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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

Friday 26 May 2017 – Morning
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Paper Reference

8EL0/02

You must have:

Prescribed texts (clean copies)
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 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.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extract

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

Society and the Individual

EITHER

1 *The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald

Read the extract on page 4 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Fitzgerald introduces the valley of ashes.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how environment relates to identity in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

Read the extract on page 5 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Magwitch reveals he is Pip's secret benefactor.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- how society forces individuals to conceal the truth in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

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Love and Loss

3 *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood

Read the extract on page 6 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George focuses on his physical appearance.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how George's obsession with youth is significant 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 7 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Tess reveals to Angel that she has murdered Alec.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how truth and deception affect Tess in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

OR



Encounters

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

Read the extract on page 8 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the narrator introduces the character of Cecil to the reader.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how awkward encounters between characters are important 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 9 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Heathcliff surprises Nelly with his return.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- how Heathcliff's absences and reappearances are important in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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Crossing Boundaries

7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

Read the extract on page 10 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Rhys presents an environment that is hostile to Antoinette.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how different environments affect Antoinette 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 11 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the battle to subdue the vampiric threat of Lucy reaches a climax.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- the significance of boundaries to Lucy in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



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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 18.

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

EITHER

- 9 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the way in which society influences romantic relationships.

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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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 characters who are struggling to accept difficulties in their relationships.

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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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 involve feelings of insecurity.

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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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 the way knowledge affects the ability of characters to cross 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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TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



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CONTENTS

SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

Page

Society and the Individual

The Great Gatsby 4

Great Expectations 5

Love and Loss

A Single Man 6

Tess of the D'Urbervilles 7

Encounters

A Room with a View 8

Wuthering Heights 9

Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea 10

Dracula 11

SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

This is a valley of ashes – a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens; where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and, finally, with a transcendent effort, of ash-grey men, who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air. Occasionally a line of grey cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak, and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-grey men swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud, which screens their obscure operations from your sight.

But above the grey land and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg. The eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic – their retinas are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a non-existent nose. Evidently some wild wag of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days, under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular cafés with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her – but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon, and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car.

'We're getting off,' he insisted. 'I want you to meet my girl.'

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ministering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing. One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage – *Repairs*. GEORGE B. WILSON. *Cars bought and sold*. – and I followed Tom inside.

From pp. 26–27

Society and the Individual

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him. Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them longwise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

'May I make so bold,' he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and with a frown that was like a smile, 'as ask you *how* you have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?'

'How?'

'Ah!'

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantelshelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, and the wet boot began to steam; but, he neither looked at it, nor at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to tremble.

When my lips had parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly), that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

'Might a mere warmint ask what property?' said he. I faltered, 'I don't know.'

'Might a mere warmint ask whose property?' said he. I faltered again. 'I don't know.'

'Could I make a guess, I wonder,' said the Convict, 'at your income since you come of age! As to the first figure, now. Five?'

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

'Concerning a guardian,' he went on. 'There ought to have been some guardian or such-like, whiles you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name, now. Would it be J?'

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew. 'Put it,' he resumed, 'as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jagers – put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you. "However, you have found me out," you says just now. Well! however did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick.'

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating – I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room begun to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

'Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it!'

From pp. 303–304

Love and Loss

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood

I am alive, he says to himself, *I am alive!* And life-energy surges hotly through him, and delight, and appetite. How good to be in a body – even this old beat-up carcase – that still has warm blood and live semen and rich marrow and wholesome flesh! The scowling youths on the corners see him as a dodderer, no doubt, or at best as a potential score. Yet he still claims a distant kinship with the strength of their young arms and shoulders and loins. For a few bucks, he could get any one of them to climb into the car, ride back with him to his house, strip off butch leather jacket, skin-tight Levis, shirt and cowboy boots and take part, a naked sullen young athlete, in the wrestling-bout of his pleasure. But George doesn't want the bought unwilling bodies of these boys. He wants to rejoice in his own body; the tough triumphant old body of a survivor. The body that has outlived Jim and is going to outlive Doris.

He decides to stop by the gym – although this isn't one of his regular days – on his way home.

In the locker-room, George takes off his clothes, gets into his sweat-socks, jockstrap and shorts. Shall he put on a tee shirt? He looks at himself in the long mirror. Not too bad. The bulges of flesh over the belt of the shorts are not so noticeable today. The legs are quite good. The chest-muscles, when properly flexed, don't sag. And, as long as he doesn't have his spectacles on, he can't see the little wrinkles inside the elbows, above the kneecaps and around the hollow of the sucked-in belly. The neck is loose and scraggy under all circumstances, in all lights, and would look gruesome even if he were half-blind. He has abandoned the neck altogether, like an untenable military position.

