Read the following poem and answer Question 1

The Fog Horn

In this soup thick night, the fog horn Calls, like a cow in pain Sounding its lonely rhythms. Its long

Notes travel not only the sea's swell, but

5 Float over fields full of sleeping cattle, then To towns, through deserted streets, Pulsing through my window, reaching

My ears. How many people listen, Lying in their beds awake

10 To the soft displacement of silence.

Like hearing a dying animal, It proves that yet a life exists Marking the human shorelines With its pulse.

15 And all around the sea Stretches, falling over the horizon's rim.

FRANCES WILLIAMS

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Vernon Scannell presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'November Story'.

Use **evidence** from the poem to support your answer Total for Section A = 20 marks

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

November Story

The evening had caught cold; Its eyes were blurred. It had a dripping nose And its tongue was furred.

I sat in a warm bar After the day's work: November snuffled outside, Greasing the sidewalk.

But soon I had to go Out into the night Where shadows prowled the alleys, Hiding from the light.

But light shone at the corner On the pavement where A man had fallen over Or been knocked down there.

His legs on the slimed concrete Were splayed out wide; He had been propped against a lamp-post: His head lolled to one side. A victim of crime or accident, An image of fear, He remained quite motionless As I drew near.

Then a thin voice startled silence From a doorway close by Where an urchin hid from the wind "Spare a penny for the guy!"

I gave the boy some money And hastened on. A voice called, 'Thank you guv'nor!' And the words upon

The wincing air seemed strange – So hoarse and deep – As if the guy had spoken In his restless sleep.

VERNON SCANNELL

Answer the question in this section.

2. Explore how Vernon Scannell presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'November Story'.

Use **evidence** from the poem to support your answer To

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

November night, Edinburgh

The night tinkles like ice in glasses. Leaves are glued to the pavement with frost. The brown air fumes at the shop windows, Tries the door, and sidles past.

5 I gulp down winter raw. The heady Darkness swirls with tenements.In a brown fuzz of cottonwool Lamps fade up crags, die into pits.

Frost in my lungs is harsh as leaves

10 Scraped up on paths. - I look up, there, A high roof sails, at the mast-head Fluttering a grey and ragged star.

> The world's a bear shrugged in his den. It's snug and close in the snoring night.

15 And outside like chrysanthemums The fog unfolds its bitter scent.

Answer the question in this section.

NORMAN MACCAIG

1. Explore how Norman MacCaig presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'A November night, Edinburgh'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Names She was Eliza for a few weeks when she was a baby – Eliza Lily. Soon it changed to Lil.

Later she was Miss Steward in the baker's shop 5 And then 'my love', 'my darling', Mother.

Widowed at thirty, she went back to work As Mrs Hand. Her daughter grew up, Married and gave birth.

Now she was Nanna. 'Everybody

10 Calls me Nanna,' she would say to visitors. And so they did – friends, tradesmen, the doctor.

In the geriatric ward They used the patients' Christian names. 'Lil,' we said, 'or Nanna,'

15 But it wasn't in her file And for those last bewildered weeks She was Eliza once again.

WENDY COPE

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Wendy Cope presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Names'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

In Oak Terrace

Old and alone, she sits at nights, Nodding before the television. The house is quiet now. She knits, rises to put the kettle on,

5 watches a cowboy's killing, reads the local Births and Deaths, and falls asleep at 'Growing stock-piles of war-heads'. A world that threatens worse ills

fades. She dreams of life spent

10 in the one house: suffers again poverty, sickness, abandonment, a child's death, a brother's brain

melting to madness. Seventy years of common trouble; the kettle sings.

15 At midnight she says her silly prayers, And takes her teeth out, and collects her night-things.

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Tony Connor presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'In Oak Terrace.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Total for Section A = 20 marks

Tony Connor

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Summer in the Village

Now, you can see where the widows live: nettles grow tall and thistles seed round old machinery.

5 Hayfields smooth under the scythe simmer with tussocks;the hedges begin to go, and the bracken floods in.

Where the young folk have stayed on

- 10 gaudy crops of caravans and tents erupt in roadside fields; Shell Gifts, Crab Sandwiches, To Let, the signs solicit by the gates, left open where the milk churns used to stand;
- 15 and the cash trickles in.

'For Sale' goes up again on farms the townies bought with good intentions and a copy of *The Whole Earth Guide;* Samantha, Dominic and Willow play

20 among the geese and goats while parents in the pub complain about Welsh education and the dole. And a new asperity creeps in.

Now, you will see the tidy management of second homes:

- 25 slightly startled, old skin stretched, the cottages are made convenient.
 There are boats with seats; dogs with the work bred out of them sit listlessly by garden chairs on Kodakcolor* lawns;
- 30 and all that was community seeps out.

Christine Evans

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Norman MacCaig presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Summer in the Village'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Incoming Calls

Thriving in the borders We know we'll never be Welsh But our children are or will be And we're happy to help.

5 We're refugees from the cityscape We came here to give them freedom to grow Where the air won't line their lungs With grey snow.

