his mouth. Then he went and squinted through the brilliant window. It was April herself, solidly pushing and hauling the old machine, wearing a man's shirt and a pair of loose, flapping slacks, while both children romped behind her with handfuls of cut grass.
- 4 In the bathroom he used enough cold water and toothpaste and Kleenex to revive the working parts of his head; he restored its ability to gather oxygen and regained a certain muscular control over its features. But nothing could be done about his hands. Bloated and pale, they felt as if their bones had been painlessly removed. A command to clench them into fists would have sent him whimpering to his knees. Looking at them, and particularly at the bitten-down nails that never in his life had had a chance to grow, he wanted to beat and bruise them against the edge of the sink. He thought then of his father's hands, and this reminded him that his dream just now, just before the lawnmower and the headache and the sun, had been of a dim and deeply tranquil time long ago. Both his parents had been there, and he'd heard his mother say, 'Oh don't wake him, Earl; let him sleep.' He tried his best to remember more of it, and couldn't; but the tenderness of it brought him close to tears for a moment until it faded away.
- 5 They had both been dead for several years now, and it sometimes troubled him that he could remember neither of their faces very well. To his waking memory, without the aid of photographs, his father was a vague, bald head with dense eyebrows and a mouth forever fixed in the shape either of disgruntlement or exasperation, his mother a pair of rimless spectacles, a hair net, and a timorous smear of lipstick. He remembered too, of both of them, that they'd always been tired. Middle-aged at the time of his birth and already tired then from having raised two other sons, they had grown steadily more and more tired as long as he'd known them, until finally, tired out, they had died with equal ease, in their sleep, within six months of each other. But there had never been anything tired about his father's hands, and no amount of time and forgetfulness had ever dimmed their image in his mind's eye.
- 6 'Open it!' That was one of his earliest memories: the challenge to loosen one big fist, and his frantic two-handed efforts, never succeeding, to uncoil a single finger from its massively quivering grip, while his father's laughter rang from the kitchen walls. But it wasn't only their strength he envied, it was their sureness and sensitivity-when they held a thing, you could see how it felt-and the aura of mastery they imparted to everything Earl Wheeler used: the creaking pigskin handle of his salesman's briefcase, the shafts of all his woodworking tools, the thrillingly dangerous stock and trigger of his shotgun. The briefcase had been of particular fascination to Frank at the age of five or six; it always stood in the shadows of the front hallway in the evenings,

and sometimes after supper he would saunter manfully up to it and pretend it was his own. How fine and smooth, yet how impossibly thick its handle felt! It was heavy (whew!) yet how lightly it would swing at his father's side in the morning! Later, at ten or twelve, he had become familiar with the carpentry tools as well, but none of his memories of them were pleasant. 'No, boy, no!' his father would shout over the scream of the power saw. 'You're ruining it! Can't you see you're ruining it? That's no way to handle a tool.' The tool, whatever obstinate thing it was, chisel or gouge or brace-and-bit, would be snatched away from the failure of its dimly sweat-stained woodwork and held aloft to be minutely inspected for damage. Then there would be a lecture on the proper care and handling of tools, to be followed by a gracefully expert demonstration (during which the grains of wood clung like gold in the hairs of his father's forearm) or more likely by a sigh of manly endurance pressed to the breaking point and the quiet words: 'All right. You'd better go on upstairs.' Things had always ended that way in the woodworking shop, and even today he could never breathe the yellow smell of sawdust without a sense of humiliation. The shotgun, luckily, had never come to a test. By the time he was old enough to go along on one of his father's increasingly rare hunting trips the chronic discord between them had long precluded any chance of it. It would never have occurred to the old man to suggest such a thing, and what's more- for this was the period of his freight train dreams- it would never have occurred to Frank to desire the suggestion. Who wanted to sit in a puddle and kill a lot of ducks? Who, for that matter, wanted to be good with hobbyist's tools? And who wanted to be a dopey salesman in the first place, acting like a big deal with a briefcase full of boring catalogues, talking about machines all day to a bunch of executives with cigars?

7            Yet even in those days and afterwards, even in the extremities of rebellion on Bethune Street, when his father had become a dreary, querulous old fool nodding to sleep over the Reader's Digest, then as now he continued to believe that something unique and splendid had lived in his father's hands. On Earl Wheeler's very deathbed, when he was shrunken and blind and cackling ('Who's that? Frank? Is that Frank?') the dry clasp of his hands had been as positive as ever, and when they lay loose and still on the hospital sheet at last they still looked stronger and better than his son's.

8            'Boy, I guess the headshrinkers could really have a ball with me,' he liked to say, wryly, among his friends. 'I mean the whole deal of my relationship with my father alone'd be enough to fill a textbook, not to mention my mother. Jesus, what a little nest of neuroses we must've been.' All the same, in moments of troubled solitude like this, he was glad he could muster some vestige of honest affection for his parents. He was grateful that however uneasy the rest of his life had turned out to be, it had once contained enough peace to give him pleasant dreams; and he often suspected, with more than a little righteousness, that this might be what kept him essentially more stable than his wife. Because if the headshrinkers could have a ball with him, God only knew what kind of a time they would have with April.

