

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

2444/2

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)

Scheme A

UNIT 4 Pre-1914 Texts (Higher Tier)

TUESDAY 22 JANUARY 2008

Morning

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 page)

This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination.

They must not be annotated.



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Drama pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Poetry pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section C: Prose pre-1914**.
- Write your answers, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks for each question is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60**.

This document consists of **29** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

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SECTION B – Poetry pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION C – Prose pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 20

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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Section A – Drama pre-1914		
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1	LEONATO:	Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny The story that is printed in her blood? Do not live Hero, do not ope thine eyes. For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die, 5 Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames, Myself would on the rearward of reproaches Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? O one too much by thee – why had I one? 10 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? Why had I not with charitable hand Took up a beggar's issue at my gates, Who smirched thus and mired with infamy, I might have said 'No part of it is mine; 15 This shame derives itself from unknown loins'? But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised, And mine that I was proud on; mine so much That I myself was to myself not mine, Valuing of her – why she? O she is fallen 20 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her clean again And salt too little which may season give To her foul tainted flesh.
	BENEDICK:	Sir, sir, be patient. 25 For my part I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
	BEATRICE:	O on my soul my cousin is belied!
	BENEDICK:	Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
	BEATRICE:	No truly, not, although until last night, 30 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
	LEONATO:	Confirmed, confirmed. O that is stronger made Which was before barred up with ribs of iron. Would the two Princes lie? And Claudio lie, Who loved her so, that speaking of her foulness, 35 Washed it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Either 1 How does Shakespeare's writing here powerfully affect what you feel about Leonato? [20]

Or 2 How does Shakespeare show Beatrice and Benedick gradually discovering their true feelings for each other?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [20]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

3	ROMEO:	I do protest I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise. Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. And so good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as my own, be satisfied.	5
	MERCUTIO:	O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! <i>Alla stoccata</i> carries it away. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?	
	TYBALT:	What wouldst thou have with me?	
	MERCUTIO:	Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.	10
	TYBALT:	I am for you.	15
	ROMEO:	Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.	
	MERCUTIO:	Come sir, your <i>passado</i> .	
	ROMEO:	Draw Benvolio; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage. Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath Forbid this bandying in Verona streets. Hold Tybalt. Good Mercutio.	20
	PETRUCHIO:	Away Tybalt.	
		[TYBALT <i>under ROMEO's arm, thrusts MERCUTIO in and flies</i>]	
	MERCUTIO:	I am hurt. A plague on both your houses, I am sped. Is he gone and hath nothing?	25
	BENVOLIO:	What, art thou hurt?	
	MERCUTIO:	Ay, ay, a scratch, marry 'tis enough. Where is my page? Go villain, fetch a surgeon.	30
		[Exit Page]	

Either 3 How does Shakespeare vividly present the characters of Romeo, Mercutio and Tybalt at this moment in the play?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [20]

Or 4 You are Lord Capulet at the very end of the play.

Write your thoughts. [20]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: [*rushing towards her.*] Gertrude! Gertrude!
- LADY CHILTERN: [*thrusting him back with outstretched hands.*] No, don't speak! Say nothing! Your voice wakes terrible memories – memories of things that made me love you – memories of words that made me love you – memories that now are horrible to me. And how I worshipped you! You were to me something apart from common life, a thing pure, noble, honest, without stain. The world seemed to me finer because you were in it, and goodness more real because you lived. And now – oh, when I think that I made of a man like you my ideal! the ideal of my life! 5
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: There was your mistake. There was your error. The error all women commit. Why can't you women love us, faults and all? Why do you place us on monstrous pedestals? We have all feet of clay, women as well as men: but when we men love women, we love them knowing their weaknesses, their follies, their imperfections, love them all the more, it may be, for that reason. It is not the perfect, but the imperfect, who have need of love. It is when we are wounded by our own hands, or by the hands of others, that love should come to cure us – else what use is love at all? All sins, except a sin against itself, Love should forgive. All lives, save loveless lives, true Love should pardon. A man's love is like that. It is wider, larger, more human than a woman's. Women think that they are making ideals of men. What they are making of us are false idols merely. You made your false idol of me, and I had not the courage to come down, show you my wounds, tell you my weaknesses. I was afraid that I might lose your love, as I have lost it now. And so, last night you ruined my life for me – yes, ruined it! What this woman asked of me was nothing compared to what she offered to me. She offered security, peace, stability. The sin of my youth, that I had thought was buried, rose up in front of me, hideous, horrible, with its hands at my throat. I could have killed it for ever, sent it back into its tomb, destroyed its record, burned the one witness against me. You prevented me. No one but you, you know it. And now what is there before me but public disgrace, ruin, terrible shame, the mockery of the world, a lonely dishonoured life, a lonely dishonoured death, it may be, some day? Let women make no more ideals of men! let them not put them on altars and bow before them, or they may ruin other lives as completely as you – you whom I have so wildly loved – have ruined mine! 10
- [*He passes from the room.* LADY CHILTERN *rushes towards him, but the door is closed when she reaches it. Pale with anguish, bewildered, helpless, she sways like a plant in the water. Her hands, outstretched, seem to tremble in the air like blossoms in the mind. Then she flings herself down beside a sofa and buries her face. Her sobs are like the sobs of a child.*] 15
- 20
- 25
- 30
- 35
- 40
- 45
- 50

