

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme B

2446/2

UNIT 6 Poetry and Prose Pre-1914

HIGHER TIER

Wednesday

25 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 **TWO** questions.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Poetry pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: 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 66.

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question.
- 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 6 blank pages.

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

SECTION A – Poetry pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION B – Prose pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 15

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
POETRY pre-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	6–9	1–6
BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	10–11	7–9
HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i> (ed. Motion)	12–13	10–12

1 (a)

Sonnet 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, 5
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
 O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

William Shakespeare

(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; 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

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

- Either** 1 Compare the ways in which the two poets express thoughts and feelings about love in these sonnets. [30]
-
- Or** 2 What most impresses you about the differing ways in which the poets convey the happiness of being in love in *The Sun Rising* (Donne) and *Upon Julia's Clothes* (Herrick)? [30]
- Or** 3 In what different ways do the poets vividly portray women and their difficulties in *The Ruined Maid* (Hardy) and *The Unequal Fetters* (Finch)? [30]

4 (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 5
 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, 10
 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 15
 Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimited; 20
 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 25
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night air 30
 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, 5
 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 10

OCR: *Opening Lines: Time and Change (Cont.)*

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 15
 To that voice from the world of men:
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call. 20
 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 25
 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 30
 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, 35
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare

- Either** **4** Compare the ways in which the poets use vivid images of nature in these two poems. [30]
-
- Or** **5** What have you found most moving about the differing ways in which the poets convey memories in *I Remember, I Remember* (Hood) and *Woak Hill* (Barnes)? [30]
- Or** **6** In what different ways do the poets expose the more unpleasant sides of human nature in *The Latest Decalogue* (Clough) and *A Poison Tree* (Blake)? [30]

BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (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, 5
 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; 10
 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 15
 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."
20

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 25
 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 Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life and bid thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead?
 Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little lamb, I'll tell thee!
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee!
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb:
 He is meek and he is mild; 15
 He became a little child.
 I a child and thou a lamb.
 We are called by his name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee!
 Little lamb, God bless thee! 20

- Either** **7** Compare the ways in which these two poems make an impact on you. [30]
-
- Or** **8** Explore the memorable pictures of childhood that Blake creates for you in *Holy Thursday* (Innocence) and *Holy Thursday* (Experience). [30]
- Or** **9** What strong impressions do Blake's differing depictions of 'Experience' make on you in **TWO** of these poems?
- London* (Experience)
The Tyger (Experience)
The Sick Rose (Experience) [30]

HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

I Look Into My Glass

I look into my glass,
 And view my wasting skin,
 And say, 'Would God it came to pass
 My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistrest 5
 By hearts grown cold to me,
 Could lonely wait my endless rest
 With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve, 10
 Part steals, lets part abide;
 And shakes this fragile frame at eve
 With throbbings of noontide.

(b)

Neutral Tones

We stood by a pond that winter day,
 And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
 And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
 – They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove 5
 Over tedious riddles of years ago;
 And some words played between us to and fro
 On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing 10
 Alive enough to have strength to die;
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing ...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives, 15
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Either 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy so movingly depicts the speakers' thoughts and feelings in these two poems. [30]

Or 11 Explore what you find most memorable about Hardy's portrayal of the different situations and relationships in *Her Death and After* and *A Wife and Another*. [30]

Or 12 Compare the striking pictures Hardy creates for you in **TWO** of the following poems.

The Darkling Thrush

A Wife in London

The Self-Unseeing

[30]

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
PROSE pre-1914		
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	16–17	13–15
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Hard Times</i>	18–19	16–18
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	20–21	19–21
GEORGE ELIOT: <i>Silas Marner</i>	22–23	22–24
EDGAR ALLAN POE: <i>Selected Tales</i> (Penguin Popular Classics)	24–25	25–27
H.G. WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	26–27	28–30
KATE CHOPIN: <i>Short Stories</i>	28–29	31–33

