0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Jeanette's mother, Mrs Winterson, and how she is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

We were hoping to make enough converts to start a new church in Exeter.

'I remember when we built the gospel hall here,' said my mother wistfully. 'All of us pulling together, and we only used born-again workmen.' It had been a bright, difficult time; saving up for a piano and hymn books; fending off the temptations of the Devil to go on holiday instead.

'Of course, your father was a card player in those days.'

Eventually they had got a grant from head office to finish the roof, and pay for a flag to fly from the top. It was a proud day when they hoisted the flag, with SEEK YE THE LORD embroidered in red letters. All the churches had flags, made by disabled missionaries. It was a way of helping out their pension and giving them spiritual satisfaction. During the first year my mother had gone into all the pubs and clubs urging the drunkards to join her at church. She used to sit at the piano and sing *Have You Any Room for Jesus?* It was very moving, she said. The men cried into their tankards and stopped playing snooker while she sang. She was plump and pretty and they called her the Jesus Belle.

'Oh, I had my offers,' she confided, 'and they weren't all Godly.' Whatever they were, the church grew, and many a man will stop in the street when my mother goes past and raise his hat to the Jesus Belle.

Sometimes I think she married in haste. After her awful time with Pierre she wanted no more upsets. When I sat by her looking through the photograph album at ancestors with stern faces, she always stopped at the two pages called 'Old Flames' in the index. Pierre was there, and others including my father. 'Why didn't you marry that one, or that one?' I asked, curious.

'They were all wayward men,' she sighed. 'I had a bad time enough finding one that was only a gambler.'

'Why isn't he a gambler now?' I wanted to know, trying to imagine my meek father looking like the men I'd seen on films.

'He married me and he found the Lord.' Then she sighed and told me the story of each one of the Old Flames; Mad Percy, who drove an open-topped car and asked her to live with him in Brighton; Eddy with the tortoiseshell glasses who kept bees … right at the bottom of the page was a yellowy picture of a pretty woman holding a cat.

'Who's that?' I pointed.

'That? Oh just Eddy's sister, I don't know why I put it there,' and she turned the page. Next time we looked, it had gone.

So she married my father and reformed him and he built the church and never got angry. I thought he was nice, though he didn't say much. Of course, her own father was furious. He told her she'd married down, that she should have stayed in Paris, and promptly ended all communication. So she never had enough money and after a while she managed to forget that she'd ever had any at all. 'The church is my family,' she always said whenever I asked about the people in the photograph album. And the church was my family too.

0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationship between Jeanette and Elsie and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Elsie Norris, 'Testifying Elsie' as she was called, was a great encouragement to our church. Whenever the pastor asked for a testimony on God's goodness, Elsie leapt to her feet and cried, 'Listen to what the Lord has done for me this week.'

She needed eggs, the Lord had sent them.

She had a bout of colic, the Lord took it away.

She always prayed for two hours a day;

once in the morning at seven a.m.

and once in the evening at seven p.m.

Her hobby was numerology, and she never read the Word without first casting the dice to guide her.

'One dice for the chapter, and one dice for the verse' was her motto.

Someone once asked her what she did for books of the Bible that had more than six chapters.

'I have my ways,' she said stiffly, 'and the Lord has his.'

I liked her a lot because she had interesting things in her house. She had an organ that you had to pedal if you wanted it to make a noise. Whenever I went there she played *Lead Kindly Light*. Her doing the keys, and me doing the pedals because she had asthma. She collected foreign coins and kept them in a glass case that smelled of linseed oil. She said it reminded her of her late husband who had used to play cricket for Lancashire.

'Hard Hand Stan they called him,' she said every time I went to see her. She could never remember what she told people. She could never remember how long she kept her fruit cake. There was a time when I got offered the same piece of cake for five weeks. I was lucky, she never remembered what you said to her either, so every week I made the same excuse.

'Colic,' I said.

'I'll pray for you,' she said.

Best of all, she had a collage of Noah's Ark. It showed the two parent Noah's leaning out looking at the flood, while the other Noah's tried to catch one of the rabbits. But for me, the delight was a detachable chimpanzee, made out of a Brillo pad; at the end of my visit she let me play with it for five minutes. I had all kinds of variations, but usually I drowned it.

  Turn over.

0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about religion in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit,* and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

By the time we got to church, the first hymn was under way. My mother glared at me, and I tried to look sorry. We had slid in next to Miss Jewsbury who told me to keep calm.

'What do you mean?' I whispered.

'Come and talk to me afterwards,' she hissed, 'But not till we're out of sight.'

I decided she had gone mad. The church was very full as usual, and every time I caught someone's eye they smiled or nodded. It made me happy. There was nowhere I'd rather be. When the hymn was over I squeezed a bit closer to Melanie and tried to concentrate on the Lord. 'Still,' I thought, 'Melanie is a gift from the Lord, and it would be ungrateful not to appreciate her.' I was still deep in these contemplations when I realised that something disturbing was happening. The church had gone very quiet and the pastor was standing on his lower platform, with my mother next to him. She was weeping. I felt a searing pain against my knuckles; it was Melanie's ring. Then Miss Jewsbury was urging me to my feet saying, 'Keep calm, keep calm,' and I was walking out to the front with Melanie. I shot a glance at her. She was pale.

'These children of God,' began the pastor, 'have fallen under Satan's spell.'

His hand was hot and heavy on my neck. Everyone in the congregation looked like a waxwork.

'These children of God have fallen foul of their lusts.'

