

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS**  
**General Certificate of Secondary Education**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**  
**Scheme A**

**2444/2**

UNIT 4 Pre-1914 Texts  
**HIGHER TIER**

Tuesday                      **23 MAY 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**

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

### **INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The total number of marks for this paper is 60.

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

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

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

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**SECTION B – Poetry pre-1914**

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

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**SECTION C – Prose pre-1914**

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

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

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<b>WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:</b> <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4	1–2
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

- 3 FRIAR: Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.  
 ROMEO: O thou wilt speak again of banishment.  
 FRIAR: I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee though thou art banished. 5
- ROMEO: Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy,  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
 It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.
- FRIAR: O then I see that madmen have no ears. 10
- ROMEO: How should they when that wise men have no eyes?  
 FRIAR: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.  
 ROMEO: Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.  
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, 15  
 Doting like me, and like me banished,  
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,  
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
- 

**Either** 3 How far does Shakespeare's presentation of Romeo here affect your view of his character? [20]

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**Or** 4 You are the Nurse, just after your meeting with Romeo. You are on your way to tell Juliet that Romeo wishes to marry her.

Write your thoughts. [20]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	Arthur, I couldn't tell my wife. When could I have told her? Not last night. It would have made a lifelong separation between us, and I would have lost the love of the one woman in the world I worship, of the only woman who has ever stirred love within me. Last night it would have been quite impossible. She would have turned from me in horror ... in horror and in contempt.	5
	LORD GORING:	Is Lady Chiltern as perfect as all that?	
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	Yes, my wife is as perfect as all that.	10
	LORD GORING:	<i>[Taking off his left-hand glove]</i> . What a pity! I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, I didn't quite mean that. But if what you tell me is true, I should like to have a serious talk about life with Lady Chiltern.	
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	It would be quite useless.	15
	LORD GORING:	May I try?	
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	Yes; but nothing could make her alter her views.	
	LORD GORING:	Well, at the worst it would simply be a psychological experiment.	
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	All such experiments are terribly dangerous.	20
	LORD GORING:	Everything is dangerous, my dear fellow. If it wasn't so, life wouldn't be worth living ... Well, I am bound to say that I think you should have told her years ago.	
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	When? When we were engaged? Do you think she would have married me if she had known that the origin of my fortune is such as it is, the basis of my career such as it is, and that I had done a thing that I suppose most men would call shameful and dishonourable?	25
	LORD GORING:	<i>[Slowly]</i> . Yes; most men would call it ugly names. There is no doubt of that.	30
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	<i>[Bitterly]</i> . Men who every day do something of the same kind themselves. Men who, each one of them, have worse secrets in their own lives.	
	LORD GORING:	That is the reason they are so pleased to find out other people's secrets. It distracts public attention from their own.	35
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	And, after all, whom did I wrong by what I did? No one.	
	LORD GORING:	<i>[Looking at him steadily]</i> . Except yourself, Robert.	40
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	<i>[After a pause]</i> . Of course I had private information about a certain transaction contemplated by the Government of the day, and I acted on it. Private information is practically the source of every large modern fortune.	45
	LORD GORING:	<i>[Tapping his boot with his cane]</i> . And public scandal invariably the result.	
	SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	<i>[Pacing up and down the room]</i> . Arthur, do you think that what I did nearly eighteen years ago should be brought up against me now? Do you think it fair that a man's whole career should be ruined for a fault done in one's boyhood almost? I was twenty-two at the	50

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

time, and I had the double misfortune of being well-born and poor, two unforgivable things nowadays. Is it fair that the folly, the sin of one's youth, if men choose to call it a sin, should wreck a life like mine, should place me in the pillory, should shatter all that I have worked for, all that I have built up. Is it fair, Arthur? LORD GORING: Life is never fair, Robert. And perhaps it is a good thing for most of us that it is not.