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband* (Cont.)

Either 5 How does Wilde make this argument between Lord and Lady Chiltern particularly dramatic and significant? [20]

Or 6 You are Lord Goring. You have advised Sir Robert to fight Mrs Cheveley's attempt at blackmail and he has just left you (in Act Two).

Write your thoughts. [20]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 DR STOCKMANN: [*walks up and down*] Have I to stand for this? In my own house, Katherine! What do you think?
- MRS STOCKMANN: I agree it's shameful and disgraceful, Thomas ...
- PETRA: If only I could get my hands on that uncle of mine ... !
- DR STOCKMANN: It's my own fault, I should have had it out with them long ago ... bared my teeth ... bit back! Calling me a public enemy! Me! By God, I'm not going to stand for that! 5
- MRS STOCKMANN: But, Thomas my dear, your brother has a lot of power on his side ...
- DR STOCKMANN: Yes, but I have *right* on mine! 10
- MRS STOCKMANN: Right! Yes, of course. But what's the use of right without might?
- PETRA: Oh, Mother! How can you say such a thing?
- DR STOCKMANN: So you think having right on your side in a free country doesn't count for anything? You are just being stupid, Katherine. And anyway, haven't I the progressive and independent press to look to, and the compact majority behind me. There's enough might there, surely, isn't there? 15
- MRS STOCKMANN: But heavens, Thomas! You surely aren't thinking of ...
- DR STOCKMANN: Not thinking of what? 20
- MRS STOCKMANN: ... of setting yourself up against your brother, I mean.
- DR STOCKMANN: What the devil do you expect me to do? What else is there if I'm going to do what's right and proper.
- PETRA: Yes, that's what I'm wondering too.
- MRS STOCKMANN: But you know very well it won't do a scrap of good. If they won't, they won't. 25
- DR STOCKMANN: Aha, Katherine, just give me time. I'll fight this thing to a finish, you watch.
- MRS STOCKMANN: Yes, and while you are fighting, you'll lose your job, that's what! 30
- DR STOCKMANN: Then at least I shall have done my duty by the public ... and by society. Calling me a public enemy indeed!
- MRS STOCKMANN: But what about your family, Thomas? What about us at home? Will you be doing your duty by the ones you should provide for first? 35
- PETRA: Oh, stop thinking always about us, Mother!
- MRS STOCKMANN: Yes, it's easy for *you* to talk. You can stand on your own feet, if need be. But don't forget the boys, Thomas. And think a little of yourself too, and of me ...
- DR STOCKMANN: You must be absolutely mad, Katherine! If I were to be such a miserable coward as to go grovelling to Peter and his blasted pals, do you think I'd ever be happy again as long as I lived? 40
- MRS STOCKMANN: I'm sure I don't know. But God preserve us from the kind of happiness we'll have if you insist on carrying on like this. We'll be just where we were before – no job, no regular income. I thought we had enough of that in the old days. Don't forget that, Thomas, and think what all this is going to lead to. 45

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People* (Cont.)

