



National
Qualifications
2026

X824/77/12

**English
Textual Analysis**

THURSDAY, 30 APRIL

3:00 PM – 4:30 PM

Total marks — 20

Attempt **ONLY** Part A **OR** Part B **OR** Part C **OR** Part D.

PART A — POETRY — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART B — PROSE FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART D — DRAMA — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

Write your answers clearly in the answer booklet provided. In the answer booklet, you must clearly identify the question number you are attempting.

Use **blue** or **black** ink.

You must leave your answer booklet on your desk; if you do not, you could lose all the marks for this paper.



* X 8 2 4 7 7 1 2 *



TEXTUAL ANALYSIS — 20 marks

Your answer should take the form of a **CRITICAL ANALYSIS** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Attempt **ONE** part only.

PART A — POETRY

Read carefully *The Watch* (2016) by Danusha Lam  ris and then answer the question that follows it.

The Watch

At night, my husband takes it off
puts it on the dresser beside his wallet and keys
laying down, for a moment, the accoutrements of manhood.
Sometimes, when he's not looking, I pick it up
5 savour the weight, the dark face, ticked with silver
the brown ostrich leather band with its little goosebumps
raised as the flesh is raised in pleasure.
He had wanted a watch and was pleased when I gave it to him.
And since we've been together ten years
10 it seemed like the occasion for the gift of a watch
a recognition of the intricate achievements
of marriage, its many negotiations and nameless triumphs.
But tonight, when I saw it lying there among
his crumpled receipts and scattered pennies
15 I thought of my brother's wife coming home
from the coroner, carrying his rings, his watch
in a clear, ziplock bag, and how we sat at the table
and emptied them into our palms
their slight pressure all that remained of him.
20 How odd the way a watch keeps going
even after the heart has stopped. My grandfather
was a watchmaker and spent his life in Holland
leaning over a clean, well-lit table, a surgeon of time
attending to the inner workings: spring,
25 escapement, balance wheel. I can't take it back,
the way the man I love is already disappearing
into this mechanism of metal and hide,
this accountant of hours
that holds, with such precise indifference,
30 all the minutes of his life.

Question

Write a detailed critical response to this poem.

OR

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Read carefully the extract from *Our Fathers* (1999) by Andrew O'Hagan and then answer the question that follows it.

In this extract from chapter four of the novel, Jamie Bawn has returned to Scotland to visit his grandmother Margaret, and his infirm grandfather Hugh Bawn, who is dying. Hugh was responsible for the building of tower blocks on the west coast of Scotland. Hugh has asked Jamie to take him to a pub in Ayr.

Our Fathers

Everybody has one day — just one diamond day — against which they are apt to judge many of the days of their lives. There will be other great days, warmer days, richer times, moments of love or of grief, but none of them will match the movement of life as lived on that one day.

5 A time when you most felt part of the world. A day where you somehow knew you were there in the company of all known things. Alive. Every bit alive. Angels high and the vermin below. All watching, all glory. And the great Scottish bridges making perfect sense in a shower of rain. The seasons at once reflected in your skin; the sky in your eyes; the noise through the trees like some sound in the groves inside you. Most days are lost in the decorum of trying, lost in the lanes of the almost known. And there you have it on that one day. You are in it. And with the slow-going
10 afternoon the world all at once can make perfect sense. It will never last; you know that too. But you had it that time. You had it once.

We stood in the plastic bus shelter by ourselves. The chair was still folded. Hugh said to wait with the chair till we left the town. The green bus to Ayr came to the stop in less than five minutes. I paid the driver, stowed the chair, and guided the old man to some seats up the back. Smokers.

15 Hugh sat in at the window. I remember him touching the glass. Just putting his hand on it. The whole of him vibrating with the bus as it moved along. His hand on the glass. On the edge of the town we began to climb. A good view of the factories and the housing schemes: The New Town. The many-coloured houses. Not so new any more. His eyes were lost in among them. He stroked his bottom lip with his tongue. He peered at the houses.
20 Under the sun. Coloured houses. Hugh with his hand on the glass, the housing estates below and beyond. It was something to watch, something to see, that open moor and the pine, the easy slant from the hills over there . . .

Down, and down again. The groups of houses and their washing lines. The white washing. The whiteness billowing out: Hugh was lost in his thoughts. And I was lost in his thoughts as well.

