

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
Advanced GCE

ENGLISH LITERATURE

2713/RB

Comparative and Contextual Study (Closed Text)
Reading Booklet

Tuesday **31 JANUARY 2006** Afternoon 2 hours 15 minutes

TIME 2 hours + 15 minutes reading time

- **The first fifteen minutes are for reading the passages in this reading booklet.**
- During this time you may make any annotations you choose on the passages themselves.
- The questions for this examination are given on a separate sheet.
- **You must not open the question paper, or write anything in your answer booklet, until instructed to do so.**
- The Invigilator will tell you when the fifteen minutes begin and end.
- You will then be allowed to open the question paper.
- You will have **two hours** to work on the tasks.

This reading booklet consists of 11 printed pages and 1 blank page.

1 Satire

The passage comes from *Love Among the Ruins* (1953) by Evelyn Waugh.

He was in a....

An extract has been removed due to third party copyright restrictions

Details:

Title: Love Among the Ruins
Author: Evelyn Waugh
ASIN: B000AMZQ3Y

....arranged for the confiscation.

of their property. Miles never passed the door through which they were finally one by one conducted. A faint whiff of cyanide sometimes gave a hint of the mysteries beyond. Meanwhile he swept the waiting room, emptied the waste-paper basket and brewed tea – a worker’s job, for which the refinements of Mountjoy proved a too rich apprenticeship. 55

2 The Gothic Tradition

The passage is an extract from the poem *Darkness* by Byron. It was first published in 1816.

DARKNESS

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air; 5
 Morn came and went – and came, and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
 And they did live by watchfires – and the thrones, 10
 The palaces of crowned kings – the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face; 15
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
 Forests were set on fire – but hour by hour
 They fell and faded – and the crackling trunks 20
 Extinguish'd with a crash – and all was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest 25
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again 30
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd 35
 And twined themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing, but stingless – they were slain for food.
 And War, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again: – a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart 40
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
 All earth was but one thought – and that was death
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails – men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh; 45
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,

Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress – he died.

3 Writing of the Romantic Era

The passage is an extract from the poem *The Dove's Loneliness* by George Darley. It was published in 1826.

THE DOVE'S LONELINESS

Break not my loneliness, O Wanderer!
 There's nothing sweet but Melancholy, here. –
 'Mid these dim walks and grassy wynds¹ are seen
 No gaudy flowers, undarkening the green: 5
 No wanton bird chirrup from tree to tree,
 Not a disturber of the woods but me!
 Scarce in a summer doth a wild bee come
 To wake my sylvan echo with his hum:
 But for my weeping lullaby I have 10
 The everlasting cadence of the wave
 That falls in little breakers on the shore,
 And rather seems to strive to roar – than roar;
 Light Zephyr, too, spreads out his silver wings
 On each green leaf, and in a whisper sings 15
 His love to every blossom in her ear,
 Too low, too soft, too sweet, for me to hear!
 The soul of Peace breathes a wide calm around,
 And hallows for her shrine this sacred spot of ground.
 Her bird am I! – and rule the shade for her,
 A timid guard, and trembling minister! 20
 My cradling palace hung amid the leaves
 Of a wide-swaying beech: a woodbine weaves,
 Fine spinster of the groves! my canopy
 Of purpling trellis and embroidery:
 My pendant chair, lined with the velvet green 25
 That nature clothes her russet children in,
 Moss of the silkiest thread: This is my throne,
 Here I do sit, queen of the woods, alone!
 And as the winds come swooning through the trees,
 I join my murmurs to their melodies; 30
 Murmurs of joy, – for I am pleased to find
 No visitors more constant than the wind:
 My heart beats high at every step you come
 Nearer the bosom of my woodland home;
 And blame me not, if when you turn away 35
 I wish that to some other scenes you'd stray,
 Some brighter, lovelier scenes; these are too sad,
 Too still, and deepen into deeper shade. –
 See! the gay hillocks on the neighbouring shore,
 Nodding their tufted crowns, invite thee o'er; 40
 The daisy winks, and the pale cowslip throws
 Her jealous looks ascant – red burns the rose –
 Spare hawthorn all her glittering wealth displays,
 Stars, blossoms, buds, and hangs them in the blaze,
 To lure thine eye – the slope as fresh and sweet, 45
 Spreads her lush carpet to entice thy feet.
 Here are but weeds, and a few sorry gems
 Scattered upon the straggling woodbine's stems,
 Hoar trees and withered fern – Ah, stranger, go:
 I would not stay to make thee tremble so! 50

¹ wynds: winding paths

4 20th Century American Prose

The passage comes from *Babbitt* (1922) by Sinclair Lewis.

