

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

Thursday **12 JANUARY 2006** Afternoon 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 **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 name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces on the answer booklet.
- 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.

- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 marks for the whole paper.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.

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

SECTION A

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

	Pages	Questions
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	4–7	1–6
BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	8–9	7–9
HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	10–13	10–12

1 (a)

Sonnet

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's 5
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints – I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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

(b)

They flee from me ...

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
 With naked foot stalking in my chamber.
 I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek
 That now are wild and do not remember
 That sometime they put themself in danger
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range
 Busily seeking with a continual change. 5

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise
 Twenty times better, but once in special,
 In thin array after a pleasant guise,
 When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,
 Therewithal sweetly did me kiss
 And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?' 10

It was no dream: I lay broad waking.
 But all is turned thorough my gentleness
 Into a strange fashion of forsaking.
 And I have leave to go of her goodness
 And she also to use newfangledness.
 But since that I so kindly am served
 I would fain know what she hath deserved. 15

Sir Thomas Wyatt

-
- Either** 1 In what ways do the poets convey to you very different emotions about their loved one in these two poems? [30]
-
- Or** 2 What do you find particularly entertaining and effective about the poets' use of language in both *The Ruined Maid* and *Faithless Sally Brown*? [30]
- Or** 3 How effectively do the poets convey to you their feeling that time does not stand still, even for lovers, in *To His Coy Mistress* and *In the Mile End Road*? [30]

4 (a)

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! 5

I remember, I remember,
 The roses, red and white, 10
 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, – 15
 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; 20
 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, 25
 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 30
 To know I'm further off from heav'n
 Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood

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

(b)

Into my heart ...

Into my heart an air that kills
 From yon far country blows:
 What are those blue remembered hills,
 What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
 I see it shining plain,
 The happy highways where I went
 And cannot come again.

5

A. E. Housman

-
- Either** 4 Compare the ways in which the poets convey a sense of loss to you in these two poems. [30]
-
- Or** 5 Compare the ways in which the poets reveal to you their strong views on time and death in *To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time* and *Death the Leveller*. [30]
- Or** 6 In what differing ways do the poets criticise the desire for power in *Ozymandias* and *A Song (Lying is an occupation)*? [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

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.

5

(b)

The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love,
 And saw what I never had seen:
 A Chapel was built in the midst,
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
 And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
 So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
 That so many sweet flowers bore;

5

And I saw it was filled with graves,
 And tombstones where flowers should be;
 And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
 And binding with briars my joys & desires.

10

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

Either 7 Explore the ways in which Blake conveys his feelings about destruction and change in these two poems. [30]

Or 8 Compare the ways in which Blake conveys feelings about childhood to you in *Nurse's Song (Innocence)* and *Nurse's Song (Experience)*. [30]

Or 9 How does Blake make the different descriptions of animals memorable for you in **TWO** of the following poems?

The Lamb (Innocence)

Night (Innocence)

The Tyger (Experience). [30]

10 (a)

To Lizbie Brown

i

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

5

ii

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

10

iii

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

15

iv

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

20

v

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

25

30

vi

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

35

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

vii

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

viii

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

ix

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

(b)

The Ruined Maid

'O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
 Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
 And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?' –
 'O didn't you know I'd been ruined?' said she.

– 'You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks, 5
 Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
 And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!' –
 'Yes; that's how we dress when we're ruined,' said she.

– 'At home in the barton you said "thee" and "thou", 10
 And "thik oon", and "theäs oon", and "t'other"; but now
 Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!' –
 'Some polish is gained with one's ruin,' said she.

– 'Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak 15
 But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
 And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!' –
 'We never do work when we're ruined,' said she.

– 'You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream, 20
 And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
 To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!' –
 'True. One's pretty lively when ruined,' said she.

– 'I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
 And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!' –
 'My dear – a raw country girl, such as you be,
 Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined,' said she.