Yes, some of us are ageing hippies

10 Who art and craft and grow green vegetables
 For seemingly little gain
 But we add our incoming voices loud
 To the chorus who want the village school to remain

We came here to join the community

15 Though some fear we're taking over 'cause we want to protect what we came here for When some who've been here for hundreds of years Want jobs no matter what the ecological discord

And some of your sons and daughters

20 Can't live in the place they were born to 'cause some of us had loads of cash From the sale of our city semi-detached

> And we've forced the prices Beyond your dreams

25 And you don't see why *your* kids Have to leave

And it's happened before It'll happen again We can only try

30 To help our children be friends

'cause everyone wants a better life And everyone fights to have it And change is a river that flows on and on No matter how much you damn it

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Labi Siffre presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Incoming Calls'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Total for Section A = 20 marks

Labi Siffre

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Impressions of a New Boy

This school is huge – I hate it! Please take me home. Steep stairs cut in stone, Peeling ceiling far too high,

 5 The Head said 'Wait' so I wait alone, Alone though Mum stands here, close by. The voice is loud – I hate it! Please take me home.

'Come. Sit. What is your name?'

- 10 Trembling lips. The words won't come.
 The head says 'Speak', but my cheeks flame,
 I hear him give a quiet sigh.
 The room is full I hate it
 Please take me home.
- 15 A sea of faces stare at me. My desk is much too small. Its wooden ridge rubs my knee, But the Head said 'Sit' so though I'm tall I know that I must try.
- 20 The yard is full I hate it.
 Please take me home.
 Bodies jostle me away,
 Pressing me against the wall.
 Then one boy says, 'Want to play?'
- 25 The boy says, 'Catch' and throws a ball And playtime seems to fly. This school is great - I love it.

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Marian Collihole presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Impressions of a New Boy'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Total for Section A = 20 marks

Marian Collihole

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Only the Wall

That first day only the wall saw the bully trip the new boy

- 5 behind the shed, and only the wall heard the name he called, a name that would stick like toffee.
- 10 The second day the wall didn't see the fight because too many boys stood around,
- 15 but the wall heard their cheers, and no one cheered for the new boy.

The third day

- 20 the wall felt three bullies lean against it, ready to ambush the new boy,
- 25 then the wall heard thumps and cries, and saw blood.

The fourth day only the wall missed

- 30 the new boy though five bullies looked for him, then picked another boy instead. Next day
- 35 they had him back, his face hit the wall.

The sixth day only the wall knew the bullies

- 40 would need that other boy to savage.
 The wall remembered the new boy's face going home,
- 45 saw he'd stay away.

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Matthew Sweeney presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Only the Wall'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Total for Section A = 20 marks

9

Matthew Sweeney

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Grandfather

I remember His sparse white hair and lean face... Creased eyes that twinkled when he laughed And the sea-worn skin

- 5 Patterned to a latticework of lines.
 I remember
 His blue-veined, calloused hands.
 Long gnarled fingers
 Stretching out towards the fire –
- 10 Three fingers missing –
 Yet he was able to make model yachts
 And weave baskets.
 Each bronzed Autumn
 He would gather berries
- 15 Each breathing Spring His hands were filled with flowers.

I remember Worshipping his fisherman's yarns. Watching his absorbed expression

- 20 As he solved the daily crossword With the slim cigarette, hand rolled, Placed between his lips. I remember The snowdrops
- 25 The impersonal hospital bed, The reek of antiseptic.

I remember, too, The weeping child And wilting daffodils

30 Laid upon his grave.

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Susan Hrynkow presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Grandfather'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Total for Section A = 20 marks

Susan Hrynkow

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Jessie Emily Schofield

I used to wash my grandmother's hair, When she was old and small And walked with a frame Like a learning child.

- 5 She would turn off her hearing aid And bend into the water, Holding the edge of the sink with long fingers; I would pour warm cupfuls over her skull And wonder what it could be like
- In her deaf head with eighty years of life.
 Hers was the softest hair I ever felt,
 Wedding dress silk on a widow;
 But there is a photo of her
 Sitting swathed in hair
- 15 That I imagine chestnut from the black and white, Long enough to sit on.
 Her wet head felt delicate as a birdskull
 Worn thin by waves of age, As she stood bent.
- 20 My mother's mother under my hands.

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Norman MacCaig presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Jessica Emily Schofield'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer

Total for Section A = 20 marks

Judy Williams

Read the following poem and answer Question 1

Foghorns

When Catrin was a small child She thought the foghorn moaning Far out at sea was the sad Solitary voice of the moon

5 Journeying to England.She heard it warn 'Moon, Moon', As it worked the Channel, trading Weather like rags and bones.

Tonight, after the still sun

- And the silent heat, as haze
 Became rain and weighed glistening
 In brimful leaves, and the last bus
 Splashes and fades with a soft
 Wave-sound, the fog-horns moan, moon –
- 15 Lonely and the dry lawns drink.This dimmed moon, calling still,Hauls sea-rags through the streets.

Gillian Clarke

Answer the question in this section.

1. Explore how Gillian Clarke presents the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in the poem 'Foghorns'.

Use evidence from the poem to support your answer