OCR
RECOGNISING ACHIEVEMENT

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901) 2444/1

Scheme A

UNIT 4 Pre-1914 Texts

FOUNDATION TIER

Friday **20 JANUARY 2006** Morning 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials:
8 page 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

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**.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total number of marks for this paper is 42.

- All questions carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 28 printed pages and 4 blank pages.

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CONTENTS

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

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1

MESSENGER: He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.
BEATRICE: You had musty victual and he hath holp to eat it; he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.
MESSENGER: And a good soldier too, lady.
BEATRICE: And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?
MESSENGER: A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed with all honourable virtues.
BEATRICE: It is so, indeed, he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing – well, we are all mortal.
LEONATO: You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signor Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish between them.
BEATRICE: Alas he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.
MESSENGER: Is't possible?
BEATRICE: Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.
MESSENGER: I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.
BEATRICE: No, an he were, I would burn my study.

Either **1** What impressions of Beatrice and her feelings about Benedick do you get at this point in the play? [14]

Or **2** What makes Don John such an unpleasant character in the play?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [14]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

3

LADY CAPULET: Nurse, come back again,
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.
NURSE: Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.
LADY CAPULET: She's not fourteen.
NURSE: I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
LADY CAPULET: A fortnight and odd days.
NURSE: Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she – God rest all Christian souls –
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God,
She was too good for me. But as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry, I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
And she was weaned – I never shall forget it –
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua –
Nay I do bear a brain – but as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.

Either **3** What do these lines make you feel about the Nurse?

You should consider:
- what she says about Juliet
- the words and phrases that she uses. [14]

Or **4** Explore **ONE** moment in the play which makes you feel especially sad.

You should consider:
- what happens to make you feel sad
- how the words used make you feel like this. [14]

[Turn over

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: How beautiful you look tonight, Gertrude!

LADY CHILTERN: Robert, it is not true, is it? You are not going to lend your support to this Argentine speculation? You couldn't!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: (*starting*) Who told you I intended to do so?

LADY CHILTERN: That woman who has just gone out, Mrs Cheveley, as she calls herself now. She seemed to taunt me with it. Robert, I know this woman. You don't. We were at school together. She was untruthful, dishonest, an evil influence on every one whose trust or friendship she could win. I hated, I despised her. She stole things, she was a thief. She was sent away for being a thief. Why do you let her influence you?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Gertrude, what you tell me may be true, but it happened many years ago. It is best forgotten! Mrs Cheveley may have changed since then. No one should be entirely judged by their past.

LADY CHILTERN: (*sadly*) One's past is what one is. It is the only way by which people should be judged.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: That is a hard saying, Gertrude!

LADY CHILTERN: It is a true saying, Robert. And what did she mean by boasting that she had got you to lend your support, your name, to a thing I have heard you describe as the most dishonest and fraudulent scheme there has ever been in political life?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: (*biting his lip*) I was mistaken in the view I took. We all may make mistakes.

LADY CHILTERN: But you told me yesterday that you had received the report from the Commission, and that it entirely condemned the whole thing.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: (*walking up and down*) I have reasons now to believe that the Commission was prejudiced, or, at any rate, misinformed. Besides, Gertrude, public and private life are different things. They have different laws, and move on different lines.

LADY CHILTERN: They should both represent man at his highest. I see no difference between them.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: (*stopping*) In the present case, on a matter of practical politics, I have changed my mind. That is all.

LADY CHILTERN: All!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: (*sternly*) Yes!

LADY CHILTERN: Robert! Oh! it is horrible that I should have to ask you such a question – Robert, are you telling me the whole truth?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Why do you ask me such a question?

LADY CHILTERN: (*after a pause*) Why do you not answer it?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: (*sitting down*) Gertrude, truth is a very complex thing, and politics is a very complex business. There are wheels within wheels. One may be under certain obligations to people that one must pay. Sooner or later in political life one has to compromise. Everyone does.