Either 7 How does Ibsen make this such a dramatic moment in the play? [20]

Or 8 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the play when Ibsen's writing makes you feel sympathy for Dr Stockmann. [20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section B – Poetry pre-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	12–15	9–12
BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	16–17	13–14
HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	18–19	15–16

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War* (Cont.)

(b)

The Man He Killed

'Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

'But ranged as infantry, 5
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

'I shot him dead because – 10
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps, 15
Off-hand like – just as I –
Was out of work – had sold his traps –
No other reason why.

'Yes, quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.' 20

Thomas Hardy

Either 9 Compare the ways in which the poets convey the feelings of the speakers towards their enemies in these two poems. [20]

Or 10 Explore some of the different ways in which the poets movingly convey their feelings about war in **TWO** of the following poems:

On the Idle Hill (Housman)

The Drum (Scott)

Ode, Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746 (Collins).

[20]

OCR *Opening Lines: Section D: Town and Country*

11 (a)

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth

(b)

To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run; 5
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees, 10
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

OCR *Opening Lines: Section D: Town and Country* (Cont.)

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too –
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

Either 11 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create a feeling of peacefulness in these two poems. [20]

Or 12 Compare some of the ways in which the poets convey feelings of unhappiness to you in any **TWO** of the following poems:

London (Blake)
The World (Rossetti)
The Song of the Shirt (Hood).

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. [20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

The Chimney Sweeper (Innocence)

When my mother died I was very young,
 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry "weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"
 So your chimneys I sweep, & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
 That curled like a lamb's back, was shav'd: so I said
 'Hush, Tom! Never mind it, for when your head's bare
 You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.' 5

And so he was quiet & that very night,
 As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!
 That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack,
 Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black. 10

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
 And he open'd the coffins & set them all free;
 Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine in the Sun. 15

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
 They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
 And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
 He'd have God for his father & never want joy. 20

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
 And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
 Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
 So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

(b)

The Chimney Sweeper (Experience)

A little black thing among the snow,
 Crying "'weep! 'weep!' in notes of woe!
 'Where are thy father & mother? Say?'
 'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
 'And smil'd among the winter's snow,
 'They clothed me in the clothes of death,
 'And taught me to sing the notes of woe. 5

'And because I am happy & dance & sing,
 'They think they have done me no injury,
 'And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
 'Who make up a heaven of our misery.' 10

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)

Either 13 Compare some of the ways in which Blake creates striking pictures of chimney-sweeping children in these two poems. [20]

Or 14 Compare some of the ways Blake memorably portrays anger in **TWO** of the following poems:

Holy Thursday (Experience)

The Garden of Love (Experience)

The Human Abstract (Experience).

[20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

Drummer Hodge

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
 Uncoffined – just as found:
 His landmark is a kopje-crest
 That breaks the veldt around;
 And foreign constellations west
 Each night above his mound. 5

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –
 Fresh from his Wessex home –
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,
 The Bush, the dusty loam, 10
 And why uprose to nightly view
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

Yet portion of that unknown plain
 Will Hodge for ever be;
 His homely Northern breast and brain 15
 Grow to some Southern tree,
 And strange-eyed constellations reign
 His stars eternally.

(b)

The Man He Killed

'Had he and I but met
 By some old ancient inn,
 We should have sat us down to wet
 Right many a nipperkin!

'But ranged as infantry, 5
 And staring face to face,
 I shot at him as he at me,
 And killed him in his place.

'I shot him dead because –
 Because he was my foe, 10
 Just so: my foe of course he was;
 That's clear enough; although

'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
 Off-hand like – just as I –
 Was out of work – had sold his traps – 15
 No other reason why.

'Yes, quaint and curious war is!
 You shoot a fellow down
 You'd treat if met where any bar is,
 Or help to half-a-crown.' 20

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Either 15 Compare some of the ways in which Hardy makes these two poems so moving. [20]

Or 16 Compare some of the ways in which Hardy movingly portrays sadness in **TWO** of the following poems:

She At His Funeral

A Wife in London

A Broken Appointment.

