

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)

2446/2

Scheme B

UNIT 6 Poetry and Prose Pre-1914

HIGHER TIER

Thursday

13 JANUARY 2005

Afternoon

1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials:

Answer paper.

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

TIME 1 hour 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

You must answer **TWO** questions.

- You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Poetry pre-1914**
- You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Prose pre-1914**

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total number of marks for this paper is 66.

- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.

This question paper consists of 26 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

SECTION A

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry pre-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	4–7	1–6
WILLIAM BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	8–9	7–9
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i> (ed. Motion)	10–12	10–12

1 (a)

Since there's no help ...

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.
 Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
 Shake hands for ever; cancel all our vows; 5
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies, 10
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes;

Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Michael Drayton (1563–1631)

OCR: *Opening Lines: Men and Women* (Cont.)

(b)

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned:

5

Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late then to counsel or to pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

10

Christina Rossetti (1830–1893)

Either 1 Compare how these two poems communicate to you a moving and memorable portrayal of a relationship. [30]

Or 2 What do you find particularly effective and amusing about the differing uses of language in *The Ruined Maid* (Hardy) and *Faithless Sally Brown* (Hood)? [30]

Or 3 Although *The Sick Rose* (Blake) and *In the Mile End Road* (Levy) are both brief poems, they have a powerful impact.

Compare the impact the poets' writing makes on you. [30]

4 (a)

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert ... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, 5
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear: 10
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

A Cradle Song (Innocence)

Sweet dreams form a shade
 O'er my lovely infant's head;
 Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
 By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down 5
 Weave thy brows an infant crown.
 Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
 Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
 Hover over my delight; 10
 Sweet smiles, Mother's smiles,
 All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
 Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
 Sweet moans, sweeter smiles, 15
 All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep, happy child,
 All creation slept and smil'd;
 Sleep sleep, happy sleep,
 While o'er thee thy mother weep. 20

Sweet babe, in thy face
 Holy image I can trace.
 Sweet babe, once like thee,
 Thy maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all, 25
 When he was an infant small.
 Thou his image ever see,
 Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
 Who became an infant small. 30
 Infant smiles are his own smiles;
 Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)(b) *Nurse's Song* (Innocence)

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast,
 And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down, 5
 And the dews of night arise;
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
 And we cannot go to sleep; 10
 Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
 And the hills are all cover'd with sheep."

"Well, well, go & play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed."
 The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd 15
 And all the hills echoed.

Either 7 Compare the ways in which Blake conveys the mother's and the nurse's feelings for children in these two poems. [30]

Or 8 What impact does Blake's depiction of suffering have on you in **two** of the following poems?

Holy Thursday (Experience)
London (Experience)
The Chimney Sweeper (Experience)

Remember to refer to the words and phrases Blake uses. [30]

Or 9 How does Blake make the feelings of the children memorable for you in *The Chimney Sweeper* (Innocence) and *Infant Sorrow* (Experience)? [30]

10 (a)

To Lizbie Browne

i

Dear Lizbie Browne,
 Where are you now?
 In sun, in rain? –
 Or is your brow
 Past joy, past pain, 5
 Dear Lizbie Browne?

ii

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
 How you could smile,
 How you could sing! –
 How archly wile 10
 In glance-giving,
 Sweet Lizbie Browne!

iii

And, Lizbie Browne,
 Who else had hair
 Bay-red as yours, 15
 Or flesh so fair
 Bred out of doors,
 Sweet Lizbie Browne?

iv

When, Lizbie Browne,
 You had just begun 20
 To be endeared
 By stealth to one,
 You disappeared
 My Lizbie Browne!

v

Ay, Lizbie Browne, 25
 So swift your life,
 And mine so slow,
 You were a wife
 Ere I could show
 Love, Lizbie Browne. 30

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

vi

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed ...
Where went you then, 35
O Lizbie Browne?

vii

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
'Girls ripen fast,'
And coaxed and caught 40
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

viii

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign; 45
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

ix

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day 50
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
'And who was he?' –
Yes, Lizbie Browne!

