

# KS4 GCSE

## English Literature

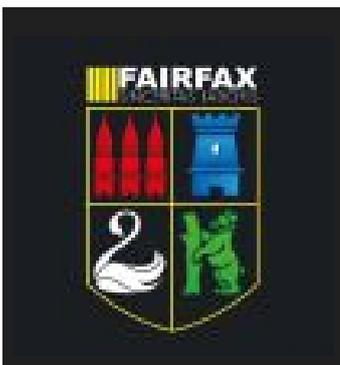
### Revision Pack

Paper One : Shakespeare and the 19<sup>th</sup> Century Novel

(1 hour 45 minutes, 64 marks, 40%)

Paper Two: Modern Texts and Poetry

(2 hours 15 minutes, 96 marks, 60%)



# Paper One, Section A

## Macbeth

### Question 1

Read the following extract:

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

What do we learn about Macbeth here and in the rest of the play?

## Question 2

Read the following extract:

### **MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit Attendant*

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list.  
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

How does Shakespeare present the effects of guilt and paranoia on Macbeth here and in the rest of the play?

### Question 3

Read the following extract:

**MACBETH**

Thou lovest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,  
To one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

**MACBETH**

I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

How does Shakespeare present Macbeth and Macduff as contrasting characters here and in the rest of the play?

#### Question 4

Read the following extract:

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and coughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

**MACBETH**

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:  
We are yet but young in deed

How does Shakespeare reveal the power of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's relationship here and in the rest of the play?

## Paper One, Section B

### The Sign of the Four

#### Question 1

Read the following extract:

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a sombre grayish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawklike features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

How does Conan Doyle present Mary Morstan here and in the rest of the novel?

## Question 2

Read the following extract:

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are making for the Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace door-way of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The Sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

How does Conan Doyle use setting here and in the rest of the novel to create a mysterious and threatening atmosphere?

### Question 3

Read the following extract:

It was well that we had so clear a view of him. Even as we looked he plucked out from under his covering a short, round piece of wood, like a school-ruler, and clapped it to his lips. Our pistols rang out together. He whirled round, threw up his arms, and with a kind of choking cough fell sideways into the stream. I caught one glimpse of his venomous, menacing eyes amid the white swirl of the waters. At the same moment the wooden-legged man threw himself upon the rudder and put it hard down, so that his boat made straight in for the southern bank, while we shot past her stern, only clearing her by a few feet. We were round after her in an instant, but she was already nearly at the bank. It was a wild and desolate place, where the moon glimmered upon a wide expanse of marshland, with pools of stagnant water and beds of decaying vegetation. The launch with a dull thud ran up upon the mud-bank, with her bow in the air and her stern flush with the water. The fugitive sprang out, but his stump instantly sank its whole length into the sodden soil. In vain he struggled and writhed. Not one step could he possibly take either forwards or backwards. He yelled in impotent rage, and kicked frantically into the mud with his other foot, but his struggles only bored his wooden pin the deeper into the sticky bank. When we brought our launch alongside he was so firmly anchored that it was only by throwing the end of a rope over his shoulders that we were able to haul him out, and to drag him, like some evil fish, over our side. The two Smiths, father and son, sat sullenly in their launch, but came aboard meekly enough when commanded. The Aurora herself we hauled off and made fast to our stern. A solid iron chest of Indian workmanship stood upon the deck. This, there could be no question, was the same that had contained the ill-omened treasure of the Sholtos. There was no key, but it was of considerable weight, so we transferred it carefully to our own little cabin. As we steamed slowly up-stream again, we flashed our search-light in every direction, but there was no sign of the Islander. Somewhere in the dark ooze at the bottom of the Thames lie the bones of that strange visitor to our shores.

How does Conan Doyle use the description of the capture and the rest of the novel to create an atmosphere appropriate for a detective story?

#### Question 4

Read the following extract:

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly on the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit-warren!"

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, of course I do!" he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track; but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Stern facts here,—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d'you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still, we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Fastened; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes come upon me at times.—Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain.—What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerately got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto WAS with his brother; there WAS a quarrel; so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

How does Conan Doyle present Athelney Jones here and in the rest of the novel?

# Paper Two, Section A

## An Inspector Calls

How does Priestley present Gerald Croft in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How he behaves and how he responds to the Inspector.
- The methods Priestley uses to present the character throughout the play.

Who or what does the Inspector in *An Inspector Calls* represent?