From 'Revolutionary Road' by Richard Yates

## Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 6

1. What kind of mood is created in the opening paragraph and how does the author achieve this? (4)
2. By referring closely to word choice, how does the author continue to build on this mood in paragraph two? (2)
3. From paragraph 4, how do we know Frank feels contempt for his hands? (1)
4. Using your own words, explain why Frank is close to tears in paragraph four. (2)
5. Using your own words, describe the image Frank has of his parents in paragraph five. (4)
6. Other than their 'strength' in paragraph six, which two words describe the qualities of his father's hands? (2)
7. '(during which the grains of wood clung like gold in the hair of his father's forearm)' Explain what figure of speech is being used here and evaluate its effectiveness in relation to paragraph six as a whole. (3)
8. Which word reveals Frank's emotional state after being in the workshop? (1)
9. How do the three questions used at the end of paragraph six affect the paragraph as a whole? (3)
10. In paragraph seven, the author describes Frank's father as a 'querulous old fool'. What do you think this means? (2)
11. Write another word for the 'headshrinkers' Frank talks of in paragraph eight. (1)
12. Explain what you think Frank means when he describes his family as being 'a little nest of neuroses'. (2)
13. What detail in paragraph 8 tells the reader that Frank's childhood had been quite enjoyable? (1)
14. What reason does Frank give for being more 'stable' than his wife, in paragraph 8? (2)

**Total 30**

## Textual Analysis Passage 7

### Murder in the Cathedral

THOMAS: Now to Almighty God, to the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, to the blessed John the Baptist, the holy apostles Peter and Paul, to the blessed martyr Denys, and to all the saints, I commend my cause and that of the Church.

While the knights kill him we hear the

CHORUS: Clear the air! Clean the sky! Wash the wind! Take stone from stone and wash them. The land is foul, the water is foul, our beasts and ourselves defiled with blood. A rain of blood has blinded my eyes. Where is England? Where is Kent? Where is Canterbury? O far far far far in the past; and I wander in a land of barren boughs: if I break them they bleed; I wander in a land of dry stones: if I touch them they bleed. How how can I ever return, to the soft quiet seasons? Night stay with us, stop sun, hold season, let the day not come, let the spring not come. Can I look again at the day and its common things, and see them all smeared with blood, through a curtain of falling blood? We did not wish anything to happen. We understood the private catastrophe, The personal loss, the general misery, Living and partly living; The terror by night that ends in daily action, The terror by day that ends in sleep; But the talk in the market-place, the hand on the broom, The night-time heaping of the ashes, The fuel laid on the fire at daybreak, These acts marked a limit to our suffering. Every horror had its definition, Every sorrow had a kind of end: In life there is not time to grieve long, But this, this is out of life, this is out of time, An instant eternity of evil and wrong. We are soiled by a filth that we cannot clean, united to supernatural vermin, It is not we alone, it is not the house, it is not the city that is defiled, But the world that is wholly foul. Clear the air! Clean the sky! Wash the wind! Take the stone from the stone, take the skin from the arm, take the muscle from the bone, and wash them. Wash the stone, wash the bone, wash the brain, wash the soul, wash them wash them!

(The Knights, having completed the murder, advance to the front of the stage and address the audience)

FIRST KNIGHT: We beg you to give us your attention for a few moments. We know that you may be disposed to judge unfavourably of our action. You are Englishmen, and therefore you believe in fair play: and when you see one man being set upon by four, then your sympathies are all with the underdog. I respect such feelings, I share them. Nevertheless I appeal to your sense of honour. You are Englishmen, and therefore will not judge anybody without hearing both sides of the case. That is in accordance with our long established principle of Trial by Jury. I am not

myself qualified to put our case to you. I am a man of action and not of words. For that reason I shall do no more than introduce the other speakers, who, with their various abilities, and different points of view, will be able to lay before you the merits of this extremely complex problem. I shall call upon our eldest member to speak first, my neighbour in the country: Baron William de Traci.

THIRD KNIGHT: I am afraid I am not anything like such an experienced speaker as my old friend Reginald Fitz Urse would lead you to believe. But there is one thing I should like to say and I may as well say it at once. It is this: in what we have done, and whatever you may think of it, we have been perfectly disinterested (The other Knights say Hear Hear!) We are not getting anything out of this. We have much more to lose than to gain. We are four plain Englishmen who put our country first. I dare say we did not make a very good impression when we came in just now. The fact is that we knew we had taken on a pretty stiff job; I'll only speak for myself, but I had drunk a good deal- I am not a drinking man ordinarily\_ to brace myself up for it. When you come to the point, it does go against the grain to kill an Archbishop, especially when you have been brought up in good Church traditions. So if we seem a bit rowdy, you will understand why it was; and for my part I am awfully sorry about it. We realised this was our duty but all the same we had to work ourselves up to it. And , as I said, we are not getting a penny out of this. We know perfectly well how things will turn out. King Henry-God bless him- will have to say, for reasons of state, that he never meant this to happen; and there is going to be an awful row; and at the best we shall have to spend the rest of our lives abroad. And even when reasonable people come to see that the Archbishop had to be put out of the way- and personally I had a tremendous admiration for him- you must have noted what a good show he put up at the end- they won't give us any glory. No, we have done for ourselves, there's no mistake about that. So, as I said at the beginning, please give us at least the credit for being completely disinterested in this business. I think that is about all I have to say.

FIRST KNIGHT: I think we will all agree that William de Traci has spoken well and has made a very important point. The gist of his argument is this: that we have been completely disinterested. But our act itself needs more justification than that; and you must hear our other speakers. I shall next call upon Hugh de Morville, who has made a special study of statecraft and constitutional law. Sir Hugh de Morville.

SECOND KNIGHT: I should like first to recur to a point that was very well put by our leader, Reginald Fitz Urse: that you are Englishmen, and therefore your sympathies are always with the under dog. It is the English spirit of fair play. Now the worthy Archbishop, whose good qualities I very much admired, has throughout been presented as the under dog. But is this really the case? I am going to appeal not to your emotions but to your reason. You are hard headed sensible people as I can see, and not to be taken in by emotional clap-trap. I therefore ask you to consider soberly: what were the Archbishop's aims? And what are King Henry's aims? In the answer to these questions lies the key to the problem.

