

**GCSE (HIGHER TIER)**  
**ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**  
**Scheme B**  
UNIT 6 Poetry and Prose Pre-1914  
**WEDNESDAY 17 JANUARY 2007**

**H** **2446/2**

Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 page) (enclosed)  
This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Answer **two** questions:
  - answer **one** question from **Section A: Poetry Pre-1914**;
  - answer **one** question from **Section B: Prose Pre-1914**.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces on the answer booklet.
- Write your answer, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question.
- 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.

**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 **26** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

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## SECTION A

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>POETRY Pre-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	4–7	1–6
WILLIAM BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	8–9	7–9
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	10–11	10–12

OCR: *Opening Lines: War*

1 (a)

*To Lucasta,  
Going to the Wars*

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such 10  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace

(b)

*Ode, Written in the  
Beginning of the Year 1746*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is wrung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay, 10  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins

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

**Either** 1 Compare the ways in which Lovelace and Collins present war as honourable in these two poems. [30]

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**Or** 2 Compare how the poets humorously criticise war in *On Lieutenant Eyre's Narrative* and *Verses inviting Mrs. C- to Tea on a public Fast-day During the American War*. [30]

**Or** 3 How do the poets communicate to you very different views of war in *Vitai Lampada* and *The Drum*?

Remember to refer to the words and phrases the poets use in your answer. [30]



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

(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** 4 Compare the ways in which the poets communicate to you a love of the countryside in these two poems. [30]

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**Or** 5 Explore the different ways in which the poets portray Autumn in *To Autumn* and *A Dead Harvest in Kensington Gardens*.

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use in your answer. [30]

**Or** 6 Compare the ways in which the poets encourage you to sympathise with town dwellers in *The Song of the Shirt* and *London*. [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*Holy Thursday*

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

Is that trembling cry a song?                    5  
 Can it be a song of joy?  
 And so many children poor?  
 It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,  
 And their fields are bleak & bare,                    10  
 And their ways are fill'd with thorns:  
 It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,  
 And where-e'er the rain does fall,  
 Babe can never hunger there,                    15  
 Nor poverty the mind appall.

(b)

*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,  
 "They think they have done me no injury,                    10  
 "And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,  
 "Who make up a heaven of our misery."

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

**Either** 7 Compare the ways in which Blake expresses strong feelings about the treatment of children in these two poems. [30]

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**Or** 8 In *A Cradle Song* (Innocence) and *Night* (Innocence), how does Blake convey to you similar feelings of peace and protection? [30]

**Or** 9 Compare the ways in which Blake creates disturbing images in **TWO** of the following poems:

*Nurse's Song* (Experience)  
*The Sick Rose* (Experience)  
*London* (Experience).

[30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

*The Self-Unseeing*

Here is the ancient floor,  
Footworn and hollowed and thin,  
Here was the former door  
Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair, 5  
Smiling into the fire;  
He who played stood there,  
Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream;  
Blessings emblazoned that day; 10  
Everything glowed with a gleam;  
Yet we were looking away!

(b)

*On the Departure Platform*

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

A wee white spot of muslin fluff 5  
That down the diminishing platform bore  
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough  
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,  
Behind dark groups from far and near, 10  
Whose interests were apart from ours,  
She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see  
That flexible form, that nebulous white;  
And she who was more than my life to me 15  
Had vanished quite. ...

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,  
And in season she will appear again –  
Perhaps in the same soft white array –  
But never as then! 20

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

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

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**Or 11** Explore the different ways in which Hardy portrays the loss of a husband in *A Wife in London* and *A Wife and Another*. [30]

**Or 12** Compare the ways in which Hardy creates memorable stories in **TWO** of the following poems:

*Valenciennes*  
*Her Death and After*  
*Drummer Hodge.*

[30]



## SECTION B

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>PROSE Pre-1914</b>		
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	14–15	13–15
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Hard Times</i>	16–17	16–18
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	18–19	19–21
GEORGE ELIOT: <i>Silas Marner</i>	20–21	22–24
EDGAR ALLAN POE: <i>Selected Tales</i>	22–23	25–27
H. G. WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	24–25	28–30
KATE CHOPIN: <i>Short Stories</i>	26–27	31–33