55

60

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**Either** 5 How does Wilde shape your feelings towards Sir Robert in this passage? [20]

**Or** 6 You are Mrs Cheveley at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts. [20]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

7	ASLAKSEN:	<i>(mounts the platform with the ballot papers; he rings the bell)</i> Gentlemen, let me announce the result. With only one vote to the contrary ...	
	A YOUNG MAN:	That's the drunk!	
	ASLAKSEN:	With only one drunken man's vote to the contrary, the resolution of this meeting was carried unanimously: that Dr Thomas Stockmann is an enemy of the people. <i>(Shouting and applause)</i> Three cheers for our ancient and honourable community! <i>(More cheers)</i> Three cheers for our able and efficient Mayor, for putting duty before family! <i>(Cheers)</i> The meeting is adjourned. <i>(He steps down)</i>	5  10
	BILLING:	Three cheers for the chairman!	
	THE WHOLE CROWD:	Good old Aslaksen!	
	DR STOCKMANN:	My hat and coat, Petra! Captain, have you any room aboard for passengers for the New World?	15
	HORSTER:	For you and your family we'll make room, Doctor.	
	DR STOCKMANN:	<i>(as Petra helps him on with his coat)</i> Good! Come on, Katherine! Come along, lads! <i>(He takes his wife by the arm)</i>	20
	MRS STOCKMANN:	<i>(in a low voice)</i> Thomas, dear, let's go out by the back way.	
	DR STOCKMANN:	No back way for me, Katherine. <i>(Raises his voice)</i> You'll hear again from this enemy of the people before he shakes the dust off his feet. I'm not as sweet-tempered as a certain person I could mention. I'm not saying: 'I forgive you, for you know not what you do.'	25
	ASLAKSEN:	<i>(shouting)</i> That comparison is blasphemous, Dr Stockmann!	
	BILLING:	Well I'll be ...! What dreadful things to say in the presence of decent people.	30
	A COARSE VOICE:	And what about those threats he made?	
	ANGRY SHOUTS:	Let's go and break his windows! Duck him in the fjord!	
	A MAN:	<i>(in the crowd)</i> Give us another blast, Evensen! Blow! Blow!	35
		<i>(The sound of a horn and whistles and wild shouts. The Doctor and his family make for the exit, and Horster clears a way for them.)</i>	
	THE WHOLE CROWD:	<i>(howling after them)</i> Enemy of the people! Enemy of the people! Enemy of the people!	40
	BILLING:	<i>(tidying his papers)</i> Well I'm damned if I would want to drink toddy at the Stockmanns' tonight.	



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

**Either** 7 What does Ibsen make you feel about Dr Stockmann and the townspeople here? [20]

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**Or** 8 Explore how Ibsen makes **ONE** moment in the play particularly dramatic and memorable for you. [20]



Answer **one** question from this Section.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Section B – Poetry pre-1914</b>		
<b>OCR:</b> <i>Opening Lines</i>	12–15	9–12
<b>BLAKE:</b> <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	16	13–14
<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Selected Poems</i>	17	15–16

OCR: *Opening Lines: War*

9 (a) from *Come up from the fields father*

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,  
She does not tarry to smooth her hair, nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,  
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,  
O a strange hand writes for our son, O stricken mother's soul! 5

All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,  
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*  
*At present low, but will soon be better.*

Ah, now the single figure to me,  
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms, 10  
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,  
By the jamb of a door leans.

*Grieve not so, dear mother,* (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,  
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd,)  
*See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.* 15

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave  
and simple soul,)  
While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already,  
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better, 20  
She with thin form presently drest in black,  
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,  
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,  
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,  
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son. 25

Walt Whitman

OCR: *Opening Lines: War* (Cont.)

(b)

from *Tommy's Dead*

Outside and in,  
 The ground is cold to my tread,  
 The hills are wizen and thin,  
 The sky is shrivelled and shred;  
 The hedges down by the loan 5  
 I can count them bone by bone,  
 The leaves are open and spread.  
 But I see the teeth of the land,

And hands like a dead man's hand,  
 And the eyes of a dead man's head. 10  
 There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
 The rat and the mouse have fled,  
 And the summer's empty and cold;  
 Over valley and wold,  
 Wherever I turn my head, 15  
 There's a mildew and a mould;  
 The sun's going out overhead,  
 And I'm very old,  
 And Tommy's dead.