The King's aim has been perfectly consistent. During the reign of the late Queen Matilda and the irruption of the unhappy usurper Stephen, the kingdom was very much divided. Our King saw that the one thing that was needed was to restore order: to curb the excessive powers of local government, which were usually exercised for selfish and often for seditious ends, and to reform the legal system. He therefore intended that Becket, who had proved himself an extremely able administrator – no one denies that- should unite the offices of chancellor and Archbishop. Had Becket concurred with the King's wishes, we should have had an almost ideal State: a union of spiritual and temporal administration, under the central government. I knew Becket well, in various official relations; and I may say that I have never known a man so well qualified for the highest rank of the civil service. And what happened? The moment that Becket, at the King's instance, had been made Archbishop, he resigned the office of Chancellor, he became more priestly than the priests, he ostentatiously and offensively adopted an ascetic manner of life, he affirmed immediately that there was a higher order than that which our King, and he as the King's

servant, had for so many years striven to establish; and that –God knows why- the two orders were incompatible.

You will agree with me that such interference by an Archbishop offends the instincts of a people like ours. So far, I know that I have your approval: I read it in your faces. It is only with the measures we have had to adopt, in order to set matters to rights, that you take issue. No one regrets the necessity for violence more than we do. Unhappily there are times when violence is the only way in which social justice can be secured. At another time, you would condemn an Archbishop by vote of Parliament and execute him formally as a traitor, and no one would have to bear the burden of being called a murderer. And at a later time still, even such temperate measures as these would become unnecessary. But, if you have now arrived at a just subordination of the pretensions of the Church to the welfare of the State, remember that it is we who took the first step. We have been instrumental in bringing about the state of affairs that you approve. We have served your interests; we merit your applause; and if there is any guilt whatever in the matter, you must share it with us.

From 'Murder in the Cathedral' by TS Eliot

## Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 7

1. Identify one of the impossible commands issued by the Chorus. (1)
2. 'I wander in a land of barren boughs: if I touch them they bleed'. Identify the figure of speech being exploited here by Eliot, commenting on its effectiveness. (3)
3. From the last section in the Chorus, what effect does repetition of the word 'wash' have on the extract as a whole? (2)
4. Using your own words, explain what an 'underdog' is. (2)
5. The Knights themselves claim to be 'disinterested' in their actions. What do you think is meant by this? (2)
6. Quote an expression from the Third Knight's speech which meant he needed alcohol in order to be prepared for what he did. (1)
7. What does the Third Knight say to indicate that they will soon be exiled? (1)
8. Explain what you think the word 'gist' means. (1)
9. Using your own words, explain what the Second Knight means when he says 'I am going to appeal not to your emotions but to your reason.' (2)
10. From the Second Knight's speech, what do you understand the word 'usurper' means when referring to Stephen? (2)
11. Using your own words explain what should have resulted in the King's ideal State. (2)
12. Becket is said to have adopted an 'ascetic manner of life'. What do you think is meant by this? (2)
13. How does Thomas feel about the 'two orders'? (1)
14. Explain, using your own words, how the Second Knight knows the audience agrees with him. (2)
15. What does the Second Knight believe the audience has 'issue' with? (2)
16. What is meant by 'temperate' measures? (2)
17. How does the Second Knight involve the audience in his last sentence? (2)

**Total 30**

**Terror**

1 Here is what sometimes happened to me: after spending the first part of the night at my desk-that part when night trudges heavily uphill-I would emerge from the trace of my task at the exact moment when night had reached the summit and was teetering on that crest, ready to roll down into the haze of dawn; I would get up from my chair, feeling chilly and utterly spent, turn on the light in my bedroom, and suddenly see myself in the looking glass. Then it would go like this; during the time I had been deep at work, I had grown disacquainted with myself, a sensation akin to what one may experience when meeting a close friend after years of separation: for a few empty lucid but numb moments you see him in an entirely different light even though you realize that the frost of this mysterious anaesthesia will presently wear off, and the person you are looking at will revive, glow with warmth, resume his old place, becoming again so familiar that no effort of the will could possibly make you recapture that fleeting sensation of estrangedness. Precisely thus I now stood considering my own reflection in the glass and failing to recognize it as mine. And the more keenly I examined my face- those unblinking alien eyes, that sheen of tiny hairs along the jaw, that shade along the nose- and the more intensely I told myself 'This is I, this is So-and-so,' the less clear it became why this should be 'I,' the harder I found it to make the face in the mirror merge with that 'I' whose identity I failed to grasp. When I spoke of my odd sensations, people justly observed that the path I had taken led to the madhouse. In point of fact, once or twice, late at night, I peered so lengthily at my reflection that a creepy feeling came over me and I put out the light in a hurry. Yet, next morning, while shaving it would never occur to me to question the reality of my image.

2 Another thing: at night, in bed, I would abruptly remember that I was mortal. What then took place within my mind was much the same as happens in a huge theatre if the lights suddenly go out, and someone shrilly screams in the swift-winged darkness, and other voices join in, resulting in a blind tempest, with the black thunder of panic growing- until suddenly the lights come on again, and the performance of the play is blandly resumed. Thus would my soul choke for a moment while, lying supine, eyes wide open, I tried with all my might to conquer fear, rationalize death, come to terms with it on a day-by-day basis, without appealing to any creed or philosophy. In the end, one tells oneself that death is still far away, that there will be plenty of time to reason everything out, and yet one knows that one never will do it, and again, in the dark, from the cheapest seats, in one's private theatre where warm live thoughts about dear earthly trifles have panicked, there comes a shriek- and presently subsides when one turns over in bed and starts to think of some different matter.

