

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

Unit 4 Pre-1914 Texts

THURSDAY 24 MAY 2007

F **2444/1**

Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 pages)

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



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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 42.

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 **27** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

SECTION A – Drama pre-1914

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

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SECTION B – Poetry pre-1914

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

Page 9

SECTION C – Prose pre-1914

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

Page 18

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 1 BENEDICK: Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?
 BEATRICE: Yea signior, and depart when you bid me.
 BENEDICK: O stay but till then.
 BEATRICE: 'Then' is spoken. Fare you well now – and yet ere I go, let me go with
 that I came for, which is with knowing what hath passed between 5
 you and Claudio.
 BENEDICK: Only foul words – and thereupon I will kiss thee.
 BEATRICE: Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul
 breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkissed.
 BENEDICK: Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy 10
 wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge,
 and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a
 coward. And I pray thee now tell me for which of my bad parts didst
 thou first fall in love with me?
 BEATRICE: For them all together, which maintained so politic a state of evil that 15
 they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for
 which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?
 BENEDICK: Suffer love! A good epithet. I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee
 against my will.
 BEATRICE: In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my 20
 sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend
 hates.
 BENEDICK: Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Either 1 What do you find so entertaining about this conversation between Benedick and
 Beatrice? [14]

Or 2 You are Claudio. You have just been challenged to a duel by Benedick.

You might be thinking about:

- your treatment of Hero
- your feelings about Benedick.

Write your thoughts.

[14]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

| | | | | | | |
|---|--------|--|------------|--|--------|--|
| 3 | ROMEO: | <p>If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne; And all this day an unaccustomed spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead – Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think – And breathed such life with kisses in my lips, That I revived, and was an emperor. Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed, 10 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.</p> <p><i>[Enter BALTHASAR, his man, booted]</i></p> <p>News from Verona. How now Balthasar, Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? How doth my lady? Is my father well? 15 How doth my Juliet? That I ask again, For nothing can be ill if she be well.</p> <td style="vertical-align: top; padding-left: 10px;">BALTHASAR:</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <p>Then she is well and nothing can be ill. Her body sleeps in Capels' monument. And her immortal part with angels lives. 20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, And presently took post to tell it you. O pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.</p> <td style="vertical-align: top; padding-left: 10px;">ROMEO:</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <p>Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars. 25 Thou knowest my lodging, get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight.</p> </td> </td> | BALTHASAR: | <p>Then she is well and nothing can be ill. Her body sleeps in Capels' monument. And her immortal part with angels lives. 20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, And presently took post to tell it you. O pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.</p> <td style="vertical-align: top; padding-left: 10px;">ROMEO:</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <p>Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars. 25 Thou knowest my lodging, get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight.</p> </td> | ROMEO: | <p>Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars. 25 Thou knowest my lodging, get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight.</p> |
|---|--------|--|------------|--|--------|--|

Either 3 What makes this such a dramatic and moving moment in the play?

You should consider:

- what Romeo is saying before he hears Balthasar's news
- the impact of Balthasar's news.

[14]

Or 4 Explore **ONE** moment in the play which you think vividly shows Juliet's courageous and determined character.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the play.