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 13 'It is only a quarter past four, (showing his watch) and you are not now in Bath. No theatre, no rooms to prepare for. Half an hour at Northanger must be enough.'
- She could not contradict it, and therefore suffered herself to be detained, though her dread of further questions made her, for the first time in their acquaintance, wish to leave him. They walked slowly up the gallery. 'Have you had any letter from Bath since I saw you?' 5
- 'No, and I am very much surprised. Isabella promised so faithfully to write directly.'
- 'Promised so faithfully! – A faithful promise! – That puzzles me. – I have heard of a faithful performance. But a faithful promise – the fidelity of promising! It is a power little worth knowing however, since it can deceive and pain you. My mother's room is very commodious, is it not? Large and cheerful-looking, and the dressing closets so well disposed! It always strikes me as the most comfortable apartment in the house, and I rather wonder that Eleanor should not take it for her own. She sent you to look at it, I suppose?' 10 15
- 'No.'
- 'It has been your own doing entirely?' – Catherine said nothing – After a short silence, during which he had closely observed her, he added, 'As there is nothing in the room in itself to raise curiosity, this must have proceeded from a sentiment of respect for my mother's character, as described by Eleanor, which does honour to her memory. The world, I believe, never saw a better woman. But it is not often that virtue can boast an interest such as this. The domestic, unpretending merits of a person never known, do not often create that kind of fervent, venerating tenderness which would prompt a visit like yours. Eleanor, I suppose, has talked of her a great deal?' 20 25
- 'Yes, a great deal. That is – no, not much, but what she did say, was very interesting. Her dying so suddenly,' (slowly, and with hesitation it was spoken,) 'and you – none of you being at home – and your father, I thought – perhaps had not been very fond of her.'
- 'And from these circumstances,' he replied, (his quick eye fixed on hers), 'you infer perhaps the probability of some negligence – some – (involuntarily she shook her head) – or it may be – of something still less pardonable.' She raised her eyes towards him more fully than she had ever done before. 'My mother's illness,' he continued, 'the seizure which ended in her death was sudden. The malady itself, one from which she had often suffered, a bilious fever – its cause therefore constitutional. On the third day, in short as soon as she could be prevailed on, a physician attended her, a very respectable man, and one in whom she had always placed great confidence. Upon his opinion of her danger, two others were called in the next day, and remained in almost constant attendance for four-and-twenty hours. On the fifth day she died. During the progress of her disorder, Frederick and I (we were both at home) saw her repeatedly; and from our own observation can bear witness of her having received every possible attention which could spring from the affection of those about her, or which her situation in life could command. Poor Eleanor was absent, and at such a distance as to return only to see her mother in her coffin.' 30 35 40 45
- 'But your father,' said Catherine, 'was *he* afflicted?'
- 'For a time, greatly so. You have erred in supposing him not attached to her. He loved her, I am persuaded, as well as it was possible for him to – We have not all, you know, the same tenderness of disposition – and I will not pretend to say that while she lived, she might not often have had much to bear, but though his temper injured her, his judgment never did. His value of her was sincere; and, if not permanently, he was truly afflicted by her death.' 50

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

'I am very glad of it,' said Catherine, 'it would have been very shocking!' –

'If I understand you rightly, you had formed a surmise of such horror as I have hardly words to – Dear Miss Morland, consider the dreadful nature of the suspicions you have entertained. What have you been judging from? Remember the country and the age in which we live. Remember that we are English, that we are Christians. Consult your own understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you – Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws connive at them? Could they be perpetrated without being known, in a country like this, where social and literary intercourse is on such a footing; where every man is surrounded by a neighbourhood of voluntary spies, and where roads and newspapers lay everything open? Dearest Miss Morland, what ideas have you been admitting?' 55 60

They had reached the end of the gallery; and with tears of shame she ran off to her own room. 65

Either 13 How does Austen make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? [30]

Or 14 'To marry for money I think the wickedest thing in existence,' says Catherine.

How does Austen convince you of the truth of this?

