

**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                    **25 MAY 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 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

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**This question paper consists of 25 printed pages and 3 blank pages.**



**SECTION A**

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>OCR:</b> <i>Opening Lines</i>	4–7	1–6
<b>BLAKE:</b> <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	8–9	7–9
<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Selected Poems</i>	10–11	10–12

1 (a)

*The Volunteer*

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent  
 Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,  
 Thinking that so his days would drift away  
 With no lance broke in life's tournament.  
 Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes 5  
 The gleaming eagles of the legions came,  
 And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,  
 Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;  
 From twilight to the halls of dawn he went; 10  
 His lance is broken; but he lies content  
 With that high hour, in which he lived and died.  
 And falling thus he wants no recompense,  
 Who found his battle in the last resort;  
 Nor need he any hearse to bear him hence, 15  
 Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

Herbert Asquith

(b)

*The Drum*

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round:  
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,  
 And lures from cities and from fields,  
 To sell their liberty for charms 5  
 Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;  
 And when Ambition's voice commands,  
 To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
 Parading round, and round, and round: 10  
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,  
 And burning towns, and ruined swains,  
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,  
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;  
 And all that Misery's hand bestows, 15  
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

John Scott

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

- Either**    **1**    How do the poets convey to you strikingly different attitudes to men joining an army, in these two poems? [30]
- 
- Or**        **2**    Compare how the poets vividly convey the horrors of war to you in *The Destruction of Sennacherib* (Byron) and *After Blenheim* (Southey). [30]
- Or**        **3**    Compare how far the poets manage to persuade you that death in war is heroic and honourable in *Vitai Lampada* (Newbolt) and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (Tennyson). [30]
- Remember to support your answer by referring to the language of the poems. [30]

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (a)

*Composed Upon Westminster Bridge,  
September 3, 1802*

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth

(b)

*London*

I wander through each chartered street,  
 Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
 And mark in every face I meet  
 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man, 5  
 In every infant's cry of fear,  
 In every voice, in every ban,  
 The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
 Every blackening church appalls; 10  
 And the hapless soldier's sigh  
 Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear  
 How the youthful harlot's curse  
 Blasts the newborn infant's tear, 15  
 And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

William Blake

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country* (Cont.)

- Either**    **4**    How do the poets create very different impressions of London in these two poems?    [30]
- 
- Or**        **5**    Compare the ways in which each poet creates a vivid picture of the beauty of nature in *To Autumn* (Keats) and *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* (Yeats).    [30]
- Or**        **6**    What do you find moving about the various ways in which the poets treat the idea of time passing in *Beeny Cliff* (Hardy) and *On Wenlock Edge ...* (Housman)?    [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*London*

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man, 5  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry 10  
Every black'ning Church appalls;  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear 15  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear,  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

(b)

*Infant Sorrow*

My mother groan'd! my father wept.  
Into the dangerous world I leapt:  
Helpless, naked, piping loud:  
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands, 5  
Striving against my swadling bands,  
Bound and weary I thought best  
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

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

**Either** 7 Compare the ways in which Blake expresses his strong feelings about freedom and suffering to you in these two poems. [30]

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**Or** 8 Explore the ways in which Blake conveys different impressions of human nature to you in *On Another's Sorrow* (Innocence) and *The Human Abstract* (Experience). [30]

**Or** 9 Compare the ways in which Blake memorably portrays the relationships between children and adults in **TWO** of the following poems:

*Holy Thursday* (Innocence)

*A Cradle Song* (Innocence)

*The Chimney Sweeper* (Experience)

*Nurse's Song* (Experience). [30]

10 (a)

*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,  
 Though sable-sad is their attire;  
 But they stand round with griefless eye,  
 Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

5

(b)

*Drummer Hodge*

(i)

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest  
 Uncoffined – just as found:  
 His landmark is a kopje-crest  
 That breaks the veldt around;  
 And foreign constellations west  
 Each night above his mound.

5

(ii)

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –  
 Fresh from his Wessex home –  
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,  
 The Bush, the dusty loam,  
 And why uprose to nightly view  
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

10

(iii)

Yet portion of that unknown plain  
 Will Hodge for ever be;  
 His homely Northern breast and brain  
 Grow to some Southern tree,  
 And strange-eyed constellations reign  
 His stars eternally.

