



**Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit
State Examinations Commission**

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2006

ENGLISH - HIGHER LEVEL - PAPER 2
(180 marks)

WEDNESDAY, 7 JUNE - AFTERNOON, 1.30 - 4.00

**YOU MUST ATTEMPT ALL THREE SECTIONS ON
THIS PAPER.**

EACH SECTION CARRIES 60 MARKS.

SPEND ABOUT 45 MINUTES ON EACH SECTION.

Answer **QUESTION ONE** and **QUESTION TWO**

QUESTION ONE**(30)**

Answer either **(A)** or **(B)**.

(A) SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA

The following extract (in edited form) is taken from *The Winter's Tale* by William Shakespeare. Read the extract carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

Background to the extract:

Leontes, the King of Sicily, believes that Perdita, a newly born royal baby, is not his daughter. He sends Antigonus, one of his noblemen, on a dangerous sea voyage to Bohemia with instructions to leave the baby there with a box containing papers and jewels. As Antigonus approaches Bohemia, a violent storm drives his ship onto the rocks. He escapes ashore with the baby and the box, and hears a group of young noblemen hunting bears nearby. Being fearful of both the storm and the bear-hunt Antigonus abandons the baby and the box,

Scene: The Seashore

Old Shepherd:
(*hearing bear hunt*)

I wish there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, for there is nothing between those years but wronging the old, stealing, fighting and chasing women. Hark you now, nobody but these boiled-brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty would hunt in this weather! They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master.

Suddenly he stops as he sees the baby.

What have we here? Mercy on us all – a baby!
A very pretty baby. A boy or a girl, I wonder?
A pretty one, a very pretty girl. I'll take her up for pity. Or maybe yet I'll wait until my son comes.
I heard him nearby just now.

Enter Son in a state of terror, having seen Antigonus's ship tossed in the storm, and the fleeing Antigonus attacked by a bear.

Son: Oh my God!

Old Shepherd: (*alarmed*) Come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Son: (*dolefully*) I have seen two such sights by sea and by land!
Because of the terrible storm I cannot say it is a sea, for it is now married with the sky.

Old Shepherd: Why, boy, how is it?

Son: I would you did but see how it storms, how it rages, how it takes up the shore.
Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls trapped aboard that ship!
Sometimes to see 'em and not to see 'em;

Now the ship clawing the moon with her mainmast, then swallowed with froth.

And then on the land, to see how the bear tore out the man's shoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus.

But to finish off the ship – to see how the sea flap-dragoned it!
But first how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them, and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the wind.

Old Shepherd: Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Son: Now, now. I have not winked since I saw these sights.
The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-dined on the gentleman.
He's at him now.

Old Shepherd: Would I have been by to have helped the man!
Heavy matters, heavy matters...

But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself.
You met with the dying, and I with the living. Here's a sight for thee.
Look thee.

Shows the baby to his son

And look thee here. (*pointing to the box beside the baby*)
Take up the box, boy, take up the box. Open it.
The fairies told me I'd be rich. Open it. What's within, boy?

Son: (*opening the box*) Oh father, look thee, papers and riches beyond thought!
The sins of your youth are forgiven!

Old Shepherd: Home... home the quickest way! We must hide this box.
We are lucky, boy! We need no longer tend the sheep.

Son: You go home. I'll go and see if the bear is done with the gentleman, and how much of him he hath eaten. If there be any of him left, I'll bury him.

Old Shepherd: That's a good deed. 'Tis a lucky day, boy,
and we'll do good deeds on't.

Answer **two** of the following questions. Each question is worth 15 marks.

1. What impression do you get of the old shepherd *or* the son from this extract? Support your answer with reference to the text.
2. Basing your answer on evidence from the above extract how do you think the old shepherd's life and that of his son will be changed as a result of discovering Perdita and the box.
3. If this extract is to be staged and you are in charge of sound effects **OR** lighting, write an account of *how* and *why* you would use particular sound effects **OR** particular lighting effects in this drama. Support your answer with reference to the text.

(B) OTHER DRAMA

The following extract (in edited form) is taken from a version of the play *Everyman* by Obudtunde Ljimere.

Background to the extract:

Everyman, Companion and Poor Neighbour, three of the characters in the play, are standing in front of Everyman's house. Everyman is talking with his friend, Companion, when Poor Neighbour approaches fearfully.

Everyman: You, my friend and companion of many years, take this money and hurry down to Bisi, my lady friend.
(*speaking to Companion*)

Tell her to come to my party and bring the best musical band she can find. And give her these few notes, for these independent women and lip-painted ladies have many needs and great pride.

