OCR
RECOGNISING ACHIEVEMENT

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901) 2444/2

Scheme A

UNIT 4 Pre-1914 Texts

HIGHER TIER

Monday **23 MAY 2005** Morning 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials:
Answer booklet
This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated**.

TIME 1 hour 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces on the answer booklet.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Drama pre-1914**.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Poetry pre-1914**.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section C: Prose pre-1914**.
- Write your answers, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what to do before starting your answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total number of marks for this paper is 45.

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question.
- All questions carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 29 printed pages and 3 blank pages.

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CONTENTS

A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

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SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1

CLAUDIO: Stand thee by, Friar. Father, by your leave –
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?
LEONATO: As freely son as God did give her me.
CLAUDIO: And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
DON PEDRO: Nothing, unless you render her again.
CLAUDIO: Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There Leonato, take her back again,
Give not this rotten orange to your friend –
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid
By these exterior shows? But she is none;
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed.
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
LEONATO: What do you mean, my lord?
CLAUDIO: Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Either **1** How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic and unexpected moment in the play? [15]

Or **2** You are Beatrice near the end of the play, when Benedick kisses you and says, 'Peace, I will stop your mouth.'

Write your thoughts. [15]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

3

ROMEO: (*to Juliet*) If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
JULIET: Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
ROMEO: Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
JULIET: Ay pilgrim lips that they must use in prayer.
ROMEO: O then dear saint, let lips do what hands do.
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
JULIET: Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
ROMEO: Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
(*Kisses her*)
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.
JULIET: Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
ROMEO: Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged.
Give me my sin again.
JULIET: You kiss by th' book.

Either **3** How does Shakespeare make this such a memorable moment in the play? [15]

Or **4** How far do you agree that Shakespeare presents Tybalt as a despicable character?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [15]

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OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5 MRS CHEVELEY: Arthur, you are unjust to me. Believe me, you are quite unjust to me. I didn't go to taunt Gertrude at all. I had no idea of doing anything of the kind when I entered. I called with Lady Markby simply to ask whether an ornament, a jewel, that I lost somewhere last night, had been found at the Chilterns'. If you don't believe me, you can ask Lady Markby. She will tell you it is true. The scene that occurred happened after Lady Markby had left, and was really forced on me by Gertrude's rudeness and sneers. I called, oh! – a little out of malice if you like – but really to ask if a diamond brooch of mine had been found. That was the origin of the whole thing.

LORD GORING: A diamond snake-brooch with a ruby?

MRS CHEVELEY: Yes. How do you know?

LORD GORING: Because it is found. In point of fact, I found it myself, and stupidly forgot to tell the butler anything about it as I was leaving. (*Goes over to the writing-table and pulls out the drawers.*) It is in this drawer. No, that one. This is the brooch, isn't it? (*Holds up the brooch.*)

MRS CHEVELEY: Yes. I am so glad to get it back. It was … a present.

LORD GORING: Won't you wear it?

MRS CHEVELEY: Certainly, if you pin it in. (LORD GORING *suddenly clasps it on her arm.*) Why do you put it on as a bracelet? I never knew it could be worn as a bracelet.

LORD GORING: Really?

MRS CHEVELEY: (*holding out her handsome arm*). No; but it looks very well on me as a bracelet, doesn't it?

LORD GORING: Yes; much better than when I saw it last.

MRS CHEVELEY: When did you see it last?

LORD GORING: (*calmly*). Oh, ten years ago, on Lady Berkshire, from whom you stole it.

MRS CHEVELEY: (*starting*). What do you mean?

LORD GORING: I mean that you stole that ornament from my cousin, Mary Berkshire, to whom I gave it when she was married. Suspicion fell on a wretched servant, who was sent away in disgrace. I recognised it last night. I determined to say nothing about it till I had found the thief. I have found the thief now, and I have heard her own confession.

MRS CHEVELEY: (*tossing her head*). It is not true.

LORD GORING: You know it is true. Why, thief is written across your face at this moment.

MRS CHEVELEY: I will deny the whole affair from beginning to end. I will say that I have never seen this wretched thing, that it was never in my possession.

