

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel  
Level 3 GCE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**Time** 1 hour 30 minutes

**Paper  
reference**

**8EL0/02**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced Subsidiary**

**PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature**

**You must have:**

Prescribed texts (clean copies)  
Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

### Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question in Section A on your chosen theme and **one** question in Section B on your chosen texts.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.
- Good luck with your examination.

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## SECTION A

### Prose Fiction Extract

#### Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

#### 1 *The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald

Read the extract on pages 4–5 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Gatsby is reflecting on his encounter with Daisy.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how the influence that characters have on others is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

#### 2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

Read the extract on page 6 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Magwitch is being processed through the criminal justice system.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- how justice is explored in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

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**Theme: Love and Loss**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).**

**Begin your answer on page 6.**

**EITHER**

**3 *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood**

**Read the extract on page 7 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, George is interacting with a work colleague.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how conforming to social expectations is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**4 *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy**

**Read the extract on page 8 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Tess has recently married Angel Clare.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how fate is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Encounters**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).**

**Begin your answer on page 6.**

**EITHER**

**5 *A Room with a View*, E M Forster**

**Read the extract on pages 10–11 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, George kisses Lucy.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how expressions of love are explored in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**6 *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë**

**Read the extract on page 12 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Catherine is recounting her time spent with Linton.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- how experiences of nature are significant to the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Crossing Boundaries**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).**

**Begin your answer on page 6.**

**EITHER**

**7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys**

**Read the extract on page 13 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, we are introduced to the lives of Annette and Antoinette.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how changing circumstances are significant in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**8 *Dracula*, Bram Stoker**

**Read the extract on page 14 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, efforts are being made to combat Dracula.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- how companionship is explored in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)**

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:    **Question 1** ☒            **Question 2** ☒            **Question 3** ☒  
   **Question 4** ☒            **Question 5** ☒            **Question 6** ☒  
   **Question 7** ☒            **Question 8** ☒

**Please write the theme and the titles of the texts you have chosen for Sections A and B below:**

Theme

Text Section A

Text Section B

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS**



**SECTION B**

**Exploring Text and Theme**

**Theme: Society and the Individual**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald  
*Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

**Other texts**

*The Bone People*, Keri Hulme  
*Othello*, William Shakespeare  
*A Raisin in the Sun*, Lorraine Hansberry  
*The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*, Geoffrey Chaucer  
*The Whitsun Weddings*, Philip Larkin

- 9** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the significance of friendship to individuals and/or society.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Love and Loss**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood  
*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

**Other texts**

*Enduring Love*, Ian McEwan  
*Much Ado About Nothing*, William Shakespeare  
*Betrayal*, Harold Pinter  
*Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow  
*Sylvia Plath Selected Poems*, Sylvia Plath

**10** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the positive effects of love and/or loss.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Encounters**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*A Room with a View*, E M Forster  
*Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

**Other texts**

*The Bloody Chamber*, Angela Carter  
*Hamlet*, William Shakespeare  
*Rock 'N' Roll*, Tom Stoppard  
*The Waste Land and Other Poems*, T S Eliot  
*The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry*, editor J Wordsworth

**11** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents encounters that have unexpected consequences.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Crossing Boundaries**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

*Dracula*, Bram Stoker

**Other texts**

*The Lowland*, Jhumpa Lahiri

*Twelfth Night*, William Shakespeare

*Oleanna*, David Mamet

*Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems*, Christina Rossetti

*North*, Seamus Heaney

**12** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the discoveries made as a result of crossing boundaries.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)**

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen question number: **Question 9**  **Question 10**

**Question 11**  **Question 12**

Please write the theme and the titles of the texts you have chosen for Sections A and B below:

Theme

Text Section A

Text Section B



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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS**





# Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Time 1 hour 30 minutes

Paper  
reference

**8EL0/02**

## English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

**PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature**

**Source Booklet**

**Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.**

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## SECTION A

### Prose Fiction Extracts

#### Society and the Individual

##### ***The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald***

'She didn't like it,' he insisted. 'She didn't have a good time.'

He was silent, and I guessed at his unutterable depression.

'I feel far away from her,' he said. 'It's hard to make her understand.'

'You mean about the dance?'

'The dance?' He dismissed all the dances he had given with a snap of his fingers. 'Old sport, the dance is unimportant.'

He wanted nothing less of Daisy than that she should go to Tom and say: 'I never loved you.' After she had obliterated four years with that sentence they could decide upon the more practical measures to be taken. One of them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house – just as if it were five years ago.

'And she doesn't understand,' he said. 'She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours –'

He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favours and crushed flowers.

'I wouldn't ask too much of her,' I ventured. 'You can't repeat the past.'

'Can't repeat the past?' he cried incredulously. 'Why of course you can!'

He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.

'I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before,' he said, nodding determinedly. 'She'll see.'

He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life had been confused and disordered since then, but if he could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was...

...One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees – he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.

His heart beat faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, his mind

would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he kissed her. At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete.

Through all he said, even through his appalling sentimentality, I was reminded of something – an elusive rhythm, a fragment of lost words, that I had heard somewhere a long time ago.

*From pp.105–107*

## Society and the Individual

### ***Great Expectations, Charles Dickens***

He lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial, and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. It was a consequence of his hurt that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore he spoke very little. But he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him, what I knew he ought to hear.

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison, he was removed, after the first day or so, into the infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not otherwise have had. And but for his illness he would have been put in irons, for he was regarded as a determined prison-breaker, and I know not what else.

Although I saw him every day, it was for only a short time; hence the regularly recurring spaces of our separation were long enough to record on his face any slight changes that occurred in his physical state. I do not recollect that I once saw any change in it for the better; he wasted, and became slowly weaker and worse, day by day from the day when the prison door closed upon him.

The kind of submission or resignation that he showed, was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression, from his manner or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape.

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence, that his desperate reputation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his eyes on me with a trustful look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was a little child. As to all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never knew him complain.

When the Sessions came round, Mr. Jaggers caused an application to be made for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions. It was obviously made with the assurance that he could not live so long, and was refused. The trial came on at once, and when he was put to the bar, he was seated in a chair. No objection was made to my getting close to the dock, on the outside of it, and holding the hand that he stretched forth to me.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him, were said – how he had taken to industrious habits, and had thriven lawfully and reputably. But nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned, and was there in presence of the Judge and Jury. It was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him guilty.

*From pp. 432–433*

## Love and Loss

### ***A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood**

'Good morning, Russ.'

'Good morning, Sir.' It isn't the age-difference which makes Dreyer call George 'Sir'. As soon as they come to the end of this quasi-military relationship, he will start saying George, or even Geo, without hesitation.

Together they go over to the coffee machine, fill mugs, select doughnuts from the counter. As they turn towards the cash-desk, Dreyer slips ahead of George with the change ready. 'No – let me, Sir.'

'You're always paying.'

Dreyer grins, 'We're in the chips, since I put Marinette to work.'

'She got that teaching job?'

'It just came through. Of course, it's only temporary. The only snag is, she has to get up an hour earlier.'

'So you're fixing your own breakfast?'

'Oh, I can manage. Till she gets a job nearer in. Or I get her pregnant.' He visibly enjoys this man-to-man stuff with George. (Does he know about me, George wonders; do any of them? Oh yes, probably. It wouldn't interest them. They don't want to know about my feelings or my glands or anything below my neck. I could just as well be a severed head, carried into the classroom to lecture to them from a dish.)

'Say, that reminds me,' Dreyer is saying, 'Marinette wanted me to ask you, Sir – we were wondering if you could manage to get out to us again, before too long? We could cook up some spaghetti. And maybe Tom could bring over that tape I was telling you about – the one he got from the audio-visual up at Berkeley, of Katherine Anne Porter reading her stuff –'

'That'd be fine,' says George vaguely, with enthusiasm. He glances up at the clock. 'I say, we ought to be going!'

Dreyer isn't in the least damped by his vagueness. Probably he does not want George to come to supper any more than George wants to go. It is all, all symbolic. Marinette has told him to ask, and he has asked, and now it is on record that George has accepted, for the second time, an invitation to their home. And this means that George is an intimate and can be referred to, in after years, as part of their circle in the old days. Oh yes, the Dreyers will loyally do their part to make George's place secure among the grand old bores of yesteryear. George can just picture one of those evenings in the nineteen nineties, when Russ is dean of an English Department in the Middle West and Marinette is the mother of grown-up sons and daughters. An audience of young instructors and their wives, symbolically entertaining Dr and Mrs Dreyer, will be symbolically thrilled to catch the Dean in an anecdotal mood, mooning and mumbling with a fuddled smile through a maze of wowless sagas, into which George and many many others will enter, uttering misquotes. And Marinette, permanently smiling, will sit listening with the third ear – the one that has heard it all before – and praying for eleven o'clock to come. And it will come. And all will agree that this has been a memorable evening indeed.

*From pp. 35–36*

## Love and Loss

### ***Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy***

This condition of mind, wherein she felt glorified by an irradiation not her own, like the angel whom St. John saw in the sun, lasted till the sound of the church bells had died away, and the emotions of the wedding-service had calmed down. Her eyes could dwell upon details more clearly now, and Mr. and Mrs. Crick having directed their own gig to be sent for them, to leave the carriage to the young couple, she observed the build and character of that conveyance for the first time. Sitting in silence she regarded it long.

'I fancy you seem oppressed, Tessy,' said Clare.

'Yes,' she answered, putting her hand to her brow. 'I tremble at many things. It is all so serious, Angel. Among other things I seem to have seen this carriage before, to be very well acquainted with it. It is very odd – I must have seen it in a dream.'

'Oh – you have heard the legend of the d'Urberville Coach – that well-known superstition of this county about your family when they were very popular here; and this lumbering old thing reminds you of it.'

'I have never heard of it to my knowledge,' said she. 'What is the legend – may I know it?'

'Well – I would rather not tell it in detail just now. A certain d'Urberville of the sixteenth or seventeenth century committed a dreadful crime in his family coach; and since that time members of the family see or hear the old coach whenever – But I'll tell you another day – it is rather gloomy. Evidently some dim knowledge of it has been brought back to your mind by the sight of this venerable caravan.'

'I don't remember hearing it before,' she murmured. 'Is it when we are going to die, Angel, that members of my family see it, or is it when we have committed a crime?'

'Now, Tess!'

He silenced her by a kiss.

By the time they reached home she was contrite and spiritless. She was Mrs. Angel Clare, indeed, but had she any moral right to the name? Was she not more truly Mrs. Alexander d'Urberville? Could intensity of love justify what might be considered in upright souls as culpable reticence? She knew not what was expected of women in such cases; and she had no counsellor.

However, when she found herself alone in her room for a few minutes – the last day this on which she was ever to enter it – she knelt down and prayed. She tried to pray to God, but it was her husband who really had her supplication. Her idolatry of this man was such that she herself almost feared it to be ill-omened. She was conscious of the notion expressed by Friar Laurence: 'These violent delights have violent ends.' It might be too desperate for human conditions – too rank, too wild, too deadly.

'O my love, my love, why do I love you so!' she whispered there alone; 'for she you love is not my real self, but one in my image; the one I might have been!'

*From pp. 251–252*



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## Encounters

### ***A Room with a View, E M Forster***

She was correct as usual. He tied the horse to a tree, kicked it to make it stay quiet, dusted the carriage, arranged his hair, remoulded his hat, encouraged his moustache, and in rather less than a quarter of a minute was ready to conduct her. Italians are born knowing the way. It would seem that the whole earth lay before them, not as a map, but as a chessboard, whereon they continually behold the changing pieces as well as the squares. Anyone can find places, but the finding of people is a gift from God.

He only stopped once, to pick her some great blue violets. She thanked him with real pleasure. In the company of this common man the world was beautiful and direct. For the first time she felt the influence of spring. His arm swept the horizon gracefully; violets, like other things, existed in great profusion there; would she like to see them?

'Ma buoni uomini.'

He bowed. Certainly. Good men first, violets afterwards. They proceeded briskly through the undergrowth, which became thicker and thicker. They were nearing the edge of the promontory, and the view was stealing round them, but the brown network of the bushes shattered it into countless pieces. He was occupied in his cigar, and in holding back the pliant boughs. She was rejoicing in her escape from dullness. Not a step, not a twig, was unimportant to her.

'What is that?'

There was a voice in the wood, in the distance behind them. The voice of Mr Eager? He shrugged his shoulders. An Italian's ignorance is sometimes more remarkable than his knowledge. She could not make him understand that perhaps they had missed the clergymen. The view was forming at last; she could discern the river, the golden plain, other hills.

'Eccolo!' he exclaimed.

At the same moment the ground gave way, and with a cry she fell out of the wood. Light and beauty enveloped her. She had fallen onto a little open terrace, which was covered with violets from end to end.

'Courage!' cried her companion, now standing some six feet above. 'Courage and love.'

She did not answer. From her feet the ground sloped sharply into the view, and violets ran down in rivulets and streams and cataracts, irrigating the hillside with blue, eddying round the tree stems, collecting into pools in the hollows, covering the grass with spots of azure foam. But never again were they in such profusion; this terrace was the well-head, the primal source whence beauty gushed out to water the earth.

Standing at its brink, like a swimmer who prepares, was the good man. But he was not the good man that she had expected, and he was alone.

George had turned at the sound of her arrival. For a moment he contemplated her, as one who had fallen out of heaven. He saw radiant joy in her face, he saw the flowers beat against her dress in blue waves. The bushes above them closed. He stepped quickly forward and kissed her.

Before she could speak, almost before she could feel, a voice called, 'Lucy! Lucy! Lucy!'

The silence of life had been broken by Miss Barlett, who stood brown against the view.

*From pp. 69–70*

## Encounters

### ***Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë***

'Linton sat in the armchair, and I in the little rocking chair, on the hearthstone, and we laughed and talked so merrily, and found so much to say; we planned where we would go, and what we would do in summer. I needn't repeat that, because you would call it silly.

'One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up over head, and the blue sky, and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his most perfect idea of heaven's happiness – mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright, white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle, and dance in a glorious jubilee.

'I said his heaven would be only half alive, and he said mine would be drunk; I said I should fall asleep in his, and he said he could not breathe in mine, and began to grow very snappish. At last, we agreed to try both as soon as the right weather came; and then we kissed each other and were friends. After sitting still an hour, I looked at the great room with its smooth, uncarpeted floor; and thought how nice it would be to play in, if we removed the table; and I asked Linton to call Zillah in to help us – and we'd have a game at blind-man's buff – she should try to catch us – you used to, you know, Ellen. He wouldn't; there was no pleasure in it, he said; but he consented to play at ball with me. We found two, in a cupboard, among a heap of old toys; tops, and hoops, and battledoors, and shuttlecocks. One was marked C., and the other H.; I wished to have the C., because that stood for Catherine, and H. might be for Heathcliff, his name; but the bran came out of H., and Linton didn't like it.

'I beat him constantly; and he got cross again, and coughed, and returned to his chair; that night, though, he easily recovered his good humour; he was charmed with two or three pretty songs – *your* songs, Ellen; and when I was obliged to go, he begged and entreated me to come the following evening, and I promised.

'Minny and I went flying home as light as air: and I dreamt of Wuthering Heights, and my sweet, darling cousin, till morning.

'On the morrow, I was sad; partly because you were poorly, and partly that I wished my father knew, and approved of my excursions: but it was beautiful moonlight after tea; and, as I rode on, the gloom cleared.

'I shall have another happy evening, I thought to myself, and what delights me more, my pretty Linton will.

*From pp. 247–249*

## Crossing Boundaries

### **Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys**

They say when trouble comes close ranks, and so the white people did. But we were not in their ranks. The Jamaican ladies had never approved of my mother, 'because she pretty like pretty self' Christophine said.

She was my father's second wife, far too young for him they thought, and, worse still, a Martinique girl. When I asked her why so few people came to see us, she told me that the road from Spanish Town to Coulibri Estate where we lived was very bad and that road repairing was now a thing of the past. (My father, visitors, horses, feeling safe in bed – all belonged to the past.)

Another day I heard her talking to Mr Luttrell, our neighbour and her only friend. 'Of course they have their own misfortunes. Still waiting for this compensation the English promised when the Emancipation Act was passed. Some will wait for a long time.'

How could she know that Mr Luttrell would be the first who grew tired of waiting? One calm evening he shot his dog, swam out to sea and was gone for always. No agent came from England to look after his property – Nelson's Rest it was called – and strangers from Spanish Town rode up to gossip and discuss the tragedy.

'Live at Nelson's Rest? Not for love or money. An unlucky place.'

Mr Luttrell's house was left empty, shutters banging in the wind. Soon the black people said it was haunted, they wouldn't go near it. And no one came near us.

I got used to a solitary life, but my mother still planned and hoped – perhaps she had to hope every time she passed a looking glass.

She still rode about every morning not caring that the black people stood about in groups to jeer at her, especially after her riding clothes grew shabby (they notice clothes, they know about money).

Then one day, very early, I saw her horse lying down under the frangipani tree. I went up to him but he was not sick, he was dead and his eyes were black with flies. I ran away and did not speak of it for I thought if I told no one it might not be true. But later that day, Godfrey found him, he had been poisoned. 'Now we are marooned,' my mother said, 'now what will become of us?'

Godfrey said, 'I can't watch the horse night and day. I too old now. When the old time go, let it go. No use to grab at it. The Lord make no distinction between black and white, black and white the same for Him. Rest yourself in peace for the righteous are not forsaken.' But she couldn't. She was young. How could she not try for all the things that had gone so suddenly, so without warning. 'You're blind when you want to be blind,' she said ferociously, 'and you're deaf when you want to be deaf. The old hypocrite,' she kept saying. 'He knew what they were going to do.' 'The devil prince of this world,' Godfrey said, 'but this world don't last so long for mortal man.'

*From pp. 5–7*

## Crossing Boundaries

### ***Dracula, Bram Stoker***

There was hope in his words, and comfort; and they made for resignation. Mina and I both felt so, and simultaneously we each took one of the old man's hands and bent over and kissed it. Then without a word we all knelt down together, and, all holding hands, swore to be true to each other. We men pledged ourselves to raise the veil of sorrow from the head of her whom, each in his own way, we loved; and we prayed for help and guidance in the terrible task which lay before us.

It was then time to start. So I said farewell to Mina, a parting which neither of us shall forget to our dying day; and we set out.

To one thing I have made up my mind; if we find out that Mina must be a vampire in the end, then she shall not go into that unknown and terrible land alone. I suppose it is thus that in old times one vampire meant many; just as their hideous bodies could only rest in sacred earth, so the holiest love was the recruiting sergeant for their ghastly ranks.

We entered Carfax without trouble and found all things the same as on the first occasion. It was hard to believe that amongst so prosaic surroundings of neglect and dust and decay there was any ground for such fear as already we knew. Had not our minds been made up, and had there not been terrible memories to spur us on, we could hardly have proceeded with our task. We found no papers, or any sign of use in the house; and in the old chapel the great boxes looked just as we had seen them last. Dr Van Helsing said to us solemnly as we stood before them: -

'And now, my friends, we have a duty here to do. We must sterilize this earth, so sacred of holy memories, that he has brought from a far distant land for such fell use. He has chosen this earth because it has been holy. Thus we defeat him with his own weapon, for we make it more holy still. It was sanctified to such use of man, now we sanctify it to God.' As he spoke he took from his bag a screw-driver and a wrench, and very soon the top of one of the cases was thrown open. The earth smelled musty and close; but we did not somehow seem to mind, for our attention was concentrated on the Professor. Taking from his box a piece of the Sacred Wafer he laid it reverently on the earth, and then shutting down the lid began to screw it home, we aiding him as he worked.

One by one we treated in the same way each of the great boxes, and left them as we had found them to all appearance; but in each was a portion of the Host.

When we closed the door behind us, the Professor said solemnly: -

'So much is already done. If it may be that with all the others we can be so successful, then the sunset of this evening may shine on Madam Mina's forehead all white as ivory and with no stain!'

*From pp. 316–318*

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**Source information**

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<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	F. Scott Fitzgerald, Penguin Classics, 2000
<i>Great Expectations</i>	Charles Dickens, Vintage Classics, 2008
<i>A Single Man</i>	Christopher Isherwood, Vintage Books, 2010
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	Thomas Hardy, Vintage Classics, 2011
<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	Emily Brontë, Penguin Classics, 2003
<i>A Room with a View</i>	E M Forster, Penguin English Library, 2012
<i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i>	Jean Rhys, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000
<i>Dracula</i>	Bram Stoker, Penguin Classics, 2003