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

Or 15 Explore some of the ways in which Austen contrasts Catherine's relationship with Eleanor and her relationship with Isabella. [30]

- 16 There had been so little communication between these two – both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career – that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent. 5
- 'You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be,' Louisa resumed. 'You are pleasanter to yourself, than I am to *my* self.'
- 'But, if you please, Miss Louisa,' Sissy pleaded, 'I am – O so stupid!'
- Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by and by. 10
- 'You don't know,' said Sissy, half crying, 'what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me.'
- 'Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?' 15
- 'O no!' she eagerly returned. 'They know everything.'
- 'Tell me some of your mistakes.'
- 'I am almost ashamed,' said Sissy, with reluctance. 'But today, for instance, Mr M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity.' 20
- 'National, I think it must have been,' observed Louisa.
- 'Yes, it was. – But isn't it the same?' she timidly asked.
- 'You had better say, National, as he said so,' returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.
- 'National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and a'n't you in a thriving state?' 25
- 'What did you say?' asked Louisa.
- 'Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I knew who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all,' said Sissy, wiping her eyes. 30
- 'That was a great mistake of yours,' observed Louisa.
- 'Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was, now. Then Mr M'Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, This schoolroom is an immense town, and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that proportion? And my remark was – for I couldn't think of a better one – that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong, too.' 35
- 'Of course it was.'
- 'Then Mr M'Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutterings –'
- 'Statistics,' said Louisa.
- 'Yes, Miss Louisa – they always remind me of stutterings, and that's another of my mistakes – of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the percentage? And I said, Miss;' here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; 'I said it was nothing.' 40
- 'Nothing, Sissy?'
- 'Nothing, Miss – to the relations and friends of the people who were killed. I shall never learn,' said Sissy. 'And the worst of all is that although my poor father 45
- 50

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

wished me so much to learn, and although I am so anxious to learn, because he wished me to, I am afraid I don't like it.' 55

Louisa stood looking at the pretty modest head, as it drooped abashed before her, until it was raised again to glance at her face. Then she asked:

'Did your father know so much himself, that he wished you to be well taught too, Sissy?'

Sissy hesitated before replying, and so plainly showed her sense that they were entering on forbidden ground, that Louisa added, 'No one hears us; and if any one did, I am sure no harm could be found in such an innocent question.' 60

'No, Miss Louisa,' answered Sissy, upon this encouragement, shaking her head; 'father knows very little indeed. It's as much as he can do to write; and it's more than people in general can do to read his writing. Though it's plain to *me*.' 65

'Your mother?'

'Father says she was quite a scholar. She died when I was born. She was;' Sissy made the terrible communication nervously; 'she was a dancer.'

Either 16 How does Dickens shape your feelings for both Sissy and Louisa as you read this passage? [30]

Or 17 A despicable lout.
Foolish and naïve.
A victim.

Which of these views of Tom Gradgrind is closest to your own?

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

Or 18 Explore some of the ways in which Dickens vividly conveys to you the unfairness of society in Coketown. [30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 19 It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle twinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways – by the rapid feeding of the sheep bearing the bell, as when the flock breaks into new pasture, which gives it an intermittent rapidity, or by the sheep starting off in a run, when the sound has a regular palpitation. The experienced ear of Oak knew the sound he now heard to be caused by the running of the flock with great velocity. 5
- He jumped out of bed, dressed, tore down the lane through a foggy dawn, and ascended the hill. The forward ewes were kept apart from those among which the fall of lambs would be later, there being two hundred of the latter class in Gabriel's flock. These two hundred seemed to have absolutely vanished from the hill. There were the fifty with their lambs, enclosed at the other end as he had left them, but the rest, forming the bulk of the flock, were nowhere. Gabriel called at the top of his voice the shepherd's call. 15
- 'Ovey, ovey, ovey!' 20
- Not a single bleat. He went to the hedge – a gap had been broken through it, and in the gap were the footprints of the sheep. Rather surprised to find them break fence at this season, yet putting it down instantly to their great fondness for ivy in winter-time, of which a great deal grew in the plantation, he followed through the hedge. They were not in the plantation. He called again: the valleys and farthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian shore; but no sheep. He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges of which we have spoken were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky – dark and motionless as Napoleon at St Helena. 25 30
- A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signs implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead and dying at its foot – a heap of two hundred mangled carcasses, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more. 35
-

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd* (Cont.)

Either 19 How does Hardy make this such a dramatic and moving moment in the novel? [30]

Or 20 What does Hardy's writing encourage you to feel about Bathsheba's attitude and behaviour towards Boldwood? [30]

Or 21 In what ways does Hardy create a powerful and atmospheric setting for **ONE** of the following moments from the novel?