25 *Where other kids lighted their imaginations with Buck Rogers and Outer Space, Hugh's was taken up with pictures of his own back yard, a place of well-oiled engines, and green belts, with rows of sharp modern houses, white sheets blowing on the line.*

This was the future. Mr Wheatley¹ had plans for humanity. He knew how people might live.

30 Even then, with Hugh in the world, I was thinking Hugh's thoughts, trying to see the shape of his life, the shape and weave of all our lives. It was something to see. Old Hugh Bawn in the world that day.

From the Loans Road we could see the hills of Arran. The water looking silver. The Arran hills, the story of rocks their only secret. Over the years on that western coast, under the same sky, people like us must have looked out there, and wondered what those hills could remember, and would
35 they remember anything of us.

¹ John Wheatley was a Glasgow MP in the 1920s who was responsible for a movement to build new affordable council houses for the working class.

Hugh and I looked at the silver shoals of water to Arran.

I was sure our good and our badness would stay there, all our desires, our disasters. All would remain on the face of those mountains of Arran, and one day others would see us there.

40 I thought I could hear voices in the air, see the marks of dead tribes on the slopes of Arran. And I knew I was only another one looking. On those beaches of Ayrshire they'd always imagined these things. They said it loud from their crannog forts. They spoke it from hay-thatched cottages, from broken castles, from fishing boats, and from miners' rows. And now I was saying it — Hugh at my side — from the back of the green bus into Ayr that day. But the Isle of Arran may never have known us, out there alone on the silver-looking sea. We imagined hard; we hoped out loud. But
45 maybe the hills knew nothing of us. And they never would. We'd live our short hours, and pass as nothing.

'Did I tell you?' said Hugh. 'My own da, he died in a hole.'

'Yes,' I said. 'He died at Flanders didn't he?'

Hugh kept his eyes on the glass.

50 'Or somewhere,' he said. 'He should never have gone.'

Hugh had always looked on Ayrshire and Glasgow as the great world. He had never wanted any other part of the planet. Never a thought of elsewhere. In a way he considered the rest of the world quite small by comparison. And Scotland to him was an entire globe. A full history. A complete geology. A true politics. A paradise of ballads and songs. There was some sort of fullness
55 there for him. And even towards the end of his days, the force of his rejection, his late disappointments, served only to confirm his extravagant rootedness.

'No one has been where we have been,' he would say.

And he never meant that as anything but a statement of pride. He would never say it was perfect. He would say it was the one place that had existed in a perpetual age of improvement.

60 'Except in your time,' he sneered.

He really believed that. He was sure of it. At least on top he was sure of it. The world beyond Scotland was merely for him a point of distraction. A series of places where people dreamed secretly of the Firth of Clyde. As if they even knew where it was.

Yes. He would draw on the great cities of the world as examples. This disaster zone in Helsinki. That excellent housing estate in Madrid. The example of Brooklyn, the model of Denver. 'As
65 illustrated by the northern suburbs of Tokyo.' In his high-housing days, he would mention these places as if they were theories, to be deemed useful, or else rejected. He used to excite his colleagues with the mention of such places, but he didn't quite grasp the nature of their excitement. He had no notion of them as places too with life and death, or the homes of people
70 with dreams of their own. His father had died 'in a hole somewhere', not in Belgium, or the Continent, or any place with movements, and tears.

Hugh really wanted to bring the whole world home to Scotland. The best of its ideas. The core of its great lessons. Only in these glens of time, he seemed to imagine, where people stored their memories of loss, would the modern ethos serve to redeem the troubled years, and teach the
75 people how to live. He liked Russia, a Russia of the mind.

Hugh was never on an airplane. Never once.

'Always too busy,' he'd say. 'Too busy with here.'

He was the sort of man who couldn't afford to feel diminished. This was his world. He was a great man here. He wanted no part of foreign soils. Let us water our own gardens he would say. All his
80 waking life he pretended not to hear other voices. He had no ear for differences, no time for the opposing view, valiant in his deafness to contradiction. As I say, he pretended: I'd come to know he was obsessed with his detractors. But in his flurry of greatness and domestic pride, he imagined nothing could really be wrong with his country, nothing wrong that it made wrong itself.

85 It was part of his great charm. All his life he remained alert to the faults of outsiders — outsiders like me.

‘Look at that coast, Jamesie,’ he said on the bus. ‘The best days of yer life.’

