

General Certificate of Secondary Education
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme A

Unit 4 Pre-1914 Texts

TUESDAY 23 JANUARY 2007

H **2444/2**

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 pages)

This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**

Morning
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.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks for each question is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part-question.
- The total number of marks for this paper is 60.

ADVICE TO CANDIDATES

- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.

This document consists of **29** printed pages and **3** 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)

Page 11

SECTION C – Prose pre-1914

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

Page 20

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section A – Drama pre-1914		
SHAKESPEARE: <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4–5	1–2
SHAKESPEARE: <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	6	3–4
WILDE: <i>An Ideal Husband</i>	7	5–6
IBSEN: <i>An Enemy of the People</i>	8–9	7–8

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing* (Cont.)

HERO:	No, not to be so odd and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable. But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air; o she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly. It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling.	55 60
URSULA:	Yet tell her of it, hear what she will say.	
HERO:	No, rather I will go to Benedick, And counsel him to fight against his passion. And truly I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with. One doth not know How much an ill word may empoison liking.	65

Either **1** How does Shakespeare's writing make Hero such an attractive and likeable character at this point in the play? [20]

Or **2** How in your view does Shakespeare make the relationship between Beatrice and Benedick so memorable? [20]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

- 3 NURSE: Lord, how my head aches, what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a t' other side, ah my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down. 5
- JULIET: I' faith I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?
- NURSE: Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous,
and a kind, and a handsome, and I warrant a virtuous –
Where is your mother? 10
- JULIET: Where is my mother? Why she is within.
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest.
'Your love says like an honest gentleman,
'Where is your mother?'
- NURSE: O God's lady, dear, 15
Are you so hot? Marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
- JULIET: Here's such a coil. Come, what says Romeo?
- NURSE: Have you got leave to go to shrift today? 20
- JULIET: I have.
- NURSE: Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. 25
Hie you to church. I must another way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight.
But you shall bear the burden soon at night. 30
Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell!
- JULIET: Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse farewell.

Either 3 How does Shakespeare's writing make you feel about the Nurse at this moment in the play? [20]

Or 4 Explore in detail the ways in which Shakespeare powerfully portrays the hatred between the Capulets and the Montagues in **ONE or TWO** moments from the play. [20]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 MABEL CHILTERN: What a horrid woman!
 LORD GORING: You should go to bed, Miss Mabel.
 MABEL CHILTERN: Lord Goring!
 LORD GORING: My father told me to go to bed an hour ago. I don't see why I shouldn't give you the same advice. I always pass on good advice. 5
 It is the only thing to do with it. It is never of any use to oneself.
 MABEL CHILTERN: Lord Goring, you are always ordering me out of the room. I think it most courageous of you. Especially as I am not going to bed for hours. [*Goes over to the sofa.*] You can come and sit down if you like, and talk about anything in the world, except 10
 the Royal Academy, Mrs Cheveley, or novels in Scotch dialect. They are not improving subjects. [*Catches sight of something, that is lying on the sofa half hidden by the cushion.*] What is this? Someone has dropped a diamond brooch! Quite beautiful, isn't it? [*Shows it to him.*] I wish it was mine, but Gertrude 15
 won't let me wear anything but pearls, and I am thoroughly sick of pearls. They make one look so plain, so good, and so intellectual. I wonder whom the brooch belongs to.
 LORD GORING: I wonder who dropped it.
 MABEL CHILTERN: It is a beautiful brooch. 20
 LORD GORING: It is a handsome bracelet.
 MABEL CHILTERN: It isn't a bracelet. It's a brooch.
 LORD GORING: It can be used as a bracelet.
 [*Takes it from her, and, pulling out a green letter-case, puts the ornament carefully in it, and replaces the whole thing in his breast-pocket with the most perfect sang-froid.*] 25
 MABEL CHILTERN: What are you doing?
 LORD GORING: Miss Mabel, I am going to make a rather strange request to you.
 MABEL CHILTERN: [*Eagerly.*] Oh, pray do! I have been waiting for it all the evening. 30
 LORD GORING: [*Is a little taken aback, but recovers himself.*] Don't mention to anybody that I have taken charge of this brooch. Should anyone write and claim it, let me know at once.
 MABEL CHILTERN: That is a strange request.
 LORD GORING: Well, you see I gave this brooch to somebody once, years ago. 35
 MABEL CHILTERN: You did?
 LORD GORING: Yes.