3 I assume that those sensations- the perplexity before the mirror at night or the sudden pang of death's foretaste- are familiar to many, and if I dwell on them it is only because they contain just a small particle of that supreme terror- I am groping for the exact term but my store of ready-made words, which in vain I keep trying on, does not contain even one that will fit.

4 I led a happy life. I had a girl. I remember well the torture of our first separation. I had gone on a business trip abroad, and upon my return she met me at the station. I saw her standing on the platform, caged as it were in tawny sunlight, a dusty cone of which had just penetrated through the station's lazed vault. Her face kept rhythmically turning to and fro as the train windows slowly glided by to a stop. With her I always felt easy and at rest. Once only- and here again I feel what a clumsy instrument human speech is. Still, I would like to explain. It is really such nonsense, so ephemeral: we are alone in her room, I write while she darns a silk stocking stretched taut over the back of a wooden spoon, her head bent low; one ear, translucently pink, is half concealed by a strand of fair hair, and the small pearls around her neck gleam touchingly, and

her tender cheek appears sunken because of the assiduous pout of her lips. All at once, for no reason at all, I become terrified of her presence. This is far more terrifying than the fact that somehow, for a split second, my mind did not register her identity in the dusty sun of the station. I am terrified by there being another person in the room with me; I am terrified by the very notion of another person. No wonder lunatics don't recognise relatives. But she raises her head, all her features participate in the quick smile she gives me- and no trace is left now of the odd terror I felt a moment ago. Let me repeat: this happened only one single time, and I took it to be a silly trick of my nerves, forgetting that on lonely nights before a lonely mirror I had experienced something quite similar.

5 She was my mistress for nearly three years. I know that many people could not understand our relationship. They were at a loss to explain what there was in that naïve little maiden to attract and hold a poet's affection, but good God! How I loved her unassuming prettiness, gaiety, friendliness, the birdlike flutterings of her soul. It was exactly that gentle simplicity of hers that protected me: to her, everything in the world had a kind of everyday clarity, and it would even seem to me that she knew what awaited us after death, so that there was no reason for us to discuss that topic. At the end of our third year together I again was obliged to go away, for a rather long time. On the eve of my departure we went to the opera. She sat down for a moment on the crimson little sofa in the darkish, rather mysterious vestibule of our loge to take off her huge grey snowboots, from which I helped her to extricate her slender silk-clad legs – and I thought of those delicate moths that hatch from bulky shaggy cocoons. We moved to the front of our box. We were gay as we bent over the rosy abyss of the house while waiting for the raising of the curtain, a solid old screen with pale-gold decorations depicting scenes from various operas – Ruslan in his pointed helmet, Lenski in his carrick. With her bare elbow she almost knocked down from the plush parapet her little nacreous opera glass.

6 Then, when all in the audience had taken their seats, and the orchestra drew in its breath and prepared to blast forth, something happened: every light went out in the huge rosy theatre, and such a dense darkness swooped upon us that I thought I had gone blind. In this darkness everything at once began to move, a shiver of panic began to rise and resolved itself in feminine cries, and because men's voices very loudly called for calm, the cries became more and more riotous.

From 'Terror' by Vladimir Nabokov

## Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 8

1. How does sentence structure allow the author to exploit his description of night in lines 1 & 2? (2)
2. Comment on the author's effective use of imagery to elaborate on the description of night in lines 3 & 4. (3)
3. From paragraph one, which two words show how tired the narrator is? (1)
4. Using your own words, explain what the narrator means by 'the frost of this mysterious anaesthesia'. (2)
5. From paragraph two, explain what other thought keeps the narrator awake at night. (1)
6. Comment on the imagery used to describe these thoughts, in sentence two of paragraph two, from the extract. (4)
7. What does the expression 'lying supine' mean, in paragraph two? (2)
8. Using your own words, describe the 'familiar sensations' mentioned in paragraph three. (2)
9. Comment on the author's use of sentence structure in lines 1 – 4 of paragraph four. (3)
10. Why does the narrator refer to speech as a 'clumsy instrument', in paragraph four? (2)
11. What does the word 'ephemeral' mean in paragraph five? (2)
12. Quote a word, from paragraph six, which means the same as 'inexperienced'. (1)
13. Using your own words as far as possible, explain what qualities the narrator found so attractive in this female. (3)
14. Evaluate the effectiveness of the 'moth' image used in paragraph 5. (2)

**Total 30**



50      Among them were some half-a-dozen colts  
Dropped in some wilderness of the broken world.  
Yet new as if they had come from their own Eden.  
Since then they have pulled our ploughs and borne our loads,  
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.  
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.

By Edwin Muir

## Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 9

1. Comment on how the poet refers to time in lines 1 & 2 of the poem. (2)
2. Explain what 'our covenant with silence,' means in line 4. (2)
3. Why has 'On the second day', been given a line of its own? (2)
4. Comment on the repetition of the word 'speak' in lines 15-17. (2)
5. How effective is the imagery used to depict the old world in lines 19 & 20? (3)
6. What does the poet mean by 'impenetrable sorrow' in line 22? (2)
7. Identify the figure of speech used to describe the tractors (line 25), commenting on its effectiveness. (3)
8. Using your own words, explain what you think 'loam' is. (1)
9. What does the poet mean by 'We have gone back/ Far past our fathers' land'? (2)
10. Comment on the poet's use of sound in lines 33-35. (4)
11. Explain the poet's use of comparison in lines 35 - 36 to describe these horses. (2)
12. Comment on the poet's use of sentence structure in lines 42-45. (2)
13. Explain the poet's use of biblical allusion in line 50. (2)
14. In line 52 of the poem, the poet talks of 'free servitude' when describing man's relationship with the horses. Identify the technique being used here and describe what you understand by it. (1)