90 The sale of council houses. Hugh would say it was all evil. And that would be an end to it. It was not what he taught me, not what he and his mother had fought for. And I learned in those months that it was too late to contradict Hugh. It was too late to argue. I came home thinking I might unteach my teacher. But no I would not: I’d offer my teacher his own best lessons. I’d bring his words back home.

95 He had given me his past. He had given me his tools. I would use them to piece together his life’s end. And use them to explain something of my own life, separate now from his, but bound the same, by ideals and plans, and futures we could never know. Hugh and I had the same disease: we wanted the world to answer to us. But it wouldn’t answer: we could only, in time, make peace with the land, and hope for love in this flurry of moments. We couldn’t complete the world or ourselves. We could only live, and look for small graces, and learn to accept the munificence of change. Once upon a time, it was Hugh that had shown me, a young, saddened boy, how to grow up, how to make use of the past, and live with change. And now I was here: I would try to show him.

100 He wanted that. I knew he did. That was why he called me back. With Margaret to save him from an agony of doubts. He would never admit it. And he would never need to. I didn’t want to convert Hugh: I wanted to let him die as himself.

I looked at Hugh. The bus took us forward. His hand on the glass.

105 ‘No one has been where we have been.’

A light came up, a glitter of sea.

We could only live, and look for small graces. Our dreams were neither true nor untrue: our dreams were out there, immersed in the self-renewing seas of the Clyde Firth.

110 ‘Troon,’ Hugh said. ‘The best-lit town in Ayrshire. Do you know it was one of them from around here that invented the gas lighting?’

That was pure Hugh. He always had stories about the Great Men. (His mother was a special case.) Most books had forgotten James Taylor, one of the men who first applied steam to the spurring of ships. ‘Another local boy. He hardly had a thing to eat, bar the turnips out there.’

115 Whatever you were doing with Hugh, he could always fashion a quick story on the wonders of human ingenuity, so long as the effort was local. ‘Feel how good this bus is on the road,’ he said. ‘John Boyd Dunlop was the boy for this. Pneumatic tyres. Worked out of his wee shed in Dreghorn. Died when I was still a boy. We would be living in Govan by then.’

So every outing with my granda became a journey into the past, and into our own past now, and into Hugh’s sense of his place in this line of great men. He loved memory.

Question

Discuss some of the ways in which the writer presents Jamie’s connection with Hugh, and both their connections with their surroundings.

OR

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

Read carefully the extract from *Equiano's Travels* (1798) by Olaudah Equiano and then answer the question that follows it.

This extract, a chapter entitled 'The Slave Ship' from Equiano's slave memoir, describes his traumatic voyage to the West Indies after being kidnapped from his home in Benin, West Africa, aged 11.

The Slave Ship

The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast was the sea, and a slave ship which was then riding at anchor and waiting for its cargo. These filled me with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror when I was carried on board. I was immediately handled and tossed up to see if I were sound by some of the crew, and I was now persuaded that I had
5 gotten into a world of bad spirits and that they were going to kill me. Their complexions too differing so much from ours, their long hair and the language they spoke (which was very different from any I had ever heard) united to confirm me in this belief. Indeed such were the horrors of my views and fears at the moment that, if ten thousand worlds had been my own, I would have freely parted with them all to have exchanged my condition with that of the meanest slave in my own
10 country.

When I looked round the ship too and saw a large furnace of copper boiling and a multitude of black people of every description chained together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted of my fate; and quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted.

15 When I recovered a little I found some black people about me, who I believed were some of those who had brought me on board and had been receiving their pay; they talked to me in order to cheer me, but all in vain. I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and loose hair. They told me I was not, and one of the crew brought me a small portion of spirituous liquor in a wine glass, but being afraid of him I would not take it out of his
20 hand. One of the blacks therefore took it from him and gave it to me, and I took a little down my palate, which instead of reviving me, as they thought it would, threw me into the greatest consternation at the strange feeling it produced, having never tasted such any liquor before. Soon after this the blacks who brought me on board went off, and left me abandoned to despair.