Either 5 How does Wilde make this moment both entertaining and dramatic? [20]

Or 6 You are Sir Robert Chiltern, just after your first conversation with Mrs Cheveley. You have agreed to support the Canal scheme in exchange for her silence and the return of the letter.

Write your thoughts. [20]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 DR STOCKMANN: All right, to your grandfather, then. Yes, now we'll give that old boy something that will really open his eyes. He's another one who thinks I'm a bit cracked – oh yes, there are plenty more with the same idea, I can see. But now these good people are going to see something – they're certainly going to see something, this time. [*He walks round rubbing his hands.*] What a commotion this is going to cause in the town, Katherine! You've no idea! All the pipes will have to be re-laid. 5
- HOVSTAD: [*rising*] All the pipes ...?
- DR STOCKMANN: Naturally. The intake is sited too low down; it will have to be moved much higher up. 10
- PETRA: So you were right after all.
- DR STOCKMANN: Ah, you remember, Petra? I wrote in opposing it, when they were drawing up the plans. But at that time nobody would listen to me. Well, now I'm going to let them have it. Naturally I've written a report for the Board – it's been lying there all ready for the past week. I was only waiting for this to come. [*He points to the letter.*] But now we'll get this off at once. [*He goes into his room and comes back with a sheaf of papers.*] Look! Four closely written sheets! And the letter attached. A newspaper, Katherine! Something to wrap it in. Good! There we are! Give it to ... to ... [*Stamps his foot.*] ... what the devil's her name again? Anyway, give it to that girl, and tell her to take it straight down to the Mayor. [*Mrs Stockmann takes the packet and goes out through the dining-room.*] 15 20 25
- PETRA: What do you think Uncle Peter's going to say, Father?
- DR STOCKMANN: What do you expect him to say? He can't help but be pleased that an important matter like this has been brought to light, surely.
- HOVSTAD: Do you mind if we put a little paragraph in the *Herald* about your discovery? 30
- DR STOCKMANN: I should be extremely grateful if you would.
- HOVSTAD: The sooner the public hears about this, the better.
- DR STOCKMANN: Certainly.
- MRS STOCKMANN: [*returning*] She's just gone with it now. 35
- BILLING: You'll be the leading light of the town, Dr Stockmann, damn me if you won't!
- DR STOCKMANN: [*walks happily up and down*] Oh, don't be silly! I've only done my duty. It just happened to be a lucky strike, that's all. All the same ... 40
- BILLING: Hovstad, don't you think the town ought to organize something to show its appreciation to Dr Stockmann?
- HOVSTAD: I'll certainly put it forward.
- BILLING: And I'll talk it over with Aslaksen.
- DR STOCKMANN: Please, please, my dear friends! Let's have no more of this nonsense. I won't hear of it. And if the Board starts getting any ideas about increasing my salary, I shall refuse. Do you hear me, Katherine? – I won't take it. 45
- MRS STOCKMANN: Quite right, Thomas.
- PETRA: [*raising her glass*] Your health, Father! 50
- HOVSTAD: }
BILLING: } Your health, Dr Stockmann!
- HORSTER: [*clinking glasses with him*] Here's wishing you joy of it!