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

- Either** 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy makes Lizbie and 'Melia such fascinating female characters in these two poems. [30]
-
- Or** 11 How does Hardy's writing encourage you to see situations in a new light in both *A Broken Appointment* and *The Man He Killed*? [30]
- Or** 12 Compare how Hardy powerfully conveys his feelings to you about the passing of time in **TWO** of the following poems:
- The Darkling Thrush*
The Self-Unseeing
On the Departure Platform. [30]

SECTION B

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

	Pages	Questions
Section B – Prose pre-1914		
AUSTEN: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	16–17	13–15
DICKENS: <i>Hard Times</i>	18–19	16–18
HARDY: <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	20–21	19–21
ELIOT: <i>Silas Marner</i>	22–23	22–24
POE: <i>Selected Tales</i>	24–25	25–27
WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	26–27	28–30
CHOPIN: <i>Short Stories</i>	28–30	31–33

13

They made their appearance in the Lower Rooms; and here fortune was more favourable to our heroine. The master of the ceremonies introduced to her a very gentlemanlike young man as a partner: – his name was Tilney. He seemed to be about four or five and twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing countenance, a very intelligent and lively eye, and, if not quite handsome, was very near it. His address was good, and Catherine felt herself in high luck. There was little leisure for speaking while they danced; but when they were seated at tea, she found him as agreeable as she had already given him credit for being. He talked with fluency and spirit – and there was an archness and pleasantry in his manner which interested, though it was hardly understood by her. After chatting some time on such matters as naturally arose from the objects around them, he suddenly addressed her with – ‘I have hitherto been very remiss, madam, in the proper attentions of a partner here; I have not yet asked you how long you have been in Bath; whether you were ever here before; whether you have been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre, and the concert; and how you like the place altogether. I have been very negligent – but are you now at leisure to satisfy me in these particulars? If you are I will begin directly.’ 5 10 15

‘You need not give yourself that trouble, sir.’

‘No trouble I assure you, madam.’ Then forming his features into a set smile, and affectedly softening his voice, he added, with a simpering air, ‘Have you been long in Bath, madam?’ 20

‘About a week, sir,’ replied Catherine, trying not to laugh.

‘Really!’ with affected astonishment.

‘Why should you be surprised, sir?’

‘Why, indeed!’ said he, in his natural tone – ‘but some emotion must appear to be raised by your reply, and surprise is more easily assumed, and not less reasonable than any other. – Now let us go on. Were you never here before, madam?’ 25

‘Never, sir.’

‘Indeed! Have you yet honoured the Upper Rooms?’

‘Yes, sir, I was there last Monday.’

‘Have you been to the theatre?’ 30

‘Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday.’

‘To the concert?’

‘Yes, sir, on Wednesday.’

‘And are you altogether pleased with Bath?’

‘Yes – I like it very well.’ 35

‘Now I must give one smirk, and then we may be rational again.’

Catherine turned away her head, not knowing whether she might venture to laugh.

‘I see what you think of me,’ said he gravely – ‘I shall make but a poor figure in your journal tomorrow.’ 40

‘My journal!’

‘Yes, I know exactly what you will say: Friday, went to the Lower Rooms; wore my sprigged muslin robe with blue trimmings – plain black shoes – appeared to much advantage; but was strangely harassed by a queer, half-witted man, who would make me dance with him, and distressed me by his nonsense.’ 45

‘Indeed I shall say no such thing.’

‘Shall I tell you what you ought to say?’

‘If you please.’

‘I danced with a very agreeable young man, introduced by Mr King; had a great deal of conversation with him – seems a most extraordinary genius – hope I may know more of him. *That*, madam, is what I *wish* you to say.’ 50

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

Either 13 How does Austen present Henry Tilney as the hero of the novel in this extract? [30]

Or 14 In what ways does Austen persuade you to feel that General Tilney is the villain of the novel?

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

Or 15 How does Austen use Catherine's love of Gothic novels to entertain and amuse you?