I now saw myself deprived of all chance of returning to my native country or even the least
25 glimpse of hope of gaining the shore, which I now considered as friendly; and I even wished for my former slavery in preference to my present situation, which was filled with horrors of every kind, still heightened by my ignorance of what I was to undergo. I was not long suffered to indulge my grief; I was soon put down under the decks, and there I received such a salutation in my nostrils as I had never experienced in my life: so that with the loathsomeness of the stench and
30 crying together, I became so sick and low that I was not able to eat, nor had I the least desire to taste anything. I now wished for the last friend, death, to relieve me; but soon, to my grief, two of the white men offered me eatables, and on my refusing to eat, one of them held me fast by the hands and laid me across I think the windlass, and tied my feet while the other flogged me severely. I had never experienced anything of this kind before, and although, not being used to
35 the water, I naturally feared that element the first time I saw it, yet nevertheless could I have got over the nettings I would have jumped over the side, but I could not; and besides, the crew used to watch us very closely who were not chained down to the decks, lest we should leap into the water: and I have seen some of these poor African prisoners most severely cut for attempting to do so, and hourly whipped for not eating. This indeed was often the case with myself.

40 In a little time after, amongst the poor chained men I found some of my own nation, which in a

small degree gave ease to my mind. I inquired of these what was to be done with us; they gave me to understand we were to be carried to these white people's country to work for them. I then was a little revived, and thought if it were no worse than working, my situation was not so desperate: but still I feared I should be put to death, the white people looked and acted, as I thought, in so
45 savage a manner; for I had never seen among my people such instances of brutal cruelty, and this not only shown towards us blacks but also to some of the whites themselves. One white man in particular I saw, when we were permitted to be on deck, flogged so unmercifully with a large rope near the foremast that he died in consequence of it; and they tossed him over the side as they would have done a brute. This made me fear these people the more, and I expected nothing less
50 than to be treated in the same manner. I could not help expressing my fears and apprehensions to some of my countrymen: I asked them if these people had no country but lived in this hollow place (the ship): they told me they did not, but came from a distant one. 'Then,' said I, 'how comes it in all our country we never heard of them?' They told me because they lived so very far off. I then asked where were their women? Had they any like themselves? I was told they had: 'and why,' said I, 'do we not see them?' They answered, because they were left behind. I asked how the vessel could go? They told me they could not tell, but that there were cloths put upon the masts by the help of the ropes I saw, and then the vessel went on; and the white men had some spell or magic they put in the water when they liked in order to stop the vessel. I was exceedingly amazed at this account and really thought they were spirits. I therefore wished much to be from amongst
55 them for I expected they would sacrifice me: but my wishes were vain, for we were so quartered that it was impossible for any of us to make our escape.

While we stayed on the coast I was mostly on deck, and one day, to my great astonishment, I saw one of these vessels coming in with the sails up. As soon as the whites saw it they gave a great shout, at which we were amazed; and the more so as the vessel appeared larger by approaching
65 nearer. At last she came to an anchor in my sight, and when the anchor was let go I and my countrymen who saw it were lost in astonishment to observe the vessel stop, and were now convinced it was done by magic. Soon after this the other ship got her boats out, and they came on board of us, and the people of both ships seemed very glad to see each other. Several of the strangers also shook hands with us black people, and made motions with their hands, signifying I
70 suppose we were to go to their country; but we did not understand them.

At last, when the ship we were in had got in all her cargo, they made ready with many fearful noises, and we were all put under deck so that we could not see how they managed the vessel. But this disappointment was the last of my sorrow. The stench of the hold while we were on the coast was so intolerably loathsome that it was dangerous to remain there for any time, and some
75 of us had been permitted to stay on the deck for the fresh air; but now that the whole ship's cargo were confined together it became absolutely pestilential. The closeness of the place and the heat of the climate, added to the number in the ship, which was so crowded that each had scarcely room to turn himself, almost suffocated us. This produced copious perspirations, so that the air soon became unfit for respiration from a variety of loathsome smells, and brought on a
80 sickness among the slaves, of which many died, thus falling victims to the improvident greed, as I may call it, of their purchasers. This wretched situation was again aggravated by the galling of the chains, now become insupportable, and the filth of the necessary tubs, into which the children often fell and were almost suffocated. The shrieks of the women and the groans of the dying rendered the whole a scene of horror almost inconceivable. Happily perhaps for myself I was soon
85 reduced so low here that it was thought necessary to keep me almost always on deck, and from my extreme youth I was not put in fetters. In this situation I expected every hour to share the fate of my companions, some of whom were almost daily brought upon deck at the point of death, which I began to hope would soon put an end to my miseries. Often did I think many of the inhabitants of the deep much more happy than myself. I envied them the freedom they enjoyed,
90 and as often wished I could change my condition for theirs. Every circumstance I met with served only to render my state more painful, and heighten my apprehensions and my opinion of the cruelty of the whites.