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

DR STOCKMANN: Thank you, my dear friends, thank you! I am extremely happy
 ... What a wonderful thing it is to feel that one's been of 55
 some service to one's home town and fellow citizens. Hurrah,
 Katherine!
*[He puts his arms round her and whirls her round and round;
 she screams and tries to resist. Laughter, applause and
 cheering for the Doctor. The boys poke their heads in at the 60
 door.]*

Either 7 How does Ibsen portray Dr Stockmann's character and his relationships with his family
 and friends in this extract? [20]

Or 8 You are Mrs Stockmann at the end of the play.
 Write your thoughts. [20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section B – Poetry pre-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	12–15	9–12
BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	16–17	13–14
HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	18–19	15–16

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War*

9 (a)

On the Idle Hill

On the idle hill of summer,
 Sleepy with the flow of streams,
 Far I hear the steady drummer
 Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder 5
 On the roads of earth go by,
 Dear to friends and food for powder,
 Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten 10
 Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
 Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
 None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo, 15
 High the screaming fife replies,
 Gay the files of scarlet follow:
 Woman bore me, I will rise.

A. E. Housman

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

(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

Either 9 Compare the ways in which these two poets convey to you their responses to the sound of drums. [20]

Or 10 Explore the different ways in which the poets convey powerful feelings about the effects of war in **TWO** of the following poems.

Song (Brontë)*The Man He Killed* (Hardy)*Tommy's Dead* (Dobell) [20]

OCR *Opening Lines: Section D: Town and Country*

11 (a)

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

OCR Opening Lines: Section D: Town and Country (Cont.)

(b)

On Wenlock Edge ...

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
 His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
 The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger 5
 When Uricon the city stood:
 'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
 But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman 10
 At yonder heaving hill would stare:
 The blood that warms an English yeoman,
 The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
 Through him the gale of life blew high;
 The tree of man was never quiet: 15
 Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
 Today the Roman and his trouble 20
 Are ashes under Uricon.

A. E. Housman

Either 11 Explore some of the different ways in which the poets convey to you their thoughts about nature and the passage of time in these two poems. [20]

Or 12 Compare some of the different ways in which the poets convey impressions of London in **TWO** of the following poems.

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802 (Wordsworth)

A Dead Harvest in Kensington Gardens (Meynell)

Symphony in Yellow (Wilde)

[20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

Holy Thursday (Innocence)

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
 The children walking two & two, in red & blue & green,
 Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town! 5
 Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song, 10
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

(b)

London (Experience)

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 Harlot's curse
 Blasts the new born Infants tear,
 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

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

Either 13 Compare the ways in which Blake creates such striking pictures of London in these two poems. [20]

Or 14 Compare how Blake creates such memorable pictures of nature and the countryside in **TWO** of the following poems.

The Lamb (Innocence)

Night (Innocence)

Holy Thursday (Experience)

[20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

from *Valenciennes*

'Twas said that we'd no business there
 A-topperèn the French for disagreeën;
 However, that's not my affair –
 We were at Valencieën.

Such snocks and slats, since war began
 Never knew raw recruit or veteràn:
 Stone-deaf therence went many a man
 Who served at Valencieën.

5

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,
 A hundred thousand balls and bombs were fleën
 And harmless townfolk fell to die
 Each hour at Valencieën.

10

And, sweatèn wi' the bombardiers,
 A shell was slent to shards anighst my ears:
 – 'Twas nigh the end of hopes and fears
 For me at Valencieën!

15

They bore my wownded frame to camp,
 And shut my gapèn skull, and washed en clean,
 And jined en wi' a zilver clamp
 Thik night at Valencieën.

20

'We've fetched en back to quick from dead;
 But never more on earth while rose is red
 Will drum rouse Corpell!' Doctor said
 O' me at Valencieën.

'Twer true. No voice o' friend or foe
 Can reach me now, or any livèn beën;
 And little have I power to know
 Since then at Valencieën!

25

I never hear the zummer hums
 O' bees; and don' know when the cuckoo comes;
 But night and day I hear the bombs
 We threw at Valencieën ...

30

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

(b)

The Man He Killed

'Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

'But ranged as infantry, 5
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

'I shot him dead because – 10
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps, 15
Off-hand like – just as I –
Was out of work – had sold his traps –
No other reason why.