(MRS CHEVELEY *tries to get the bracelet off her arm, but fails.* LORD GORING *looks on amused. Her thin fingers tear at the jewel to no purpose. A curse breaks from her.*)

LORD GORING: The drawback of stealing a thing, Mrs Cheveley, is that one never knows how wonderful the thing that one steals is. You can't get that bracelet off, unless you know where the spring is. And I see you don't know where the spring is. It is rather difficult to find.

MRS CHEVELEY: You brute! You coward! (*She tries again to unclasp the bracelet, but fails.*)

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband* (Cont.)

LORD GORING: Oh! don't use big words. They mean so little.

MRS CHEVELEY: (*again tears at the bracelet in a paroxysm of rage, with inarticulate sounds. Then stops, and looks at* LORD GORING.) What are you going to do?

LORD GORING: I am going to ring for my servant. He is an admirable servant. Always comes in the moment one rings for him. When he comes I will tell him to fetch the police.

MRS CHEVELEY: (*trembling*). The police? What for?

LORD GORING: Tomorrow the Berkshires will prosecute you. That is what the police are for.

MRS CHEVELEY: (*is now in an agony of physical terror. Her face is distorted. Her mouth awry. A mask has fallen from her. She is, for the moment, dreadful to look at*.) Don't do that. I will do anything you want. Anything in the world you want.

Either **5** How does Wilde make this a particularly dramatic and significant moment in the play? [15]

Or **6** Do you think that Wilde's presentation of Lord Goring suggests that he will make an ideal husband for Mabel Chiltern? [15]

[Turn over

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

7

MAYOR: Goodbye, Katherine. Goodbye, gentlemen. (*He leaves.*)

MRS STOCKMANN: (*comes into the living-room*). Has he gone?

DR STOCKMANN: Yes, he has; and in high dudgeon.

MRS STOCKMANN: Thomas, my dear, what have you been doing to him this time?

DR STOCKMANN: Absolutely nothing. He can't expect an account from me before the proper time.

MRS STOCKMANN: What are you expected to give him an account of?

DR STOCKMANN: Hm! Don't bother me about that now, Katherine. – Funny the postman doesn't come.

(HOVSTAD*,* BILLING *and* HORSTER *have risen from the table and come into the living-room.* EJLIF *and* MORTEN *follow them after a while*.)

BILLING: (*stretches himself*). Ah! A supper like that and, damn me, if it doesn't make you feel like a new man!

HOVSTAD: Our Mayor wasn't in the best of moods this evening.

DR STOCKMANN: It's his stomach. Digestion's none too good.

HOVSTAD: It was mainly us two from the *Herald* he couldn't stomach, I reckon.

MRS STOCKMANN: I thought you seemed to be getting on quite nicely with him.

HOVSTAD: Oh yes, but it's only a kind of armistice.

BILLING: That's it. That describes it exactly.

DR STOCKMANN: We mustn't forget that Peter's a lonely person, poor chap. He hasn't any proper home where he can relax. Business, nothing but business! And all that damned weak tea he keeps pouring into himself. Now then, lads, pull your chairs up to the table. Katherine, don't we get any toddy?

MRS STOCKMANN: (*makes for the dining-room*). I'm just going to get it.

DR STOCKMANN: Come and sit beside me on the sofa, Captain Horster. It's so rarely we see you. Do sit down, my friends.

(*The men seat themselves round the table.* MRS STOCKMANN *enters with a tray on which there is a kettle, glasses, decanters and so on*.)

MRS STOCKMANN: There we are. This is Arrack, and this is rum, and this is cognac. Everybody just help themselves.

DR STOCKMANN: (*takes a glass*). Ah, we will that! (*Whilst the toddy is being mixed.*) Let's have the cigars out, too. Ejlif, you know where the box is kept. And you, Morten, can bring my pipe. (*The boys go into the room on the right*.) I have a suspicion Ejlif helps himself to a cigar now and then, but I don't let on I know. (*Calls.*) My smoking-cap as well, Morten! Katherine, could you tell him where I've put it. Ah! He's got it. (*The boys bring the various articles.*) Help yourselves, my friends. I'll stick to my pipe. Many's the time this one's done the rounds with me, fair weather and foul, up there in the North. (*They clink glasses.*) Your health! Ah, it's much better to be sitting nice and snug in here.

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People* (Cont.)