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

- 16 'O, my good Lord! He's down there! Down there!' At first this, and her terrific screams, were all that could be got from Rachael, by any tears, by any prayers, by any representations, by any means. It was impossible to hush her; and it was deadly necessary to hold her, or she would have flung herself down the shaft.
- 'Rachael, dear Rachael, good Rachael, for the love of Heaven, not these dreadful cries! Think of Stephen, think of Stephen, think of Stephen!' 5
- By an earnest repetition of this entreaty, poured out in all the agony of such a moment, Sissy at last brought her to be silent, and to look at her with a tearless face of stone.
- 'Rachael, Stephen may be living. You wouldn't leave him lying maimed at the bottom of this dreadful place, a moment, if you could bring help to him?' 10
- 'No, no, no!'
- 'Don't stir from here, for his sake! Let me go and listen.'
- She shuddered to approach the pit; but she crept towards it on her hands and knees, and called to him as loud as she could call. She listened, but no sound replied. She called again and listened; still no answering sound. She did this, twenty, thirty times. She took a little clod of earth from the broken ground where he had stumbled, and threw it in. She could not hear it fall. 15
- The wide prospect, so beautiful in its stillness but a few minutes ago, almost carried despair to her brave heart, as she rose and looked all round her, seeing no help. 'Rachael, we must lose not a moment. We must go in different directions, seeking aid. You shall go by the way we have come, and I will go forward by the path. Tell any one you see, and every one what has happened. Think of Stephen, think of Stephen!' 20
- She knew by Rachael's face that she might trust her now. And after standing for a moment to see her running, wringing her hands as she ran, she turned and went upon her own search; she stopped at the hedge to tie her shawl there as a guide to the place, then threw her bonnet aside, and ran as she had never run before. 25
- Run, Sissy, run, in Heaven's name! Don't stop for breath. Run, run! Quickening herself by carrying such entreaties in her thoughts, she ran from field to field, and lane to lane, and place to place, as she had never run before; until she came to a shed by an engine-house, where two men lay in the shade, asleep on straw. 30
- First to wake them, and next to tell them, all so wild and breathless as she was, what had brought her there, were difficulties; but they no sooner understood her than their spirits were on fire like hers. One of the men was in a drunken slumber, but on his comrade's shouting to him that a man had fallen down the Old Hell Shaft, he started out to a pool of dirty water, put his head in it, and came back sober. 35
- With these two men she ran to another half-a-mile further, and with that one to another, while they ran elsewhere. Then a horse was found; and she got another man to ride for life or death to the railroad, and send a message to Louisa, which she wrote and gave him. By this time a whole village was up; and windlasses, ropes, poles, candles, lanterns, all things necessary, were fast collecting and being brought into one place, to be carried to the Old Hell Shaft. 40
- It seemed now hours and hours since she had left the lost man lying in the grave where he had been buried alive. She could not bear to remain away from it any longer – it was like deserting him – and she hurried swiftly back, accompanied by half-a-dozen labourers, including the drunken man whom the news had sobered, and who was the best man of all. When they came to the Old Hell Shaft, they found it as lonely as she had left it. The men called and listened as she had done, and examined the edge of the chasm, and settled how it had happened, and then sat 45
- down to wait until the implements they wanted should come up. 50

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

Either 16 In what ways does Dickens make this such a tense and dramatic moment in the novel?
[30]

Or 17 How does Dickens make Sissy Jupe such a likeable and attractive character in *Hard Times*?

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

Or 18 In what ways does Dickens persuade you that Gradgrind's methods of education are horribly wrong?