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

LADY CHILTERN: Compromise? Robert, why do you talk so differently tonight from the way I have always heard you talk? Why are you changed? *55*

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Either **5** What impressions do you form of Lady Chiltern as you read this passage? [14]

Or **6** You are Mabel Chiltern just after you and Lord Goring have found the brooch and he has asked you not to tell anyone about it.

You might be thinking about:
- who might have dropped the brooch
- your feelings about Lord Goring.

Write your thoughts. [14]

[Turn over

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

7 *(Ejlif and Morten come in from the living-room.)*

MRS STOCKMANN: Have you got a holiday today?

MORTEN: No, but we went for the others at playtime …

EJLIF: That's not true. They started fighting us.

MORTEN: And then Mr Rörlund said we'd better stay away for a few days.

DR STOCKMANN: (*snaps his fingers and jumps down from the table*) I've got it! I've got it, by Heaven! You are not going to set foot in that school again!

THE BOYS: No more school!

MRS STOCKMANN: Thomas, really …!

DR STOCKMANN: Never, I say! I'll teach you myself – what I mean is, you'll not learn a blessed thing …

MORTEN: Hurrah!

DR STOCKMANN: … but I'll make decent and independent-minded men of you both … And you must help me, Petra.

PETRA: You can count on me, Father.

DR STOCKMANN: And we'll have the school in the very room where they called me an enemy of the people. But there ought to be a few more of us. I must have at least a dozen boys to start with.

MRS STOCKMANN: You're not likely to get them here, not in this town.

DR STOCKMANN: We'll see about that. (*To the boys*) What about some of the street-corner lads … the real guttersnipes …?

MORTEN: Yes, Father. I know plenty of them!

DR STOCKMANN: That's fine! Get hold of one or two for me, will you? Just for once, I'm going to try an experiment on these mongrels. You never know what you might find amongst them.

MORTEN: But what are we going to do, when we've grown up into decent and independent-minded men?

DR STOCKMANN: Then you can drive all the wolves out, lads – make sure that they all go west!

(Ejlif looks rather doubtful; Morten jumps and shouts for joy.)

MRS STOCKMANN: Oh, just so long as it isn't the wolves who go chasing you, Thomas.

DR STOCKMANN: You must be mad, Katherine! Chase *me! Now!* When I'm the strongest man in the town!

MRS STOCKMANN: The strongest …? *Now?*

DR STOCKMANN: Yes, and I could even go so far as to say that *now* I'm one of the strongest men in the whole world.

MORTEN: Honestly?

DR STOCKMANN: (*dropping his voice*). Sh! You mustn't say anything about it yet. But I've made a great discovery.

MRS STOCKMANN: What, again?

DR STOCKMANN: Yes I have. (*He gathers them about him and says confidentially*) The thing is, you see, that the strongest man in the world is the man who stands alone.

MRS STOCKMANN: (*smiles and shakes her head*). Oh, Thomas, Thomas …!

PETRA: (*bravely, grasping his hands*) Father!

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

Either **7** What in your view makes this such a striking ending to the play? [14]

Or **8** Explore **ONE** moment in the play when you strongly admire what Dr Stockmann is doing. [14]

[Turn over

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

OCR: *Opening Lines: Men and Women*

9 (a) *A Scherzo – A Shy Person's Wishes*

With the wasp at the innermost heart of a peach,
On a sunny wall out of tip-toe reach,
With the trout in the darkest summer pool,
With the fern-seed clinging behind its cool
Smooth frond, in the chink of an aged tree,
In the woodbine's horn with the drunken bee,
With the mouse in its nest in a furrow old,
With the chrysalis wrapped in its gauzy fold;
With things that are hidden, and safe, and bold,
With things that are timid, and shy, and free,
Wishing to be;
With the nut in its shell, with the seed in its pod,
With the corn as it sprouts in the kindly clod,
Far down where the secret of beauty shows
In the bulb of the tulip, before it blows;
With things that are rooted, and firm, and deep,
Quiet to lie, and dreamless to sleep;
With things that are chainless, and tameless, and proud,
With the fire in the jagged thunder-cloud,
With the wind in its sleep, with the wind in its waking,
With the drops that go to the rainbow's making,
Wishing to be with the light leaves shaking,
Or stones in some desolate highway breaking;
Far up on the hills, where no foot surprises
The dew as it falls, or the dust as it rises;
To be couched with the beast in its torrid lair,
Or drifting on ice with the polar bear,
With the weaver at work at his quiet loom;
Anywhere, anywhere, out of this room!