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 13 'Blaize Castle!' cried Catherine; 'what is that?'
- 'The finest place in England – worth going fifty miles at any time to see.'
- 'What, is it really a castle, an old castle?'
- 'The oldest in the kingdom.'
- 'But is it like what one reads of?' 5
- 'Exactly – the very same.'
- 'But now really – are there towers and long galleries?'
- 'By dozens.'
- 'Then I should like to see it; but I cannot – I cannot go.'
- 'Not go! – my beloved creature, what do you mean?' 10
- 'I cannot go, because' – (looking down as she spoke, fearful of Isabella's smile) 'I expect Miss Tilney and her brother to call on me to take a country walk. They promised to come at twelve, only it rained; but now, as it is so fine, I dare say they will be here soon.'
- 'Not they indeed,' cried Thorpe; 'for, as we turned into Broad Street, I saw them – does he not drive a phaeton with bright chestnuts?' 15
- 'I do not know indeed.'
- 'Yes, I know he does; I saw him. You are talking of the man you danced with last night, are not you?'
- 'Yes.' 20
- 'Well, I saw him at that moment turn up the Lansdown Road, – driving a smart-looking girl.'
- 'Did you indeed?'
- 'Did upon my soul; knew him again directly, and he seemed to have got some very pretty cattle too.' 25
- 'It is very odd! but I suppose they thought it would be too dirty for a walk.'
- 'And well they might, for I never saw so much dirt in my life. Walk! you could no more walk than you could fly! it has not been so dirty the whole winter; it is ankle-deep everywhere.'
- Isabella corroborated it: – 'My dearest Catherine, you cannot form an idea of the dirt; come, you must go; you cannot refuse going now.' 30
- 'I should like to see the castle; but may we go all over it? may we go up every staircase, and into every suite of rooms?'
- 'Yes, yes, every hole and corner.'
- 'But then, – if they should only be gone out for an hour till it is drier, and call by and bye?' 35
- 'Make yourself easy, there is no danger of that, for I heard Tilney hallooing to a man who was just passing by on horseback, that they were going as far as Wick Rocks.'
- 'Then I will. Shall I go, Mrs Allen?' 40
- 'Just as you please, my dear.'
- 'Mrs Allen, you must persuade her to go,' was the general cry. Mrs Allen was not inattentive to it: – 'Well, my dear,' said she, 'suppose you go.' – And in two minutes they were off.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

Catherine's feelings, as she got into the carriage, were in a very unsettled state; divided between regret for the loss of one great pleasure, and the hope of soon enjoying another, almost its equal in degree, however unlike in kind. She could not think the Tilneys had acted quite well by her, in so readily giving up their engagement, without sending her any message of excuse. It was now but an hour later than the time fixed on for the beginning of their walk; and, in spite of what she had heard of the prodigious accumulation of dirt in the course of that hour, she could not from her own observation help thinking, that they might have gone with very little inconvenience. To feel herself slighted by them was very painful. On the other hand, the delight of exploring an edifice like Udolpho, as her fancy represented Blaize Castle to be, was such a counterpoise of good, as might console her for almost anything.

They passed briskly down Pulteney Street, and through Laura Place, without the exchange of many words. Thorpe talked to his horse, and she meditated, by turns, on broken promises and broken arches, phaetons and false hangings, Tilneys and trap-doors. As they entered Argyle Buildings, however, she was roused by this address from her companion, 'Who is that girl who looked at you so hard as she went by?'

'Who? – where?'

'On the right-hand pavement – she must be almost out of sight now.' Catherine looked round and saw Miss Tilney leaning on her brother's arm, walking slowly down the street. She saw them both looking back at her. 'Stop, stop, Mr Thorpe,' she impatiently cried, 'it is Miss Tilney; it is indeed. – How could you tell me they were gone? – Stop, stop, I will get out this moment and go to them.' But to what purpose did she speak? – Thorpe only lashed his horse into a brisker trot; the Tilneys, who had soon ceased to look after her, were in a moment out of sight round the corner of Laura Place, and in another moment she was herself whisked into the Market Place.