SECTION B

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose pre-1914		
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>	14–15	13–15
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Great Expectations</i>	16–17	16–18
THOMAS HARDY: <i>The Mayor of Casterbridge</i>	18–19	19–21
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: <i>Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i>	20–21	22–24
EDGAR ALLEN POE: <i>Selected Tales</i> (Penguin Popular Classics)	22–23	25–27
H G WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	24–25	28–30
KATE CHOPIN: EITHER <i>The Awakening and other stories</i> (ed. Knights) OR <i>A Shameful Affair and other stories</i> (ed. Beer)	26–27	31–33

13

He made no answer, and they were again silent till they had gone down the dance, when he asked her if she and her sisters did not very often walk to Meryton. She answered in the affirmative, and, unable to resist the temptation, added, 'When you met us there the other day, we had just been forming a new acquaintance.'

The effect was immediate. A deeper shade of hauteur overspread his features, but he said not a word, and Elizabeth, though blaming herself for her own weakness, could not go on. At length Darcy spoke, and in a constrained manner said,

'Mr. Wickham is blessed with such happy manners as may ensure his *making* friends — whether he may be equally capable of *retaining* them, is less certain.'

'He has been so unlucky as to lose *your* friendship,' replied Elizabeth with emphasis, 'and in a manner which he is likely to suffer from all his life.'

Darcy made no answer, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. At that moment Sir William Lucas appeared close to them, meaning to pass through the set to the other side of the room; but on perceiving Mr. Darcy, he stopt with a bow of superior courtesy, to compliment him on his dancing and his partner.

'I have been most highly gratified indeed, my dear Sir. Such very superior dancing is not often seen. It is evident that you belong to the first circles. Allow me to say, however, that your fair partner does not disgrace you, and that I must hope to have this pleasure often repeated, especially when a certain desirable event, my dear Miss Eliza, (glancing at her sister and Bingley,) shall take place. What congratulations will then flow in! I appeal to Mr Darcy: — but let me not interrupt you, Sir. — You will not thank me for detaining you from the bewitching converse of that young lady, whose bright eyes are also upbraiding me.'

The latter part of this address was scarcely heard by Darcy; but Sir William's allusion to his friend seemed to strike him forcibly, and his eyes were directed with a very serious expression towards Bingley and Jane, who were dancing together. Recovering himself, however, shortly, he turned to his partner, and said, 'Sir William's interruption has made me forget what we were talking of.'

'I do not think we were speaking at all. Sir William could not have interrupted any two people in the room who had less to say for themselves. — We have tried two or three subjects already without success, and what we are to talk of next I cannot imagine.'

'What think you of books?' said he, smiling.

'Books — Oh! no. — I am sure we never read the same, or not with the same feelings.'

'I am sorry you think so; but if that be the case, there can at least be no want of subject. — We may compare our different opinions.'

'No — I cannot talk of books in a ball-room; my head is always full of something else.'

'The *present* always occupies you in such scenes — does it?' said he, with a look of doubt.

'Yes, always,' she replied, without knowing what she said, for her thoughts had wandered far from the subject, as soon afterwards appeared by her suddenly exclaiming, 'I remember hearing you once say, Mr Darcy, that you hardly ever forgave, that your resentment once created was unappeasable. You are very cautious, I suppose, as to its *being created*.'

'I am,' said he, with a firm voice.

'And never allow yourself to be blinded by prejudice?'

'I hope not.'

'It is particularly incumbent on those who never change their opinion, to be secure of judging properly at first.'

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JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice* (Cont.)

'May I ask to what these questions tend?'

'Merely to the illustration of *your* character,' said she, endeavouring to shake off her gravity. 'I am trying to make it out.'

55

'And what is your success?'

She shook her head. 'I do not get on at all. I hear such different accounts of you as puzzle me exceedingly.'