Besides the five official delegates to the convention – Babbitt, Rountree, W. A. Rogers, Alvin Thayer, and Elbert Wing – there were fifty unofficial delegates, most of them with their wives.

They met at the Union Station for the midnight train to Monarch ... Babbitt was stirred to hysteric patriotism. He leaped on a bench, shouting to the crowd: 5

“What’s the matter with Zenith?”

“She’s all right!”

“What’s best ole town in the USA?”

“Zeeeeeen-ith!”

The patient poor people waiting for the midnight train stared in unenvious wonder – Italian women with shawls, old weary men with broken shoes, roving road-wise boys in suits which had been flashy when they were new but which were faded now and wrinkled. 10

Babbitt perceived that as an official delegate he must be more dignified. With Wing and Rogers he tramped up and down the cement platform beside the waiting Pullmans. Motor-driven baggage-trucks and red-capped porters carrying bags sped down the platform with an agreeable effect of activity. Arc-lights glared and stammered overhead. The glossy yellow sleeping-cars shone impressively. Babbitt made his voice to be measured and lordly; he thrust out his abdomen and rumbled, “We got to see to it that the convention lets the Legislature understand just where they get off in this matter of taxing realty transfers¹.” Wing uttered approving grunts and Babbitt swelled – gloated – 15 20

The blind of a Pullman compartment was raised, and Babbitt looked into an unfamiliar world. The occupant of the compartment was Lucile McKelvey, the pretty wife of the millionaire contractor. Possibly, Babbitt thrilled, she was going to Europe! On the seat beside her was a bunch of orchids and violets, and a yellow paper-bound book which seemed foreign. While he stared, she picked up the book, then glanced out of the window as though she was bored. She must have looked straight at him, and he had met her, but she gave no sign. She languidly pulled down the blind, and he stood still, a cold feeling of insignificance in his heart. 25

But on the train his pride was restored by meeting delegates from Sparta, Pioneer, and other smaller cities of the state, who listened respectfully when, as a magnifico from the metropolis of Zenith, he explained politics and the value of a Good Sound Business Administration. They fell joyfully into shop-talk, the purest and most rapturous form of conversation: 30

“How’d this fellow Rountree make out with this big apartment-hotel he was going to put up? Whadde do? Get out bonds to finance it?” asked a Sparta broker. 35

“Well, I’ll tell you,” said Babbitt. “Now if I’d been handling it –”

“So,” Elbert Wing was droning, “I hired this shop-window for a week, and put up a big sign, ‘Toy Town for Tiny Tots,’ and stuck in a lot of doll houses and some dinky little trees, and then down at the bottom, ‘Baby Likes This Dollydale, but Papa and Mama Will Prefer Our Beautiful Bungalows,’ and you know, that certainly got folks talking, and first week we sold –” 40

The trucks sang “lickety-lick, lickety-lick” as the train ran through the factory district. Furnaces spurted flame, and power-hammers were clanging. Red lights, green lights, furious white lights rushed past, and Babbitt was important again, and eager. 45

¹ *realty transfers*: property sales

5 Drama Post-1945

The passage comes from *My Mother Said I Never Should* (1988) by Charlotte Keatley.

Cheadle Hulme, Manchester, 1951.....

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Details:

An extract from 'My Mother Said I Never Should' by Charlotte Keatley.

ISBN: 0413684709

....MARGRET:Mother!

6 Post-Colonial Literature

The passage comes from The Journey (1989) by Catherine Lim.

His children - how fortunate.....

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Details:

A passage taken from 'The Journey' by Catherine Lim, 1989

.....hidden from his sisters

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