One day they had taken a number of fishes, and when they had killed and satisfied themselves with as many as they thought fit, to our astonishment who were on the deck, rather than give any

95 of them to us to eat as we expected, they tossed the remaining fish into the sea again, although we begged and prayed for some as well as we could, but in vain; and some of my countrymen, being pressed by hunger, took an opportunity when they thought no one saw them of trying to get a little privately; but they were discovered, and the attempt procured them some very severe floggings.

100 One day, when we had a smooth sea and moderate wind, two of my wearied countrymen who were chained together (I was near them at the time), preferring death to such a life of misery, somehow made through the nettings and jumped into the sea: immediately another quite dejected fellow, who on account of his illness was suffered to be out of irons, also followed their example; and I believe many more would very soon have done the same if they had not been

105 prevented by the ship's crew, who were instantly alarmed. Those of us that were the most active were in a moment put down under the deck, and there was such a noise and confusion amongst the people of the ship as I never heard before, to stop her and get the boat out to go after the slaves. However two of the wretches were drowned, but they got the other and afterwards flogged him unmercifully for thus attempting to prefer death to slavery.

110 In this manner we continued to undergo more hardships than I can now relate, hardships which are inseparable from this accursed trade. Many a time we were near suffocation from the want of fresh air, which we were often without for whole days together. This and the stench of the necessary tubs carried off many. During our passage I first saw flying fishes, which surprised me very much: they used frequently to fly across the ship and many of them fell on the deck. I also

115 now first saw the use of the quadrant; I had often with astonishment seen the mariners make observations with it, and I could not think what it meant. They at last took notice of my surprise, and one of them, willing to increase it as well as to gratify my curiosity, made me one day look through it. The clouds appeared to me to be land, which disappeared as they passed along. This heightened my wonder, and I was now more persuaded than ever that I was in another world and

120 that everything about me was magic.

At last we came in sight of the island of Barbados, at which the whites on board gave a great shout and made many signs of joy to us. We did not know what to think of this, but as the vessel drew nearer we plainly saw the harbour and other ships of different kinds and sizes, and we soon anchored amongst them off Bridgetown. Many merchants and planters now came on board,

125 though it was in the evening. They put us in separate parcels and examined us attentively. They also made us jump, and pointed to the land, signifying we were to go there. We thought by this we should be eaten by these ugly men, as they appeared to us; and when soon after we were all put down under the deck again, there was much dread and trembling among us, and nothing but bitter cries to be heard all the night from these apprehensions, insomuch that at last the white

130 people got some old slaves from the land to pacify us. They told us we were not to be eaten but to work, and were soon to go on land where we should see many of our country people. This report eased us much; and sure enough soon after we were landed there came to us Africans of all languages. We were conducted immediately to the merchant's yard, where we were all pent up together like so many sheep in a fold without regard to sex or age. As every object was new to me

135 everything I saw filled me with surprise. What struck me first was that the houses were built with storeys, and in every other respect different from those in Africa: but I was still more astonished on seeing people on horseback. I did not know what this could mean, and indeed I thought these people were full of nothing but magical arts. While I was in this astonishment one of my fellow prisoners spoke to a countryman of his about the horses, who said they were the same kind they

140 had in their country. I understood them though they were from a distant part of Africa, and I thought it odd I had not seen any horses there; but afterwards when I came to converse with different Africans I found they had many horses amongst them, and much larger than those I then saw.

We were not many days in the merchant's custody before we were sold after their usual manner,

145 which is this: On a signal given, (as the beat of a drum) the buyers rush at once into the yard where the slaves are confined, and make choice of that parcel they like best. The noise and clamour with which this is attended and the eagerness visible in the countenances of the buyers

serve not a little to increase the apprehensions of the terrified Africans, who may well be supposed to consider them as the ministers of that destruction to which they think themselves devoted. In
150 this manner, without scruple, are relations and friends separated, most of them never to see each other again. I remember in the vessel in which I was brought over, in the men's apartment there were several brothers who, in the sale, were sold in different lots; and it was very moving on this occasion to see and hear their cries at parting.