Either **7** How characteristic of him is the way that Dr Stockmann behaves towards his family here? [15]

Or **8** 'Dr Stockmann is the only truly decent person in a play full of corrupt and self-centred people.'

How far do you agree with this view? [15]

[Turn over

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SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this Section.

9 (a) *To His Coy Mistress*

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart:
For, Lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Andrew Marvell

(b) *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;
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,
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

Either **9** Compare some of the ways in which the poets present the speakers in these two poems. [15]

Or **10** Explore some of the differing ways in which **TWO** of the following poems show that love does not always bring happiness.

The Sick Rose (Blake)
Faithless Sally Brown (Hood)
On the Departure Platform (Hardy) [15]

OCR: *Opening Lines: Time and Change*

11 (a)

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Thomas Hardy

(b)

The Listeners

‘Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest’s ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller’s head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
‘Is there anybody there?’ he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller’s call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
’Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head: –
‘Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,’ he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare

Either **11** What do you find striking about some of the differing ways the poets create mood or atmosphere in these two poems? [15]

Or **12** Compare how **TWO** of the following poems vividly convey the poets’ feelings about the times they live in.

The Latest Decalogue (Clough)
A Song (Pilkington)
On the Times (Anon.) [15]

BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say:

'Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
Saying: "Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)

(b) *The Chimney Sweeper*

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry ‘’weep! ’weep! ’weep! ’weep!’
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There’s little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb’s back, was shav’d: so I said
‘Hush, Tom! Never mind it, for when your head’s bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.’

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack,
Were all of them lock’d up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open’d the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the Angel told Tom, if he’d be a good boy,
He’d have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Tho’ the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

Either **13** Compare the ways in which Blake pictures heaven and the after-life in these two poems. [15]

Or **14** Explore the different ways in which Blake uses images of animals in **TWO** of the following poems.

The Lamb (Innocence)
Night (Innocence)
The Tyger (Experience)

[15]

[Turn over

HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

A Wife in London
(December 1899)

i

She sits in the tawny vapour
That the Thames-side lanes have uprolled,
Behind whose webby fold on fold
Like a waning taper
The street-lamp glimmers cold.

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,
Flashed news is in her hand
Of meaning it dazes to understand
Though shaped so shortly:
He – has fallen – in the far South Land … .

ii

'Tis the morrow; the fog hangs thicker,
The postman nears and goes:
A letter is brought whose lines disclose
By the firelight flicker
His hand, whom the worm now knows:

Fresh – firm – penned in highest feather –
Page-full of his hoped return,
And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn
In the summer weather,
And of new love that they would learn.

(b)

The Self-Unseeing

Here is the ancient floor,
Footworn and hollowed and thin,
Here was the former door
Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair,
Smiling into the fire;
He who played stood there,
Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream;
Blessing emblazoned that day;
Everything glowed with a gleam;
Yet we were looking away!

———————————

HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Either **15** Compare some of the ways in which Hardy conveys feelings of sadness and regret in these two poems. [15]

Or **16** In **TWO** of the following poems, compare how Hardy portrays the pain that can be caused by being in love.

Neutral Tones
A Broken Appointment
On the Departure Platform [15]

[Turn over

SECTION C

Answer **one** question from this Section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

17 This was the first time of her brother's openly siding against her, and anxious to avoid his displeasure, she proposed a compromise. If they would only put off their scheme till Tuesday, which they might easily do, as it depended only on themselves, she could go with them, and everybody might then be satisfied. But 'No, no, no!' was the immediate answer; 'that could not be, for Thorpe did not know that he might not go to town on Tuesday.' Catherine was sorry, but could do no more; and a short silence ensued, which was broken by Isabella; who in a voice of cold resentment said, 'Very well, then there is an end of the party. If Catherine does not go, I cannot. I cannot be the only woman. I would not, upon any account in the world, do so improper a thing.'

'Catherine, you must go,' said James.

'But why cannot Mr Thorpe drive one of his other sisters? I dare say either of them would like to go.'

'Thank ye,' cried Thorpe, 'but I did not come to Bath to drive my sisters about, and look like a fool. No, if you do not go, d— me if I do. I only go for the sake of driving you.'