What are you about, boys? 20  
 The prayers are all said,  
 The fire's raked out, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
 You may carry me to the head, 25  
 The night's dark and deep, boys,  
 Your mother's long in bed;  
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Sydney Dobell

**Either** 9 Compare some of the ways in which these two poets inspire sympathy here towards the people who are left behind when men die in war. [20]

**Or** 10 Explore some of the different ways in which the poets convey the wastefulness of war in **TWO** of the following poems:

*After Blenheim* (Southey)*Vitaï Lampada* (Newbolt)*On the Idle Hill* (Housman). [20]



(b) *The Way Through the Woods*

They shut the road through the woods  
 Seventy years ago.  
 Weather and rain have undone it again,  
 And now you would never know  
 There was once a road through the woods 5  
 Before they planted the trees.  
 It is underneath the coppice and heath  
 And the thin anemones.  
 Only the keeper sees  
 That, where the ring-dove broods, 10  
 And the badgers roll at ease,  
 There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
 Of a summer evening late,  
 When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools 15  
 Where the otter whistles his mate,  
 (They fear not men in the woods,  
 Because they see so few.)  
 You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
 And the swish of a skirt in the dew, 20  
 Steadily cantering through  
 The misty solitudes,  
 As though they perfectly knew  
 The old lost road through the woods ...  
 But there is no road through the woods. 25

Rudyard Kipling

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**Either** 11 Explore some of the different ways in which the poets create vivid pictures of nature in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 12 Explore some of the different ways in which the poets evoke a mood of sadness and regret in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Lake Isle of Innisfree* (Yeats)

*Binsey Poplars* (Hopkins)

*A Dead Harvest In Kensington Gardens* (Meynell). [20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

*The Chimney Sweeper*

A little black thing among the snow,  
 Crying 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!  
 'Where are thy father & mother? Say?'  
 'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath, 5  
 'And smil'd among the winter's snow,  
 'They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
 'And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy & dance & sing, 10  
 'They think they have done me no injury,  
 'And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,  
 'Who made up a heaven of our misery.'

(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 5  
 Of crimson joy:  
 And his dark secret love  
 Does thy life destroy.

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**Either** 13 By comparing these two poems from 'Songs of Experience', show how Blake creates such strong feelings of sadness and fear. [20]

**Or** 14 Compare how Blake expresses powerful feelings in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Divine Image (Innocence)*  
*The Garden of Love (Experience)*  
*Infant Sorrow (Experience).*

[20]



THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems (ed. Motion)*

15 (a)

*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.

(b)

*She at His Funeral*

They bear him to his resting-place –  
 In slow procession sweeping by;  
 I follow at a stranger's space;  
 His kindred they, his sweetheart I.

Unchanged my gown of garish dye, 5  
 Though sable-sad is their attire;  
 But they stand round with griefless eye,  
 Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

**Either** 15 By comparing these two poems, show how Hardy movingly portrays feelings of grief and loneliness. [20]

**Or** 16 Compare how Hardy portrays the speakers in the following two poems:

the first man in *Her Death and After*  
 the first woman in *A Wife and Another*. [20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Section C – Prose pre-1914</b>		
<b>AUSTEN:</b> <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	19	17–18
<b>DICKENS:</b> <i>Hard Times</i>	20	19–20
<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	21	21–22
<b>ELIOT:</b> <i>Silas Marner</i>	22–23	23–24
<b>POE:</b> <i>Selected Tales</i>	24	25–26
<b>WELLS:</b> <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	25	27–28
<b>CHOPIN:</b> <i>Short Stories</i>	26–27	29–30