O, ye nominal Christians! might not an African ask you, Learned you this from your God who says
155 unto you, Do unto all men as you would men should do unto you? Is it not enough that we are torn from our country and friends to toil for your luxury and lust of gain? Must every tender feeling be likewise sacrificed to your greed? Are the dearest friends and relations, now rendered more dear by their separation from their kindred, still to be parted from each other and thus prevented from cheering the gloom of slavery with the small comfort of being together and mingling their
160 sufferings and sorrows? Why are parents to lose their children, brothers their sisters, or husbands their wives? Surely this is a new refinement in cruelty which, while it has no advantage to atone for it, thus aggravates distress and adds fresh horrors even to the wretchedness of slavery.

Question

Discuss the ways in which the writer conveys the detestable nature of the slave trade.

OR

PART D — DRAMA

Read carefully the extract from *Arctic Oil* (2018) by Clare Duffy and then answer the question that follows it.

The play is set on a remote Scottish island in the North Sea, surrounded by rich oil beds. The population on the island has increased from 600 to 3000, 80% of them working for 'The New North Company'. The extract is taken from the beginning of the play.

Characters in this extract:

MOTHER: 63 years old. Not brought up on The Island, but visited her grandmother there throughout her life.

DAUGHTER: 35 years old. An environmental activist brought up from age 2 on The Island. Left age 17.

Arctic Oil

MOTHER and DAUGHTER are each in their own spotlight, darkness all around.

DAUGHTER is wearing Converse, jogging bottoms and a light knitted jumper, everything bought from a charity shop. MOTHER is wearing expensive 'casual' clothes: skinny jeans and a T-shirt, three diamond rings, a wedding ring, a necklace, diamond earrings, fluffy slippers.

- 5 *DAUGHTER has a small, long strapped canvas bag and a large rucksack hanging from a shoulder. She puts the rucksack down and takes out a packet of nappies.*

MOTHER: (Raised eyebrow.) Disposable?

DAUGHTER smiles.

DAUGHTER: Extra absorbent. (She points to the 'plus' on the packet.) That's what the 'plus' means.

- 10 *Lights open up to show that they are standing by a solid looking wooden door made in panels. MOTHER opens the door onto a pretty grand bathroom. There is a sink, cupboard, toilet and bath with shower. Late evening light spills in from a closed skylight. It is sunset. It won't get darker than Nautical Twilight at this time of the year here.*

- 15 *DAUGHTER: But why would you ever want 'fairly-absorbent'? I mean, for ages I thought the 'plus' meant for plus-sized bums . . . you know. Like a size and a half. But no.*

MOTHER: Seems like a lot for just two nights. (She looks and then puts her hands in the rucksack.) And all this as well! How long are you going for?

DAUGHTER: (Taking a foam changing mat out of the bag.) I'll be back Sunday evening. You're picking me up. Remember.

- 20 *MOTHER goes in. Her back is turned for long enough to hide something somewhere. The audience shouldn't particularly notice her do it.*

MOTHER: Where is all this going to go?

DAUGHTER checks the time on her phone. She doesn't want to go in.

DAUGHTER: If I hadn't brought extra you'd have moaned there wasn't enough.

- 25 *MOTHER: Help me will you?*

DAUGHTER: I've really got to go.

MOTHER: Only take a moment. Come on.

- DAUGHTER goes in. She puts the changing mat on top of the cupboard and starts putting the nappies, wipes, nappy bags and creams inside it.*
- 30 MOTHER: Does it always take that long to get him to sleep?
DAUGHTER: That wasn't long!
MOTHER: You were in there for ages.
DAUGHTER: Half an hour. That's nothing. That's amazing! He's really turned a corner, with the sleeping and . . . He's such a good little boy really.
- 35 MOTHER: He's got you twisted round his little . . .
DAUGHTER: *(Interrupting.)* Jesus. What does that mean!
MOTHER: *(Finishing deliberately.)* Finger.
DAUGHTER: He's a baby mum! Jesus!
MOTHER: But I suppose he is a cheerful wee soul. Most of the time.
- 40 DAUGHTER: There. All done. Now. Got to go.
MOTHER: That's not very convenient is it. Put them on top, where I can get at them.
DAUGHTER: And if I had put them on top they would have been an eyesore right?
DAUGHTER puts them on top of the cupboard.
MOTHER: Are you alright?
- 45 DAUGHTER: Fine.
MOTHER: You were such a happy baby.
DAUGHTER: I'm still happy.
MOTHER: You're all at sixes and sevens. Are you sleeping?
DAUGHTER: Oh. You know what I'm like in the summer.
- 50 MOTHER: (Pah!) It's not the sun. It's not the light!
DAUGHTER: It is. It's a scientifically proven . . .
MOTHER: *(Interrupting.)* Not for islanders.
DAUGHTER: But I'm not.
MOTHER: Yes you are.
- 55 DAUGHTER: Wasn't born here was I?
MOTHER: Are you sleeping at all?
DAUGHTER: Not really. But I feel good. Actually. Maybe a bit too good. A bit wired. A bit. Laa! *(She sings a high note.)* But who cares. Good is good right? It's the winter that's really hard.
DAUGHTER gathers herself back in. New face.
- 60 DAUGHTER: Thank you. For doing this. It means a lot.
MOTHER: Not a problem.
DAUGHTER: You're the best.
MOTHER: Ella?
- 65 DAUGHTER: Why don't you take him up to the fort tomorrow if the weather's good? We walked up along the coast road from the bus stop. It was so beautiful. After the rain, and the sun so low and so . . . generous. We looked back towards town and I counted four rainbows. Did you see them? And then the sheep!