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

- 19 Just before the clock struck five Gabriel Oak and Coggan passed the village cross, and went on together to the fields. They were yet barely in view of their mistress's house, when Oak fancied he saw the opening of a casement in one of the upper windows. The two men were at this moment partially screened by an elder bush, now beginning to be enriched with black bunches of fruit, and they paused before emerging from its shade. 5
- A handsome man leaned idly from the lattice. He looked east and then west, in the manner of one who makes a first morning survey. The man was Sergeant Troy. His red jacket was loosely thrown on, but not buttoned, and he had altogether the relaxed bearing of a soldier taking his ease. 10
- Coggan spoke first, looking quietly at the window.
'She has married him!' he said.
- Gabriel had previously beheld the sight, and he now stood with his back turned, making no reply.
- 'I fancied we should know something today,' continued Coggan. 'I heard wheels pass my door just after dark – you were out somewhere.' He glanced round upon Gabriel. 'Good heavens above us, Oak, how white your face is; you look like a corpse!' 15
- 'Do I?' said Oak, with a faint smile.
'Lean on the gate: I'll wait a bit.'
- 'All right, all right.' 20
- They stood by the gate awhile, Gabriel listlessly staring at the ground. His mind sped into the future, and saw there enacted in years of leisure the scenes of repentance that would ensue from this work of haste. That they were married he had instantly decided. Why had it been so mysteriously managed? It had become known that she had had a fearful journey to Bath, owing to her miscalculating the distance: that the horse had broken down, and that she had been more than two days getting there. It was not Bathsheba's way to do things furtively. With all her faults, she was candour itself. Could she have been entrapped? The union was not only an unutterable grief to him: it amazed him, notwithstanding that he had passed the preceding week in a suspicion that such might be the issue of Troy's meeting her away from home. Her quiet return with Liddy had to some extent dispersed the dread. Just as that imperceptible motion which appears like stillness is infinitely divided in its properties from stillness itself, so had his hope undistinguishable from despair differed from despair indeed. 25
- In a few minutes they moved on again towards the house. The sergeant still looked from the window. 30
- 'Morning, comrades!' he shouted, in a cheery voice, when they came up.
- Coggan replied to the greeting. 'Bain't ye going to answer the man?' he then said to Gabriel. 'I'd say good-morning – you needn't spend a hapeth of meaning upon it, and yet keep the man civil.'
- Gabriel soon decided too that, since the deed was done, to put the best face upon the matter would be the greatest kindness to her he loved. 40
- 'Good morning, Sergeant Troy,' he returned, in a ghastly voice.
'A rambling, gloomy house this,' said Troy, smiling.
'Why – they *may* not be married!' suggested Coggan. 'Perhaps she's not there.'
- Gabriel shook his head. The soldier turned a little towards the east, and the sun kindled his scarlet coat to an orange glow. 45
- 'But it is a nice old house,' responded Gabriel.
'Yes – I suppose so; but I feel like new wine in an old bottle here. My notion is that sash-windows should be put throughout, and these old wainscoted walls brightened up a bit; or the oak cleared quite away, and the walls papered.'
- 'It would be a pity, I think.' 50

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

Either 19 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes this such a powerful moment in the novel. [30]

Or 20 How does Hardy strikingly present the differences between the feelings that Oak and Boldwood have for Bathsheba?

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

Or 21 How does Hardy make his portrayal of Fanny Robin such a moving part of the novel?

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

22 This morning he had been told by some of his neighbours that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe-way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had perhaps helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while – there was really something on the road coming towards him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it – but he did not close it: he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or the evil that might enter there. 5 10 15

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold! – his own gold – brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child – a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream – his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?* He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision – it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard – and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life: it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe – old quiverings of tenderness – old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about. 20 25 30 35 40 45 50

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

Either 22 How does Eliot's writing here persuade you that this is a turning point for Silas in the novel? [30]

Or 23 Does Eliot encourage you to like and admire Nancy or to feel differently about her?
Remember to support your ideas with detail from the novel. [30]

Or 24 In what ways does Eliot suggest to you that selfishness and greed do not lead to happiness in this novel?
Remember to refer to support your ideas with detail from the novel. [30]

25 (a)

The Fall of the House of Usher

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was – but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me – upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain – upon the bleak walls – upon the vacant eye-like windows – upon a few rank sedges – and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees – with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium – the bitter lapse into everyday life – the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart – an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it – I paused to think – what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher?

(b)

The Cask of Amontillado

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled – but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

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

Either 25 How does Poe make these two openings so gripping? [30]

Or 26 How does Poe make you believe that his narrators are mad in *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Black Cat*?