[14]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 LORD GORING: I had no idea that you, of all men in the world, could have been so weak, Robert, as to yield to such a temptation as Baron Arnheim held out to you.
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Weak? Oh, I am sick of hearing that phrase. Sick of using it about others. Weak? Do you really think, Arthur, that it is weakness that yields to temptation? I tell you that there are terrible temptations that it requires strength, strength and courage, to yield to. To stake all one's life on a single moment, to risk everything on one throw, whether the stake be power or pleasure, I care not – there is no weakness in that. There is a horrible, a terrible courage. I had that courage. I sat down the same afternoon and wrote Baron Arnheim the letter this woman now holds. He made three-quarters of a million over the transaction. 5
- LORD GORING: And you? 10
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I received from the Baron £110,000.
- LORD GORING: You were worth more, Robert.
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: No; that money gave me exactly what I wanted, power over others. I went into the House immediately. The Baron advised me in finance from time to time. Before five years I had almost trebled my fortune. Since then everything that I have touched has turned out a success. In all things connected with money I have had a luck so extraordinary that sometimes it has made me almost afraid. I remember having read somewhere, in some strange book, that when the gods wish to punish us they answer our prayers. 15
- LORD GORING: But tell me, Robert, did you ever suffer any regret for what you had done? 20
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: No. I felt that I had fought the century with its own weapons, and won.
- LORD GORING: [*sadly.*] You thought you had won.
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I thought so. [*After a long pause.*] Arthur, do you despise me for what I have told you? 25
- LORD GORING: [*with deep feeling in his voice.*] I am very sorry for you, Robert, very sorry indeed.
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I don't say that I suffered any remorse. I didn't. Not remorse in the ordinary, rather silly sense of the word. But I have paid conscience money many times. I had a wild hope that I might disarm destiny. The sum Baron Arnheim gave me I have distributed twice over in public charities since then. 30
- LORD GORING: [*looking up.*] In public charities? Dear me! what a lot of harm you must have done, Robert! 35
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Oh, don't say that, Arthur; don't talk like that!
- LORD GORING: Never mind what I say, Robert! I am always saying what I shouldn't say. In fact, I usually say what I really think. A great mistake nowadays. It makes one so liable to be misunderstood. As regards this dreadful business, I will help you in whatever way I can. Of course, you know that. 40
- LORD GORING: 45
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Oh, don't say that, Arthur; don't talk like that!
- LORD GORING: Never mind what I say, Robert! I am always saying what I shouldn't say. In fact, I usually say what I really think. A great mistake nowadays. It makes one so liable to be misunderstood. As regards this dreadful business, I will help you in whatever way I can. Of course, you know that. 50

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

Either 5 Do you have any sympathy for Sir Robert here?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage.

[14]

Or 6 You are Mrs Cheveley, in Lord Goring's drawing room. You have just been eavesdropping and have overheard his conversation with Sir Robert Chiltern.

You might be thinking about:

- Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern
- your plans for the future.

Write your thoughts.

[14]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 HOVSTAD: You said yesterday that the water was contaminated by impurities in the soil.
- DR STOCKMANN: Yes, there's no doubt it all comes from that poisonous swamp up at Mölledal.
- HOVSTAD: You'll forgive me, Doctor, but I think it comes from a very different swamp. 5
- DR STOCKMANN: What swamp?
- HOVSTAD: The swamp that our whole community is standing rotting in.
- DR STOCKMANN: What kind of damned nonsense is this you're talking, Mr Hovstad? 10
- HOVSTAD: Everything in this town has gradually found its way into the hands of a certain group of officials ...
- DR STOCKMANN: Come now, not every one of them is an official.
- HOVSTAD: No, but those that aren't officials are friends and hangers-on of those that are – the wealthy ones of the town, and the well-connected. These are the people in control. 15
- DR STOCKMANN: Yes, but you mustn't forget these are people of ability and insight.
- HOVSTAD: How much ability and insight did they show when they laid the water pipes where they are now? 20
- DR STOCKMANN: *That*, of course, was a tremendous piece of stupidity. But that's going to be put right now.
- HOVSTAD: Do you think it will be as easy as all that?
- DR STOCKMANN: Easy or not, it's going to be done.
- HOVSTAD: Yes, as long as the press takes a hand. 25

Either 7 What are your impressions here of Hovstad and his reasons for supporting Dr Stockmann? [14]

Or 8 You are Petra, the morning after the public meeting. You have just been dismissed from your school.

You might be thinking about:

- your father and what happened at the meeting
- the future.

Write your thoughts.

[14]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

| | Pages | Questions |
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| Section B – Poetry pre-1914 | | |
| OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i> | 10–13 | 9–12 |
| BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i> | 14–15 | 13–14 |
| HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i> | 16–17 | 15–16 |

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War*

9 (a)

The Destruction of Sennacherib

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, 5
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, 10
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, 15
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, 20
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broken in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron

(b)

The Hyaenas

After the burial-parties leave
 And the baffled kites have fled;
 The wise hyaenas come out at eve
 To take account of our dead.

How he died and why he died 5
 Troubles them not a whit.
 They snout the bushes and stones aside
 And dig till they come to it.

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

They are only resolute they shall eat
 That they and their mates may thrive, 10
 And they know the dead are safer meat
 Than the weakest thing alive.

(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,
 And a child will sometimes stand;
 But a poor dead soldier of the King 15
 Can never lift a hand.)