Write about:

- How the Inspector behaves and his involvement in events in the play.
- Priestley's aims in creating this character and his impact.

Although she never appears on stage, how is Eva Smith the most important character in the play?

Write about:

- The different treatment Eva receives from the other characters.
- Priestley's aims in creating the character and how these link to ideas in the play.

How does Priestley explore ideas about gender in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- The ideas about gender in *An Inspector Calls*.
- How Priestley presents these ideas through different characters and throughout the play.

How does Priestley explore ideas about family life in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- The ideas about family in *An Inspector Calls*.
- How Priestley presents these ideas through different characters and throughout the play.

How does Priestley explore ideas about social class in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- The ideas about social class in *An Inspector Calls*.
- How Priestley presents these ideas throughout the play.

How and why do Sheila and Sybil act differently in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- The ways Sheila and Sybil behave in the play and how these differ.
- How Priestley presents both characters throughout the play.

How does Priestley explore the theme of responsibility in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- The ideas about responsibility in *An Inspector Calls*.
- How Priestley presents these ideas throughout the play.

How do you respond to Eric in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Eric responds to his family and to the Inspector
- How Priestley presents Eric throughout the play

How does Priestley present Mr Birling in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Mr Birling is presented and how he reacts to the other characters in the play.
- How Priestley presents Mr Birling throughout the play.

## Paper Two, Section B

### Power and Conflict poetry

1. How is the power of an individual explored in *Ozymandias* and one other poem you have studied?
2. How is conflict in wartime explored in *Bayonet Charge* and one other poem you have studied?
3. How is the power of nature explored in *Extract from The Prelude* and one other poem you have studied?
4. How is inner conflict explored in *Kamikaze* and one other poem you have studied?
5. How are the effects of conflict explored in *Poppies* and one other poem you have studied?
6. How is the power of place explored in *Checking Out Me History* and one other poem you have studied?

## Paper Two, Section B

### Unseen Poetry

#### Question 1

Read the following poem:

The Pond

By Owen Sheers

This place where I took things,  
Sunk shallow in the middle of the field,  
A secret bruise hidden by trees.

Where I brought my grandfather's death,  
Sucking squash from a shrinking carton,  
While the tears dried to slug lines over my cheeks.

And my first kiss, in the arched iron cow-shed,  
Gum-stitched and tense,  
As the light faded and the farms lit up.

Where I carried my arguments,  
Vowing never to return, hunching under the oak,  
Only to slink back

Through the long grass, brushing up to my knees,  
When the cold had dug deep into my bones  
And my anger had evolved into hunger.

How does Sheers explore childhood memories in this poem?

## Question 2

Read the following poem:

Nettles

By Vernon Scannell

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed.  
'Bed' seemed a curious name for those green spears,  
That regiment of spite behind the shed:  
It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears  
The boy came seeking comfort and I saw  
White blisters beaded on his tender skin.  
We soothed him till his pain was not so raw.  
At last he offered us a watery grin,  
And then I took my billhook, honed the blade  
And went outside and slashed in fury with it  
Till not a nettle in that fierce parade  
Stood upright any more. And then I lit  
A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead,  
But in two weeks the busy sun and rain  
Had called up tall recruits behind the shed:  
My son would often feel sharp wounds again

How does Scannell explore parenthood in this poem?

### Question 3

Read the following poem:

#### The Way Through the Woods

By Rudyard Kipling

They shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago.  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods  
Before they planted the trees.  
It is underneath the coppice and heath  
And the thin anemones.  
Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.  
Yet, if you enter the woods  
Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
Where the otter whistles his mate,  
(They fear not men in the woods,  
Because they see so few.)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
Steadily cantering through  
The misty solitudes,  
As though they perfectly knew  
The old lost road through the woods ...  
But there is no road through the woods.

How does Kipling explore his feelings about a particular place in this poem?

#### Question 4

Read the following poem:

Lamentations

By Siegfried Sassoon

I found him in the guard-room at the Base.  
From the blind darkness I had heard his crying  
And blundered in. With puzzled, patient face  
A sergeant watched him; it was no good trying  
To stop it; for he howled and beat his chest.  
And, all because his brother had gone west,  
Raved at the bleeding war; his rampant grief  
Moaned, shouted, sobbed, and choked, while he was kneeling  
Half-naked on the floor. In my belief  
Such men have lost all patriotic feeling.

How does Sassoon explore loss in the poem?