'Just a minute ...,' I began, but he took no notice.

'These children are full of demons.'

A cry of horror ran through the church.

'I'm not,' I shouted, 'and neither is she.'

'Listen to Satan's voice,' said the pastor to the church, pointing at me. 'How are the best become the worst.'

'What are you talking about?' I asked, desperate.

'Do you deny you love this woman with a love reserved for man and wife?'

'No, yes, I mean of course I love her.'

'I will read you the words of St Paul,' announced the pastor, and he did, and many more words besides about unnatural passions and the mark of the demon.

'To the pure all things are pure,' I yelled at him. 'It's you not us.'

'He turned to Melanie.

'Do you promise to give up this sin and beg the Lord to forgive you?'

'Yes.' She was trembling uncontrollably. I hardly heard what she said.

'Then go into the vestry with Mrs White and the elders will come and pray for you. It's not too late for those who truly repent.'

He turned to me.

'I love her.'

'Then you do not love the Lord.'

'Yes, I love both of them.'

'You cannot.'

'I do, I do, let me go.' But he caught my arm and held me fast.

'The church will not see you suffer, go home and wait for us to help you.

I ran out on to the street, wild with distress.

0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about some of the different types of love in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* and how Winterson presents them in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

'I'll bring in the calor gas,' said Katy, 'so we won't be cold.'

We weren't cold, not that night nor any of the others we spent together over the years that followed. She was my most uncomplicated love affair, and I loved her because of it. She seemed to have no worries at all, and though she still denies it, I think she planned the caravan.

'Are you sure this is what you want?' I murmured, not intending to stop.

'Oh yes,' she cried, 'yes.'

We stopped talking about it quickly because the dialogue was getting too embarrassing. She was blissful. I took care never to look at her when I preached, though she always sat in the front row. We did have a genuinely spiritual dimension. I taught her a lot, and she put all her efforts into the church, quite apart from me. It was a good time. To the pure all things are pure…

A year has passed since Melanie's Easter and my illness. It was Easter time again and the Church of England was winding its way up the hill, carrying the cross. On Palm Sunday Melanie returned, beaming with an important announcement. She was to be married that autumn to an army man. To be fair he had given up the bad fight for the Good Fight, but as far as I was concerned he was revolting. I had no quarrel with men. At that time there was no reason that I should. The women in our church were strong and organised. If you want to talk in terms of power I had enough to keep Mussolini happy. So I didn't object to Melanie getting married.

0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about some of the turning points in Jeanette's life and how they are presented in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit.*

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Week after week I went back there, just to watch.
Then one week she wasn't there any more.
There was nothing I could do but stare and stare at the whelks.
Whelks are strange and comforting.
They have no notion of community life and they breed very quietly.
But they have a strong sense of personal dignity.
Even lying face down in a tray of vinegar, there is something noble about a whelk.
Which cannot be said for everybody.

'Why do I feel like this?' I wondered. Then, just as I was about to turn away and buy myself a baked potato for comfort, I saw Melanie walking round to the stall. I went straight up to her. She looked a bit surprised.

'Hello, I thought you'd left.'

'I have left, I've got a job in the library now, just Saturday mornings.'

What could I say next? How could I make her stay?

'Would you like a baked potato?' I offered wildly.

She smiled, and said she would and we went to eat it on the bench outside Woolworth's. I was very nervous, and the pigeons got most of mine. She talked about the weather and her mother, that she had no father. 'I haven't either,' I said, to make her feel better. 'Well, not much.' Then I had to explain about our church and my mother and me being dedicated to the Lord. It sounded odd for a moment, but I knew that was because I felt nervous. I asked her if she went to church, and she said she did, but not a very lively one, so of course I invited her to ours the next day.

'Melanie,' I plucked up courage to ask at last, 'why do you have such a funny name?'

She blushed. 'When I was born I looked like a melon.'

'Don't worry,' I reassured her, 'you don't any more.'

0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the relationships between Jeanette and her family in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* and how they are presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel. [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

That Awful Occasion was the time my natural mother had come back to claim me. I'd had an idea that there was something curious about the circumstance of my birth, and once found my adoption papers hidden under a stack of flannels in the holiday drawer. 'Formalities,' my mother had said, waving me away. 'You were always mine, I had you from the Lord.' I didn't think about it again until there was a knock on the door one Saturday. My mother got there before me because she was praying in the parlour. I followed her down the lobby.

'Who is it Mum?'

She didn't answer.

'Who is it?'

'Go inside until I tell you.'

I slunk off, thinking it was either Jehovah's Witnesses or the man from the Labour party. Before long I could hear voices, angry voices; my mother seemed to have let the person in, which was strange. She didn't like having the Heathen in the house. 'Leaves a bad atmosphere,' she always said.

I remembered something I'd seen Mrs White do on the fornication occasion. Reaching far back into the War Cupboard, behind the dried egg, I found a wine glass and put it against the wall. It worked. I could hear every word. After five minutes I put the glass away, picked up our dog, and cried and cried and cried.

Eventually my mother came in.

'She's gone.'

'I know who she was, why didn't you tell me?'

'It's nothing to do with you.'

'She's my mother.'

No sooner had I said that than I felt a blow that wrapped round my head like a bandage. I lay on the lino looking up into the face.

'I'm your mother,' she said very quietly. 'She was a carrying case.'

'I wanted to see her.'

'She's gone and she'll never come back.' My mother turned away and locked herself in the kitchen. I couldn't think and I couldn't breathe so I started to run.