'That is a compliment which gives me no pleasure.' But her words were lost on Thorpe, who had turned abruptly away.

The three others still continued together, walking in a most uncomfortable manner to poor Catherine; sometimes not a word was said, sometimes she was again attacked with supplications or reproaches, and her arm was still linked within Isabella's, though their hearts were at war. At one moment she was softened, at another irritated; always distressed, but always steady.

'I did not think you had been so obstinate, Catherine,' said James; 'you were not used to be so hard to persuade; you once were the kindest, best-tempered of my sisters.'

'I hope I am not less so now,' she replied, very feelingly; 'but indeed I cannot go. If I am wrong, I am doing what I believe to be right.'

'I suspect,' said Isabella, in a low voice, 'there is no great struggle.'

Catherine's heart swelled; she drew away her arm, and Isabella made no opposition. Thus passed a long ten minutes, till they were again joined by Thorpe, who, coming to them with a gayer look, said, 'Well, I have settled the matter, and now we may all go to-morrow with a safe conscience. I have been to Miss Tilney, and made your excuses.'

'You have not!' cried Catherine.

'I have, upon my soul. Left her this moment. Told her you had sent me to say that, having just recollected a prior engagement of going to Clifton with us to-morrow, you could not have the pleasure of walking with her till Tuesday. She said very well, Tuesday was just as convenient to her; so there is an end of all our difficulties. – A pretty good thought of mine – hey?'

Isabella's countenance was once more all smiles and good humour, and James too looked happy again.

Either **17** How does Austen shape your feelings towards Isabella and John Thorpe in this passage? [15]

Or **18** Both John Thorpe and Henry Tilney tell Catherine that she has more 'good nature' than anyone else in the world.

How does Austen convince you of her good nature? [15]

[Turn over

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

19

'I speak of my own life, father.'

'O indeed? Still,' said Mr Gradgrind, 'I need not point out to you, Louisa, that it is governed by the laws which govern lives in the aggregate.'

'While it lasts, I would wish to do the little I can, and the little I am fit for. What does it matter?'

Mr Gradgrind seemed rather at a loss to understand the last four words; replying, 'How, matter? What, matter, my dear?'

'Mr Bounderby,' she went on in a steady, straight way, without regarding this, 'asks me to marry him. The question I have to ask myself is, shall I marry him? That is so, father, is it not? You have told me so, father. Have you not?'

'Certainly, my dear.'

'Let it be so. Since Mr Bounderby likes to take me thus, I am satisfied to accept his proposal. Tell him, father, as soon as you please, that this was my answer. Repeat it, word for word, if you can, because I should wish him to know what I said.'

'It is quite right, my dear,' retorted her father approvingly, 'to be exact. I will observe your very proper request. Have you any wish, in reference to the period of your marriage, my child?'

'None, father. What does it matter!'

Mr Gradgrind had drawn his chair a little nearer to her, and taken her hand. But, her repetition of these words seemed to strike with some little discord on his ear. He paused to look at her, and, still holding her hand, said:

'Louisa, I have not considered it essential to ask you one question, because the possibility implied in it appeared to me to be too remote. But, perhaps I ought to do so. You have never entertained in secret any other proposal?'

'Father,' she returned, almost scornfully, 'what other proposal can have been made to *me*? Whom have I seen? Where have I been? What are my heart's experiences?'

'My dear Louisa,' returned Mr Gradgrind, reassured and satisfied. 'You correct me justly. I merely wished to discharge my duty.'

'What do *I* know, father,' said Louisa in her quiet manner, 'of tastes and fancies; of aspirations and affections; of all that part of my nature in which such light things might have been nourished? What escape have I had from problems that could be demonstrated, and realities that could be grasped?' As she said it, she unconsciously closed her hand, as if upon a solid object, and slowly opened it as though she were releasing dust or ash.

Either **19** How does Dickens make this such a powerful and disturbing moment in the novel? [15]

Or **20** Who does Dickens persuade you is the most despicable character in the novel?

Choose from:

Tom Gradgrind
Mr Bounderby
James Harthouse.

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [15]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

21 The girl on the summit of the load sat motionless, surrounded by tables and chairs with their legs upwards, backed by an oak settle, and ornamented in front by pots of geraniums, myrtles, and cactuses, together with a caged canary – all probably from the windows of the house just vacated. There was also a cat in a willow basket, from the partly-opened lid of which she gazed with half-closed eyes, and affectionately surveyed the small birds around.