Yet he looks – and doesn't he know it! – better than nearly all of his age-mates at this gym. Not because they're in such bad shape; they are healthy enough specimens. What's wrong with them is their fatalistic acceptance of middle age, their ignoble resignation to grandfatherhood, impending retirement and golf. George is different from them because, in some sense which can't quite be defined but which is immediately apparent when you see him naked, *he hasn't given up*. He is still a contender; and they aren't. Maybe it's nothing more mysterious than vanity which gives him this air of a withered boy? Yes, despite his wrinkles, his slipped flesh, his greying hair, his grim-lipped strutting spryness, you catch occasional glimpses of a ghostly someone else, soft-faced, boyish, pretty. The combination is bizarre, it is older than middle-age itself, but it is there.

Looking grimly into the mirror, with distaste and humour, George says to himself, you old ass, who are you trying to seduce? And he puts on his tee shirt.

From pp. 82–84

Love and Loss

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

The highway that he followed was open, and at a little distance dipped into a valley, across which it could be seen running from edge to edge. He had traversed the greater part of this depression, and was climbing the western acclivity, when, pausing for breath, he unconsciously looked back. Why he did so he could not say, but something seemed to impel him to the act. The tape-like surface of the road diminished in his rear as far as he could see, and as he gazed a moving spot intruded on the white vacuity of its perspective.

It was a human figure running. Clare waited, with a dim sense that somebody was trying to overtake him.

The form descending the incline was a woman's, yet so entirely was his mind blinded to the idea of his wife's following him that even when she came nearer he did not recognize her under the totally changed attire in which he now beheld her. It was not till she was quite close that he could believe her to be Tess.

'I saw you – turn away from the station – just before I got there – and I have been following you all this way!'

She was so pale, so breathless, so quivering in every muscle, that he did not ask her a single question, but seizing her hand, and pulling it within his arm, he led her along. To avoid meeting any possible wayfarers he left the high road, and took a footpath under some fir-trees. When they were deep among the moaning boughs he stopped and looked at her inquiringly.

'Angel,' she said, as if waiting for this, 'do you know what I have been running after you for? To tell you that I have killed him!' A pitiful white smile lit her face as she spoke.

'What!' said he, thinking from the strangeness of her manner that she was in some delirium.

'I have done it – I don't know how,' she continued. 'Still, I owed it to you, and to myself, Angel. I feared long ago, when I struck him on the mouth with my glove, that I might do it some day for the trap he set for me in my simple youth, and his wrong to you through me. He has come between us and ruined us, and now he can never do it any more. I never loved him at all, Angel, as I loved you. You know it, don't you? You believe it? You didn't come back to me, and I was obliged to go back to him. Why did you go away – why did you – when I loved you so? I can't think why you did it. But I don't blame you; only, Angel, will you forgive me my sin against you, now I have killed him? I thought as I ran along that you would be sure to forgive me now I have done that. It came to me as a shining light that I should get you back that way. I could not bear the loss of you any longer – you don't know how entirely I was unable to bear you not loving me! Say you do now, dear, dear husband; say you do, now I have killed him!'

From pp. 447–448

Encounters

A Room with a View, E M Forster

Cecil's first movement was one of irritation. He couldn't bear the Honeychurch habit of sitting in the dark to save the furniture. Instinctively he gave the curtains a twitch, and sent them swinging down their poles. Light entered. There was revealed a terrace, such as is owned by many villas, with trees each side of it, and on it a little rustic seat, and two flower-beds. But it was transfigured by the view beyond, for Windy Corner was built on the range that overlooks the Sussex Weald. Lucy, who was in the little seat, seemed on the edge of a green magic carpet which hovered in the air above a tremulous world.

Cecil entered.

Appearing thus late in the story, Cecil must be at once described. He was medieval. Like a Gothic statue. Tall and refined, with shoulders that seemed braced square by an effort of the will, and a head that was tilted a little higher than the usual level of vision, he resembled those fastidious saints who guard the portals of a French cathedral. Well educated, well endowed, and not deficient physically, he remained in the grip of a certain devil whom the modern world knows as self-consciousness, and whom the medieval, with dimmer vision, worshipped as asceticism. A Gothic statue implies celibacy, just as a Greek statue implies fruition, and perhaps this was what Mr Beebe meant. And Freddy, who ignored history and art, perhaps meant the same when he failed to imagine Cecil wearing another fellow's cap.