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

Or 27 Explore the ways in which Poe creates frightening climaxes in **TWO** of the stories in this selection. [30]

- 28 'Look here,' said Mr Polly, 'I'm wild for the love of you! I can't keep up this gesticulatioous game any more! I'm not a Knight. Treat me as a human man. You may sit up there smiling, but I'd die in torments to have you mine for an hour. I'm nobody and nothing. But look here! Will you wait for me for five years? You're just a girl yet, and it wouldn't be hard.' 5
- 'Shut up!' said Christabel, in an aside he did not hear, and something he did not see touched her hand.
- 'I've always been just dilleterytating about till now, but I could work. I've just woke up. Wait till I've got a chance with the money I've got.'
- 'But you haven't got much money!' 10
- 'I've got enough to take a chance with, some sort of a chance. I'd find a chance. I'll do that anyhow. I'll go away. I mean what I say. I'll stop trifling and shirking. If I don't come back it won't matter. If I do –'
- Her expression had become uneasy. Suddenly she bent down towards him.
- 'Don't!' she said in an undertone. 15
- 'Don't – what?'
- 'Don't go on like this! You're different! Go on being the knight who wants to kiss my hand as his – what did you call it?' The ghost of a smile curved her face.
- 'Gurdrum!' 20
- 'But –!'
- Then through a pause they both stared at each other, listening.
- A muffled tumult on the other side of the wall asserted itself.
- 'Shut up, Rosie!' said a voice.
- 'I tell you I will see! I can't half hear. Give me a leg up!'
- 'You Idiot! He'll see you. You're spoiling everything.' 25
- The bottom dropped out of Mr Polly's world. He felt as people must feel who are going to faint.
- 'You've got some one –' he said aghast.
- She found life inexpressible to Mr Polly. She addressed some unseen hearers.
- 'You filthy little Beasts!' she cried, with a sharp note of agony in her voice, and swung herself back over the wall and vanished. There was a squeal of pain and fear, and a swift, fierce altercation. 30
- For a couple of seconds he stood agape.
- Then a wild resolve to confirm his worst sense of what was on the other side of the wall made him seize a log, put it against the stones, clutch the parapet with insecure fingers, and lug himself to a momentary balance on the wall. 35
- Romance and his goddess had vanished.
- A red-haired girl with a pigtail was wringing the wrist of a schoolfellow, who shrieked with pain and cried, 'Mercy! mercy! O-o-o! Christabel!'
- 'You Idiot!' cried Christabel. 'You giggling Idiot!' 40
- Two other young ladies made off through the beech trees from this outburst of savagery.
- Then the grip of Mr Polly's fingers gave, and he hit his chin against the stones and slipped clumsily to the ground again, scraping his cheek against the wall, and hurting his shin against the log by which he had reached the top. Just for a moment he crouched against the wall. 45
- He swore, staggered to the pile of logs and sat down.
- He remained very still for some time, with his lips pressed together.
- 'Fool!' he said at last. 'You Blithering Fool!' and began to rub his shin as though he had just discovered its bruises. 50
- Afterwards he found his face was wet with blood – which was none the less red stuff from the heart because it came from slight abrasions.

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

Either 28 In what ways do you think Wells makes this an embarrassing and important moment in Mr Polly's life? [30]

Or 29 How does Wells' portrayal of Parsons contribute to your enjoyment of the novel?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 30 How does Wells make his description of Mr Polly's attempted suicide so entertaining?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

31 (a)

At the 'Cadian Ball

Now and then were short lulls in the dance, when couples flocked out upon the galleries for a brief respite and a breath of air. The moon had gone down pale in the west, and in the east was yet no promise of day. After such an interval, when the dancers again assembled to resume the interrupted quadrille, Calixta was not among them.

5

She was sitting out upon a bench in the shadow, with Alcée beside her. They were acting like fools. He had attempted to take a little gold ring from her finger; just for the fun of it, for there was nothing he could have done with the ring but replace it again. But she clinched her hand tight. He pretended that it was a very difficult matter to open it. Then he kept the hand in his. They seemed to forget about it. He played with her earring, a thin crescent of gold hanging from her small, brown ear. He caught a wisp of the kinky hair that had escaped its fastening, and rubbed the ends of it against his shaven cheek.