15

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

**Either** 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy conveys to you strong feelings about death and isolation in these two poems. [30]

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**Or** 11 How does Hardy make the feelings and experiences of ordinary soldiers memorable for you in both *Valenciennes* and *The Man He Killed*? [30]

**Or** 12 Compare the ways in which Hardy conveys to you a strong sense of loss in **TWO** of the following poems:

*A Wife in London*  
*The Darkling Thrush*  
*In Tenebris I.*

[30]



**SECTION B**

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Section B – Prose pre-1914</b>		
<b>AUSTEN:</b> <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	14–15	13–15
<b>DICKENS:</b> <i>Hard Times</i>	16–17	16–18
<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	18–19	19–21
<b>ELIOT:</b> <i>Silas Marner</i>	20–21	22–24
<b>POE:</b> <i>Selected Tales</i>	22–23	25–27
<b>WELLS:</b> <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	24–25	28–30
<b>CHOPIN:</b> <i>Short Stories</i>	26–27	31–33

13

John Thorpe, who in the meantime had been giving orders about the horses, soon joined them, and from him she directly received the amends which were her due; for while he slightly and carelessly touched the hand of Isabella, on her he bestowed a whole scrape and half a short bow. He was a stout young man of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy. He took out his watch: 'How long do you think we have been running it from Tetbury, Miss Morland?' 5

'I do not know the distance.' Her brother told her that it was twenty-three miles. 10

'*Three-and-twenty!*' cried Thorpe; '*five-and-twenty* if it is an inch.' Morland remonstrated, pleaded the authority of road-books, innkeepers, and milestones; but his friend disregarded them all; he had a surer test of distance. 'I know it must be *five-and-twenty*,' said he, 'by the time we have been doing it. It is now half after one; we drove out of the inn-yard at Tetbury as the town-clock struck eleven; and I defy any man in England to make my horse go less than ten miles an hour in harness; that makes it exactly *twenty-five*.' 15

'You have lost an hour,' said Morland; 'it was only ten o'clock when we came from Tetbury.'

'Ten o'clock! it was eleven, upon my soul! I counted every stroke. This brother of yours would persuade me out of my senses, Miss Morland; do but look at my horse; did you ever see an animal so made for speed in your life?' (The servant had just mounted the carriage and was driving off.) 'Such true blood! Three hours and a half indeed coming only *three-and-twenty* miles! look at that creature, and suppose it possible if you can.' 20 25

'He *does* look very hot to be sure.'

'Hot! he had not turned a hair till we came to Walcot Church: but look at his forehead; look at his loins; only see how he moves; that horse *cannot* go less than ten miles an hour: tie his legs and he will get on. What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland? a neat one, is not it? Well hung; town built; I have not had it a month. It was built for a Christchurch man, a friend of mine, a very good sort of fellow; he ran it a few weeks, till, I believe, it was convenient to have done with it. I happened just then to be looking out for some light thing of the kind, though I had pretty well determined on a curricle too; but I chanced to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, as he was driving into Oxford, last term: "Ah! Thorpe," said he, "do you happen to want such a little thing as this? it is a capital one of the kind, but I am cursed tired of it." "Oh! d—," said I; "I am your man; what do you ask?" And how much do you think he did, Miss Morland?' 30 35

'I am sure I cannot guess at all.'

'Curricle-hung you see; seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-board, lamps, silver moulding, all you see complete; the iron-work as good as new, or better. He asked fifty guineas; I closed with him directly, threw down the money, and the carriage was mine.' 40

'And I am sure,' said Catherine, 'I know so little of such things that I cannot judge whether it was cheap or dear.' 45

'Neither one nor t'other; I might have got it for less I dare say; but I hate haggling, and poor Freeman wanted cash.'

'That was very good-natured of you,' said Catherine, quite pleased.