'I can readily believe,' answered he gravely, 'that report may vary greatly with respect to me; and I could wish, Miss Bennet, that you were not to sketch my character at the present moment, as there is reason to fear that the performance would reflect no credit on either.'

60

'But if I do not take your likeness now, I may never have another opportunity.'

'I would by no means suspend any pleasure of yours,' he coldly replied. She said no more, and they went down the other dance and parted in silence; on each side dissatisfied, though not to an equal degree, for in Darcy's breast there was a tolerable powerful feeling towards her, which soon procured her pardon, and directed all his anger against another.

65

Either 13 In what ways does Austen make this a tense and significant moment in the relationship between Elizabeth and Darcy? [30]

Or 14 What makes Austen's portrayal of Mr Collins both comic and serious, in your opinion? [30]

Or 15 What makes Lydia's elopement with Wickham a dramatic and entertaining part of the novel for you? [30]

16 'My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, "I forgive her," though ever so long after my broken heart is dust – pray do it!'

'Oh Miss Havisham,' said I, 'I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes; and my life has been a blind and thankless one; and I want forgiveness and direction far too much, to be bitter with you.'

5

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet; with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to Heaven from her mother's side.

10

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

15

'Oh!' she cried, despairingly. 'What have I done! What have I done!'

'If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances. – Is she married?'

'Yes.'

20

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

'What have I done! What have I done!' She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. 'What have I done!'

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker, I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

25

30

35

'Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!' And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

'Miss Havisham,' I said, when her cry had died away, 'you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years.'

40

'Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip – my Dear!' There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. 'My Dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more.'

45

'Well, well!' said I. 'I hope so.'

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations* (Cont.)

Either 16 How does Dickens' writing here powerfully reveal to you how Pip's relationship with Miss Havisham has changed by the end of the novel? [30]

Or 17 What does Dickens' writing encourage you to feel about the way in which adults treat Pip and Estella when they are children?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 18 Which characters in *Great Expectations* does Dickens' writing make the most amusing for you? [30]

- 19 Lucetta started to her feet; and almost at the instant the door of the room was quickly and softly opened. Elizabeth-Jane advanced into the firelight.
- 'I have come to see you,' she said breathlessly. 'I did not stop to knock – forgive me! I see you have not shut your shutters, and the window is open.'
- Without waiting for Lucetta's reply she crossed quickly to the window, and pulled out one of the shutters. Lucetta glided to her side. 'Let it be – hush!' she said peremptorily, in a dry voice, while she seized Elizabeth-Jane by the hand, and held up her finger. Their intercourse had been so low and hurried that not a word had been lost of the conversation without; which had thus proceeded: –
- 'Her neck is uncovered, and her hair in bands, and her back-comb in place; she's got on a puce silk, and white stockings, and coloured shoes.'
- Again Elizabeth-Jane attempted to close the window, but Lucetta held her by main force.
- 'Tis me!' she said, with a face pale as death. 'A procession – a scandal – an effigy of me, and him!'
- The look of Elizabeth betrayed that the latter knew it already.
- 'Let us shut it out,' coaxed Elizabeth-Jane, noting that the rigid wildness of Lucetta's features was growing yet more rigid and wild with the meaning of the noise and laughter. 'Let us shut it out!'
- 'It is of no use!' she shrieked out. 'He will see it, won't he? Donald will see it! He is just coming home – and it will break his heart – he will never love me any more – and o, it will kill me – kill me!'
- Elizabeth-Jane was frantic now. 'O, can't something be done to stop it?' she cried. 'Is there nobody to do it – not one?'
- She relinquished Lucetta's hands, and ran to the door. Lucetta herself, saying recklessly, 'I will see it!' turned to the window, threw up the sash, and went out upon the balcony. Elizabeth immediately followed her, and put her arm round her to pull her in. Lucetta's eyes were straight upon the spectacle of the uncanny revel, now advancing rapidly. The numerous lights around the two effigies threw them up into lurid distinctness; it was impossible to mistake the pair for other than the intended victims.
- 'Come in, come in,' implored Elizabeth; 'and let me shut the window!'
- 'She's me – she's me – even to the parasol – my green parasol!' cried Lucetta with a wild laugh as she stepped in. She stood motionless for one second – then fell heavily to the floor.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (Cont.)