Let her go and buy what she desires and let her heart be happy when she comes. This money will get her velvet cloth, sarasobia scent, rekyi-rekyi, gold and silver, head-ties, handkerchiefs, umbrella, shoes, shirt and blouse, iron bed, blanket and bed sheets, pillows and pillow-cases, sleeping-gowns, easy chairs, door blinds, window blinds, mosquito-net, table and table-cloth, carpets, bed curtains, hand-watch, looking-glass, powder, sewing-machine, travelling cases, bicycle, record player and so many other things a woman could use.

Poor Neighbour: Master, I beg you, help me. I am in trouble.
(*bowing low before Everyman*)

Companion: Do you know this man?

Everyman: Who are you? I don't remember seeing you before.

Poor Neighbour: I am Adeleke, Sir, the son of Kunle. I have known better days than these, Sir. I was your neighbour once. Lived in that pretty house right next door. But I ran into debt and was driven out!

Everyman: All right, all right! (*he hands him a coin*)

Poor Neighbour: Three pence? That is a poor gift. If you would share that wad of notes with me, my worries could be over.
(*refusing the coin*)

Companion: If you give him more, you will have a thousand beggars after you tomorrow!

Poor Neighbour: This money, I know, is nothing to you. If you spend it ten times over, you only need to beckon your servant and he will bring you the same amount from your house.

Everyman: You foolish man! Do you know what it means to be a rich man?
Do you think it is easy?
“A rich man!” That is easily said. But we rich people lead a hard life.
If you knew it you might not want to change with me.
My money can never sit still.
It must run here and there, work for me and travel and fight.
Money must marry more money and get pregnant with more money.
A rich man has no easy life: his lorries break down and want to be mended.
The price of cocoa falls and petrol goes up.
One’s children go to school, they study abroad, gifts of money must be given when they marry.
Do you think it is easy to maintain all these houses and cars and farms, families and servants?
Do you think that money grows on trees? No work is harder than collecting debts and rents!

Suppose my property was divided equally
among all those who are in need,
do you think your share
would be bigger than these three pence here?

Everyman throws down the three pence. Poor Neighbour picks them up and leaves.

Companion: You answered him well, you put him in his place! Money makes a man wise.
I can see that indeed.

Answer **two** of the following questions. Each question is worth 15 marks.

1. What do you learn about the character of Everyman from this scene? Support your answer with reference to the text.
2. Imagine you are Bisi *or* Companion *or* Poor Neighbour. Briefly describe the type of life you lead, based on evidence from the above extract.
3. This extract is to be staged and you are the Director. How would you direct this scene with reference to **one** of the following:
 - (a) Gestures by the actors
 - (b) Costume/Dress to be worn by the actors
 - (c) How the characters should speak their lines.

QUESTION TWO

(30)

Answer **EITHER 1 OR 2**.

N.B. You must give the name of the play that you choose. You may **NOT** choose either of the scenes quoted on this examination paper as the basis for your answer.

1. Consider a character from a play you have studied. Choose a significant time of *either* good luck *or* bad luck which this character experiences.
 - (a) Briefly describe this experience of good luck *or* bad luck.
 - (b) Discuss how the character deals with it in the play.

OR

2. “Plays teach us lessons about life.”

Choose any play you have studied and explain how it has made you aware of any one of the following:

Love *or* Death *or* Conflict *or* Harmony.

Explain your answer by reference to your chosen play.

Read the following poem (in edited form) by Mark Roper and answer the questions which follow.

Van Gogh's Yellow Chair

Mark Roper

I would love to sit
in the yellow chair
in the painting

when a shadow lies
like a shy animal
in a corner

and the day's air
is like water in which
small noises swim

I would sit there
safe from harm
safe from all surprise.

Beyond the frame
on every side
the outside world

would open wide
but I'd have crossed
the great divide

so long as I never
rose from
that yellow chair.



Answer **QUESTION ONE** and **QUESTION TWO**

QUESTION ONE

(30)

Answer any **TWO** of the following questions. Each question is worth 15 marks

1. "I would love to sit
in the yellow chair
in the painting..."

What is so appealing about Van Gogh's yellow chair, according to the speaker? Explain your answer with reference to the poem.

2. In your own words explain what is being said in the last three stanzas.
3. What is your favourite image from the poem? Explain your choice.

QUESTION TWO

(30)

Answer **EITHER 1 OR 2.**

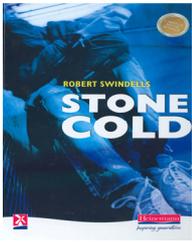
N.B. In answering you may **NOT** use the poem given on this paper. You must give the title of the poem you choose and the name of the poet.