'Yes, quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half a crown.' 20

Either 15 Compare the ways in which Hardy's writing in these two poems conveys the powerful impact that war can have on those who fight. [20]

Or 16 Compare how Hardy movingly portrays hopeless love in **TWO** of the following poems.

She at His Funeral

To Lizbie Browne

A Broken Appointment

[20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 Miss Tilney's manners and Henry's smile soon did away some of her unpleasant feelings; but still she was far from being at ease; nor could the incessant attentions of the General himself entirely reassure her. Nay, perverse as it seemed, she doubted whether she might not have felt less, had she been less attended to. His anxiety for her comfort – his continual solicitations that she would eat, and his often-expressed fears of her seeing nothing to her taste – though never in her life before had she beheld half such variety on a breakfast-table – made it impossible for her to forget for a moment that she was a visitor. She felt utterly unworthy of such respect, and knew not how to reply to it. Her tranquillity was not improved by the General's impatience for the appearance of his eldest son, nor by the displeasure he expressed at his laziness when Captain Tilney at last came down. She was quite pained by the severity of his father's reproof, which seemed disproportionate to the offence; and much was her concern increased, when she found herself the principal cause of the lecture; and that his tardiness was chiefly resented from being disrespectful to her. This was placing her in a very uncomfortable situation, and she felt great compassion for Captain Tilney, without being able to hope for his good-will. 5
- He listened to his father in silence, and attempted not any defence, which confirmed her in fearing, that the inquietude of his mind, on Isabella's account, might, by keeping him long sleepless, have been the real cause of his rising late. – It was the first time of her being decidedly in his company, and she had hoped to be now able to form her opinion of him; but she scarcely heard his voice while his father remained in the room; and even afterwards, so much were his spirits affected, she could distinguish nothing but these words, in a whisper to Eleanor, 'How glad I shall be when you are all off.' 10
- The bustle of going was not pleasant. – The clock struck ten while the trunks were carrying down, and the General had fixed to be out of Milsom-street by that hour. His great coat, instead of being brought for him to put on directly, was spread out in the curricule in which he was to accompany his son. 15

Either 17 In what ways does Austen's writing here change any impressions you had previously formed of General Tilney? [20]

Or 18 What impressions of life in Bath does Austen's writing create for you?

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

- 19 'He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir,' observed Mrs Sparsit in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.
- 'I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great folk (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worse so fast, but that they can be set free fro' *their* misfortnet marriages, an marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they has rooms o' one kind an another in their houses, above a bit, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, an we can't. When that won't do, they ha' gowd an other cash, an' they can say "This for yo, an that for me," an they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridden o' this woman, an I want t'know how?' 5
- 'No how,' returned Mr Bounderby.
- 'If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?'
- 'Of course there is.' 15
- 'If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?'
- 'Of course there is.'
- 'If I marry t'ooother dear lass, there's a law to punish me?'
- 'Of course there is.'
- 'If I was to live wi' her an not marry her – saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an her so good – there's a law to punish me, in every innocent child belonging to me?' 20
- 'Of course there is.'
- 'Now, a' God's name,' said Stephen Blackpool, 'show me the law to help me!'
- 'Hem! There's a sanctity in this relation of life,' said Mr Bounderby, 'and – and – it must be kept up.' 25
- 'No no, dunnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' up that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fact'ry when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to year wi'. I read in th' papers every 'Sizes, every Sessions – and you read too – I know it! – with dismay – how th' supposed impossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this, right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an I want – if yo will be so good – t'know the law that helps me.' 30
- 'Now, I tell you what!' said Mr Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. 'There *is* such a law.' 35
- Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.
- 'But it's not for you at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money.'
- 'How much might that be?' Stephen calmly asked. 40
- 'Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain-sailing), I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred pound,' said Mr Bounderby. 'Perhaps twice the money.' 45

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

Either 19 How does Dickens make the injustice of Victorian society so vivid for you here? [20]