Either 19 How does Hardy's writing make this such a shocking and distressing moment for Lucetta? [30]

Or 20 Do you think Hardy portrays Henchard as a wholly selfish character in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*? [30]

Or 21 What do you find striking and interesting in Hardy's depiction of **one** of the following?

The Fair at Weydon Priors

Mixen Lane

The Ring

Remember to refer to details from the novel in your answer. [30]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

22 10th December, 18—.

‘Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, ‘Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,’ I would not have sacrificed my fortune or my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself. 5

‘I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night – ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and, with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands. 10 15 20

‘That is the first part of the service: now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes, afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason. 25 30

‘Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon and save 35

Your friend,
H.J. 40

P.S. – I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post-office may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll.’ 45

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (Cont.)

Either 22 In what ways does Stevenson, in this extract, develop the mystery surrounding Dr Jekyll?
[30]

Or 23 Does Stevenson encourage you to feel sympathy with Dr Jekyll, or do you think he deserves his fate?

Remember to support your ideas with detail from the novel. [30]

Or 24 In what ways does Stevenson's creation of settings contribute to the atmosphere of the novel, in your opinion? [30]

25 (a)

The Premature Burial

I could no longer doubt that I reposed within a coffin at last.

And now, amid all my infinite miseries, came sweetly the cherub Hope – for I thought of my precautions. I writhed, and made spasmodic exertions to force open the lid: it would not move. I felt my wrists for the bell-rope; it was not to be found. And now the Comforter fled for ever, and a still sterner Despair reigned triumphant; for I could not help perceiving the absence of the paddings which I had so carefully prepared – and then, too, there came suddenly to my nostrils the strong peculiar odour of moist earth. The conclusion was irresistible. I was *not* within the vault. I had fallen into a trance while absent from home – while among strangers – when, or how, I could not remember – and it was they who had buried me as a dog – nailed up in some common coffin – and thrust, deep, deep, and for ever, into some ordinary and nameless *grave*. 5 10

(b)

The Black Cat

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat-pocket a penknife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity. 5

When reason returned with the morning – when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch – I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed. 10

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. 15

EDGAR ALLEN POE: *Selected Tales* (Cont.)

Either 25 What do you find most chilling and shocking about Poe's depiction of the events in these passages? [30]

Or 26 How does Poe memorably portray disturbed minds in *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Imp of the Perverse*? [30]

Or 27 How does Poe's portrayal of the supernatural make an impact on you in *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Masque of the Red Death*? [30]

28 'Hole!' said Mr. Polly, and then for a change, and with greatly increased emphasis: '*Ole!*' He paused, and then broke out with one of his private and peculiar idioms. 'Oh! *Beastly Silly Wheeze* of a hole!'

He was sitting on a stile between two threadbare-looking fields, and suffering acutely from indigestion. 5

He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon in his life, but as he lacked introspection he projected the associated discomfort upon the world. Every afternoon he discovered afresh that life as a whole, and every aspect of life that presented itself, was 'beastly.' And this afternoon, lured by the delusive blueness of a sky that was blue because the March wind was in the east, he had come out in the hope of snatching something of the joyousness of spring. The mysterious alchemy of mind and body refused, however, to permit any joyousness in the spring. 10

He had had a little difficulty in finding his cap before he came out. He wanted his cap—the new golf cap—and Mrs. Polly must needs fish out his old soft brown felt hat. "*Ere's* your 'at,' she said in a tone of insincere encouragement. 15

He had been routing among the piled newspapers under the kitchen dresser, and had turned quite hopefully and taken the thing. He put it on. But it didn't feel right. Nothing felt right. He put a trembling hand upon the crown and pressed it on his head, and tried it askew to the right and then askew to the left.