They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt
 Until their tushes white
 Take good hold in the army shirt,
 And tug the corpse to light, 20

And the pitiful face is shewn again
 For an instant ere they close;
 But it is not discovered to living men –
 Only to God and to those

Who, being soulless, are free from shame, 25
 Whatever meat they may find.
 Nor do they defile the dead man's name –
 That is reserved for his kind.

Rudyard Kipling

Either 9 What makes the horrors of war so striking in these two poems?

You should consider:

- what happens in the poems
- some of the words and phrases the poets use.

[14]

Or 10 What makes going to war seem such a noble thing to do, in **TWO** of the following poems?

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars (Lovelace)

The Volunteer (Asquith)

Vitaī Lampada (Newbolt)

Remember to refer to the words and images the poets use.

[14]

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

11 (a)

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

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

William Blake

(b)

from *The Song of the Shirt*

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread –
Stitch! stitch! stitch! 5
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the shirt!'

'Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof! 10
And work – work – work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save, 15
If this is Christian work!

'Work – work – work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work – work – work 20
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

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

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>'O! Men, with Sisters dear! O! Men with Mothers and Wives! It is not linen you're wearing out, But human creatures' lives! Stitch – stitch – stitch, In poverty, hunger, and dirt, Sewing at once with a double thread, A Shroud as well as a Shirt.</p> | <p>25 30</p> |
| <p>'But why do I talk of Death? That Phantom of grisly bone, I hardly fear his terrible shape, It seems so like my own – It seems so like my own –, Because of the fasts I keep, Oh! God! that bread should be so dear, And flesh and blood so cheap!</p> | <p>35 40</p> |

Thomas Hood

Either 11 What makes the harshness of town life come alive for you in these two poems?

You should consider:

- the lives people lead in the towns
- the words the poets use.

[14]

Or 12 What memorable impressions of the world of nature do **TWO** of the following poems convey to you?

The Eagle (Tennyson)

To Autumn (Keats)

Beeny Cliff (Hardy)

Remember to refer to the words and images the poets use.

[14]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

The Sick Rose

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

5

(b)

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

5

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

10

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

15

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

20

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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

Either 13 What powerful feelings do these two poems convey to you?

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. [14]

Or 14 What do **TWO** of the following poems convey to you about different kinds of love?

On Another's Sorrow (Innocence)

Nurse's Song (Innocence)

The Garden of Love (Experience)

Remember to refer to the words and phrases that Blake uses. [14]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

A Wife in London

i

She sits in the tawny vapour
 That the Thames-side lanes have uprolled,
 Behind whose webby fold on fold
 Like a waning taper
 The street-lamp glimmers cold. 5

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,
 Flashed news is in her hand
 Of meaning it dazes to understand
 Though shaped so shortly:
He – has fallen – in the far South Land ... 10

ii

'Tis the morrow; the fog hangs thicker,
 The postman nears and goes:
 A letter is brought whose lines disclose
 By the firelight flicker
 His hand, whom the woman now knows: 15

Fresh – firm – penned in highest feather –
 Page-full of his hoped return,
 And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn
 In the summer weather,
 And of new love that they would learn. 20

(b)

from A Wife and Another

'War ends, and he's returning
 Early; yea,
 The evening next to-morrow's!' –
 – This I say
 To her, whom I suspiciously survey, 5

Holding my husband's letter
 To her view. –
 She glanced at it but lightly,
 And I knew
 That one from him that day had reached her too. 10

There was no time for scruple;
 Secretly
 I filched her missive, conned it,
 Learnt that he
 Would lodge with her ere he came home to me. 15

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

To reach the port before her,
 And, unscanned,
 There wait to intercept them
 Soon I planned:
 That, in her stead, / might before him stand. 20

So purposed, so effected;
 At the inn
 Assigned, I found her hidden: –
 O that sin
 Should bear what she bore when I entered in! 25

Her heavy lids grew laden
 With despairs,
 Her lips made soundless movements
 Unawares,
 While I peered at the chamber hired as theirs. 30

And as beside its doorway,
 Deadly hues,
 One inside, one withoutside
 We two stood,
 He came – my husband – as I knew he would. 35

No pleasurable triumph,
 Was that sight!
 The ghastly disappointment
 Broke them quite.
 What love was theirs, to move them with such might! 40

Either 15 What pictures of women in love do these two poems movingly create for you? [14]

Or 16 What thoughts and feelings do the speakers powerfully convey to you, in **TWO** of the following poems?