Dora Greenwell

(b)

The Sick Rose

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

William Blake

Either **9** What do you find most striking about some of the images of nature in these two poems? [14]

Or **10** Explore some of the ways in which **TWO** of the following poems memorably portray a parting:

Remember (Rossetti)
On the Departure Platform (Hardy)
Faithless Sally Brown (Hood). [14]

OCR: *Opening Lines: Time and Change*

11 (a)

The Gray Folk

The house, with blind unhappy face,
Stands lonely in the last year's corn,
And in the grayness of the morn
The gray folk come about the place.

By many pathways, gliding gray
They come past meadow, wood, and wold,
Come by the farm and by the fold
From the green fields of yesterday.

Past lock and chain and bolt and bar
They press, to stand about my bed,
And like the faces of the dead
I know their hidden faces are.

They will not leave me in the day
And when night falls they will not go,
Because I silenced, long ago,
The only voice they will obey.

Edith Nesbit

(b) *I Remember, I Remember*

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, –
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood

Either **11** Explore some of the ways in which these two poems communicate feelings of sadness and regret. [14]

Or **12** What do you find most memorable about the images of death and destruction created in *Ozymandias* and *Death the Leveller*? [14]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (b) *On Another's Sorrow (Innocence)*

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief & care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear;

And not sit both night & day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O! no, never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy
That our grief he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled & gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

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

(b) *Holy Thursday (Experience)*

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak & bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns,
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,
And where-e'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

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Either **13** What powerful feelings does Blake communicate to you in these two poems?

Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from both poems. [14]

Or **14** What happy thoughts are shown in **TWO** of the following poems?

The Lamb (Innocence)
Nurse's Song (Innocence)
A Cradle Song (Innocence)

Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from both poems. [14]

[Turn over

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a) *A Broken Appointment*

You did not come,
And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb. –
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there
Than that I thus found lacking in your make
That high compassion which can overbear
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake
Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,
You did not come.

You love not me,
And love alone can lend you loyalty;
– I know and knew it. But, unto the store
Of human deeds divine in all but name,
Was it not worth a little hour or more
To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came
To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be
You love not me?

(b) *On the Departure Platform*

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through
She left me, and moment by moment got
Smaller and smaller, until to my view
She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff
That down the diminishing platform bore
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,
Behind dark groups from far and near,
Whose interests were apart from ours,
She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see
That flexible form, that nebulous white;
And she who was more than my life to me
Had vanished quite …

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,
And in season she will appear again –
Perhaps in the same soft white array –
But never as then!

– 'And why, young man, must eternally fly
A joy you'll repeat, if you love her well?'
– O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,
I cannot tell!

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Either **15** What pictures of love do these two poems reveal to you?

You should consider:
- the experience that each speaker is describing
- some of the words and phrases used in each poem. [14]

Or **16** What do the following two poems tell you of Hardy's thoughts about growing old?

I Look Into My Glass
In Tenebris I

Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from both poems. [14]

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

17 Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was any thing found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; and though she had 'never from the first had the smallest idea of finding any thing in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it.' It was some time however before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and while she acknowledged with awful sensations this striking exemplification of what Henry had foretold, resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn; and that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely; not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness impenetrable and immoveable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her eyes in sleep that night, she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm too abroad so dreadful! – She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence.

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JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

Either **17** Why is this such an amusing moment in the novel?

You should consider:
- the books Catherine has been reading
- the way in which Austen describes her here. [14]

Or **18** What do you think makes Henry Tilney such an attractive hero?