'Oh! d— it, when one has the means of doing a kind thing by a friend, I hate to be pitiful.' 50

An inquiry now took place into the intended movements of the young ladies; and, on finding whither they were going, it was decided that the gentlemen should accompany them to Edgar's Buildings, and pay their respects to Mrs Thorpe. James

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

and Isabella led the way; and so well satisfied was the latter with her lot, so contentedly was she endeavouring to ensure a pleasant walk to him who brought the double recommendation of being her brother's friend, and her friend's brother, so pure and uncoquettish were her feelings, that, though they overtook and passed the two offending young men in Milsom Street, she was so far from seeking to attract their notice, that she looked back at them only three times. 55

John Thorpe kept of course with Catherine, and, after a few minutes' silence, renewed the conversation about his gig – 'You will find, however, Miss Morland, it would be reckoned a cheap thing by some people, for I might have sold it for ten guineas more the next day; Jackson, of Oriel, bid me sixty at once; Morland was with me at the time.' 60

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- Either** 13 In what ways does Austen make this an entertaining and effective introduction to the character of John Thorpe? [30]
- 
- Or** 14 By what means does Austen reveal Isabella Thorpe's true character to you?  
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [30]
- Or** 15 In what ways does Austen present the love of money as the root of all evil in *Northanger Abbey*?  
Remember to refer closely to moments from the novel in your answer. [30]

16

The streets were hot and dusty on the summer day, and the sun was so bright that it even shone through the heavy vapour drooping over Coketown, and could not be looked at steadily. Stokers emerged from low underground doorways into factory yards, and sat on steps, and posts, and palings, wiping their swarthy visages, and contemplating coals. The whole town seemed to be frying in oil. There was a stifling smell of hot oil everywhere. The steam-engines shone with it, the dresses of the Hands were soiled with it, the mills throughout their many stories oozed and trickled it. The atmosphere of those Fairy palaces was like the breath of the simoom: and their inhabitants, wasting with heat, toiled languidly in the desert. But no temperature made the melancholy mad elephants more mad or more sane. Their wearisome heads went up and down at the same rate, in hot weather and cold, wet weather and dry, fair weather and foul. The measured motion of their shadows on the walls, was the substitute Coketown had to show for the shadows of rustling woods; while, for the summer hum of insects, it could offer, all the year round, from the dawn of Monday to the night of Saturday, the whirr of shafts and wheels.

Drowsily they whirred all through this sunny day, making the passenger more sleepy and more hot as he passed the humming walls of the mills. Sun-blinds, and sprinklings of water, a little cooled the main streets and the shops; but the mills, and the courts and alleys, baked at a fierce heat. Down upon the river that was black and thick with dye, some Coketown boys who were at large – a rare sight there – rowed a crazy boat, which made a spumous track upon the water as it jogged along, while every dip of an oar stirred up vile smells. But the sun itself, however beneficent, generally, was less kind to Coketown than hard frost, and rarely looked intently into any of its closer regions without engendering more death than life. So does the eye of Heaven itself become an evil eye, when incapable or sordid hands are interposed between it and the things it looks upon to bless.



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

**Either** 16 In what ways does this extract contribute to the impression of Coketown that Dickens creates for you in the novel? [30]

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**Or** 17 How does Dickens shape your feelings towards Bounderby?  
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [30]

**Or** 18 How does Dickens present the very different roles of Stephen Blackpool and James Harthouse in *Hard Times*?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

Bathsheba's head sank upon her bosom, and the breath which had been bated in suspense, curiosity, and interest, was exhaled now in the form of a whispered wail: 'Oh-h-h!' she said, and the silent room added length to her moan.

Her tears fell fast beside the unconscious pair in the coffin: tears of a complicated origin, of a nature indescribable, almost indefinable except as other than those of simple sorrow. Assuredly their wonted fires must have lived in Fanny's ashes when events were so shaped as to chariot her hither in this natural, unobtrusive, yet effectual manner. The one feat alone – that of dying – by which a mean condition could be resolved into a grand one, Fanny had achieved. And to that had destiny subjoined this rencounter tonight, which had, in Bathsheba's wild imagining, turned her companion's failure to success, her humiliation to triumph, her lucklessness to ascendancy; it had thrown over herself a garish light of mockery, and set upon all things about her an ironical smile. 5 10

Fanny's face was framed in by that yellow hair of hers; and there was no longer much room for doubt as to the origin of the curl owned by Troy. In Bathsheba's heated fancy the innocent white countenance expressed a dim triumphant consciousness of the pain she was retaliating for her pain with all the merciless rigour of the Mosaic law: 'Burning for burning; wound for wound; strife for strife.' 15