10

'You know, last year in Assumption, Calixta?' They belonged to the younger generation, so preferred to speak English.

15

'Don't come say Assumption to me, M'sieur Alcée. I done yeard Assumption till I'm plumb sick.'

'Yes, I know. The idiots! Because you were in Assumption, and I happened to go to Assumption, they must have it that we went together. But it was nice – *hein*, Calixta? – in Assumption?'

20

They saw Bobinôt emerge from the hall and stand a moment outside the lighted doorway, peering uneasily and searchingly into the darkness. He did not see them, and went slowly back.

'There is Bobinôt looking for you. You are going to set poor Bobinôt crazy. You'll marry him some day; *hein*, Calixta?'

25

'I don't say no, me,' she replied, striving to withdraw her hand, which he held more firmly for the attempt.

'But, come, Calixta; you know you said you would go back to Assumption, just to spite them.'

'No, I never said that, me. You mus' dreamt that.'

30

'Oh, I thought you did. You know I'm going down to the city.'

'W'en?'

'To-night.'

'You betta make has'e, then; it's mos' day.'

'Well, to-morrow 'll do.'

35

'W'at you goin' do, yonda?'

'I don't know. Drown myself in the lake, maybe; unless you go down there to visit your uncle.'

Calixta's senses were reeling; and they well-nigh left her when she felt Alcée's lips brush her ear like the touch of a rose.

40

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

(b)

A Respectable Woman

Gouvernail's personality puzzled Mrs Baroda, but she liked him. Indeed, he was a lovable, inoffensive fellow. After a few days, when she could understand him no better than at first, she gave over being puzzled and remained piqued. In this mood she left her husband and her guest, for the most part, alone together. Then finding that Gouvernail took no manner of exception to her action, she imposed her society upon him, accompanying him in his idle strolls to the mill and walks along the batture. She persistently sought to penetrate the reserve in which he had unconsciously enveloped himself. 5

'When is he going – your friend?' she one day asked her husband. 'For my part, he tires me frightfully.' 10

'Not for a week yet, dear. I can't understand; he gives you no trouble.'

'No. I should like him better if he did; if he were more like others, and I had to plan somewhat for his comfort and enjoyment.'

Gaston took his wife's pretty face between his hands and looked tenderly and laughingly into her troubled eyes. They were making a bit of toilet sociably together in Mrs Baroda's dressing-room. 15

'You are full of surprises, ma belle,' he said to her. 'Even I can never count upon how you are going to act under given conditions.' He kissed her and turned to fasten his cravat before the mirror.

'Here you are,' he went on, 'taking poor Gouvernail seriously and making a commotion over him, the last thing he would desire or expect.' 20

'Commotion!' she hotly resented. 'Nonsense! How can you say such a thing? Commotion, indeed! But, you know, you said he was clever.'

'So he is. But the poor fellow is run down by overwork now. That's why I asked him here to take a rest.' 25

'You used to say he was a man of ideas,' she retorted, unconciliated. 'I expected him to be interesting, at least. I'm going to the city in the morning to have my spring gowns fitted. Let me know when Mr Gouvernail is gone; I shall be at my Aunt Octavie's.'

That night she went and sat alone upon a bench that stood beneath a live oak tree at the edge of the gravel walk. 30

She had never known her thoughts or her intentions to be so confused. She could gather nothing from them but the feeling of a distinct necessity to quit her home in the morning.

Either 31 How does Chopin vividly present the relationship between the characters in these extracts? [30]

Or 32 Explore Chopin's presentation of the impact a child makes on adult relationships in *A Matter of Prejudice* and *The Father of Désirée's Baby (Désirée's Baby)*. [30]

Or 33 To what extent does Chopin make you sympathise with Mrs Mallard's and Adrienne's desire for escape in *The Dream of an Hour (The Story of an Hour)* and *Lilacs*?

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

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