Fanny's night-time visit to Sergeant Troy at the barracks

Gabriel and Bathsheba's protecting the ricks against the storm

Troy's visit to the Weatherbury churchyard

[30]

22

'Where's Dunsey, then? What do you stand talking there for? Go and fetch Dunsey, as I tell you, and let him give account of what he wanted the money for, and what he's done with it. He shall repent it. I'll turn him out. I said I would, and I'll do it. He shan't brave me. Go and fetch him.'

'Dunsey isn't come back, sir.'

5

'What! did he break his own neck, then?' said the Squire, with some disgust at the idea that, in that case, he could not fulfil his threat.

'No, he wasn't hurt, I believe, for the horse was found dead, and Dunsey must have walked off. I daresay we shall see him again by-and-by. I don't know where he is.'

10

'And what must you be letting him have my money for? Answer me that,' said the Squire, attacking Godfrey again, since Dunsey was not within reach.

'Well, sir, I don't know,' said Godfrey, hesitatingly. That was a feeble evasion, but Godfrey was not fond of lying, and, not being sufficiently aware that no sort of duplicity can long flourish without the help of vocal falsehoods, he was quite unprepared with invented motives.

15

'You don't know? I tell you what it is, sir. You've been up to some trick, and you've been bribing him not to tell,' said the Squire, with a sudden acuteness which startled Godfrey, who felt his heart beat violently at the nearness of his father's guess. The sudden alarm pushed him on to take the next step – a very slight impulse suffices for that on a downward road.

20

'Why, sir,' he said, trying to speak with careless ease, 'it was a little affair between me and Dunsey; it's no matter to anybody else. It's hardly worth while to pry into young men's fooleries: it wouldn't have made any difference to you, sir, if I'd not had the bad luck to lose Wildfire. I should have paid you the money.'

25

'Fooleries! Pshaw! it's time you'd done with fooleries. And I'd have you know, sir, you *must* ha' done with 'em,' said the Squire, frowning and casting an angry glance at his son. 'Your goings-on are not what I shall find money for any longer. There's my grandfather had his stables full o' horses, and kept a good house, too, and in worse times, by what I can make out; and so might I, if I hadn't four good-for-nothing fellows to hang on me like horse-leeches. I've been too good a father to you all – that's what it is. But I shall pull up, sir.'

30

Godfrey was silent. He was not likely to be very penetrating in his judgments, but he had always had a sense that his father's indulgence had not been kindness, and had had a vague longing for some discipline that would have checked his own errant weakness, and helped his better will. The Squire ate his bread and meat hastily, took a deep draught of ale, then turned his chair from the table, and began to speak again.

35

'It'll be all the worse for you, you know – you'd need try and help me keep things together.'

40

'Well, sir, I've often offered to take the management of things, but you know you've taken it ill always, and seemed to think I wanted to push you out of your place.'

'I know nothing o' your offering or o' my taking it ill,' said the Squire, whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail; 'but I know, one while you seemed to be thinking o' marrying, and I didn't offer to put any obstacles in your way, as some fathers would. I'd as lieve you married Lammeter's daughter as anybody. I suppose, if I'd said you nay, you'd ha' kept on with it; but, for want o' contradiction you've changed your mind. You're a shilly-shally fellow: you take after your poor mother. She never had a will of her own; a woman has no call for one, if she's got a proper man for her husband. But *your* wife had need have one, for you hardly know your own mind enough to make both your legs walk one way. The lass hasn't said downright she won't have you, has she?'

45

50

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

'No,' said Godfrey, feeling very hot and uncomfortable; 'but I don't think she will.'
 'Think! why, haven't you the courage to ask her? Do you stick to it, you want to have *her* – that's the thing?' 55
 'There's no other woman I want to marry,' said Godfrey, evasively.
 'Well, then, let me make the offer for you, that's all, if you haven't the pluck to do it yourself. Lammeter isn't likely to be loth for his daughter to marry into *my* family, I should think. And as for the pretty lass, she wouldn't have her cousin – and there's nobody else, as I see, could ha' stood in your way.' 60

Either 22 How does Eliot provoke mixed feelings for Godfrey here? [30]

Or 23 In what ways does Eliot's depiction of the villagers of Raveloe contribute to your enjoyment of the novel?