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**Either** 13 What does Austen's writing reveal here about Catherine's relationships with the Thorpes and the Tilneys at this point in the novel? [30]

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**Or** 14 Which **ONE** character in the novel does Austen's writing make the most amusing for you? Remember to refer to details from the novel in your answer. [30]

**Or** 15 In what ways does Austen make the part of the novel set at Northanger Abbey dramatic and entertaining for you? [30]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 16 'Well, ma'am, I can't say that I have heard anything particular. Our people are bad lot, ma'am; but that is no news, unfortunately.'
- 'What are the restless wretches doing now?' asked Mrs. Sparsit.
- 'Merely going on in the old way, ma'am. Uniting, and leaguings, and engaging to stand by one another.' 5
- 'It is much to be regretted,' said Mrs. Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more Coriolanian in the strength of her severity, 'that the united masters allow of any such class-combinations.'
- 'Yes, ma'am,' said Bitzer.
- 'Being united themselves, they ought one and all to set their faces against employing any man who is united with any other man,' said Mrs. Sparsit. 10
- 'They have done that, ma'am,' returned Bitzer; 'but it rather fell through, ma'am.'
- 'I do not pretend to understand these things,' said Mrs. Sparsit, with dignity, 'my lot having been signally cast in a widely different sphere; and Mr Sparsit, as a Powler, being also quite out of the pale of any such dissensions. I only know that these people must be conquered, and that it's high time it was done, once for all.' 15
- 'Yes, ma'am,' returned Bitzer, with a demonstration of great respect for Mrs. Sparsit's oracular authority. 'You couldn't put it clearer, I am sure, ma'am.'
- As this was his usual hour for having a little confidential chat with Mrs. Sparsit, and as he had already caught her eye and seen that she was going to ask him something, he made a pretence of arranging the rulers, inkstands, and so forth, while that lady went on with her tea, glancing through the open window, down into the street. 20
- 'Has it been a busy day, Bitzer?' asked Mrs. Sparsit.
- 'Not a very busy day, my lady. About an average day.' He now and then slid into my lady, instead of ma'am, as an involuntary acknowledgement of Mrs. Sparsit's personal dignity and claims to reverence. 25
- 'The clerks,' said Mrs. Sparsit, carefully brushing an imperceptible crumb of bread and butter from her left-hand mitten, 'are trustworthy, punctual, and industrious, of course?'
- 'Yes, ma'am, pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception.' 30
- He held the respectable office of general spy and informer in the establishment, for which volunteer service he received a present at Christmas, over and above his weekly wage. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man, who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. All his proceedings were the result of the nicest and coldest calculation; and it was not without cause that Mrs. Sparsit habitually observed of him, that he was a young man of the steadiest principle she had ever known. Having satisfied himself, on his father's death, that his mother had a right of settlement in Coketown, this excellent young economist had asserted that right for her with such a steadfast adherence to the principle of the case, that she had been shut up in the workhouse ever since. It must be admitted that he allowed her half a pound of tea a year, which was weak in him; first, because all gifts have an inevitable tendency to pauperise the recipient, and secondly, because his only reasonable transaction in that commodity would have been to buy it for as little as he could possibly give, and sell it for as much as he could possibly get; it having been clearly ascertained by philosophers that in this is comprised the whole duty of man – not a part of man's duty, but the whole. 35 40 45



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

**Either 16** What does Dickens' writing reveal to you of the character and attitudes of Bitzer and Mrs. Sparsit at this point in the novel? [30]

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**Or 17** Which **ONE** moment in the novel does Dickens' writing make the most upsetting for you?  
Remember to refer to detail from the novel in your answer. [30]