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 'How shall I tell you! – Oh! How shall I tell you!'  
 A new idea now darted into Catherine's mind, and turning as pale as her friend, she exclaimed, 'Tis a messenger from Woodston!'  
 'You are mistaken, indeed,' returned Eleanor, looking at her most compassionately – 'it is no one from Woodston. It is my father himself.' Her voice faltered, and her eyes were turned to the ground as she mentioned his name. His unlooked-for return was enough in itself to make Catherine's heart sink, and for a few moments she hardly supposed there were anything worse to be told. She said nothing; and Eleanor endeavouring to collect herself and speak with firmness, but with eyes still cast down, soon went on. 'You are too good, I am sure, to think the worse of me for the part I am obliged to perform. I am indeed a most unwilling messenger. After what has so lately passed, so lately been settled between us – how joyfully, how thankfully on my side! – as to your continuing here as I hoped for many, many weeks longer, how can I tell you that your kindness is not to be accepted – and that the happiness your company has hitherto given us is to be repaid by – but I must not trust myself with words. My dear Catherine, we are to part. My father has recollected an engagement that takes our whole family away on Monday. We are going to Lord Longtown's, near Hereford, for a fortnight. Explanation and apology are equally impossible. I cannot attempt either.'  
 'My dear Eleanor,' cried Catherine, suppressing her feelings as well as she could, 'do not be so distressed. A second engagement must give way to a first. I am very, very sorry we are to part – so soon, and so suddenly too; but I am not offended, indeed I am not. I can finish my visit here you know at any time; or I hope you will come to me. Can you, when you return from this lord's, come to Fullerton?'  
 'It will not be in my power, Catherine.'  
 'Come when you can, then.' –  
 Eleanor made no answer; and Catherine's thoughts recurring to something more directly interesting, she added, thinking aloud, 'Monday – so soon as Monday; – and you *all* go. Well, I am certain of – I shall be able to take leave however. I need not go till just before you do, you know. Do not be distressed, Eleanor, I can go on Monday very well. My father and mother's having no notice of it is of very little consequence. The General will send a servant with me, I dare say, half the way – and then I shall soon be at Salisbury, and then I am only nine miles from home.'  
 'Ah, Catherine! Were it settled so, it would be somewhat less intolerable, though in such common attentions you would have received but half what you ought. But – how can I tell you? – To-morrow morning is fixed for your leaving us, and not even the hour is left to your choice; the very carriage is ordered, and will be here at seven o'clock, and no servant will be offered you.'

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**Either** 17 How does Austen make this such a dramatic moment in the novel? [20]

**Or** 18 What does Austen make you feel about Captain Frederick Tilney?  
 Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 'I am not a moral sort of fellow,' he said, 'and I never make any pretensions to the character of a moral sort of fellow. I am as immoral as need be. At the same time, in bringing any distress upon the lady who is the subject of the present conversation, or in unfortunately compromising her in any way, or in committing myself by any expression of sentiments towards her, not perfectly reconcilable with – in fact with – the domestic hearth; or in taking any advantage of her father's being a machine, or of her brother's being a whelp, or of her husband's being a bear; I beg to be allowed to assure you that I have had no particularly evil intentions, but have glided on from one step to another with a smoothness so perfectly diabolical, that I had not the slightest idea the catalogue was half so long until I began to turn it over. Whereas I find,' said Mr James Harthouse, in conclusion, 'that it is really in several volumes.'
- 5
- Though he said all this in his frivolous way, the way seemed, for that once, a conscious polishing of but an ugly surface. He was silent for a moment; and then proceeded with a more self-possessed air, though with traces of vexation and disappointment that would not be polished out.
- 15
- 'After what has been just now represented to me, in a manner I find it impossible to doubt – I know of hardly any other source from which I could have accepted it so readily – I feel bound to say to you, in whom the confidence you have mentioned has been reposed, that I cannot refuse to contemplate the possibility (however unexpected) of my seeing the lady no more. I am solely to blame for the thing having come to this – and – and, I cannot say,' he added, rather hard up for a general peroration, 'that I have any sanguine expectation of ever becoming a moral sort of fellow, or that I have any belief in any moral sort of fellow whatever.'
- 20
- Sissy's face sufficiently showed that her appeal to him was not finished.
- 25
- 'You spoke,' he resumed, as she raised her eyes to him again, 'of your first object. I may assume that there is a second to be mentioned?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'Will you oblige me by confiding it?'
- 'Mr Harthouse,' returned Sissy, with a blending of gentleness and steadiness that quite defeated him, and with a simple confidence in his being bound to do what she required, that held him at a singular disadvantage, 'the only reparation that remains with you, is to leave here immediately and finally.'
- 30

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**Either** 19 What does Dickens make you feel about James Harthouse at this point in the novel? [20]