MOTHER: Sheep?

70 DAUGHTER: Up on the cliff, by the fort, with sun behind them. All the sheep's wool was shining gold, like halos on medieval angels.

MOTHER: Yes. I know just what you mean.

DAUGHTER: You should take him up there tomorrow.

MOTHER: If it's clement.

DAUGHTER: Do you remember taking me to the fort, to tell me the Viking stories?

75 MOTHER: Of course.

DAUGHTER: Here. Mum. I want to give you something.

DAUGHTER takes the necklace off from around her neck and shows it to MOTHER.

MOTHER: Oh. Thank you.

80 DAUGHTER: Look. That is why I love the Arctic, look at it. This is a Dorset bone carving. Look at that face. Can you believe a face like that was carved 2000 years ago? Don't you feel like you're right next to the person who carved it, when you look at it? I do. Look at it.

MOTHER squints at the carving. Gets her glasses out to see properly.

85 DAUGHTER: In the Arctic nothing decomposes. Did you know that? Not really. I've slept by fireplaces where you could still smell the seal blubber from a meal 900 years ago. Isn't that amazing?!

MOTHER looks and is shocked at the violent, 'scream' face on the pendant.

MOTHER: Dear god!

90 DAUGHTER: Oh. I know. It's terrifying really, isn't it. Sometimes if I look at it for too long I can really freak myself out. Can almost see it moving! But then it does also make me feel better. I suppose because I can see, those people, those ancient people, they obviously had the same feelings as us, living in the dark for months on end and then in the endless days, they were just like us really, and for some reason I do find that comforting. I want you to have it.

MOTHER: Where is this party?

DAUGHTER: It's a wedding. Mum.

95 MOTHER: Where is it?

DAUGHTER: Peckham.

MOTHER: London?

DAUGHTER: Yes.

MOTHER: And who are you staying with?

100 DAUGHTER: Mum we've been through all of this. Don't spoil it. Take it. Will you? Jesus. I try. I try so hard and you always . . .

MOTHER takes the necklace.

MOTHER: Alright. Alright then.

105 DAUGHTER: I'm sorry. Mum. I wish. God I wish. When I was up at the fort I thought. I had this inspiration. I thought I'll give you the necklace and I'll tell you how much I love you. Because we never really ever say it, do we? But I just fuck it up every time.

MOTHER: I don't think you should go.

DAUGHTER: Of course I'm going. I've been planning this for months. I haven't been off the island in two years. I really need to get away, just for a few days.