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

Or 24 Silas says to Dolly, 'There's good i' this world – I've a feeling o' that now'.

How does Eliot movingly convey the ways Silas's faith in God and man is restored?

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

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales**The Fall of the House of Usher*

- 25 (a) Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn. 5
- Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. 10 15

The Masque of the Red Death

- (b) But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all. 5
- It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical; but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to harken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. 10 15

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

Either 25 What do you find most striking about Poe's descriptions of places in these two extracts?
[30]

Or 26 How do you think Poe makes Dupin an interesting character in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*?
[30]

Or 27 What do you find particularly disturbing in Poe's depiction of a character's situation in **TWO** of the following stories?

The Pit and the Pendulum

The Premature Burial

The Cask of Amontillado

[30]

- 28 Her eyes had not deceived her. Two figures, which had emerged from the upper staircase window of Mr Rumbold's and had got, after a perilous paddle in his cistern, on to the fire station, were now slowly but resolutely clambering up the outhouse roof towards the back of the main premises of Messrs Mantell and Throbsons. They clambered slowly, and one urged and helped the other, slipping and pausing ever and again amidst a constant trickle of fragments of broken tile. 5
- One was Mr Polly, with his hair wildly disordered, his face covered with black smudges and streaked with perspiration, and his trouser legs scorched and blackened; the other was an elderly lady, quietly but becomingly dressed in black, with small white frills at her neck and wrists, and a Sunday cap of écru lace 10
enlivened with a black velvet bow. Her hair was brushed back from her wrinkled brow and plastered down tightly, meeting in a small knob behind; her wrinkled mouth bore that expression of supreme resolution common with the toothless aged. She was shaky, not with fear, but with the vibrations natural to her years, and she spoke with a slow, quavering firmness. 15
- 'I don't mind scrambling,' she said with piping inflexibility, 'but I can't jump and I wun't jump.'
- 'Scramble, old lady, then, scramble!' said Mr Polly, pulling her arm. 'It's one up and two down on these blessed tiles.'
- 'It's not what I'm used to,' she said. 20
- 'Stick to it,' said Mr Polly. 'Live and learn,' and got to the ridge and grasped at her arm to pull her after him.
- 'I can't jump, mind ye,' she repeated, pressing her lips together. 'And old ladies like me mustn't be hurried.'
- 'Well, let's get as high as possible, anyhow,' said Mr Polly, urging her gently 25
upward. 'Shinning up a waterspout in your line? Near as you'll get to Heaven.'
- 'I *can't* jump,' she said. 'I can do anything but jump.'
- 'Hold on,' said Mr Polly, 'while I give you a boost. That's – wonderful.'
- 'So long as it isn't jumping. ...'
- The old lady grasped the parapet above, and there was a moment of intense 30
struggle.
- 'Urup!' said Mr Polly. 'Hold on! Gollys! where's she gone to? ...'
- Then an ill-mended, wavering, yet very reassuring spring-side boot appeared for an instant.
- 'Thought perhaps there wasn't any roof there!' he explained, scrambling up 35
over the parapet beside her.
- 'I've never been out on a roof before,' said the old lady. 'I'm all disconnected. It's very bumpy. Especially that last bit. Can't we sit here for a bit and rest? I'm not the girl I used to be.'
- 'You sit here ten minutes,' shouted Mr Polly, 'and you'll pop like a roast chestnut. 40
Don't understand me? *Roast chestnut!* ROAST CHESTNUT! POP!'

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

Either 28 How do you think Wells make this such an amusing moment in the novel? [30]

Or 29 In what ways does Wells strongly convey to you Mr Polly's character in **ONE** of the following moments from the novel?

The gathering after the funeral

The celebrations after the marriage

Mr Polly's visit to Annie and Miriam in the last chapter

[30]

Or 30 How does Wells make the distressing nature of Mr Polly's working life so vivid? [30]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

Beyond the Bayou

When La Folle came to the broad stretch of velvety lawn that surrounded the house, she moved slowly and with delight over the springy turf that was delicious beneath her tread. More and more slowly she went, with clear senses and fear dead, and joy at her heart.