You should consider:
- how he behaves towards Catherine
- the way in which Austen describes him. [14]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

19 Mr Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets, walked in impatient mortification up and down at the side of the long dining-table, while the spectators greedily took in every syllable of Mrs Pegler's appeal, and at each succeeding syllable became more and more round-eyed. Mr Bounderby still walking up and down when Mrs Pegler had done, Mr Gradgrind addressed that maligned old lady:

'I am surprised, madam,' he observed with severity, 'that in your old age you have the face to claim Mr Bounderby for your son, after your unnatural and inhuman treatment of him.'

'*Me* unnatural!' cried poor old Mrs Pegler. '*Me* inhuman! To my dear boy?'

'Dear!' repeated Mr Gradgrind. 'Yes; dear in his self-made prosperity, madam, I dare say. Not very dear, however, when you deserted him in his infancy, and left him to the brutality of a drunken grandmother.'

'*I* deserted my Josiah!' cried Mrs Pegler, clasping her hands. 'Now, Lord forgive you, Sir, for your wicked imaginations, and for your scandal against the memory of my poor mother, who died in my arms before Josiah was born. May you repent of it, Sir, and live to know better!'

She was so very earnest and injured, that Mr Gradgrind, shocked by the possibility which dawned upon him, said in a gentler tone:

'Do you deny, then, madam, that you left your son to – to be brought up in the gutter?'

'Josiah in the gutter!' exclaimed Mrs Pegler. 'No such a thing, Sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to pinch a bit that he might write and cypher beautiful, and I've his books at home to show it! Aye, have I!' said Mrs Pegler, with indignant pride. 'And my dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, Sir, that after his beloved father died when he was eight years old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him 'prentice. And a steady lad he was, and a kind master he had to lend him a hand, and well he worked his own way forward to be rich and thriving. And *I'll* give you to know, Sir – for this my dear boy won't – that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a-year – more than I want, for I put by out of it – only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him.

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Either **19** What makes this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

You should consider:
- what Bounderby has said about his upbringing
- Mrs Pegler's words and feelings. [14]

Or **20** What do Mr Sleary and the circus people contribute to your enjoyment of the novel?

You should consider:
- the kind of people they are
- their links with the Gradgrind family. [14]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

21 'Now,' said Troy, producing the sword, which, as he raised it into the sunlight, gleamed a sort of greeting, like a living thing, 'first we have four right and four left cuts; four right and four left thrusts. Infantry cuts and guards are more interesting than ours, to my mind; but they are not so swashing. They have seven cuts and three thrusts. So much as a preliminary. Well, next, our cut one is as if you were sowing your corn – so.' Bathsheba saw a sort of rainbow, upside down in the air, and Troy's arm was still again. 'Cut two, as if you were hedging – so. Three, as if you were reaping – so. Four, as if you were threshing – in that way. Then the same on the left. The thrusts are these: one, two, three, four, right; one, two, three, four, left.' He repeated them. 'Have 'em again?' he said. 'One, two …'

She hurriedly interrupted: 'I'd rather not; though I don't mind your twos and fours; but your ones and threes are terrible!'

'Very well. I'll let you off the ones and threes. Next, cuts, points and guards altogether.' Troy duly exhibited them. 'Then there's pursuing practice, in this way.' He gave the movements as before. 'There, those are the stereotyped forms. The infantry have two most diabolical upward cuts, which we are too humane to use. Like this – three, four.'

'How murderous and bloodthirsty!'

'They are rather deathy. Now I'll be more interesting, and let you see some loose play – giving all the cuts and points, infantry and cavalry, quicker than lightning, and as promiscuously – with just enough rule to regulate instinct and yet not to fetter it. You are my antagonist, with this difference from real warfare, that I shall miss you every time by one hair's breadth, or perhaps two. Mind you don't flinch, whatever you do.'

Either **21** What are your feelings about Sergeant Troy as you read this passage?

You should consider:
- what he does here
- what he says to Bathsheba. [14]

Or **22** Which **ONE** of the men in the novel do you most like, and why?