110 MOTHER: And get some sleep?

- DAUGHTER: Yes. I suppose. It will be easier in London. Yes. Of course. I hadn't thought of that.
Added bonus. But really I just want some fun.
- Checks phone. She is ready to go.*
- MOTHER: What time is the flight?
- 115 DAUGHTER: Not *flying*.
- MOTHER: How are you going to get to the ferry then?
- DAUGHTER: Cab.
- MOTHER: And they'll be here . . . when?
- DAUGHTER: Any minute now.
- 120 MOTHER: Will they ring the door?
- DAUGHTER: I said I'd be at the end of the lane. Now.
- MOTHER: Please don't go.
- DAUGHTER: What?
- MOTHER: Just don't go. You're not ready.
- 125 DAUGHTER: Mum. If I don't go. I don't know what I'm going to do!
- MOTHER: You're not well.
- DAUGHTER: I'm not ill. I'm exhausted and I need a break, a break from, don't make me cry mum.
Just help me please for once . . .
- MOTHER: You're shaking.
- 130 DAUGHTER: No I'm not. Jesus. Mum. Please.
- MOTHER puts herself between DAUGHTER and the doorway.*
- DAUGHTER: You've got my number. Chloe's number. Chloe's mum's number.
- MOTHER: It's not really a party you're going to is it?
- DAUGHTER: Yes. It's Chloe's wedding.
- 135 MOTHER: I know Ella.
- DAUGHTER: What? What do you know?
- MOTHER: What if you don't come back?
- DAUGHTER: Of course I'm going to come back. I'm not going to leave my baby!
- MOTHER: What if you die? Do you expect me to bring Sammy up?
- 140 DAUGHTER: I'm not going to die! What are you talking about?
- MOTHER: I never interfered before.
- DAUGHTER: Ha!
- MOTHER: I never said anything when you went on your adventures, even when you were pregnant.
- DAUGHTER: What the . . .
- 145 MOTHER: I know you were on a boat when you were pregnant. You can't just behave like before . . .
like a bug in the breeze.
- DAUGHTER gives a cry of frustration.*
- DAUGHTER: Jesus. Get out of my way please.
- MOTHER: No.
- 150 DAUGHTER: I have to be me again, even if it's just for a few days.

MOTHER: That's the most ridiculous . . . Who are you? You are a mother. When that little boy cries who are you? You are a mother. But you, you know yourself, you're not well. It's really very common you know. For new mothers. Any new mother, but someone like you . . .

DAUGHTER: Someone 'like me' what do you mean exactly?!

155 MOTHER: You know what I mean.

DAUGHTER: I'm not ill, I'm not depressed. I'm bored. I'm tired. I'm desperate for a conversation and a drink and a fucking good time. That's all. Don't fucking gaslight me.

MOTHER: What does that mean?

DAUGHTER: You just can't be bothered to look after Sam. That's what this is.

160 MOTHER: No. Not at all.

DAUGHTER: What? Does Florence want to play golf tomorrow and you can't because you've got to look after Sam? What a dreadful bore!

MOTHER: You've got a history of . . .

DAUGHTER: I was ill once. You're allowed to go off the rails once. When your dad dies, when

165 you're a teenager.

MOTHER: You've been off those rails ever since.

DAUGHTER: I'm a healthy, grown woman, I'm a responsible mother. I'll take him with me. That's all. I'll just have to take him with me.

MOTHER: (*Horrifed.*) You can't.

170 DAUGHTER: I can do what I like with my own son.

MOTHER: I know what you are going to do. You're not exactly security conscious for a terrorist.

DAUGHTER: Terrorist?! Mum. You just don't understand anything do you!

MOTHER: I do. I know you better than you know yourself.

DAUGHTER: Think. Think.

175 MOTHER: And I'm very sorry, but I can't let you go.

DAUGHTER: Arrogant. Fuck.

MOTHER shuts the bathroom door.

MOTHER: I'm really very sorry.

She locks the door.

180 MOTHER: But I can't let you go and risk your life, when that little boy in there needs his mum.

DAUGHTER: No. Mum!

MOTHER: I'm locking us in until you come to your senses.

DAUGHTER: I've got to go. Mum. The ferry is going to leave in (*Checks phone.*) in an hour. I've got to go. They need me. Chloe needs me. I'm her best friend. I haven't seen her for nearly two years.

185 I'm going to be her maid of honour for fuck's sake. I'm going to wear a dress! A nice dress.

MOTHER: Where is it then?

DAUGHTER: What?

MOTHER: Your fancy dress. You got some heels in that backpack too?

MOTHER doesn't bother opening the bag to show DAUGHTER that there isn't a dress there.

190 MOTHER: I don't think so.

DAUGHTER: Chloe's buying them for me. They are waiting for me next to a bottle of gin that we're

going to drink together and laugh . . . you know . . . laugh at shit.

195 MOTHER: You've got a *boat* that's leaving in an hour. I know! It's in New North harbour now. Right now. Pam's been doing terrorist watch on Instagram all afternoon. Everyone knows. Not 'ferry' my girl. Boat.

DAUGHTER: I'm going to London to see my best friend.

MOTHER: When that boat leaves you'll be safe. You can do what you want then. You can actually go to London. If you really want to.

DAUGHTER: Give me the key.

200 MOTHER: No.

Question

Analyse the dramatic means by which the writer explores the themes of love and responsibility in this extract.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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