She stopped to find whence came those perfumes that were stealing over her with memories from a time far gone. 5

Sweet odors swooned to her from the thousand blue violets that peeped out from green, luxuriant beds. Fragrance showered down from the big waxen bells of the magnolias far above her head, and from the jessamine clumps around her.

There were roses, too, without number. To right and left palms spread in broad and graceful curves. It all looked like enchantment beneath the sparkling sheen of dew. 10

When La Folle had slowly and cautiously mounted the many steps that led up to the veranda, she turned to look back at the perilous ascent she had made. Now she caught sight of the river, bending like a silver bow at the foot of Bellissime. Exultation possessed her soul. All the world was fair about her, and green and white and blue and silvery shinings had come again instead of that frightful fancy of interminable red! 15

La Folle rapped softly upon a door near at hand. Chéri's mother soon cautiously opened it. Quickly and cleverly she dissembled the astonishment she felt at seeing La Folle. 20

'Ah, La Folle! Is it you? so early?'

'*Oui*, madame. I come ax how my po' li'le Chéri to, s'mo'nin'.'

'He is feeling easier, thank you, La Folle. Dr Bonfils says it will be nothing serious. He's sleeping now. Will you come back when he awakes?' 25

'*Non*, madame. I'm goin' wait zair tell Chéri wake up.' La Folle seated herself upon the topmost step of the veranda.

A look of wonder and deep content crept into her face as she watched for the first time the sun rise upon this new, this beautiful world beyond the bayou.

(b)

A Matter of Prejudice

A white maid-servant admitted them. Madame did not seem to mind. She handed her a card with all proper ceremony, and followed with her daughter to the house.

Not once did she show a sign of weakness; not even when her son, Henri, came and took her in his arms and sobbed and wept upon her neck as only a warm-hearted Creole could. He was a big, good-looking, honest-faced man, with tender brown eyes like his dead father's and a firm mouth like his mother's. 5

Young Mrs Carambeau came, too, her sweet, fresh face transfigured with happiness. She led by the hand her little daughter, the 'American child' whom madame had nursed so tenderly a month before, never suspecting the little one to be other than an alien to her. 10

'What a lucky chance was that fever! What a happy accident!' gurgled Madame Lalonde.

'Cécile, it was no accident, I tell you; it was Providence,' spoke madame, reprovingly, and no one contradicted her. 15

They all drove back together to eat Christmas dinner in the old house by the river. Madame held her little granddaughter upon her lap; her son Henri sat facing her, and beside her was her daughter-in-law.

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

Henri sat back in the carriage and could not speak. His soul was possessed by a pathetic joy that would not admit of speech. He was going back again to the home where he was born, after a banishment of ten long years. 20

He would hear again the water beat against the green levee-bank with a sound that was not quite like any other that he could remember. He would sit within the sweet and solemn shadow of the deep and overhanging roof; and roam through the wild, rich solitude of the old garden, where he had played his pranks of boyhood and dreamed his dreams of youth. He would listen to his mother's voice calling him, 'mon fils,' as it had always done before that day he had had to choose between mother and wife. No; he could not speak. 25

But his wife chatted much and pleasantly – in a French, however, that must have been trying to old madame to listen to. 30

'I am so sorry, *ma mère*,' she said, 'that our little one does not speak French. It is not my fault, I assure you,' and she flushed and hesitated a little. 'It – it was Henri who would not permit it.'

'That is nothing,' replied madame, amiably, drawing the child close to her. 'Her grandmother will teach her French; and she will teach her grandmother English. You see, I have no prejudices. I am not like my son. Henri was always a stubborn boy. Heaven only knows how he came by such a character!' 35

Either 31 Explore the ways in which Chopin makes these two endings so satisfying. [30]

Or 32 Show how Chopin memorably explores the nature of marriages in *The Storm: A Sequel to 'The 'Cadian Ball'* and *Her Letters*. [30]

Or 33 To what extent and by what means does Chopin make you sympathise with Mrs Baroda (*A Respectable Woman*) and Tonie (*Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*)? [30]

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