Remember to support your choice with details from the novel. [14]

[Turn over

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

23 The door opened, and a thick-set, heavy-looking young man entered, with the flushed face and the gratuitously elated bearing which mark the first stage of intoxication. It was Dunsey, and at the sight of him Godfrey's face parted with some of the gloom to take on the more active expression of hatred. The handsome brown spaniel that lay on the hearth retreated under the chair in the chimney-corner.

'Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me?' said Dunsey, in a mocking tone. 'You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when you sent for me.'

'Why, this is what I want – and just shake yourself sober and listen, will you?' said Godfrey, savagely. He had himself been drinking more than was good for him, trying to turn his gloom into uncalculating anger. 'I want to tell you, I must hand over that rent of Fowler's to the Squire, or else tell him I gave it you; for he's threatening to distrain for it, and it'll all be out soon, whether I tell him or not. He said, just now, before he went out, he should send word to Cox to distrain, if Fowler didn't come and pay up his arrears this week. The Squire's short o' cash, and in no humour to stand any nonsense; and you know what he threatened, if ever he found you making away with his money again. So, see and get the money, and pretty quickly, will you?'

'Oh!' said Dunsey, sneeringly, coming nearer to his brother and looking in his face. 'Suppose, now, you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble, eh? Since you was so kind as to hand it over to me, you'll not refuse me the kindness to pay it back for me: it was your brotherly love made you do it, you know.'

Godfrey bit his lips and clenched his fist. 'Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down.'

'Oh no, you won't,' said Dunsey, turning away on his heel, however. 'Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home, and cut off with a shilling any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman, Molly Farren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. But, you see, I don't do it – I'm so easy and good-natured. You'll take any trouble for me. You'll get the hundred pounds for me – I know you will.'

'How can I get the money?' said Godfrey, quivering. 'I haven't a shilling to bless myself with. And it's a lie that you'd slip into my place: you'd get yourself turned out too, that's all. For if you begin telling tales, I'll follow. Bob's my father's favourite – you know that very well. He'd only think himself well rid of you.'

'Never mind,' said Dunsey, nodding his head sideways as he looked out of the window. 'It 'ud be very pleasant to me to go in your company – you're such a handsome brother, and we've always been so fond of quarrelling with one another, I shouldn't know what to do without you. But you'd like better for us both to stay at home together; I know you would. So you'll manage to get that little sum o' money, and I'll bid you good-bye, though I'm sorry to part.'

Dunstan was moving off, but Godfrey rushed after him and seized him by the arm, saying, with an oath,

'I tell you, I have no money: I can get no money.'

'Borrow of old Kimble.'

'I tell you, he won't lend me any more, and I shan't ask him.'

'Well then, sell Wildfire.'

'Yes, that's easy talking. I must have the money directly.'

'Well, you've only got to ride him to the hunt to-morrow. There'll be Bryce and Keating there, for sure. You'll get more bids than one.'

'I daresay, and get back home at eight o'clock, splashed up to the chin. I'm going to Mrs Osgood's birthday dance.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

'Oho!' said Dunsey, turning his head on one side, and trying to speak in a small mincing treble. 'And there's sweet Miss Nancy coming; and we shall dance with her, and promise never to be naughty again, and be taken into favour, and – ' *55*

'Hold your tongue about Miss Nancy, you fool,' said Godfrey, turning red, 'else I'll throttle you.'

Either **23** What makes Dunsey (Dunstan) so unpleasant here?

You should consider:
- the way Eliot describes him
- Dunsey's behaviour towards Godfrey. [14]

Or **24** What do you find disturbing about Silas's experiences in Lantern Yard at the beginning of the novel?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [14]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a) From *The Fall of the House of Usher*

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

(b) From *The Cask of Amontillado*

We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

Either **25** What do you find most striking about these two descriptions?

Remember to refer to words and phrases from both passages in your answer. [14]

Or **26** Which **TWO** of Poe's characters, each from a different story, have you found most fascinating?

You should consider:

- what the characters do and say
- the words and phrases that are used to describe them. [14]

H. G. WELLS: *The History of Mr Polly*

27 ‘I don’t see that it does you any good always looking at sunsets, like you do,’ said the fat woman.

