



GCSE

C700U10-1A



S19-C700U10-1A



ENGLISH LANGUAGE – Component 1
20th Century Literature Reading and Creative Prose Writing

TUESDAY, 4 JUNE 2019 – MORNING

Resource Material for use with Section A

SECTION A: 40 marks

Read carefully the passage below.

In this story Jonathan and Frances are a young married couple who are in Dorset for a week's holiday in a rented cottage. They have two young children called Lorna and Matthew.

1 'Why does everything take so *long*?' moaned Jonathan. 'It only takes me five minutes to get ready.'

Frances did not bother to answer. She was sagging with the effort and boredom of assembling everything needed for a morning out in the car. Juice. Beaker with screw-on lid. Towels. Change
5 of clothes in case of car sickness. Nappies. Rattle. There was more? What was it?

'Oh, come on, Jonathan, think,' she said. 'I'm fed up with having to plan it all.'

'What do you think I've been doing for the last hour?' he shouted. 'Who was it that changed Matthew's nappy just now? Eh?'

'Congratulations,' she said. 'Don't shout or I'll cry.'

10 'Why is everything always such a *mess*?' said Jonathan, picking up plastic spiders, dinosaurs, beads and bears, and scowling grimly over the pile of primary colours.

'I want that spider, Daddy!' screamed Lorna. 'Give it to me!'

During the ensuing struggle, Frances thought about her tiredness. The year following the arrival of her first baby had gone in pure astonishment at the loss of freedom, but second time
15 round it was spinning away in exhaustion. Matthew woke at one a.m. and four a.m. and Lorna at six-thirty a.m. During the days, fatigue wore her down.

'Are we ready at last?' said Jonathan, breathing heavily. 'Are we ready to go?'

They finally set off to visit the cottage where the writer, Thomas Hardy, was born. When they arrived, Jonathan paid the keeper of Hardy's cottage.

20 'Right, you can go through. But keep the children under control, won't you,' said the keeper.

They moved through the low-ceilinged rooms, whispering to impress the importance of good behaviour on Lorna.

'This is the room where he was born,' said Jonathan, at the head of the stairs. 'The doctor thought he was dead and tried to look after the mother. But the midwife noticed the baby was
25 breathing.'

'And Hardy carried on until he was eighty seven,' said Frances.

'Don't *talk*!' shouted Lorna.

'Don't shout!' replied Jonathan. Lorna fixed him with a calculating blue eye and produced an ear-splitting scream. The baby jerked in his arms and started to howl.

30 'Hardy didn't have children, did he?' said Jonathan above the din. 'I'll take them outside. I've seen enough. You stay up here a bit longer if you want to.'

Frances stood alone in the silence of the empty room and moved around the furniture, thinking what it would be like in a convent, a blessed place where all was silence.

Jonathan was sitting outside with the baby on his lap by a row of flowers, reading to Lorna
35 from a newly-acquired book. When he saw Frances approaching, he said, 'Look, I've bought one of Hardy's novels to read when I get a spare moment.'

'Spare moment!' said Frances. 'But how lovely you look with the children at your knees and the flowers round the cottage door. How I would like to be the one coming back from work to find you with the children all bathed and a hot meal in the oven. I could unwind with a glass of
40 beer in the garden.'

'I don't get that when I get home,' Jonathan reminded her.

45 'That's because I'm not organised enough yet,' said Frances. 'But still, I wish it could be the other way round. Or at least share things half and half. And I was also thinking, what a cheesy thing English Literature is. All those old men telling lies about love and life. Real life isn't like that is it?'

By the time they returned to their rented cottage, they were exhausted. Jonathan watched Frances collapse into a chair with the children all over her. Before babies, they had been well-matched. Then, with the arrival of their first child, she had felt as if she were drowning. He'd watched, ineffectual but sympathetic, trying to keep her cheerful as she tried to cope. Just as they had grown used to this state, and were even managing to feel normal again, along came the second baby like a wave that overwhelmed her altogether.

'I'm shattered,' she said. 'I'm never alone. I've always got to be there for the children. I even have to feed the cat.'

'I take them out for a walk on Sunday afternoons,' he protested.

'But it's like a favour, and it's only for a couple of hours.'

'For pity's sake, I'm tired too.'

'Sorry,' she muttered. 'Sorry. But I don't feel like me anymore.'

'You're too close to them,' murmured Jonathan. 'You should cut off from them a bit, give yourself some space.'

'How can I?' sniffed Frances. '*Somebody's* got to be devoted to them. And it's not going to be you because you are always at work.'

'It's not easy for me either.'

'I know it isn't,' she replied. 'But at least you're allowed to be yourself. I'm not allowed to be *myself* anymore.'

He reached out his hand and they fell into each other's arms and hugged tightly.

The late sun was surprisingly strong so they decided to take the children down to the beach. Frances unbuckled Lorna's sandals then kicked off her own shoes and walked to the water's edge. She looked behind her and saw Lorna building a pile of pebbles while Jonathan made the baby comfortable in his pushchair. She felt a rush of affection but walked on, looking out to sea and aware of her eyes making adjustments to the distance as if they had forgotten how to focus on a long view. She felt free.

After some while she narrowed her eyes to make out the little group around the pushchair. Of course, it was satisfying and delightful to see Jonathan lying with the baby on his stomach while their daughter skipped around him but she had not needed babies to make her feel the delight of life. It was there to start with.

She started to walk back, higher up the beach this time, in the shade of cliffs which held prehistoric snails and traces of dinosaur. I've done it, she thought. I have brought two children into the world. She took her time, dawdling with deliberate pleasure.

'I thought you'd disappeared out to sea and abandoned us,' said Jonathan.

'Would I do a thing like that?' she said, and kissed him lightly.

Matthew reached up and tugged her hair.

'When I saw you over there by the rock pools you looked just as you used to,' said Jonathan. 'Just the same girl.'

'However, I am not just as I was,' said Frances. 'I am no longer the same girl.'

'But isn't it mind-boggling?' said Jonathan. 'Isn't it impossible to take in that when we were last here, these two were thin air? Or less. They're so solid now that I almost can't believe there was a time before them.'

'What?' said Lorna. 'What did you say?'

Frances scooped her up and held her gently in her arms.

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