Mrs Honeychurch left her letter on the writing-table and moved towards her young acquaintance.

'Oh, Cecil!' she exclaimed – 'oh, Cecil, do tell me!'

'I promessi sposi,' said he.

They stared at him anxiously.

'She has accepted me,' he said, and the sound of the thing in English made him flush and smile with pleasure, and look more human.

'I am so glad,' said Mrs Honeychurch, while Freddy proffered a hand that was yellow with chemicals. They wished that they also knew Italian, for our phrases of approval and of amazement are so connected with little occasions that we fear to use them on great ones. We are obliged to become vaguely poetic, or to take refuge in Scriptural reminiscence.

'Welcome as one of the family!' said Mrs Honeychurch, waving her hand at the furniture. 'This is indeed a joyous day! I feel sure that you will make dear Lucy happy.'

'I hope so,' replied the young man, shifting his eyes to the ceiling.

'We mothers –' simpered Mrs Honeychurch, and then realized that she was affected, sentimental, bombastic – all the things she hated most. Why could she not be as Freddy, who stood stiff in the middle of the room, looking very cross and almost handsome?

'I say, Lucy!' called Cecil, for conversation seemed to flag.

Lucy rose from the seat. She moved across the lawn and smiled in at them, just as if she was going to ask them to play tennis. Then she saw her brother's face. Her lips parted, and she took him in her arms. He said, 'Steady on!'

From pp. 89–91

Encounters

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

It had got dusk, and the moon looked over the high wall of the court, causing undefined shadows to lurk in the corners of the numerous projecting portions of the building. I set my burden on the house steps by the kitchen door, and lingered to rest, and draw in a few more breaths of the soft, sweet air; my eyes were on the moon, and my back to the entrance, when I heard a voice behind me say –

‘Nelly, is that you?’

It was a deep voice, and foreign in tone; yet, there was something in the manner of pronouncing my name which made it sound familiar. I turned about to discover who spoke, fearfully, for the doors were shut, and I had seen nobody on approaching the steps.

Something stirred in the porch; and moving nearer, I distinguished a tall man dressed in dark clothes, with dark face and hair. He leant against the side, and held his fingers on the latch, as if intending to open for himself.

‘Who can it be?’ I thought. ‘Mr Earnshaw? Oh, no! The voice had no resemblance to his.’

‘I have waited here an hour,’ he resumed, while I continued staring; ‘and the whole of that time all round has been as still as death. I dared not enter. You do not know me? Look, I’m not a stranger!’

A ray fell on his features; the cheeks were sallow, and half covered with black whiskers; the brows lowering, the eyes deep set and singular. I remembered the eyes.

‘What!’ I cried, uncertain whether to regard him as a worldly visiter, and I raised my hands in amazement. ‘What! you come back? Is it really you? Is it?’

‘Yes, Heathcliff,’ he replied, glancing from me up to the windows which reflected a score of glittering moons, but showed no lights from within. ‘Are they at home – where is she? Nelly you are not glad – you needn’t be so disturbed. Is she here? Speak! I want to have one word with her – your mistress. Go, and say some person from Gimmerton desires to see her.’

‘How will she take it?’ I exclaimed, ‘what will she do? The surprise bewilders me – it will put her out of her head! And you *are* Heathcliff? But altered! Nay, there’s no comprehending it. Have you been for a soldier?’

‘Go, and carry my message,’ he interrupted impatiently; ‘I’m in hell till you do!’

He lifted the latch, and I entered; but when I got to the parlour where Mr and Mrs Linton were, I could not persuade myself to proceed.

At length, I resolved on making an excuse to ask if they would have the candles lighted, and I opened the door.

They sat together in a window whose lattice lay back against the wall, and displayed beyond the garden trees and the wild green park, the valley of Gimmerton, with a long line of mist winding nearly to its top (for very soon after you pass the chapel, as you may have noticed, the sough that runs from the marshes joins a beck which follows the bend of the glen). *Wuthering Heights* rose above this silvery vapour; but our old house was invisible – it rather dips down on the other side.