Or 20 How does Dickens make you change your view of Louisa as the novel develops?
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21** When Boldwood went to bed he placed the valentine in the corner of the looking-glass. He was conscious of its presence, even when his back was turned upon it. It was the first time in Boldwood's life that such an event had occurred. The same fascination that caused him to think it an act which had a deliberate motive prevented him from regarding it as an impertinence. He looked again at the direction. The mysterious influences of night invested the writing with the presence of the unknown writer. Somebody's – some *woman's* – hand had travelled softly over the paper bearing his name; her unrevealed eyes had watched every curve as she formed it; her brain had seen him in imagination the while. Why should she have imagined him? Her mouth – were the lips red or pale, plump or creased? – had curved itself to a certain expression as the pen went on – the corners had moved with all their natural tremulousness: what had been the expression? 5
- The vision of the woman writing, as a supplement to the words written, had no individuality. She was a misty shape, and well she might be, considering that her original was at that moment sound asleep and oblivious of all love and letter-writing under the sky. Whenever Boldwood dozed she took a form, and comparatively ceased to be a vision: when he awoke there was the letter justifying the dream. 10
- 15

Either **21** How does Hardy's writing make this such a significant moment in Boldwood's life? [20]

Or **22** How does Hardy memorably portray the impact that Fanny Robin has upon the lives of other characters in the novel? [20]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23 Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear.
- ‘I waited for you, as I’d come so far,’ he said, speaking first.
- ‘Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out: why didn’t you send one of the men? There’s nothing to be done. She’s dead – has been dead for hours, I should say.’ 5
- ‘What sort of woman is she?’ said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.
- ‘A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant – quite in rags. She’s got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse to-morrow. Come, come along.’ 10
- ‘I want to look at her,’ said Godfrey. ‘I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I’ll overtake you in a minute or two.’
- Mr Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night. 15
- He turned immediately towards the hearth where Silas Marner sat lulling the child. She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep – only soothed by sweet porridge and warmth into that wide gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky – before a steady-glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway. 20
- The wide-open blue eyes looked up at Godfrey’s without any uneasiness or sign of recognition: the child could make no visible audible claim on its father; and the father felt a strange mixture of feelings, a conflict of regret and joy, that the pulse of that little heart had no response for the half-jealous yearning in his own, when the blue eyes turned away from him slowly, and fixed themselves on the weaver’s queer face, which was bent low down to look at them, while the small hand began to pull Marner’s withered cheek with loving disfiguration. 25
- ‘You’ll take the child to the parish to-morrow?’ asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could. 30

Either 23 How does Eliot make this such a dramatic moment for Godfrey? [20]

Or 24 Explore any **ONE** moment in the Rainbow Inn which you have found particularly amusing and show how Eliot makes it so. [20]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*25 (a) *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Orang-Outan into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear.

(b) *The Black Cat*

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting in my wrath the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal, which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded by the interference into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot without a groan.

The hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbours. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard – about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar, as the monks of the Middle Ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

Either 25 How does Poe's writing make the events in these two passages so horrifying? [20]

Or 26 How does Poe make his descriptions of places and buildings so very memorable in **TWO** of the following stories?

The Fall of the House of Usher

The Pit and the Pendulum

The Cask of Amontillado

[20]