The handsome girl waited for some time idly in her place, and the only sound heard in the stillness was the hopping of the canary up and down the perches of its prison. Then she looked attentively downwards. It was not at the bird, nor at the cat; it was at an oblong package tied in paper, and lying between them. She turned her head to learn if the waggoner were coming. He was not yet in sight; and her eyes crept back to the package, her thoughts seeming to run upon what was inside it. At length she drew the article into her lap, and untied the paper covering; a small swing looking-glass was disclosed, in which she proceeded to survey herself attentively. She parted her lips and smiled.

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and dark hair. The myrtles, geraniums and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, wagon, furniture, and girl with a peculiar vernal charm. What possessed her to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the sparrows, blackbirds, and unperceived farmer who were alone its spectators – whether the smile began as a factitious one, to test her capacity in that art – nobody knows; it ended certainly in a real smile. She blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more.

Either **21** In this first description of Bathsheba, how does Hardy's writing hint at ways in which he depicts her later in the novel? [15]

Or **22** How does Hardy's portrayal of Sergeant Troy make him such a fascinating character?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [15]

[Turn over

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

23 But when Godfrey was lifting his eyes from one of those long glances, they encountered an object as startling to him at that moment as if it had been an apparition from the dead. It *was* an apparition from that hidden life which lies, like a dark by-street, behind the goodly ornamented facade that meets the sunlight and the gaze of respectable admirers. It was his own child, carried in Silas Marner's arms. That was his instantaneous impression, unaccompanied by doubt, though he had not seen the child for months past; and when the hope was rising that he might possibly be mistaken, Mr Crackenthorp and Mr Lammeter had already advanced to Silas, in astonishment at this strange advent. Godfrey joined them immediately, unable to rest without hearing every word – trying to control himself, but conscious that if any one noticed him, they must see that he was white-lipped and trembling.

But now all eyes at that end of the room were bent on Silas Marner; the Squire himself had risen, and asked angrily, 'How's this? – what's this? – what do you do coming in here in this way?'

'I'm come for the doctor – I want the doctor,' Silas had said, in the first moment, to Mr Crackenthorp.

'Why, what's the matter, Marner?' said the rector. 'The doctor's here: but say quietly what you want him for.'

'It's a woman,' said Silas, speaking low, and half-breathlessly, just as Godfrey came up. 'She's dead, I think – dead in the snow at the Stone-pits – not far from my door.'

Godfrey felt a great throb: there was one terror in his mind at that moment: it was, that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror – an ugly inmate to have found a nestling-place in Godfrey's kindly disposition; but no disposition is a security from evil wishes to a man whose happiness hangs on duplicity.

'Hush, hush!' said Mr Crackenthorp. 'Go out into the hall there. I'll fetch the doctor to you. Found a woman in the snow – and thinks she's dead,' he added, speaking low to the Squire. 'Better say as little about it as possible: it will shock the ladies. Just tell them a poor woman is ill from cold and hunger. I'll go and fetch Kimble.'

By this time, however, the ladies had pressed forward, curious to know what could have brought the solitary linen-weaver there under such strange circumstances, and interested in the pretty child, who, half alarmed and half attracted by the brightness and the numerous company, now frowned and hid her face, now lifted up her head again and looked round placably, until a touch or a coaxing word brought back the frown, and made her bury her face with new determination.

'What child is it?' said several ladies at once, and, among the rest, Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

'I don't know – some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I believe,' was the answer Godfrey wrung from himself with a terrible effort. ('After all, *am* I certain?' he hastened to add, silently, in anticipation of his own conscience.)

'Why, you'd better leave the child here, then, Master Marner,' said good-natured Mrs Kimble, hesitating, however, to take those dingy clothes into contact with her own ornamented satin bodice. 'I'll tell one o' the girls to fetch it.'