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases in the poems. [20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section C – Prose pre-1914		
AUSTEN: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	21	17–18
DICKENS: <i>Hard Times</i>	22	19–20
HARDY: <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	24–25	21–22
ELIOT: <i>Silas Marner</i>	26	23–24
POE: <i>Selected Tales</i>	27	25–26
WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	28	27–28
CHOPIN: <i>Short Stories</i>	30–31	29–30

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 'But I thought, Isabella, you had something in particular to tell me?'
 'Oh! yes, and so I have. But here is a proof of what I was saying. My poor head! I had quite forgot it. Well, the thing is this, I have just had a letter from John; – you can guess the contents.'
 'No, indeed, I cannot.' 5
 'My sweet love, do not be so abominably affected. What can he write about, but yourself? You know he is over head and ears in love with you.'
 'With *me*, dear Isabella!'
 'Nay, my sweetest Catherine, this is being quite absurd! Modesty, and all that, is very well in its way, but really a little common honesty is sometimes quite as becoming. I have no idea of being so overstrained! It is fishing for compliments. His attentions were such as a child must have noticed. And it was but half an hour before he left Bath that you gave him the most positive encouragement. He says so in this letter, says that he as good as made you an offer, and that you received his advances in the kindest way; and now he wants me to urge his suit, and say all manner of pretty things to you. So it is in vain to affect ignorance.' 10
 Catherine, with all the earnestness of truth, expressed her astonishment at such a charge, protesting her innocence of every thought of Mr Thorpe's being in love with her, and the consequent impossibility of her having ever intended to encourage him. 'As to any attentions on his side, I do declare, upon my honour, I never was sensible of them for a moment – except just his asking me to dance the first day of his coming. And as to making me an offer, or any thing like it, there must be some unaccountable mistake. I could not have misunderstood a thing of that kind, you know! – and, as I ever wish to be believed, I solemnly protest that no syllable of such a nature ever passed between us. The last half hour before he went away! 15
 – It must be all and completely a mistake – for I did not see him once that whole morning.' 20
 25

Either 17 How does Austen make you sympathise with Catherine at this point in the novel? [20]

Or 18 How does Austen persuade you that Henry Tilney will make a suitable husband for Catherine?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 'It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!' she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavoured to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.
- 'Do you think so?'
- 'I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then.' 5
- 'You might not be the better for it, Sissy.'
- Sissy submitted, after a little hesitation, 'I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa.' To which Miss Louisa answered, 'I don't know that.'
- There had been so little communication between these two – both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career – that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent. 10
- 'You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be,' Louisa resumed. 'You are pleasanter to yourself, than I am to *my* self.' 15
- 'But, if you please, Miss Louisa,' Sissy pleaded, 'I am – O so stupid!'
- Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by and by.
- 'You don't know,' said Sissy, half crying, 'what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me.' 20
- 'Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?' 25
- 'O no!' she eagerly returned. 'They know everything.'

- Either** 19 How does Dickens encourage you to feel sympathy for both Sissy and Louisa at this point in the novel? [20]
-
- Or** 20 How does Dickens make Stephen Blackpool such a memorable and significant character in the novel? [20]