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

- 27 Mr Polly sprang up and backwards, as though the uprushing tongues of fire were a pack of eager wolves.
 'Good Lord!' he cried, like a man who wakes from a dream.
 He swore sharply, and slapped again at a recrudescing flame upon his leg.
 'What the Deuce shall I do? I'm soaked with the confounded stuff!' 5
 He had nerved himself for throat-cutting, but this was fire!
 He wanted to delay things, to put the fire out for a moment while he did his business. The idea of arresting all this hurry with water occurred to him.
 There was no water in the little parlour and none in the shop. He hesitated for a moment whether he should not run upstairs to the bedroom and get a ewer of water 10
 to throw on the flames. At this rate, Rumbold's would be ablaze in five minutes. Things were going all too fast for Mr Polly. He ran towards the staircase door, and its hot breath pulled him up sharply. Then he dashed out through the shop. The catch of the front door was sometimes obstinate; it was now, and instantly he became frantic. 15
 He rattled and stormed and felt the parlour already ablaze behind him. In another moment he was in the High Street with the door wide open.
 The staircase behind him was crackling now like horsewhips and pistol-shots.
 He had a vague sense that he wasn't doing as he had proposed, but the chief thing was his sense of that uncontrolled fire within. What was he going to do? There 20
 was the fire-brigade station next door but one.
 The Fishbourne High Street had never seemed so empty.
 Far off, at the corner by the God's Providence Inn, a group of three stiff hobbledehoys in their black, neat clothes conversed intermittently with Taplow, the policeman.
 'Hi!' bawled Mr Polly to them. 'Fire! Fire!' and, struck by a horrible thought, the 25
 thought of Rumbold's deaf mother-in-law upstairs, began to bang and kick and rattle with the utmost fury at Rumbold's shop door.
 'Hi!' he repeated, 'Fire!'

- Either** 27 How does Wells make this moment so unexpected and amusing? [20]
-
- Or** 28 Does Wells' portrayal of Miriam encourage you to feel sympathy for her, or to simply dislike her? [20]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

29 (a)

The Father of Désirée's Baby

'Armand,' she called to him, in a voice which must have stabbed him, if he was human. But he did not notice. 'Armand,' she said again. Then she rose and tottered towards him. 'Armand,' she panted once more, clutching his arm, 'look at our child. What does it mean? tell me.'

He coldly but gently loosened her fingers from about his arm and thrust the hand away from him. 'Tell me what it means!' she cried despairingly. 5

'It means,' he answered lightly, 'that the child is not white; it means that you are not white.'

A quick conception of all that this accusation meant for her, nerved her with unwonted courage to deny it. 'It is a lie – it is not true, I am white! Look at my hair, it is brown; and my eyes are gray, Armand, you know they are gray. And my skin is fair,' seizing his wrist. 'Look at my hand – whiter than yours, Armand,' she laughed hysterically. 10

'As white as La Blanche's,' he said cruelly; and went away leaving her alone with their child. 15

When she could hold a pen in her hand, she sent a despairing letter to Madame Valmondé.

'My mother, they tell me I am not white. Armand has told me I am not white. For God's sake tell them it is not true. You must know it is not true. I shall die. I must die. I cannot be so unhappy, and live.' 20

(b)

Lilacs

Leaning against the heavy oaken door for support, Adrienne opened the letter. She did not seem to read the few bitter reproachful lines word by word – the lines that banished her forever from this haven of peace, where her soul was wont to come and refresh itself. They imprinted themselves as a whole upon her brain, in all their seeming cruelty – she did not dare to say injustice. 5

There was no anger in her heart; that would doubtless possess her later, when her nimble intelligence would begin to seek out the origin of this treacherous turn. Now, there was only room for tears. She leaned her forehead against the heavy oaken panel of the door and wept with the abandonment of a little child.

She descended the steps with a nerveless and dragging tread. Once as she was walking away, she turned to look back at the imposing façade of the convent, hoping to see a familiar face, or a hand, even, giving a faint token that she was still cherished by some one faithful heart. But she saw only the polished windows looking down at her like so many cold and glittering and reproachful eyes. 10

In the little white room above the chapel, a woman knelt beside the bed on which Adrienne had slept. Her face was pressed deep in the pillow in her efforts to smother the sobs that convulsed her frame. It was Sister Agathe. 15

After a short while, a lay Sister came out of the door with a broom, and swept away the lilac blossoms which Adrienne had let fall upon the portico.

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 29 How does Chopin's writing here make you feel sorry for Désirée and Adrienne? [20]

Or 30 Explore some of the ways in which Chopin conveys how Calixta (*At the 'Cadian Ball*) and Claire Duvigny (*Toni*) enjoy the effects they have on men.

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

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