**Or** 20 Explore how Dickens makes any **ONE** moment in the novel both amusing **and** serious at the same time. [20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 Nobody was in the room, but Bathsheba had hardly been there a moment when the master of the house entered.
- 'Mrs Troy – you are not going?' he said. 'We've hardly begun!'
- 'If you'll excuse me, I should like to go now.' Her manner was restive, for she remembered her promise, and imagined what he was about to say. 'But as it is not late,' she added, 'I can walk home, and leave my man and Liddy to come when they choose.' 5
- 'I've been trying to get an opportunity of speaking to you,' said Boldwood. 'You know perhaps what I long to say?'
- Bathsheba silently looked on the floor. 10
- 'You do give it?' he said, eagerly.
- 'What?' she whispered.
- 'Now, that's evasion! Why, the promise. I don't want to intrude upon you at all, or to let it become known to anybody. But do give your word! A mere business compact, you know, between two people who are beyond the influence of passion.' 15
- Boldwood knew how false this picture was as regarded himself; but he had proved that it was the only tone in which she would allow him to approach her. 'A promise to marry me at the end of five years and three-quarters. You owe it to me!'
- 'I feel that I do,' said Bathsheba; 'that is, if you demand it. But I am a changed woman – an unhappy woman – and not – not ...' 20
- 'You are still a very beautiful woman,' said Boldwood. Honesty and pure conviction suggested the remark, unaccompanied by any perception that it might have been adopted by blunt flattery to soothe and win her.
- However, it had not much effect now, for she said, in a passionless murmur which was in itself a proof of her words: 'I have no feeling in the matter at all. And I don't at all know what is right to do in my difficult position, and I have nobody to advise me. But I give my promise, if I must. I give it as the rendering of a debt, conditionally, of course, on my being a widow.' 25

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**Either** 21 What does Hardy make you feel about the relationship between Bathsheba and Boldwood at this point in the novel? [20]

---

**Or** 22 How far do you think that the marriage between Bathsheba and Gabriel Oak makes a satisfying ending to Hardy's novel? [20]

23

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings, that were to lead to a pre-determined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger. 5

'But I've a claim on you, Eppie – the strongest of all claims. It is my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She is my own child – her mother was my wife. I have a natural claim on her that must stand before every other.' 10

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved, by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. 'Then, sir,' he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished – 'then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen years ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine: you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in.' 15 20

'I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter,' said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words.

'I'm glad to hear it, sir,' said Marner, with gathering excitement; 'but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen year. Your coming now and saying "I'm her father" doesn't alter the feelings inside us. It's me she's been calling her father ever since she could say the word.' 25

'But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner,' said Godfrey, unexpectedly awed by the weaver's direct truth-speaking. 'It isn't as if she was to be taken quite away from you, so that you'd never see her again. She'll be very near you, and come to see you very often. She'll feel just the same towards you.' 30

'Just the same?' said Marner, more bitterly than ever. 'How'll she feel just the same for me as she does now, when we eat o' the same bit, and drink o' the same cup, and think o' the same things from one day's end to another? Just the same? that's idle talk. You'd cut us i' two.' 35

Godfrey, unqualified by experience to discern the pregnancy of Marner's simple words, felt rather angry again. It seemed to him that the weaver was very selfish (a judgment readily passed by those who have never tested their own power of sacrifice) to oppose what was undoubtedly for Eppie's welfare; and he felt himself called upon, for her sake, to assert his authority. 40

'I should have thought, Marner,' he said, severely – 'I should have thought your affection for Eppie would have made you rejoice in what was for her good, even if it did call upon you to give up something. You ought to remember that your own life is uncertain, and that she's at an age now when her lot may soon be fixed in a way very different from what it would be in her father's home: she may marry some low working man, and then, whatever I might do for her, I couldn't make her well-off. You're putting yourself in the way of her welfare; and though I'm sorry to hurt you after what you've done, and what I've left undone, I feel now it's my duty to insist on taking care of my own daughter. I want to do my duty.' 45

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

**Either** 23 How does Eliot make this such a powerful moment in the novel? [20]

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**Or** 24 What does Eliot's portrayal of **either** Priscilla Lammeter **or** Dolly Winthrop contribute to your enjoyment of the novel?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Tell-Tale Heart*

True! – nervous – very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses – not destroyed – not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! And observe how healthily – how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

5

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture – a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees – very gradually – I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

10

(b)

*The Black Cat*

For the most wild yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not – and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified – have tortured – have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but horror – to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace – some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

5

10

**Either** 25 In your view, how has Poe made these two openings so very effective?

Remember to refer to details from both passages in your answer.