**Or 18** In what ways does Dickens contrast the circus people and the inhabitants of Coketown in the novel? [30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 19 'Will you turn, Gabriel, and let me hold the shears?' she said. 'My head is in a whirl, and I can't talk.'
- Gabriel turned. Bathsheba then began, with some awkwardness, allowing her thoughts to stray occasionally from her story to attend to the shears, which required a little nicety in sharpening. 5
- 'I wanted to ask you if the men made any observations on my going behind the sedge with Mr Boldwood yesterday?'
- 'Yes, they did,' said Gabriel. 'You don't hold the shears right, miss – I knew you wouldn't know the way – hold like this.'
- He relinquished the winch, and enclosing her two hands completely in his own (taking each as we sometimes clasp a child's hand in teaching him to write) grasped the shears with her. 'Incline the edge so,' he said. 10
- Hands and shears were inclined to suit the words, and held thus for a peculiarly long time by the instructor as he spoke.
- 'That will do,' exclaimed Bathsheba. 'Loose my hands. I won't have them held! Turn the winch.' 15
- Gabriel freed her hands quietly, retired to his handle, and the grinding went on.
- 'Did the men think it odd?' she said again.
- 'Odd was not the idea, miss.'
- 'What did they say?' 20
- 'That Farmer Boldwood's name and your own were likely to be flung over pulpit together before the year was out.'
- 'I thought so by the look of them! Why, there's nothing in it. A more foolish remark was never made, and I want you to contradict it: that's what I came for.'
- Gabriel looked incredulous and sad, but between his moments of incredulity, 25 relieved.
- 'They must have heard our conversation,' she continued.
- 'Well, then, Bathsheba!' said Oak, stopping the handle, and gazing into her face with astonishment.
- 'Miss Everdene, you mean,' she said, with dignity. 30
- 'I mean this, that if Mr Boldwood really spoke of marriage, I bain't going to tell a story and say he didn't to please you. I have already tried to please you too much for my own good!'
- Bathsheba regarded him with round-eyed perplexity. She did not know whether to pity him for disappointed love of her, or to be angry with him for having got over it – 35 his tone being ambiguous.
- 'I said I wanted you just to mention that it was not true I was going to be married to him,' she murmured, with a slight decline in her assurance.
- 'I can say that to them if you wish, Miss Everdene. And I could likewise give an opinion to 'ee on what you have done.' 40
- 'I daresay. But I don't want your opinion.'
- 'I suppose not,' said Gabriel bitterly, and going on with his turning, his words rising and falling in a regular swell and cadence as he stooped or rose with the winch, which directed them, according to his position, perpendicularly into the earth, or horizontally along the garden, his eyes being fixed on a leaf upon the ground. 45

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

With Bathsheba a hastened act was a rash act; but, as does not always happen, time gained was prudence insured. It must be added, however, that time was very seldom gained. At this period the single opinion in the parish on herself and her doings that she valued as sounder than her own was Gabriel Oak's. And the outspoken honesty of his character was such that on any subject, even that of her love for, or marriage with, another man, the same disinterestedness of opinion might be calculated on, and be had for the asking. Thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of his own suit, a high resolve constrained him not to injure that of another. This is a lover's most stoical virtue, as the lack of it is a lover's most venial sin. Knowing he would reply truly, she asked the question, painful as she must have known the subject would be. Such is the selfishness of some charming women. Perhaps it was some excuse for her thus torturing honesty to her own advantage, that she had absolutely no other sound judgement within easy reach.

'Well, what is your opinion of my conduct,' she said, quietly.

'That it is unworthy of any thoughtful, and meek, and comely woman.'

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60

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**Either**    **19**    Explore the ways in which Hardy makes this such a tense moment in the relationship between Gabriel and Bathsheba. [30]

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**Or**        **20**    How does Hardy's writing make you understand why Bathsheba is so attracted to Sergeant Troy?

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

**Or**        **21**    How does Hardy make the evening in Warren's Malthouse (Chapter 8) such an entertaining and revealing episode in the novel?

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

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 22 'You'll never think the same of me again,' said Godfrey, after a little while, with some tremor in his voice.
- She was silent.
- 'I oughtn't to have left the child unowned: I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her – I suffered for it.' 5
- Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with her simple, severe notions?
- But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice – only deep regret. 10
- 'Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?'
- At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation. 15
- 'And – O, Godfrey – if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother – and you'd have been happier with me: I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be. 20
- The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.
- 'But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if I'd told you,' said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. 'You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated anything to do with me after the talk there'd have been. 25
- 'I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for – nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand – not even our marrying wasn't, you see.' 30
- There was a faint sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.
- 'I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy,' said Godfrey, rather tremulously. 'Can you forgive me ever?'
- 'The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey: you've made it up to me – you've been good to me for fifteen years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt it can never be all made up for.' 35
- 'But we can take Eppie now,' said Godfrey. 'I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life.'
- 'It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up,' said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. 'But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me.' 40
- 'Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone-pits.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

**Either** 22 What does Eliot's writing make you feel about Godfrey and Nancy at this key moment in the novel? [30]

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**Or** 23 In what ways does Eliot persuade you that finding Eppie is the best thing that happens to Silas in the novel? [30]

**Or** 24 How do you think Eliot makes **ONE** or **TWO** of the following settings memorable and significant in the novel?