‘Nor me. But I do. Sunsets and things I was made to like.’

‘They don’t help you,’ said the fat woman thoughtfully.

‘Who cares?’ said Mr Polly.

A deeper strain had come to the fat woman. ‘You got to die some day,’ she said.

‘Some things I can’t believe,’ said Mr Polly suddenly, ‘and one is your being a skeleton …’ He pointed his hand towards the neighbour’s hedge. ‘Look at ’em – against the yellow – and they’re just stingin’ nettles. Nasty weeds – if you count things by their uses. And no help in the life hereafter. But just look at the look of them!’

‘It isn’t only looks,’ said the fat woman.

‘Whenever there’s signs of a good sunset and I’m not too busy,’ said Mr Polly, ‘I’ll come and sit out here.’

The fat woman looked at him with eyes in which contentment struggled with some obscure reluctant protest, and at last turned them slowly to the black nettle pagodas against the golden sky.

‘I wish we could,’ she said.

‘I will.’

The fat woman’s voice sank nearly to the inaudible.

‘Not always,’ she said.

Mr Polly was some time before he replied. ‘Come here always, when I’m a ghost,’ he replied.

‘Spoil the place for others,’ said the fat woman, abandoning her moral solicitudes for a more congenial point of view.

‘Not my sort of ghost wouldn’t,’ said Mr Polly, emerging from another long pause. ‘I’d be a sort of diaphalous feeling – just mellowish and warmish like …’

They said no more, but sat on in the warm twilight until at last they could scarcely distinguish each other’s faces. They were not so much thinking, as lost in a smooth, still quiet of the mind. A bat flitted by.

‘Time we was going in, O’ Party,’ said Mr Polly, standing up. ‘Supper to get. It’s as you say, we can’t sit here for ever.’

Either **27** What are your thoughts about Mr Polly here, at the end of the novel?

Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [14]

Or **28** What makes Mr Polly’s time at the Bazaar so unpleasant for him?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [14]

[Turn over

KATE CHOPIN: Short Stories

29 (a) Her Letters

Then she stopped and began to pant – for she was far from strong, and she stayed staring into the fire with pained and savage eyes. Oh, what had she done! What had she not done! With feverish apprehension she began to search among the letters before her. Which of them had she so ruthlessly, so cruelly put out of her existence? Heaven grant, not the first, that very first one, written before they had learned, or dared to say to each other 'I love you.' No, no; there it was, safe enough. She laughed with pleasure, and held it to her lips. But what if that other most precious and most imprudent one were missing! in which every word of untempered passion had long ago eaten its way into her brain; and which stirred her still to-day, as it had done a hundred times before when she thought of it. She crushed it between her palms when she found it. She kissed it again and again. With her sharp white teeth she tore the far corner from the letter, where the name was written; she bit the torn scrap and tasted it between her lips and upon her tongue like some god-given morsel.

What unbounded thankfulness she felt at not having destroyed them all! How desolate and empty would have been her remaining days without them; with only her thoughts, illusive thoughts that she could not hold in her hands and press, as she did these, to her cheeks and her heart.

(b) Tonie (At Chênière Caminada)

He watched her retreating figure like a blotch against the fading sky. He was stirred by a terrible, an overmastering regret, that he had not clasped her in his arms when they were out there alone, and sprung with her into the sea. It was what he had vaguely meant to do when the sound of the Angelus had weakened and palsied his resolution. Now she was going from him, fading away into the mist with those figures on either side of her, leaving him alone. He resolved within himself that if ever again she were out there on the sea at his mercy, she would have to perish in his arms. He would go far, far out, where the sound of no bell could reach him. There was some comfort for him in the thought.

But as it happened, Mlle. Duvigné never went out alone in the boat with Tonie again.

Either 29 What do these two passages make you feel about the characters they portray? [14]

Or 30 Which TWO stories in the selection most surprised you by the way in which they ended?

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories. [14]