Turn to page 24 for Question 21.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 'Yes,' came suspiciously from the shadow. 'What girl are you?'
 'O, Frank – don't you know me?' said the spot. 'Your wife, Fanny Robin.'
 'Fanny!' said the wall, in utter astonishment.
 'Yes,' said the girl, with a half-suppressed gasp of emotion.
 There was something in the woman's tone which is not that of the wife, and there 5
 was a manner in the man which is rarely a husband's. The dialogue went on:
 'How did you come here?'
 'I asked which was your window. Forgive me!'
 'I did not expect you tonight. Indeed, I did not think you would come at all. It was a
 wonder you found me here. I am orderly tomorrow.' 10
 'You said I was to come.'
 'Well – I said that you might.'
 'Yes, I mean that I might. You are glad to see me, Frank?'
 'O yes – of course.'
 'Can you – come to me?' 15
 'My dear Fan, no! The bugle has sounded, the barrack gates are closed, and I have
 no leave. We are all of us as good as in the county gaol till tomorrow morning.'
 'Then I shan't see you till then!' The words were in a faltering tone of
 disappointment.
 'How did you get here from Weatherbury?' 20
 'I walked – some part of the way – the rest by the carriers.'
 'I am surprised.'
 'Yes so am I. And Frank, when will it be?'
 'What?'
 'That you promised.' 25
 'I don't quite recollect.'
 'O you do! Don't speak like that. It weighs me to the earth. It makes me say what
 ought to be said first by you.'
 'Never mind – say it.'
 'O, must I? – it is, when shall we be married, Frank?' 30
 'Oh, I see. Well – you have to get proper clothes.'
 'I have money. Will it be by banns or license?'
 'Banns, I should think.'
 'And we live in two parishes.'
 'Do we? What then?' 35
 'My lodgings are in St Mary's, and this is not. So they will have to be published in
 both.'
 'Is that the law?'
 'Yes. O Frank – you think me forward, I am afraid! Don't, dear Frank – will you – for I
 love you so. And you said lots of times you would marry me, and – and – I – I – I ...' 40
 'Don't cry, now! It is foolish. If I said so, of course I will.'
 'And shall I put up the banns in my parish, and will you in yours?'
 'Yes.'
 'Tomorrow?'
 'Not tomorrow. We'll settle in a few days.' 45
 'You have the permission of the officers?'
 'No – not yet.'
 'O – how is it? You said you almost had before you left Casterbridge.'
 'The fact is, I forgot to ask. Your coming like this is so sudden and unexpected.'

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd* (Cont.)

Either 21 How in your view does Hardy make this such a memorable moment in the novel? [20]

Or 22 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments from the novel when Hardy's writing makes you feel particularly sympathetic towards Bathsheba. [20]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23** Dunstan Cass, setting off in the raw morning, at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter, had to take his way along the lane, which, at its farther extremity, passed by the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stone-pit, where stood the cottage, once a stone-cutter's shed, now for fifteen years inhabited by Silas Marner. The spot looked very dreary at this season, with the moist trodden clay about it, and the red, muddy water high up in the deserted quarry. That was Dunstan's first thought as he approached it; the second was, that the old fool of a weaver, whose loom he heard rattling already, had a great deal of money hidden somewhere. How was it that he, Dunstan Cass, who had often heard talk of Marner's miserliness, had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade the old fellow into lending the money on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects? The resource occurred to him now as so easy and agreeable, especially as Marner's hoard was likely to be large enough to leave Godfrey a handsome surplus beyond his immediate needs, and enable him to accommodate his faithful brother, that he had almost turned the horse's head towards home again. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept the suggestion: he would snatch eagerly at a plan that might save him from parting with Wildfire. But when Dunstan's meditation reached this point, the inclination to go on grew strong and prevailed. He didn't want to give Godfrey that pleasure: he preferred that Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover, Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and, possibly, taking somebody in. He might have all the satisfaction attendant on selling his brother's horse, and not the less have the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover.
- Bryce and Keating were there, as Dunstan was quite sure they would be – he was such a lucky fellow.

Either 23 What impression of Dunstan does Eliot's writing create at this point in the novel? [20]

Or 24 How does Eliot make you sympathise with Silas when he first comes to Raveloe?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

25 (a)

The Fall of the House of Usher

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened – there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind – the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight – my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder – there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters – and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the ‘*House of Usher*’.

5

10

(b)

The Black Cat

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! – by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman – a howl – a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

5

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and awe. In the next a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb.

10

15

Either 25 How in your view does Poe make these two endings so powerful? [20]

Or 26 Explore **ONE** moment from *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and **ONE** moment from *The Cask of Amontillado* which in your view Poe’s writing makes particularly thrilling. [20]