**Total 30**

## Textual Analysis Passage 10

### Romeo and Juliet

#### Act II Scene II – Capulet’s Garden

1    ROMEO: He jests at scars, that never felt a wound-  
          But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks!  
          It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!-  
          Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
5           Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
          That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
          Be not her maid; since she is envious;  
          Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
          And none but fools do wear it; cast it off-  
10           It is my lady; O , it is my love:  
          O, that she knew she were!-  
          She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?  
          Her eye discourses, I will answer it.  
          I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
15           Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
          Having some business, do intreat her eyes  
          To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
          What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
          The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
20           As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven  
          Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
          That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
          See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
          O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
25           That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET: Ay me!

ROMEO: She speaks:-  
          O, speak again, bright angel! For thou art  
          As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
30           As is a winged messenger of heaven  
          Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
          Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
          When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
          And sails upon the bosom of the air.

35    JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?  
          Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
          Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
          And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

40    ROMEO: Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? (Aside)

JULIET: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;-  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is not hand, nor foot,  
45 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,  
By any other word would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
50 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title:- Romeo, doff that name;  
And for that name which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

ROMEO: I take thee at thy word:  
55 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET: What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

60 ROMEO: By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I written I would tear the word.

65 JULIET: My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO: Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

70 JULIET: How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

75 ROMEO: With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out;  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

80 JULIET: If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO: Alack! There lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET: I would not for the world they saw thee here.

85 ROMEO: I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

90 JULIET: By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO: By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
95 I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET: Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
100 What I have spoke; but farewell complement!  
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say- Ay;  
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
105 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
110 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
115 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

From 'Romeo and Juliet' by William Shakespeare

### Questions for Textual Analysis Passage 10

1. Using your own words, explain what Romeo is saying in line one of the extract. (2)
2. Comment on Shakespeare's use of imagery in lines 2 – 6 when describing Juliet as the sun. (4)
3. What figure of speech does Shakespeare use to describe Juliet's eyes in lines 15-18 and how effective do you find this comparison? (4)
4. Using your own words as far as possible, explain what Romeo is wishing for in lines 24-25. (3)
5. Explain what Juliet is saying in lines 35-39. (4)
6. Using your own words again, explain what Juliet is saying in lines 47-49. (3)
7. Why does Juliet refer to Capulet's garden as 'the place death' in line 73? (1)
8. What does Romeo mean by 'For stony limits cannot hold love out:' in line 77? (1)
9. Identify the figure of speech used in lines 85-86, commenting on its effectiveness. (3)
10. Describe what Juliet is saying in lines 96-98 of the extract. (2)
11. By referring closely to the text, comment on Shakespeare's use of colour throughout this extract. (3)

**Total 30**

## Answers

\* Please note that the following answers are intended as guidelines and teachers should feel free to award marks on merit of individual answers. Please also note that where PERSONIFICATION is mentioned as a particular figure of speech, some of the answers are actually examples of ANTHROPOMORPHISM, however, many teachers prefer not to use this term in order to avoid confusion.

### Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 1

1. Black & white (1) piano keys, confetti, bride, milk, conductor etc (1) represents the colour of bright stars against the dark night sky/ idea of contrast. (2) 4 marks
2. contrasting (paradoxical) image (1) don't expect confetti to be thrown hard / fists suggests element of violence involved (1) stars are an assault on night sky/ we are constantly surprised by appearance of stars in sky (1) 3 marks
3. Childish description of appearance of stars (1) cartoon quality of description/ suggests childlike wonder and fascination with stars (1) 2 marks
4. Mood changes from wonder and surprise to more menacing (1) drunks, thieves etc and additional comment highlighting more negative aspects (2) 3 marks
5. Encourages reader to sympathise/empathise with those mentioned (1) raises questions, eg, why old men are alone? Why criminals repent etc. Any satisfactory elaboration of statements is acceptable for 2 marks 3 marks
6. Creates the impression of someone switching them on like a higher power/God or archaic terminology highlighting fact that the stars have been there since beginning of time and will continue to be there long after we're gone. 2 marks
7. Alliteration of 'l' and sibilance (1) soft sounds which coincide with dreaminess of sleep/ lullaby quality (1) 2 marks
8. saying the soul dreams (1) normally associate dreams with brain function (1) 2 marks
9. body – remains in dark/void/nothing (1) soul- dreams of unearthly things/heaven(1) 2 marks
10. luckless angels – guardian angels/idea that we are watched (1) feverish old loves – past loves/ first loves/ love found in dreams only (1) or plague our dreams/idea of regret 2 marks
11. try to reconcile what we dream of with our everyday lives/ try to make dreams a reality or any other appropriate comment. 2 marks
12. No matter what good or bad things happen in life the stars will always be in the sky at night and will always offer a source of comfort for the lost and lonely. Attempt should be made to highlight sections of text to support any answer given. 3 marks