The Red House  
The Rainbow Inn  
The Stone Pits

[30]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Pit and the Pendulum*

Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length, there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment, there came a sound resembling the quick opening and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away. 5

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me. 10 15

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall – resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind, I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits – that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan. 20

(b)

*The Premature Burial*

For some minutes after this fancy possessed me, I remained without motion. And why? I could not summon courage to move. I dared not make the effort which was to satisfy me of my fate – and yet there was something at my heart which whispered me *it was sure*. Despair – such as no other species of wretchedness ever calls into being – despair alone urged me, after long irresolution, to uplift the heavy lids of my eyes. I uplifted them. It was dark – all dark. I knew that the fit was over. I knew that the crisis of my disorder had long passed. I knew that I had now fully recovered the use of my visual faculties – and yet it was dark – all dark – the intense and utter raylessness of the Night that endureth for evermore. 5

I endeavoured to shriek; and my lips and my parched tongue moved convulsively together in the attempt – but no voice issued from the cavernous lungs, which oppressed as if by the weight of some incumbent mountain, gasped and palpitated, with the heart, at every elaborate and struggling inspiration. 10

The movement of the jaws, in this effort to cry aloud, showed me that they were bound up, as is usual with the dead. I felt, too, that I lay upon some hard substance; and by something similar my sides were, also, closely compressed. So far, I had not ventured to stir any of my limbs – but now I violently threw up my arms, which had been lying at length, with the wrists crossed. They struck a solid wooden substance, which extended above my person at an elevation of not more than six inches from my face. I could no longer doubt that I reposed within a coffin at last. 15 20

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

**Either** 25 In what ways does Poe's writing bring alive the terror of the narrators in these two extracts? [30]

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**Or** 26 How does Poe excite your curiosity about the mysteries in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Gold-Bug*?

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

**Or** 27 Explore the ways in which Poe creates a particularly shocking moment in **TWO** of the stories in the selection. [30]

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

- 28 'This window's All Right,' said the genius in window dressing, and there was a little pause.
- 'Open the door and go right in,' said Mr Garvace to Morrison.
- 'You leave that door alone, Morrison,' said Parsons.
- Polly was no longer even trying to hide behind the stack of Bolton sheetings. He realized he was in the presence of forces too stupendous to heed him. 5
- 'Get him out,' said Mr Garvace.
- Morrison seemed to be thinking out the ethics of his position. The idea of loyalty to his employer prevailed with him. He laid his hand on the door to open it; Parsons tried to disengage his hand. Mr Garvace joined his effort to Morrison's. Then the heart of Polly leapt, and the world blazed up to wonder and splendour. Parsons disappeared behind the partition for a moment, and reappeared instantly, gripping a thin cylinder of rolled huckaback. With this he smote Morrison's head. Morrison's head ducked under the resounding impact, but he clung on and so did Mr Garvace. The door came open, and then Mr Garvace was staggering back, hand to head, his autocratic, his sacred baldness, smitten. Parsons was beyond all control – a strangeness, a marvel. Heaven knows how the artistic struggle had strained that richly endowed temperament. 'Say I can't dress a window, you thundering old Humbug,' he said, and hurled the huckaback at his master. He followed this up by pitching first a blanket, then an armful of silesia, then a window support out of the window into the shop. It leapt into Polly's mind that Parsons hated his own effort and was glad to demolish it. For a crowded second his attention was concentrated upon Parsons, infuriated, active, like a figure of earthquake with its coat off, shying things headlong. 10
- Then he perceived the back of Mr Garvace and heard his gubernatorial voice crying to no one in particular and everybody in general, 'Get him out of the window. He's mad. He's dangerous. Get him out of the window.' 15
- Then a crimson blanket was for a moment over the head of Mr Garvace, and his voice, muffled for an instant, broke out into unwonted expletive.
- Then people had arrived from all parts of the Bazaar. Luck, the ledger clerk, blundered against Polly and said, 'Help him!' Somerville from the silks vaulted the counter, and seized a chair by the back. Polly lost his head. He clawed at the Bolton sheeting before him, and if he could have detached a piece he would certainly have hit somebody with it. As it was he simply upset the pile. It fell away from Polly, and he had an impression of somebody squeaking as it went down. It was the sort of impression one disregards. The collapse of the pile of goods just sufficed to end his subconscious efforts to get something to hit somebody with, and his whole attention focused itself upon the struggle in the window. For a splendid instant Parsons towered up over the active backs that clustered about the shop-window door, an active whirl of gesture, tearing things down and throwing them, and then he went under. There was an instant's furious struggle, a crash, a second crash, and the crack of broken plate glass. Then a stillness and heavy breathing. 20
- Parsons was overpowered. ... 25
- Polly, stepping over scattered pieces of Bolton sheeting, saw his transfigured friend with a dark cut, that was not at present bleeding, on the forehead, one arm held by Somerville and the other by Morrison. 30
- 'You – you – you – you annoyed me,' said Parsons, sobbing for breath. 35
- 40
- 45