1. Take any poem you have studied which deals with wishes *or* thoughts.
 - (a) What are the poet's main wishes **OR** thoughts in the poem?
 - (b) Describe how *either* the imagery *or* the language of the poem contributes to the poet's expression of his/her thoughts or wishes. Explain your answer with reference to the poem.
- (30)

OR

2. If you could invite a poet of your choice to your school, who would you choose?
 - (a) Explain your choice of poet with reference to the poet's work.
 - (b) Choose your favourite poem by this poet and explain why you like it so much. Support your answer by reference to the poem.
- (30)

Read the following extract (in edited form) from the novel *Stone Cold* by Robert Swindells and then answer the questions that follow.



You can call me Link. It's not my name, but it is what I say when anybody asks, which isn't often. I'm invisible, see? One of the invisible people. Right now I'm sitting in a doorway watching the passers-by. They avoid looking at me. They're afraid I want something they've got, and they're right. Also, they don't want to think about me. They don't like reminding themselves that I exist. Me, and those like me. We're living proof that everything's not all right and we make the place untidy. Hang about and I'll tell you the story of my fascinating life...

We sat in St. James's till two o'clock. It wasn't warm, but we were out of the wind. Then Ginger said, "I'm gonna try round the square for a while... coming?" I nodded. "If it's okay with you. It's time I had a go at getting some cash by myself, but I'll feel better if you are somewhere around." He nodded. "Fair enough. Tell you what – you try outside the National Gallery. It's not exactly the height of the tourist season but there are always people about, and you can see into the square from the steps."

The Gallery wasn't fantastically busy but there was a steady trickle of people going in and out. Some were sitting on the steps in spite of the cold. Ginger left me there. I watched him merge with the crowd, and then turned my attention to the business of the day.

It was hard at first. Really hard. I stood, watching people pass, trying to spot a likely punter. God knows what I was looking for – a kind face, I suppose, or at least someone who didn't look as though he'd swear at me or punch me in the mouth. It was futile, of course. You can't read people's characters in their faces. You never know what a punter's reaction is going to be; but I didn't know that then. Finally, I steeled myself and asked a guy at random. He growled, "Not a chance," and bounded up the steps, taking them two at a time. I wasted the next five minutes feeling hurt. Rejected. I asked myself how it was possible for a person to be sensitive to the beauty of fine art, and at the same time insensitive to the feelings of a fellow creature. I took it personally, which is fatal. After a while I realised this and began choosing guys and women at random, expecting nothing, telling them to have a nice day whether they gave or refused. I blunted the point of my own sensitivity in the flinty soil of their indifference until I too became indifferent, and after that it was easier.

I worked till the Gallery closed, sometimes standing and sometimes sitting on the steps. My feet became numb and I was half frozen but I stuck at it, and when the place closed at dusk and the punters drifted away I counted up and found I'd collected just under four Euro. I stumped across to the Square and found Ginger slumped on a bench. He looked up as I approached, 'I'm frozen to the bone', he said, 'let's eat'. We got pizza slices and coke.

We ended up in the doorway of a shop, huddled in our bags.

If you think sleeping rough's just a matter of finding a dry spot where the police won't move you on and getting your head down, you're wrong. Not your fault, of course – if you've never tried it you've no way of knowing what it's like, so maybe I'll talk you through a typical night.

You pick your spot. Usually it's going to have a floor of stone, tile, concrete or brick. In other words it's going to be hard and cold. It might be a bit cramped, too – shop doorways often are. And remember, if it's winter you're going to be half frozen before you even start. Anyway, you've got your place, and if you're lucky enough to have a sleeping-bag you unroll it and get in.

Settled for the night? Well maybe, maybe not.

Answer **QUESTION ONE** and **QUESTION TWO**

QUESTION ONE

(30)

Answer **two** of the following questions. Each question is worth **15 marks**.

1. Link says he is one of the ‘invisible people’. Do you agree with him? Explain your answer by reference to the extract.
2. Does the character of Link appeal to you? Explain your reasons with reference to the text.
3. “Settled for the night? Well maybe, maybe not”. Basing your views on what you have found in the text, why do you think Link might have said this?

QUESTION TWO

(30)

Answer **EITHER 1 OR 2**.

N.B. In answering you may **NOT** use the extract given above as the basis for your answer. You must give the title of the text you choose and the name of the author.

1. Choose a novel **OR** short story that has a strong sense of place *or* setting.
 - (a) Describe this place *or* setting. (15)
 - (b) How is this place *or* setting important in the novel or short story you have chosen? Support your answer with reference to the novel or short story. (15)

OR

2. From a novel **OR** short story you have studied, choose a character you would *either* like to be *or* not like to be.

Explain your choice of character with reference to your chosen text.

(30)

Blank Page

Blank Page