From pp. 93–94

Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

The first day I had to go to the convent, I clung to Aunt Cora as you would cling to life if you loved it. At last she got impatient, so I forced myself away from her and through the passage, down the steps into the street and, as I knew they would be, they were waiting for me under the sandbox tree. There were two of them, a boy and a girl. The boy was about fourteen and tall and big for his age, he had a white skin, a dull ugly white covered with freckles, his mouth was a negro's mouth and he had small eyes, like bits of green glass. He had the eyes of a dead fish. Worst, most horrible of all, his hair was crinkled, a negro's hair, but bright red, and his eyebrows and eyelashes were red. The girl was very black and wore no head handkerchief. Her hair had been plaited and I could smell the sickening oil she had daubed on it, from where I stood on the steps of Aunt Cora's dark, clean, friendly house, staring at them. They looked so harmless and quiet, no one would have noticed the glint in the boy's eyes.

Then the girl grinned and began to crack the knuckles of her fingers. At each crack I jumped and my hands began to sweat. I was holding some school books in my right hand and I shifted them to under my arm, but it was too late, there was a mark on the palm of my hand and a stain on the cover of the book. The girl began to laugh, very quietly, and it was then that hate came to me and courage with the hate so that I was able to walk past without looking at them.

I knew they were following, I knew too that as long as I was in sight of Aunt Cora's house they would do nothing but stroll along some distance after me. But I knew when they would draw close. It would be when I was going up the hill. There were walls and gardens on each side of the hill and no one would be there at this hour of the morning.

Half-way up they closed in on me and started talking. The girl said, 'Look the crazy girl, you crazy like your mother. Your aunt frightened to have you in the house. She send you for the nuns to lock up. Your mother walk about with no shoes and stockings on her feet, she *sans culottes*. She try to kill her husband and she try to kill you too that day you go to see her. She have eyes like zombi and you have eyes like zombi too. Why you won't look at me.' The boy only said, 'One day I catch you alone, you wait, one day I catch you alone.' When I got to the top of the hill they were jostling me, I could smell the girl's hair.

A long empty street stretched away to the convent, the convent wall and a wooden gate. I would have to ring before I could get in.

From pp. 26–27

Crossing Boundaries

Dracula, Bram Stoker

When Lucy – I call the thing that was before us Lucy because it bore her shape – saw us she drew back with an angry snarl, such as a cat gives when taken unawares; then her eyes ranged over us. Lucy's eyes in form and colour; but Lucy's eyes unclean and full of hell-fire, instead of the pure, gentle orbs we knew. At that moment the remnant of my love passed into hate and loathing; had she then to be killed, I could have done it with savage delight. As she looked, her eyes blazed with unholy light, and the face became wreathed with a voluptuous smile. Oh, God, how it made me shudder to see it! With a careless motion, she flung to the ground, callous as a devil, the child that up to now she had clutched strenuously to her breast, growling over it as a dog growls over a bone. The child gave a sharp cry, and lay there moaning. There was a cold-bloodedness in the act which wrung a groan from Arthur; when she advanced to him with outstretched arms and a wanton smile, he fell back and hid his face in his hands.

She still advanced, however, and with a languorous, voluptuous grace, said: –

'Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you. Come, and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come!'

There was something diabolically sweet in her tones – something of the tingling of glass when struck – which rang through the brains even of us who heard the words addressed to another. As for Arthur, he seemed under a spell; moving his hands from his face, he opened wide his arms. She was leaping for them, when Van Helsing sprang forward and held between them his little golden crucifix. She recoiled from it, and, with a suddenly distorted face, full of rage, dashed past him as if to enter the tomb.

When within a foot or two of the door, however, she stopped as if arrested by some irresistible force. Then she turned, and her face was shown in the clear burst of moonlight and by the lamp, which had now no quiver from Van Helsing's iron nerves. Never did I see such baffled malice on a face; and never, I trust, shall such ever be seen again by mortal eyes. The beautiful colour became livid, the eyes seemed to throw out sparks of hell-fire, the brows were wrinkled as though the folds of the flesh were the coils of Medusa's snakes, and the lovely, blood-stained mouth grew to an open square, as in the passion masks of the Greeks and Japanese. If ever a face meant death – if looks could kill – we saw it at that moment.

And so for full half a minute, which seemed an eternity, she remained between the lifted crucifix and the sacred closing of her means of entry. Van Helsing broke the silence by asking Arthur: –

'Answer me, oh my friend! Am I to proceed in my work?'

Arthur threw himself on his knees, and hid his face in his hands, as he answered: –

'Do as you will, friend; do as you will. There can be no horror like this ever any more!' and he groaned in spirit.

From pp. 225–227

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<i>A Single Man</i>	Christopher Isherwood, Vintage (Random House), 2010
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	Thomas Hardy (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2011
<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	Emily Brontë (Public Domain Work), 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 (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003

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