[20]

**Or** 26 Select **TWO** moments, each from a different story, and explore how Poe makes these moments particularly gripping. [20]



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

**27** A month later a leisurely and dusty tramp, plump equatorially and slightly bald, with his hands in his pockets and his lips puckered to a contemplative whistle, strolled along the river bank between Uppingdon and Potwell. It was a profusely budding spring day, and greens such as God had never permitted in the world before in human memory (though indeed they come every year and we forget) were mirrored vividly in a mirror of equally unprecedented brown. For a time the wanderer stopped and stood still, and even the thin whistle died away from his lips as he watched a water-vole run to and fro upon a little headland across the stream. The vole plopped into the water, and swam and dived, and only when the last ring of its disturbance had vanished did Mr Polly resume his thoughtful course to nowhere in particular. 5 10

For the first time in many years he had been leading a healthy human life, living constantly in the open air, walking every day for eight or nine hours, eating sparingly, accepting every conversational opportunity, not even disdaining the discussion of possible work. And beyond mending a hole in his coat, that he had made while negotiating barbed wire, with a borrowed needle and thread in a lodging-house, he had done no real work at all. Neither had he worried about business nor about times and seasons. And for the first time in his life he had seen the Aurora Borealis. 15

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**Either** **27** Explore the ways in which Wells shows us here how Mr Polly has changed since he left Fishbourne. [20]

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**Or** **28** How far does Wells make you feel sympathy for Miriam when Mr Polly leaves her? [20]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*29 (a) *Désirée's Baby/The Father of Désirée's Baby*

In silence he ran his cold eyes over the written words. He said nothing. 'Shall I go, Armand?' she asked in tones sharp with agonized suspense.

'Yes, go.'

'Do you want me to go?'

'Yes, I want you to go.'

5

He thought Almighty God had dealt cruelly and unjustly with him; and felt, somehow, that he was paying Him back in kind when he stabbed thus into his wife's soul. Moreover he no longer loved her, because of the unconscious injury she had brought upon his home and his name.

She turned away like one stunned by a blow, and walked slowly towards the door, hoping he would call her back. 10

'Good-bye, Armand,' she moaned.

He did not answer her. That was his last blow at fate. After it was dealt he felt like a remorseless murderer.

Désirée went in search of her child. Zandrine was pacing the sombre gallery with it. She took the little one from the nurse's arms with no word of explanation, and descending the steps, walked away, under the live oak branches. 15

It was an October afternoon. Out in the still fields the negroes were picking cotton; and the sun was just sinking.

Désirée had not changed the thin white garment nor the slippers which she wore. Her head was uncovered and the sun's rays brought a golden gleam from its brown meshes. She did not take the broad, beaten road which led to the far-off plantation of Valmondé. She walked across a deserted field, where the stubble bruised her tender feet, so delicately shod, and tore her thin gown to shreds. 20

(b) *Her Letters*

It seemed no longer of any moment to him that men should come and go; and fall or rise in the world; and wed and die. It did not signify if money came to him by a turn of chance or eluded him. Empty and meaningless seemed to him all devices which the world offers for man's entertainment. The food and the drink set before him had lost their flavor. He did not longer know or care if the sun shone or the clouds lowered about him. A cruel hazard had struck him there where he was weakest, shattering his whole being, leaving him with but one wish in his soul, one gnawing desire, to know the mystery which he had held in his hands and had cast into the river. 5

One night when there were no stars shining he wandered, restless, upon the streets. He no longer sought to know from men and women what they dared not or could not tell him. Only the river knew. He went and stood again upon the bridge where he had stood many an hour since that night when the darkness then had closed around him and engulfed his manhood. 10

Only the river knew. It babbled, and he listened to it, and it told him nothing, but it promised all. He could hear it promising him with caressing voice, peace and sweet repose. He could hear the sweep, the song of the water inviting him. 15

A moment more and he had gone to seek her, and to join her and her secret thought in the immeasurable rest.

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

**Either 29** To what extent does Chopin make you feel sorry for each of these two men? [20]

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**Or 30** Which **TWO** of the following characters has Chopin created most vividly for you?

La Folle in *Beyond the Bayou*

Calixta in *At the 'Cadian Ball*

Claire Duvigny in *At Chênrière Caminada/Tonie*

Adrienne Farival in *Lilacs*

Remember to support your answer with details from Chopin's writing. [20]

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