
A-level

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

Mock Paper 1

Morning

Time allowed: 3 hours

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book
- a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for **Section C**. These texts must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is 7712/1.
- In Section A you will answer **one** question about a Shakespeare play.
- In Section B you will answer the **one** question about unseen poetry.
- In Section C you will answer **one** question about **two** texts: **one** poetry text and **one** prose text, one of which **must** be written pre-1900.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.
- In your response you need to:
 - analyse carefully the writers' methods
 - explore the contexts of the texts you are writing about
 - explore connections across the texts you have studied
 - explore different interpretations of your texts.

712/1

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer the following question.

0	1
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Othello -- William Shakespeare

"In Othello, love and trust are destroyed not from within but from without."

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Othello and Desdemona in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen

OTHELLO

O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA

My dear Othello!

OTHELLO

It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death,
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA

The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow.

OTHELLO

Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here, it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make.

He kisses her

IAGO

O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
as honest as I am.

OTHELLO

Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends: our wars are done; the Turks are drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Come, Desdemona, once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA

(Act 2, Scene 1)

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the following question.

0	5
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Compare how the poets present desire as something close to possession or violence.

[25 marks]

The Farmer's Bride

Charlotte Mew (1869-1928)

Three summers since I chose a maid,
Too young maybe -- but more's to do
At harvest-time than bide and woo.

When us was wed she turned afraid
Of love and me and all things human;
Like the shut of a winter's day
Her smile went out, and 'twadn't a woman --
More like a little frightened fay.

One night, in the Fall, she runned away.

"Out 'mong the sheep, her be," they said,
'Should properly have been abed;
But sure enough she wadn't there
Lying awake with her wide brown stare.
So over seven-acre field and up-along across the down
We chased her, flying like a hare
Before our lanterns. To Church-Town
All in a shiver and a scare
We caught her, fetched her home at last
And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house
As well as most, but like a mouse:
Happy enough to chat and play
With birds and rabbits and such as they,
So long as men-folk keep away.

"Not near, not near!" her eyes beseech
When one of us comes within reach.
The women say that beasts in stall
Look round like children at her call.
I've hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,
Straight and slight as a young larch tree,
Sweet as the first wild violets, she,

To her wild self. But what to me?
The short days shorten and the oaks are brown,
The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky,
One leaf in the still air falls slowly down,
A magpie's spotted feathers lie
On the black earth spread white with rime,
The berries redden up to Christmas-time.
What's Christmas-time without there be
Some other in the house than we!
She sleeps up in the attic there
Alone, poor maid. 'Tis but a stair
Betwixt us. Oh! my God! the down,
The soft young down of her, the brown,
The brown of her -- her eyes, her hair, her hair!

Lovesong

Ted Hughes (1930-1998)

He loved her and she loved him.
His kisses sucked out her whole past and future or tried to
He had no other appetite
She bit him she gnawed him she sucked
She wanted him complete inside her
Safe and sure forever and ever
Their little cries fluttered into the curtains
Her eyes wanted nothing to get away
Her looks nailed down his hands his wrists his elbows
He gripped her hard so that life
Should not drag her from that moment
He wanted all future to cease
He wanted to topple with his arms round her
Off that moment's brink and into nothing
Or everlasting or whatever there was
Her embrace was an immense press
To print him into her bones
His smiles were the garrets of a fairy palace
Where the real world would never come
Her smiles were spider bites
So he would lie still till she felt hungry
His words were occupying armies
Her laughs were an assassin's attempts

His looks were bullets daggers of revenge
His glances were ghosts in the corner with horrible secrets
His whispers were whips and jackboots
Her kisses were lawyers steadily writing
His caresses were the last hooks of a castaway
Her love-tricks were the grinding of locks
And their deep cries crawled over the floors
Like an animal dragging a great trap
His promises were the surgeon's gag
Her promises took the top off his skull
She would get a brooch made of it
His vows pulled out all her sinews
He showed her how to make a love-knot
Her vows put his eyes in formalin
At the back of her secret drawer
Their screams stuck in the wall
Their heads fell apart into sleep like the two halves
Of a lopped melon, but love is hard to stop
In their entwined sleep they exchanged arms and legs
In their dreams their brains took each other hostage
In the morning they wore each other's face

Section C: Comparing Texts

Answer one question in this section.

Either

0	6
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"In the literature of love, desire is always about possession."

In the light of this view, compare how writers present desire and possession in two texts you have studied.

You must write about at least two poems in your answer as well as the prose text you have studied.

[25 marks]

or

0	7
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Compare how writers present the ways in which love is shaped by social expectation in two texts you have studied.

You must write about at least two poems in your answer as well as the prose text you have studied.

[25 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS