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Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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English Language and Literature
Advanced Subsidiary
Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Wednesday 8 June 2016 – Afternoon
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Paper Reference

8EL0/02

You must have:

prescribed texts (clean copies) and source booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

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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 and **one** question in Section B.
- 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.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extract

Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Begin your answer on page 6.

Society and the Individual

1 *The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald

Read the extract on page 4 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Fitzgerald explores the social class divisions that exist between West and East Egg.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how these social class divisions are important throughout the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

Read the extract on pages 6–7 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Dickens introduces Pip and the reader to Miss Havisham.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- the significance of the character of Miss Havisham to the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

OR

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Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Begin your answer on page 6.

Love and Loss

3 *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood

Read the extract on page 8 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Isherwood portrays how George views himself as a person who fails to make connections with others.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how this reflects the way in which George is viewed by others in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

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

Read the extract on page 9 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Hardy describes Angel Clare's growing awareness of Tess.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how this encounter with Angel Clare will impact on the rest of Tess's life
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

OR

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Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Begin your answer on page 6.

Encounters

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

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

In this extract, Forster presents an intimate episode between Lucy and Cecil.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how this episode is typical of the contrast Forster makes between very conventional and unconventional characters
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

Read the extract on pages 12–13 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Catherine reveals her conflicting feelings about Edgar Linton and Heathcliff.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- how this episode is crucial to the development of Catherine and Heathcliff's relationship in the rest of the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Begin your answer on page 6.

Crossing Boundaries

7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

Read the extract on pages 14–15 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Rhys shows Rochester experiencing feelings of alienation and discomfort on his honeymoon.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how this episode foreshadows the difficulties Rochester and Antoinette will experience in their marriage
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 *Dracula*, Bram Stoker

Read the extract on page 16 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Stoker describes the episode when Lucy and her mother are attacked.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- how this episode reflects the way in which characters are vulnerable to supernatural forces in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)



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

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



SECTION B: Exploring Text and Theme

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.

Society and the Individual

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 characters or personae whose lives are influenced by people close to them.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)

OR



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.

Love and Loss

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 influence of the past on attitudes to love and 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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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.

Encounters

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 are strange or have a supernatural element.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

OR



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.

Crossing Boundaries

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 characters or personae coping with major transitions in their lives.

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



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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

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Wednesday 8 June 2016 – Afternoon

Source booklet

Paper Reference

8EL0/02

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SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

I lived at West Egg, the – well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard – it was a factual imitation of some Hôtel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbour's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires – all for eighty dollars a month. 5 10

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago. 15

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven – a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savours of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy – even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach – but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that. 20

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it – I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game. 25

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran towards the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sundials and brick walks and burning gardens – finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of french windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch. 30 35

From pp. 10–12

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Society and the Individual

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

She was dressed in rich materials – satins, and lace, and silks – all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on – the other was on the table near her hand – her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking glass. 5

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could. 10 15 20

'Who is it?' said the lady at the table.

'Pip, ma'am.'

'Pip?'

'Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come – to play.' 25

'Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.'

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

'Look at me,' said Miss Havisham. 'You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?' 30

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer 'No.'

'Do you know what I touch here?' she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side. 35

'Yes, ma'am.' (It made me think of the young man).

'What do I touch?'

'Your heart.'

'Broken!'

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

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'I am tired,' said Miss Havisham. 'I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play.'

From pp. 52–53

Love and Loss

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood

They are afraid of what they know is somewhere in the darkness around them, of what may at any moment emerge into the undeniable light of their flashlamps, nevermore to be ignored, explained away. The fiend that won't fit into their statistics, the gorgon that refuses their plastic surgery, the vampire drinking blood with tactless uncultured slurps, the bad-smelling beast that doesn't use their deodorants, the unspeakable that insists, despite all their shushing, on speaking its name. 5

Among many other kinds of monster, George says, they are afraid of little me.

Mr Strunk, George supposes, tries to nail him down with a word. *Queer*, he doubtless growls. But, since this is after all the year nineteen sixty-two, even he may be expected to add, I don't give a damn what he does just as long as he stays away from me. Even psychologists disagree as to the conclusions which may be reached about the Mr Strunks of this world, on the basis of such a remark. The fact remains that Mr Strunk himself, to judge from a photograph of him taken in football uniform at college, used to be what many would call a living doll. 10

But Mrs Strunk, George feels sure, takes leave to differ gently from her husband; for she is trained in the new tolerance, the technique of annihilation by blandness. Out comes her psychology book – bell and candle are no longer necessary. Reading from it in sweet singsong she proceeds to exorcise the unspeakable out of George. No reason for disgust, she intones, no cause for condemnation. Nothing here that is wilfully vicious. All is due to heredity, early environment (shame on those possessive mothers, those sex-segregated British schools!), arrested development at puberty, and/or glands. Here we have a misfit, debarred forever from the best things of life, to be pitied, not blamed. Some cases, caught young enough, *may* respond to therapy. As for the rest, ah, it's so sad; especially when it happens, as let's face it does, to truly worthwhile people, people who might have had so much to offer. (Even when they are geniuses in spite of it, their masterpieces are invariably *warped*). So let us be understanding, shall we, and remember that, after all, there *were* the Greeks (though that was a bit different, because they were pagans rather than neurotics). Let us even go so far as to say that this kind of relationship can sometimes be almost beautiful – particularly if one of the parties is already dead; or, better yet, both. 15
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How dearly Mrs Strunk would enjoy being sad about Jim! But, aha, she doesn't know; none of them know. It happened in Ohio, and the L.A. papers didn't carry the story. George has simply spread it around that Jim's folks, who are getting along in years, have been trying to persuade him to come back home and live with them; and that now, as the result of his recent visit to them, he will be remaining in the East indefinitely. Which is the gospel truth. As for the animals, those devilish reminders, George had to get them out of sight immediately; he couldn't even bear to think of them being anywhere in the neighbourhood. So, when Mrs Garfein wanted to know if he would sell the mynah bird, he answered that he'd shipped them all back to Jim. A dealer from San Diego took them away. 35
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From pp. 15–17

Love and Loss

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

For several days after Tess's arrival Clare, sitting abstractedly reading from some book, periodical, or piece of music just come by post, hardly noticed that she was present at table. She talked so little, and the other maids talked so much, that the babble did not strike him as possessing a new note, and he was ever in the habit of neglecting the particulars of an outward scene for the general impression. One day, however, when he had been conning one of his music-scores, and by force of imagination was hearing the tune in his head, he lapsed into listlessness, and the music-sheet rolled to the hearth. He looked at the fire of logs, with its one flame pirouetting on the top in a dying dance after the breakfast-cooking and boiling, and it seemed to jig to his inward tune; also at the two chimney crooks dangling down from the cotterel or cross-bar, plumed with soot which quivered to the same melody; also at the half-empty kettle whining an accompaniment. The conversation at the table mixed in with his phantasmal orchestra till he thought: 'What a fluty voice one of those milkmaids has! I suppose it is the new one.'

Clare looked round upon her, seated with the others.

She was not looking towards him. Indeed, owing to his long silence, his presence in the room was almost forgotten.

'I don't know about ghosts,' she was saying; 'but I do know that our souls can be made to go outside our bodies when we are alive.'

The dairyman turned to her with his mouth full, his eyes charged with serious inquiry, and his great knife and fork (breakfasts were breakfasts here) planted erect on the table, like the beginning of a gallows.

'What – really now? And is it so, maids?' he said.

'A very easy way to feel 'em go,' continued Tess, 'is to lie on the grass at night and look straight up at some big bright star; and, by fixing your mind upon it, you will soon find that you are hundreds and hundreds o' miles away from your body, which you don't seem to want at all.'

The dairyman removed his hard gaze from Tess, and fixed it on his wife.

'Now that's a rum thing, Christianner – hey? To think o' the miles I've vamped o' starlight nights these last thirty year, courting, or trading, or for doctor, or for nurse, and yet never had the least notion o' that till now, or feeled my soul rise so much as an inch above my shirt-collar.'

The general attention being drawn to her, including that of the dairyman's pupil, Tess flushed, and remarking evasively that it was only a fancy, resumed her breakfast.

Clare continued to observe her. She soon finished her eating, and having a consciousness that Clare was regarding her, began to trace imaginary patterns on the tablecloth with her forefinger with the constraint of a domestic animal that perceives itself to be watched.

'What a fresh and virginal daughter of Nature that milkmaid is!' he said to himself.

And then he seemed to discern in her something that was familiar, something which carried him back into a joyous and unforeseeing past, before the necessity of taking thought had made the heavens gray.

From pp. 141–142

Encounters

A Room with a View, E M Forster

Presently they came to a little clearing among the pines – another tiny green alp, solitary this time, and holding in its bosom a shallow pool.

She exclaimed, 'The Sacred Lake!'

'Why do you call it that?'

'I can't remember why. I suppose it comes out of some book. It's only a puddle now, but you see that stream going through it? Well, a good deal of water comes down after heavy rains, and can't get away at once, and the pool becomes quite large and beautiful. Then Freddy used to bathe there. He is very fond of it.' 5

'And you?'

He meant, 'Are you fond of it?' But she answered dreamily: 'I bathed here too, till I was found out. Then there was a row.' 10

At another time he might have been shocked, for he had depths of prudishness within him. But now, with his momentary cult of the fresh air, he was delighted at her admirable simplicity. He looked at her as she stood by the pool's edge. She was got up smart, as she phrased it, and she reminded him of some brilliant flower that has no leaves of its own, but blooms abruptly out of a world of green. 15

'Who found you out?'

'Charlotte,' she murmured. 'She was stopping with us. Charlotte – Charlotte.'

'Poor girl!'

She smiled gravely. A certain scheme, from which hitherto he had shrunk, now appeared practical. 20

'Lucy!'

'Yes, I suppose we ought to be going,' was her reply.

'Lucy, I want to ask something of you that I have never asked before.'

At the serious note in his voice she stepped frankly and kindly towards him. 25

'What, Cecil?'

'Hitherto never – not even that day on the lawn when you agreed to marry me –'

He became self-conscious and kept glancing round to see if they were observed. His courage had gone.

'Yes?' 30

'Up to now I have never kissed you.'

She was as scarlet as if he had put the thing most indelicately.

'No – more you have,' she stammered.

'Then I ask you – may I now?'

'Of course you may, Cecil. You might before. I can't run at you, you know.'

35

At that supreme moment he was conscious of nothing but absurdities. Her reply was inadequate. She gave such a business-like lift to her veil. As he approached her he found time to wish that he could recoil. As he touched her, his gold pince-nez became dislodged and was flattened between them.

Such was the embrace. He considered, with truth, that it had been a failure. Passion should believe itself irresistible. It should forget civility and consideration and all the other curses of a refined nature. Above all, it should never ask for leave where there is a right of way. Why could he not do as any labourer or navvy – nay, as any young man behind the counter would have done? He recast the scene. Lucy was standing flower-like by the water; he rushed up and took her in his arms; she rebuked him, permitted him, and revered him ever after for his manliness. For he believed that women revere men for their manliness.

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45

They left the pool in silence, after this one salutation. He waited for her to make some remark which should show him her inmost thoughts. At last she spoke, and with fitting gravity.

50

'Emerson the name was, not Harris.'

'What name?'

'The old man's.'

'What old man?'

'That old man I told you about. The one Mr Eager was so unkind to.'

55

He could not know that this was the most intimate conversation they had ever had.

From pp. 111–113

Encounters

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

I was superstitious about dreams then, and am still; and Catherine had an unusual gloom in her aspect, that made me dread something from which I might shape a prophecy, and foresee a fearful catastrophe.

She was vexed, but she did not proceed. Apparently taking up another subject, she re-commenced in a short time. 5

'If I were in heaven, Nelly, I should be extremely miserable.'

'Because you are not fit to go there,' I answered. 'All sinners would be miserable in heaven.'

'But it is not for that. I dreamt, once, that I was there.'

'I tell you I won't harken to your dreams, Miss Catherine! I'll go to bed,' I interrupted again.

She laughed, and held me down, for I made a motion to leave my chair. 10

'This is nothing,' cried she; 'I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out, into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights, where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do to explain my secret, as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff, now; so he shall never know how I love him; and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same, and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.' 15 20

Ere this speech ended I became sensible of Heathcliff's presence. Having noticed a slight movement, I turned my head, and saw him rise from the bench, and steal out, noiselessly. He had listened till he heard Catherine say it would degrade her to marry him, and then he staid to hear no farther.

My companion, sitting on the ground, was prevented by the back of the settle from remarking his presence or departure; but I started, and bade her hush! 25

'Why?' she asked, gazing nervously round.

'Joseph is here,' I answered, catching, opportunely, the roll of his cartwheels up the road; 'and Heathcliff will come in with him. I'm not sure whether he were not at the door this moment.' 30

'Oh, he couldn't overhear me at the door!' said she. 'Give me Hareton, while you get the supper, and when it is ready ask me to sup with you. I want to cheat my uncomfortable conscience, and be convinced that Heathcliff has no notion of these things – he has not, has he? He does not know what being in love is?'

'I see no reason why he should not know, as well as you,' I returned; 'and if *you* are his choice, he'll be the most unfortunate creature that was ever born! As soon as you become Mrs Linton, he loses friend, and love, and all! Have you considered how you'll bear the separation, and how he'll bear to be quite deserted in the world? Because, Miss Catherine –' 35

'He quite deserted! we separated!' she exclaimed, with an accent of indignation. 'Who is to separate us, pray? They'll meet the fate of Milo! Not as long as I live, Ellen – for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing, before I could consent to forsake Heathcliff.'

40

From pp. 80–82

Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

Standing on the veranda I breathed the sweetness of the air. Cloves I could smell and cinnamon, roses and orange blossom. And an intoxicating freshness as if all this had never been breathed before. When Antoinette said 'Come, I will show you the house' I went with her unwillingly for the rest of the place seemed neglected and deserted. She led me into a large unpainted room. There was a small shabby sofa, a mahogany table in the middle, some straight-backed chairs and an old oak chest with brass feet like lion's claws. 5

Holding my hand she went up to the sideboard where two glasses of rum punch were waiting for us. She handed me one and said, 'To happiness.'

'To happiness,' I answered. 10

The room beyond was larger and emptier. There were two doors, one leading to the veranda, the other very slightly open into a small room. A big bed, a round table by its side, two chairs, a surprising dressing-table with a marble top and a large looking-glass. Two wreaths of frangipani lay on the bed.

'Am I expected to wear one of these? And when?' 15

I crowned myself with one of the wreaths and made a face in the glass. 'I hardly think it suits my handsome face, do you?'

'You look like a king, an emperor.'

'God forbid,' I said and took the wreath off. It fell on the floor and as I went towards the window I stepped on it. The room was full of the scent of crushed flowers. I saw her reflection in the glass fanning herself with a small palm-leaf fan coloured blue and red at the edges. I felt sweat on my forehead and sat down, she knelt near me and wiped my face with her handkerchief. 20

'Don't you like it here? This is my place and everything is on our side. Once,' she said, 'I used to sleep with a piece of wood by my side so that I could defend myself if I were attacked. That's how afraid I was.' 25

'Afraid of what?'

She shook her head. 'Of nothing, of everything.'

Someone knocked and she said, 'It's only Christophine.'

'The old woman who was your nurse? Are you afraid of her?' 30

'No, how could I be?'

'If she were taller,' I said, 'one of these strapping women dressed up to the nines, I might be afraid of her.'

She laughed. 'That door leads into your dressing-room.'

I shut it gently after me. 35

It seemed crowded after the emptiness of the rest of the house. There was a carpet, the only one I had seen, a press made of some beautiful wood I did not recognize. Under

the open window a small writing-desk with paper, pens, and ink. 'A refuge' I was thinking when someone said, 'This was Mr Mason's room, sir, but he did not come here often. He did not like the place.' Baptiste, standing in the doorway to the veranda, had a blanket over his arm.

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'It's all very comfortable,' I said. He laid the blanket on the bed.

'It can be cold here at night,' he said. Then went away. But the feeling of security had left me.

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Crossing Boundaries

Dracula, Bram Stoker

Then outside in the shrubbery I heard a sort of howl like a dog's, but more fierce and deeper. I went to the window and looked out, but could see nothing, except a big bat, which had evidently been buffeting its wings against the window. So I went back to bed again, but determined not to go to sleep. Presently the door opened, and mother looked in; seeing by my moving that I was not asleep, came in, and sat by me. She said to me even more sweetly and softly than her wont: – 5

'I was uneasy about you, darling, and came in to see that you were all right.'

I feared she might catch cold sitting there, and asked her to come in and sleep with me, so she came into bed, and lay down beside me; she did not take off her dressing gown, for she said she would only stay a while and then go back to her own bed. As she lay there in my arms, and I in hers, the flapping and buffeting came to the window again. She was startled and a little frightened, and cried out: 'What is that?' I tried to pacify her, and at last succeeded, and she lay quiet; but I could hear her poor dear heart still beating terribly. After a while there was the low howl again out in the shrubbery, and shortly after there was a crash at the window, and a lot of broken glass was hurled on the floor. The window blind blew back with the wind that rushed in, and in the aperture of the broken panes there was the head of a great, gaunt grey wolf. Mother cried out in a fright, and struggled up into a sitting posture, and clutched wildly at anything that would help her. Amongst other things, she clutched the wreath of flowers that Dr Van Helsing insisted on my wearing round my neck, and tore it away from me. For a second or two she sat up, pointing at the wolf, and there was a strange and horrible gurgling in her throat; then she fell over, as if struck with lightning, and her head hit my forehead and made me dizzy for a moment or two. The room and all round seemed to spin round. I kept my eyes fixed on the window, but the wolf drew his head back, and a whole myriad of little specks seemed to come blowing in through the broken window, and wheeling and circling round like the pillar of dust that travellers describe when there is a simoom in the desert. I tried to stir, but there was some spell upon me, and dear mother's poor body, which seemed to grow cold already – for her dear heart had ceased to beat – weighed me down; and I remembered no more for a while. 10
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The time did not seem long, but very, very awful, till I recovered consciousness again. Somewhere near, a passing bell was tolling; the dogs all round the neighbourhood were howling; and in our shrubbery, seemingly just outside, a nightingale was singing. I was dazed and stupid with pain and terror and weakness, but the sound of the nightingale seemed like the voice of my dead mother come back to comfort me. The sounds seemed to have awakened the maids, too, for I could hear their bare feet pattering outside my door. I called to them, and they came in, and when they saw what had happened, and what it was that lay over me on the bed, they screamed out. 30
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Source information

Extracts taken from the following prescribed editions:

<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	F Scott Fitzgerald (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2000
<i>Great Expectations</i>	Charles Dickens (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2008
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