**Total 30 marks**

## Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 2

1. sounds as if it mere description (1) not normally associated with poetry/  
sounds like start of piece of prose text. (1) 2 marks
2. hooks/ fish hooks used to capture (and kill) fish (1) impression that they are  
dangerous and that she is in danger from her surroundings. (1) 2 marks
3. personification / a living entity (1) as if the sea is sighing or is heavy with  
emotion (1) alludes to the rhythmic rise and fall of the waves themselves (1)  
may also have nautical connotations or indicate an uneasy sense of foreboding 3 marks
4. as if she and fruits have become blood sisters/ joining blood and juices together  
which further enhances hook imagery and idea of pain and danger (1) blackberries  
are alive and thinking/feminine entities (1) 2 marks
5. personification as if they want to help her by squeezing in milk bottle (1) which  
again reinforces notion of the blood sisterhood (1) 2 marks
6. alliteration of 'c' sound (1) emulates the cawing sound made by the birds (1)  
plosive alliteration of 'b' (1) again highlights the noise made by the beating of  
the birds' wings against the wind (1) 4 marks
7. berries are so ripe you cannot see them as they have been invaded by flies (1)  
Chinese screen imagery highlights the colours and transparency of the wings and  
bodies of flies (1) the fact they have gorged on ripe fruits shows them to be greedy  
and predator like (1) anthropomorphism used to account for them now holding  
religious beliefs (1) plosive alliteration of 'b' alludes to the flies buzzing eerily  
and constantly (1) sibilance again alludes to buzzing of flies but with a sinister  
quality, like them whispering to each other (1) treat answers fairly here 6 marks
8. comparison to wet laundry being blown in wind/noise and force when hit by it (1)  
image strengthened by fact there is no wet laundry present but wind continues its  
assault (1) 2 marks
9. the hills look too fertile and healthy (1) to have had any sea salt blown on to the  
grass which would cause it to die (1) 2 marks
10. the space (or sea) is characterised by the white crests of waves and grey mass  
of water underneath (1) the noise of the sea itself is compared to the continuous  
beating of metal which highlights the enormous strength and power of the waves  
themselves (1) this is further emphasised by saying that the sea is like an intractable  
metal which means a metal which is extremely hard to control or deal with. Repetition  
of the word 'beating' highlights the relentless force of nature the sea has and by  
comparison reveals in humans the inability to control nature in any way (1)  
These concepts are difficult and should be treated fairly 3 marks
11. Any appropriate attempt to highlight the importance of colour which includes  
examples and explanations should be accepted here, however, candidates should  
try to highlight examples not already discussed previously in answers to questions 2 marks

**Total 30 marks**

### Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 3

1. Brief/ short in nature/ encourages reader to ask why/ want to read on to find out more. 1 mark
2. Do not accept direct lifts here. Idea that blinds left open allowing light to enter directly. 1 mark
3. personification (1) elaborate on idea of some wild animal (1) 2 marks
4. felt as if he had no air/ heart was racing/ he struggled to breathe 3 marks
5. threatening /suggests something bad might be about to happen 1 mark
6. terrified of what he might find in there / idea of foreboding. 1 mark
7. she had used one of her stockings as a noose (1) attached it to lamp bracket and jumped off table(1) 2 marks
8. further elaboration/expansion of his thoughts and feelings 2 marks
9. plosive alliteration of 'b' (1) echoes the thumping heartbeat which intensifies the feeling of foreboding (2) not alliteration of 'l'. 3 marks
10. allows reader to picture each separate scene (1) as it is actually happening (1) just as the narrator is watching it happen himself (1) idea of list can be added to above statements if answer is weaker. 3 marks
11. idea that he leaves room (1) locks door (1) goes into drawing room absent mindedly (1) or any other appropriate version of events. 3 marks
12. felt as if he had to/manners/propriety as window faces her room (1) wanted to avoid seeing her look out (1) 2 marks
13. poor captive 1 mark
14. vulnerable (1) helpless (1) 2 marks
15. sleeping demon – terrible, evil thing/ rage lay dormant (1) deadly machine – out of control/ evil intent (1) idea that both are outwith any form of control must be present 2 marks
16. she may hate him and move further away from him or any reasonable interpretation of these lines. 1 mark

**Total 30 marks**

### Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 4

- |     |  |         |
|-----|--|---------|
| 1.  | multi-coloured covers and feathers on head (1) semi-precious jewels on clothing (1)<br>skin is damp/ humidity causing sweat (1)                            | 3 marks |
| 2.  | no break in the beat of the drums (1) constant/continuous rhythm (1)   | 2 marks |
| 3.  | reminds her of noises at Solidarity Services (1) invades her consciousness (1)<br>reassures her/she likes the beat (1)                                     | 3 marks |
| 4.  | thunderous silence' – silence contrasts with earlier noise/ connotations of<br>'silence was deafening' (2)   | 2 marks |
| 5.  | their manhood/masculinity/fact they are men  | 1 mark  |
| 6.  | clothes/ goitres(swelling of neck) / skin diseases/old people  | 3 marks |
| 7.  | socially inferior class of society   | 2 marks |
| 8.  | innocuous  | 1 mark  |
| 9.  | removes 2 snakes from box and throws them to others (1) gets more snakes and gives<br>them out (1) signals to the others (1) to throw snakes to ground (1) | 4 marks |
| 10. | crowd used to the noise and now sit in silence (1)waiting for/ expecting something (1)   | 2 marks |
| 11. | tall man wearing coyote mask   | 1 mark  |
| 12. | 7 circuits   | 1 mark  |
| 13. | dips it in blood from boy's wounds and holds it to crowd (1) shakes it three times<br>over the snakes (1)  | 2 marks |
| 14. | 'as though they had seen enough'   | 1 mark  |
| 15. | can't bear to watch (1) she is horrified (needs soma) (1)  | 2 marks |