- 27 Then one day Mr Polly had a bicycle accident.
 His bicycle was now very old, and it is one of the concomitants of a bicycle's senility that its free wheel should one day obstinately cease to be free. It corresponds to that epoch in human decay when an old gentleman loses an incisor tooth. It happened just as Mr Polly was approaching Mr Rusper's shop, and the untoward chance of a motor car trying to pass a wagon on the wrong side gave Mr Polly no choice but to get on to the pavement and dismount. He was always accustomed to take his time and step off his left pedal at its lowest point, but the jamming of the free wheel gear made that lowest moment a transitory one, and the pedal was lifting his foot for another revolution before he realised what had happened. Before he could dismount according to his habit the pedal had to make a revolution, and before it could make a revolution Mr Polly found himself among the various sonorous things with which Mr Rusper adorned the front of his shop – zinc dustbins, household pails, lawn mowers, rakes, spades and all manner of clattering things. Before he got among them he had one of those agonising moments of helpless wrath and suspense that seem to last ages, in which one seems to perceive everything and think of nothing but words that are better forgotten. He sent a column of pails thundering across the doorway and dismounted with one foot in a sanitary dustbin amidst an enormous uproar of falling ironmongery. 5
- 'Put all over the place!' he cried, and found Mr Rusper emerging from his shop with the large tranquillities of his countenance puckered to anger, like the frowns in the brow of a reefing sail. He gesticulated speechlessly for a moment. 20
- '(kik) Jer doing?' he said at last.
 'Tin mantraps!' said Mr Polly.
 'Jer (kik) doing?' 25
- 'Dressing all over the pavement as though the blessed town belonged to you! Ugh!'
 And Mr Polly, in attempting a dignified movement, realized his entanglement with the dustbin for the first time. With a low, embittering expression, he kicked his foot about in it for a moment very noisily, and finally sent it thundering to the kerb. On its way it struck a pail or so. Then Mr Polly picked up his bicycle and proposed to resume his homeward way. But the hand of Mr Rusper arrested him. 30
- 'Put it (kik) all (kik) back (kik).'
 'Put it (kik) back yourself.'
 'You got (kik) put it back.' 35
 'Get out of the (kik) way.'

Either 27 How does Wells make this such an amusing moment in the novel? [20]

Or 28 Apart from Mr Polly, which **ONE** character in the novel has Wells's writing made you enjoy most? [20]

Turn to page 30 for Questions 29 and 30.

29 (a)

Her Letters

If he could have thought of her as on some distant shadowy shore waiting for him throughout the years with outstretched hands to come and join her again, he would not have hesitated. With hopeful confidence he would have thought 'in that blessed meeting-time, soul to soul, she will tell me all; till then I can wait and trust.' But he could not think of her in any far-off paradise awaiting him. He felt that there was no smallest part of her anywhere in the universe, more than there had been before she was born into the world. But she had embodied herself with terrible significance in an intangible wish, uttered when life still coursed through her veins; knowing that it would reach him when the annihilation of death was between them, but uttered with all confidence in its power and potency. He was moved by the splendid daring, the magnificence of the act, which at the same time exalted him and lifted him above the head of common mortals. 5 10

What secret save one could a woman choose to have die with her? As quickly as the suggestion came to his mind, so swiftly did the man-instinct of possession creep into his blood. His fingers cramped about the package in his hands, and he sank into a chair beside the table. The agonizing suspicion that perhaps another had shared with him her thoughts, her affections, her life, deprived him for a swift instant of honor and reason. He thrust the end of his strong thumb beneath the string which, with a single turn would have yielded – 'with perfect faith in your loyalty and your love.' It was not the written characters addressing themselves to the eye; it was like a voice speaking to his soul. With a tremor of anguish he bowed his head down upon the letters. 15 20

(b)

Tonie

As she walked away between her two attendants she fancied Tonie pressing the chain to his lips. But he was standing quite still, and held it buried in his tightly-closed hand; wanting to hold as long as he might the warmth of the body that still penetrated the bauble when she thrust it into his hand.

He watched her retreating figure like a blotch against the fading sky. He was stirred by a terrible, an overmastering regret, that he had not clasped her in his arms when they were out there alone, and sprung with her into the sea. It was what he had vaguely meant to do when the sound of the Angelus had weakened and palsied his resolution. Now she was going from him, fading away into the mist with those figures on either side of her, leaving him alone. He resolved within himself that if ever again she were out there on the sea at his mercy, she would have to perish in his arms. He would go far, far out, where the sound of no bell could reach him. There was some comfort for him in the thought. 5 10

But as it happened, Mlle Duvigné never went out alone in the boat with Tonie again. 15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 29 How does Chopin make you feel sorry for the men in these two extracts? [20]

Or 30 How does Chopin's writing make the endings of **TWO** of these stories effective for you?

A Matter of Prejudice

The Storm

Lilacs

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories. [20]

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