Bathsheba indulged in contemplations of escape from her position by immediate death, which, thought she, though it was an inconvenient and awful way, had limits to its inconvenience and awfulness that could not be overpassed; whilst the shames of life were measureless. Yet even this scheme of extinction by death was out tamely copying her rival's method without the reasons which had glorified it in her rival's case. She glided rapidly up and down the room, as was mostly her habit when excited, her hands hanging clasped in front of her, as she thought and in part expressed in broken words: 'O, I hate her, yet I don't mean that I hate her, for it is grievous and wicked; and yet I hate her a little! Yes, my flesh insists upon hating her, whether my spirit is willing or no! ... If she had only lived, I could have been angry and cruel towards her with some justification; but to be vindictive towards a poor dead woman recoils upon myself O God, have mercy! I am miserable at all this!' 20 25 30

Bathsheba became at this moment so terrified at her own state of mind that she looked around for some sort of refuge from herself. The vision of Oak kneeling down that night recurred to her, and with the imitative instinct which animates women she seized upon the idea, resolved to kneel, and, if possible, pray. Gabriel had prayed; so would she. 35

She knelt beside the coffin, covered her face with her hands, and for a time the room was silent as a tomb. Whether from a purely mechanical, or from any other cause, when Bathsheba arose it was with a quieted spirit, and a regret for the antagonistic instincts which had seized upon her just before. 40

In her desire to make atonement she took flowers from a vase by the window, and began laying them around the dead girl's head. Bathsheba knew no other way of showing kindness to persons departed than by giving them flowers. She knew not how long she remained engaged thus. She forgot time, life, where she was, what she was doing. A slamming together of the coach-house doors in the yard brought her to herself again. An instant after, the front door opened and closed, steps crossed the hall, and her husband appeared at the entrance to the room, looking in upon her. 45

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

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

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**Or** 20 To what extent does Hardy's portrayal of Sergeant Troy encourage you to feel sympathy for him?

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

**Or** 21 How does Hardy's portrayal of Bathsheba in the final four chapters suggest to you that she is a changed woman?

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

- 22 Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr Macey attributed to them; for the pale thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennae of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the sceptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr Macey, sitting a long way off the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralize his share of the general alarm. Had he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration: nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost. 5
- 'Master Marner,' he said, in a conciliatory tone, 'what's lacking to you? What's your business here?' 10
- 'Robbed!' said Silas, gaspingly. 'I've been robbed! I want the constable and the Justice – and Squire Cass – and Mr Crackenthorp.' 15
- 'Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney,' said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; 'he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through.'
- Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services. 20
- 'Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr Snell, if you've a mind,' said Jem, rather sullenly. 'He's been robbed, and murdered too, for what I know,' he added, in a muttering tone.
- 'Jem Rodney!' said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man. 25
- 'Ay, Master Marner, what do you want wi' me?' said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon.
- 'If it was you stole my money,' said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, 'give it me back – and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you – I'll let you have a guinea.' 30
- 'Me stole your money!' said Jem, angrily. 'I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' my stealing your money.'
- 'Come, come, Master Marner,' said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, 'if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're as wet as a drowned rat. Sit down and dry yourself and speak straight forrard.' 35
- 'Ah, to be sure, man,' said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. 'Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I didn't speak at the first – thinks I, the man's run mad.' 40
- 'Ay, ay, make him sit down,' said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.
- The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then to sit down on a chair aloof from every one else, in the centre of the circle, and in the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were 45 50

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned towards Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said; 'Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say, as you've been robbed? speak out.'

55

'He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him,' cried Jem Rodney, hastily. 'What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it.'

'Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say,' said the landlord. 'Now then, Master Marner.'