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

## III

There are events that detach themselves from the general stream of occurrences and seem to partake of the nature of revelations. Such was this Parsons affair. It began by seeming grotesque; it ended disconcertingly. The fabric of Mr Polly's 50 daily life was torn, and beneath it he discovered depths and terrors.

Life was not altogether a lark.

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

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

**Or 30** How does Wells' portrayal of Mr Polly's childhood in Chapter One help you to understand why he is unhappy for so much of his adult life?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

*A Respectable Woman*

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

5

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

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

10

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

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

15

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

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

20

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

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

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

25

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

(b)

*Tonie (At Chênière Caminada)*

There was perhaps not a more wretched-hearted being in the whole district, that morning, than he. For months the woman he so hopelessly loved had been lost to his sight. But all the more she dwelt in his thoughts, preying upon his mental and bodily forces until his unhappy condition became apparent to all who knew him. Before leaving his home for the winter fishing grounds he had opened his whole heart to his mother, and told her of the trouble that was killing him. She hardly expected that he would ever come back to her when he went away. She feared that he would not, for he had spoken wildly of the rest and peace that he craved, and that could only come to him with death.

5

That morning when Tonie had crossed St. Philip street he found himself accosted by Madame Lebrun and her daughter. He had not noticed them approaching, and, moreover, their figures in winter garb appeared unfamiliar to him. He had never seen them elsewhere than at Grand Isle and the Chênière during the summer. They were glad to meet him, and shook his hand cordially. He stood as usual a little helplessly before them. A pulse in his throat was beating and almost choking him, so poignant were the recollections which their presence stirred up.

10

15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

They were staying in the city this winter, they told him. Mademoiselle wanted to hear the opera as often as she could, and the island was really too dreary with everyone gone. She had left her son there to keep order and superintend repairs, and so on.

'You are both well,' stammered Tonie. 20

'In perfect health, my dear Tonie,' madame replied. She was wondering at his haggard eyes and thin, gaunt cheeks; but possessed too much tact to mention them.

'And – and the young lady who used to go sailing – is she well?' he inquired lamely.

'You mean Mlle. Favette? She was married just after leaving Grand Isle.' 25

'No; I mean the one you called Claire – Mamzelle Duvigné – is she well?'

Mother and daughter exclaimed together: 'Impossible! You haven't heard? Why, Tonie,' madame continued, 'Mlle. Duvigné died three weeks ago. But that was something sad, I tell you! ... Her family heartbroken ... Simply from a cold caught by standing in thin slippers, waiting for her carriage after the opera ... What a warning!' 30

Madame and her daughter were talking at once. Tonie kept looking from one to the other. He did not know what they were saying, after madame had told him, 'Elle est morte.'

As in a dream he finally heard that they said good-by to him, and sent their love to his mother. 35

He stood still in the middle of the banquette when they had left him, watching them go toward the market. He could not stir. Something had happened to him – he did not know what. He wondered if the news was killing him.

**Either 31** How does Chopin convey to you the effects of love on the characters in these two extracts? [30]

**Or 32** To what extent does Chopin encourage you to like Mrs. Mallard in *The Dream of an Hour* (*The Story of an Hour*) and Madame Carambeau in *A Matter of Prejudice*?

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

**Or 33** In what ways does Chopin make the settings so significant in *Beyond the Bayou* and *Lilacs*? [30]

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