**Total 30 marks**

## Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 5

1. covered in lines/wrinkles similar to roads on a map (1) some idea of routes/journey she has taken in life needed for 2 marks 2 marks
2. snake sheds its skin but process is visible (1) humans also shed skin but more 'subtly' ie we can't see the shedding of human skin (1) 2 marks
3. they fall off unnoticed during sleep (1) gradually washed away by sunlight/ageing process (1) 2 marks
4. idea of ever changing substance of childhood/ constantly evolving process of ageing even in childhood or any other appropriate interpretation 2 marks
5. the ageing process is reversed or manipulated whereby mothers who have gone (died) can see their children grown up and old (1) babies become pensioners (1) 2 marks
6. suggests that if mothers could see how their children would be as pensioners their love would diminish (1) poet seems to agree with this notion as indicated by question (1) and suggests it is because these children as pensioners would remind them too much of what they had become in old age (1) \* please note this is a difficult concept and marks should be awarded where marker feels it appropriate to do so. 3 marks
7. delivered by a mail delivery company (1) looks exactly the same as she remembers her grandmother's did (1) 2 marks
8. building site/developer's (house) site creating new roads for access to site (1) idea that you can reverse along any road or retake any road (1) but you cannot reverse time/ passing of time/ choices made etc.(1) 3 marks
9. ambition is a cliché – idea that being ambitious is something oversaid and overused (1) beauty a banality – idea that wanting to be beautiful is not an original concept and lacks ideas (1) poet feels that these ideas may be acceptable for the young but she (her face) has given up on either (1) 3 marks
10. Brings reader back to concept that poet is looking at herself in photos (1) which allows her to go on to expand on the notion that although the photo captures the face as it shows the passage of time it does not capture what has actually happened in anyone's life.(1) 2 marks
11. idea that there is always a hidden meaning behind every photograph (1) although we can see any picture taken we do not know the circumstances behind that photo or any events in a person's life which preceded it (1) 2 marks
12. memories (guilty) (1) of past events which either wake her up or rouse her from sleep (1) 2 marks
13. Any appropriate comment referring to idea of photographs /camera never lying/ tone of the piece (tongue in cheek) with reference to the poem itself. As content of this poem is quite difficult, please mark last question as you see fit. 3 marks

**Total 30 marks**

## Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 6

1. aggressive/threatening/hostile mood (1) word choice – shrill, metallic whine has connotations of screaming/animal in pain (1) hide/huddling suggests element of fear and need to hide away (1) dreams tearing even in his unconsciousness he is being terrorised by dreams (1) or any other appropriate reference 4 marks
2. lists details of physical ailments – nostrils plugged’ head ached’ all suggest pain and discomfort(1) fly on glass – sordid, unpleasant image contributes to/reflects his feelings (1) 2 marks
3. ‘he wanted to beat and bruise...sink’ 1 mark
4. he remembers dreaming about his parents/implication that they are dead (1) this combined with or contrasted with his current fragile state makes him cry (1) 2 marks
5. father- no hair and thick eyebrows (1) mouth either in expression of displeasure or despair (1) mother – frameless glasses and hair always covered (1) wore barely a touch of lipstick (1) 4 marks
6. sureness and sensitivity 2 marks
7. simile (1) sounds magical/ alchemist/ ethereal quality (1) supports all the wonderful/ magical things his father could also do (1) 3 marks
8. humiliation 1 mark
9. they question the previous idea that everything his father did was wonderful (1) introduces contrast of emotions/ feelings about his father (1) changes the tone of the piece to being far more negative (1) 3 marks
10. complaining (1) petulant in his old age (1) 2 marks
11. psychiatrists 1 mark
12. a group of people in close proximity/lived together/can’t escape (ie nest) (1) where each person had their own problems/stresses/depression/inability to relate to reality (1) 2 marks
13. ‘it had once contained enough peace to give him pleasant dreams’ 1 mark
14. he at least has pleasant/affectionate memories (1) his wife doesn’t have these as he indicates she needs help more than he does (1) 2 marks

**Total 30 marks**

## Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 7

- |     |  |         |
|-----|--|---------|
| 1.  | clean the sky or wash the wind   | 1 mark  |
| 2.  | personification or anthropomorphism (1) the land is brought to life and shares in the bloodshed of Thomas (1) evokes terror and horror from audience (1) | 3 marks |
| 3.  | emphasises the need to clean the landscape of this terrible act (1) whilst highlighting the severity of the atrocity itself (1)                          | 2 marks |
| 4.  | not the favourite/ the weaker of the two   | 2 marks |
| 5.  | that they have no personal interest in the matter/they are impartial (1) just a business act on their part (1) NOT not interested                        | 2 marks |
| 6.  | 'to brace myself up for it'  | 1 mark  |
| 7.  | 'spend the rest of our lives abroad'   | 1 mark  |
| 8.  | the main idea /substance of the text   | 1 mark  |
| 9.  | wants the audience to base judgement on facts (1) not emotions (1)   | 2 marks |
| 10. | that he took position illegally/ by force/ no specific claim to  | 2 marks |
| 11. | the joining of religious (1) and secular sections of govt (1)  | 2 marks |
| 12. | his life was characterised by severe self-discipline and abstention (1) for religious reasons (1)  | 2 marks |
| 13. | that they are incompatible with each other   | 1 mark  |
| 14. | can see it in (1) their expressions of approval (1)  | 2 marks |
| 15. | the violent methods (1) used to kill Thomas (1)  | 2 marks |
| 16. | moderate measures/measures which indicate restraint and control  | 2 marks |
| 17. | he lists the good they have done and states they deserve recognition (1) and implies any guilt felt is actually audience's own guilt (1)                 | 2 marks |