Then the full sense of the offered indignity came home to him. The hat masked the upper sinister quarter of his face, and he spoke with a wrathful eye regarding his wife from under the brim. In a voice thick with fury he said: 'I s'pose you'd like me to wear that silly Mud Pie for ever, eh? I tell you I won't. I'm sick of it. I'm pretty near sick of everything, comes to that Hat!' 20

He clutched it with quivering fingers. 'Hat!' he repeated. Then he flung it to the ground, and kicked it with extraordinary fury across the kitchen. It flew up against the door and dropped to the ground with its ribbon band half off. 25

H G WELLS: *The History of Mr Polly* (Cont.)

Either 28 How do you think Wells makes this such an effective introduction to Mr Polly's character?
[30]

Or 29 What do you find most entertaining about Wells' depiction of Parsons, the shop assistant?
[30]

Or 30 Having read *The History of Mr Polly*, what do you think the novel suggests about the idea of a happy and fulfilling life?
[30]

KATE CHOPIN: EITHER *The Awakening and other stories*
OR *A Shameful Affair and other stories*

31 (a)

A Respectable Woman

Her mind only vaguely grasped what he was saying. Her physical being was for the moment predominant. She was not thinking of his words, only drinking in the tones of his voice. She wanted to reach out her hand in the darkness and touch him with the sensitive tips of her fingers upon the face or the lips. She wanted to draw close to him and whisper against his cheek – she did not care what – as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman. 5

The stronger the impulse grew to bring herself near him, the further, in fact, did she draw away from him. As soon as she could do so without an appearance of too great rudeness, she rose and left him there alone.

Before she reached the house, Gouvernail had lighted a fresh cigar and ended his apostrophe to the night. 10

Mrs. Baroda was greatly tempted that night to tell her husband – who was also her friend – of this folly that had seized her. But she did not yield to the temptation. Beside being a respectable woman she was a very sensible one; and she knew there are some battles in life which a human being must fight alone. 15

When Gaston arose in the morning, his wife had already departed. She had taken an early morning train to the city. She did not return till Gouvernail was gone from under her roof.

There was some talk of having him back during the summer that followed. That is, Gaston greatly desired it; but this desire yielded to his wife's strenuous opposition. 20

(b)

Her Letters

At the hour when he usually retired for the night he sat himself down before her writing desk and began the search of drawers, slides, pigeon-holes, nooks and corners. He did not leave a scrap of anything unread. Many of the letters which he found were old; some he had read before; others were new to him. But in none did he find a faintest evidence that his wife had not been the true and loyal woman he had always believed her to be. The night was nearly spent before the fruitless search ended. The brief, troubled sleep which he snatched before his hour for rising was freighted with feverish, grotesque dreams, through all of which he could hear and could see dimly the dark river rushing by, carrying away his heart, his ambitions, his life. 5 10

But it was not alone in letters that women betrayed their emotions, he thought. Often he had known them, especially when in love, to mark fugitive, sentimental passages in books of verse or prose, thus expressing and revealing their own hidden thought. Might she not have done the same? 15

Then began a second and far more exhausting and arduous quest than the first, turning, page by page, the volumes that crowded her room – books of fiction, poetry, philosophy. She had read them all; but nowhere, by the shadow of a sign, could he find that the author had echoed the secret of her existence – the secret which he had held in his hands and had cast into the river.

KATE CHOPIN: EITHER *The Awakening and other stories*
OR *A Shameful Affair and other stories* (Cont.)

Either 31 How does Chopin convey to you the turmoil of the characters' feelings in these two extracts? [30]

Or 32 Both Adrienne in *Lilacs* and Désirée in *The Father of Désirée's Baby (Désirée's Baby)* are heartbroken by the treatment they receive.

In what ways does Chopin make you feel sympathy for them? [30]

Or 33 Tonie in *Tonie (At Chênière Caminada)* and Mrs Mallard in *The Dream of an Hour (The Story of an Hour)* both react surprisingly to the death of a person close to them.

In what ways does Chopin encourage you to understand and share their feelings? [30]