60

Silas now told his story, under frequent questioning, as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbours, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

65

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**Either**    **22**    How does Eliot make you feel that this is such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? [30]

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**Or**        **23**    What does Eliot make you think about Squire Cass and Godfrey Cass as fathers?  
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [30]

**Or**        **24**    'A credible and moving character.'  
'An unbelievable fairytale princess.'  
Which is closer to your view of Eppie, as she is portrayed in the novel? [30]

25 (a)

*The Pit and the Pendulum*

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell – and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute – two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here – I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. ‘Death,’ I said ‘any death but that of the pit!’ Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back – but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink – I averted my eyes –

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

(b)

*The Tell-Tale Heart*

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; – but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased – and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound – much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath – and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly – more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men – but the noise steadily increased. O God! what *could* I do? I foamed – I raved – I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder – louder – *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! – no, no! They heard! – they suspected! – they *knew!* – they were making a mockery of my horror! – this I thought, and this I think. But any thing was better than this agony! Any thing was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! – and now – again! – hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!* –

‘Villains!’ I shrieked, ‘dissemble no more! I admit the deed! – tear up the planks! – here, here! – it is the beating of his hideous heart!’

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

**Either** 25 Explore the ways in which Poe builds each of these endings to a climax. [30]

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**Or** 26 How does Poe convey to you the horror of being buried alive in *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Premature Burial*?

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

**Or** 27 How does Poe make an act of murder particularly disturbing for you in **TWO** of the following stories?

*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*

*The Black Cat*

*The Imp of the Perverse*

*The Cask of Amontillado*

[30]

28

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

So far, the holiday had cost him very little. He had arranged it on a plan that was entirely his own. He had started with four five-pound notes and a pound divided into silver, and he had gone by train from Fishbourne to Ashington. At Ashington he had gone to the post-office, obtained a registered letter envelope, and sent his four five-pound notes with a short brotherly note addressed to himself at Gilhampton Post Office. He sent this letter to Gilhampton for no other reason in the world than that he liked the name of Gilhampton and the rural suggestion of its containing county, which was Sussex; and having so despatched it, he set himself to discover, mark down, and walk to Gilhampton, and so recover his resources. And having got to Gilhampton at last, he changed a five-pound note, bought four pound postal orders, and repeated his manoeuvre with nineteen pounds. 20 25

After a lapse of fifteen years he rediscovered this interesting world, about which so many people go incredibly blind and bored. He went along country roads while all the birds were piping and chirruping and cheeping and singing, and looked at fresh new things, and felt as happy and irresponsible as a boy with an unexpected half-holiday. And if ever the thought of Miriam returned to him, he controlled his mind. He came to country inns and sat for unmeasured hours talking of this and that to those sage carters who rest for ever in the taps of country inns, while the big, sleek, brass-jingling horses wait patiently outside with their wagons. He got a job with some van people who were wandering about the country with swings and a steam roundabout, and remained with them three days, until one of their dogs took a violent dislike to him, and made his duties unpleasant. He talked to tramps and wayside labourers. He snoozed under hedges by day, and in outhouses and hayricks at night, and once, but only once, he slept in a casual ward. He felt as the etiolated grass and daisies must do when you move the garden roller away to a new place. 30 35 40



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

**Either 28** Explore the ways in which Wells makes this such an enjoyable part of the novel. [30]

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**Or 29** How does Wells make Mr Polly's return visit to Miriam (in Chapter Ten) such a fascinating and significant part of the novel?

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

**Or 30** How does Wells make the 'private war' between Mr Polly and Uncle Jim so entertaining?

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

31 (a)

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

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. 5

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: ‘free, free, free!’ The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed 10 keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands 15 folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for 20 herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! 25 What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

‘Free! Body and soul free!’ she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, 30 imploring for admission. ‘Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.’

‘Go away. I am not making myself ill.’ No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

(b)

*Her Letters*

And yet, and yet, 'there is but one secret which a woman would choose to have die with her,' was the thought which continued to haunt him and deprive him of rest. Days and nights of uncertainty began slowly to unnerve him and to torture him. An assurance of the worst that he dreaded would have offered him peace most welcome, even at the price of happiness. 5

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. 10

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. 15

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. 20

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

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**Either** 31 How does Chopin reveal to you the impact of a partner's death in these two extracts? [30]

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**Or** 32 Does Chopin make you sympathise with or dislike Tonie (in *Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*) and Armand Aubigny (in *The Father of Désirée's Baby/Désirée's Baby*)?

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

**Or** 33 In what ways does Chopin convey to you the powerful emotions of the characters in *The Storm* and *Beyond the Bayou*?

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

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