**Total 30 marks**

## **Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 8**

1. parenthesis allows the narrator to emphasise the difficulty and slowness of the evening (1)  
word 'trudging' combined with personification emphasises further that time is dragging  
in and making little progress (1) 2 marks
2. personification/anthropomorphic imagery of night being a climber (1) impression given  
that night is always there making steady progress through the day as evening approaches (1)  
then ready to make the quick ascent back into daylight at the other side (1) 3 marks
3. 'utterly spent' 1 mark
4. the inability to recognise someone from your past ie frost (1) but as recognition dawns  
on you the frost therefore melts (1) 2 marks
5. his own mortality 1 mark
6. theatrical imagery is used (1) idea of waiting for play to begin when audience is plunged  
into darkness as the theatre lights go out (1) similarly life can also be extinguished in an  
instant (1) idea that we constantly expect death to occur but don't know exactly when it  
will happen to us (1) 4 marks
7. lying face upwards 2 marks
8. inability to recognise one's self in the mirror (1) sudden realisation that death comes to  
us all eventually (1) 2 marks
9. All five sentences begin with 'I' indicating that the sentences focus entirely on the  
narrator's emotions/events affecting him directly (1) first two sentences are simple  
and state events which have brought him happiness (1) next three sentences are much  
longer and focus on elements of an uncomfortable nature to him (1) 3 marks
10. in spite of his extensive vocabulary (1) he sometimes couldn't find the appropriate  
words for certain occasions (1) 2 marks
11. lasting only for a very short time 2 marks
12. naïve 1 mark
13. she was beautiful without knowing it (1) she was fun to be around (1) she was very  
affectionate (1) or any other appropriate substitutions here 3 marks
14. the moth cocoon is not physically attractive in itself but conceals the beauty of the moth  
inside just as the heavy snowboots conceal the beauty of her legs (1) must have idea of  
transformation and concealment of delicate object inside for full marks (1) 2 marks

**Total 30 marks**

## Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 9

1. twelvemonth as opposed to a year and 7 days as opposed to a week/archaic terminology (1) emphasises the slow passage of time more (1) or fits in with the archaic images in rest of the poem 2 marks
2. as if the people who remain alive have made a deal/agreement with silence in this new world (1) has biblical allusions of God's covenant \*if first point is made well then full marks may be awarded 2 marks
3. again indicates the importance of each new day (1) as well as the slow passage of time and that this will now be elaborated on (1) 2 marks
4. somewhat paradoxically emphasises the contrast between the speaking world and one of silence (1) whilst stressing the unlikelihood of this happening (1) 2 marks
5. personification/anthropomorphism (1) a hungry monster devouring children like evil pantomime character (1) stresses fact that all people are childlike in this post apocalyptic world (1) 3 marks
6. sadness and sorrow impossible to reach/ implication that people entered death in state of sadness and fear which now they cannot be rescued from 2 marks
7. simile (1) implication that they are unpleasantly damp and cold (1) like some terrible monster always ready to pounce/return to this world (1) 3 marks
8. soil mixture/clay (may indicate archaic methods of making bricks) 1 mark
9. gone back to basic rudimentary way of life (1) to the beginning of time even farther than their own father's time (1) 2 marks
10. progression from slight sound and gets progressively louder (1) onomatopoeic use of 'tapping' hints at constant faint sound (1) moves on to deepening drumming using plosive alliteration to indicate growing noise levels (1) hollow thunder – no threat behind this noise (1) 4 marks
11. horses are described in childlike/magical/fairytale terms (1) shows how distant man has become towards animals who helped them for so long/sense of wonder and awe (1) 2 marks
12. short sentence used to indicate period of waiting (1) longer sentence and enjambment indicates horses' relentless quest to find these people/seek them out (1) 2 marks
13. Eden – ideal state where man was untouched by original sin before the Fall (1) horses represent a return to the old world before mankind corrupted it (1) 2 marks
14. oxymoron – idea that although man does not own horses, in atmosphere of mutual trust and respect they are more than willing to work for him if he looks after them in return 1 mark

**Total 30 marks**

## Marking Scheme for Textual Analysis Passage 10

1. that only someone who has never experienced pain before (1) is able to laugh at someone who has been hurt (1) 2 marks
2. Juliet is described as the sun and can offer more light than the moon can (1) moon is described as jealous (1) of both the literal and figurative light Juliet offers (1) again is mentioned as a jealous woman who sees that Juliet (the sun) is much more beautiful than she is (1) 4 marks
3. metaphor (1) compares Juliet's eyes to stars which continues the celestial imagery (1) implication that her eyes have an unearthly beauty (1) implies that she is simply unreachable but can be admired from below (1) 4 marks
4. he wishes he was a glove she was wearing on her hand (1) so he could become a part of her/ be close to her (1) if she touched her face with the gloved hand it would be him touching her cheek (1) inference that he would do anything to be close to her 3 marks
5. she is asking why he has to be called Romeo (1) and not be called by some other name instead (1) she wants him to refuse to acknowledge that he is his father's son (1) but if he swears he loves her then she will refuse to be a Capulet any longer (1) 4 marks
6. she refuses to acknowledge that names mean anything at all (1) she says if a rose was called some other word instead it would not alter the fact it is beautiful and smells nice (1) similarly she loves Romeo for who he is not what he is called (1) 3 marks
7. if the guards find Romeo there they will kill him 1 mark
8. that the walls are no barrier to him reaching her 1 mark
9. metaphor (1) compares the night to him wearing a cloak as he hopes the dark will shield him as a cloak would (1) implies the need to be secretive and to conceal their love for each other.(1) 3 marks
10. if it wasn't dark then Romeo would see her blush (1) owing to the words of love she has spoken tonight (1) infer that she is embarrassed by what he has heard her say 2 marks
11. any competent references to light and dark imagery with appropriate explanations should be given credit owing to substantial difficulty involved in interpreting the text itself 3 marks

**Total 30 marks**