'No – no – I can't part with it, I can't let it go,' said Silas, abruptly. 'It's come to me – I've a right to keep it.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

Either **23** How does Eliot give this key moment in the novel so much impact? [15]

Or **24** How does Eliot shape your feelings towards Silas before the arrival of Eppie?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [15]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a) *The Pit and the Pendulum*

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period I once more lapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumours of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated – fables I had always deemed them – but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

(b) *The Mask of the Red Death*

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

'Who dares?' – he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him – 'who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him – that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!'

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly – for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment, was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker.

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

Either **25** How does Poe create tension and uncertainty in each of these two passages? [15]

Or **26** How does Poe portray the narrators so effectively in **TWO** of the following tales?

The Black Cat
The Imp of the Perverse
The Cask of Amontillado [15]

He would sneak out on moonless winter nights and stare up at the stars, and afterwards find it difficult to tell his father where he had been.

He would read tales about hunters and explorers, and imagine himself riding mustangs as fleet as the wind across the prairies of Western America, or coming as a conquering and adored white man into the swarming villages of Central Africa. He shot bears with a revolver – a cigarette in the other hand – and made a necklace of their teeth and claws for the chief's beautiful young daughter. Also, he killed a lion with a pointed stake, stabbing through the beast's heart as it stood over him.

He thought it would be splendid to be a diver and go down into the dark green mysteries of the sea.

He led stormers against well-nigh impregnable forts, and died on the ramparts at the moment of victory. (His grave was watered by a nation's tears.)

He rammed and torpedoed ships, one against ten.

He was beloved by queens in barbaric lands, and reconciled whole nations to the Christian faith.

He was martyred, and took it very calmly and beautifully – but only once or twice after the Revivalist week. It did not become a habit with him.

He explored the Amazon, and found, newly exposed by the fall of a great tree, a rock of gold.

Engaged in these pursuits he would neglect the work immediately on hand, sitting somewhat slackly on the form and projecting himself in a manner tempting to a schoolmaster with a cane … And twice he had books confiscated.

Recalled to the realities of life, he would rub himself or sigh as the occasion required, and resume his attempts to write as good as copperplate. He hated writing; the ink always crept up his fingers, and the smell of ink offended him. And he was filled with unexpressed doubts. *Why* should writing slope down from right to left? *Why* should downstrokes be thick and upstrokes thin? *Why* should the handle of one's pen point over one's right shoulder?

Either **27** In what ways do you think that Wells's creation of the young Polly here prepares us for his older self? [15]

Or **28** By exploring **ONE** of the following episodes from the novel, show how Wells makes the characters and the situations they find themselves in so amusing.

Parsons' dismissal from the Bazaar
Mr Polly's wedding
Mr Polly's attempted suicide

[15]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

29 (a) *Her Letters*

She had given orders that she wished to remain undisturbed and moreover had locked the doors of her room.

The house was very still. The rain was falling steadily from a leaden sky in which there was no gleam, no rift, no promise. A generous wood fire had been lighted in the ample fireplace and it brightened and illumined the luxurious apartment to its furthermost corner.

From some remote nook of her writing desk the woman took a thick bundle of letters, bound tightly together with strong, coarse twine, and placed it upon the table in the centre of the room.

For weeks she had been schooling herself for what she was about to do. There was a strong deliberation in the lines of her long, thin, sensitive face; her hands, too, were long and delicate and blue-veined.

With a pair of scissors she snapped the cord binding the letters together. Thus released the ones which were top-most slid down to the table and she, with a quick movement thrust her fingers among them, scattering and turning them over till they quite covered the broad surface of the table.

Before her were envelopes of various sizes and shapes, all of them addressed in the handwriting of one man and one woman. He had sent her letters all back to her one day when, sick with dread of possibilities, she had asked to have them returned. She had meant, then, to destroy them all, his and her own. That was four years ago, and she had been feeding upon them ever since; they had sustained her, she believed, and kept her spirit from perishing utterly.

(b) *The Dream of an Hour/The Story of an Hour*

Knowing that Mrs Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of 'killed'. He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

[Turn over

KATE CHOPIN: Short Stories (Cont.)

Either 29 How does Chopin make these two openings to stories so effective? [15]

Or 30 How does Chopin shape your feelings towards TWO of the following characters?

Désirée (Désirée's Baby/The Father of Désirée's Baby)
La Folle (Beyond the Bayou)
Tonie (Tonie/At Chênière Caminada)

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories. [15]