I Look into My Glass
The Darkling Thrush
In Tenebris I

Remember to refer to the words and phrases that Hardy uses. [14]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 'But, my dearest Catherine, have you settled what to wear on your head to-night? I am determined at all events to be dressed exactly like you. The men take notice of *that* sometimes you know.'
- 'But it does not signify if they do;' said Catherine, very innocently.
- 'Signify! Oh, heavens! I make it a rule never to mind what they say. They are very often amazingly impertinent if you do not treat them with spirit, and make them keep their distance.' 5
- 'Are they? – Well, I never observed *that*. They always behave very well to me.'
- 'Oh! they give themselves such airs. They are the most conceited creatures in the world, and think themselves of so much importance! – By the bye, though I have thought of it a hundred times, I have always forgot to ask you what is your favourite complexion in a man. Do you like them best dark or fair?' 10
- 'I hardly know. I never much thought about it. Something between both, I think. Brown – not fair, and not very dark.'
- 'Very well, Catherine. That is exactly he. I have not forgot your description of Mr Tilney; – 'a brown skin, with dark eyes, and rather dark hair.' – Well, my taste is different. I prefer light eyes, and as to complexion – do you know – I like a sallow better than any other. You must not betray me, if you should ever meet with one of your acquaintance answering that description.' 15
- 'Betray you! – What do you mean?' 20
- 'Nay, do not distress me. I believe I have said too much. Let us drop the subject.'
- Catherine, in some amazement, complied; and after remaining a few moments silent, was on the point of reverting to what interested her at that time rather more than any thing else in the world, *Laurentina's skeleton*; when her friend prevented her, by saying, – 'For Heaven's sake! let us move away from this end of the room. Do you know, there are two odious young men who have been staring at me this half hour. They really put me quite out of countenance. Let us go and look at the arrivals. They will hardly follow us there.' 25
- Away they walked to the book; and while Isabella examined the names, it was Catherine's employment to watch the proceedings of these alarming young men. 30

Either 17 What does this conversation reveal to you about the characters of Isabella and Catherine? [14]

Or 18 What impressions do you form of Catherine's parents and of the way they bring up their children?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [14]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

19

'Give me your definition of a horse.'

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

'Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!' said Mr Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. 'Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours.' 5

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely white-washed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous colour from the sun, when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little colour he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white. 10 15 20

'Bitzer,' said Thomas Gradgrind. 'Your definition of a horse.'

'Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth.' Thus (and much more) Bitzer. 25

'Now girl number twenty,' said Mr Gradgrind. 'You know what a horse is.'

She curtseyed again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennae of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again. 30

Either 19 What are your thoughts about Bitzer and Sissy as you read this passage? [14]

Or 20 What are your reactions to the death of Stephen Blackpool?

You should consider:

- what has made him leave Coketown
- what has brought about his death.

[14]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of a rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish – Bathsheba? The form moved on a step: then he could see no more. 5
- ‘Is that you, ma’am?’ said Gabriel to the darkness.
- ‘Who is there?’ said the voice of Bathsheba.
- ‘Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching.’
- ‘O, Gabriel! – and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it – can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?’ 10
- ‘He is not here.’
- ‘Do you know where he is?’
- ‘Asleep in the barn.’ 15
- ‘He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?’
- ‘You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma’am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark,’ said Gabriel. ‘Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit.’ 20
- ‘I’ll do anything!’ she said resolutely.

Either 21 What makes this such an exciting and important moment in the novel? [14]

Or 22 At which **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel do you feel particularly sympathetic towards Farmer Boldwood?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [14]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23** He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once – only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth. 5 10 15
- Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him – looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags, where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage – and his gold was not there. 20
- Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality. 25

Either 23 What do you think makes this such a powerful moment in the novel? [14]

Or 24 What are your impressions of the character of Eppie?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [14]

25 (a)

The Imp of the Perverse

It is impossible that any deed could have been wrought with a more thorough deliberation. For weeks, for months, I pondered upon the means of the murder. I rejected a thousand schemes, because their accomplishment involved a *chance* of detection. At length, in reading some French memoirs, I found an account of a nearly fatal illness that occurred to Madame Pilau, through the agency of a candle accidentally poisoned. The idea struck my fancy at once. I knew my victim's habit of reading in bed. I knew, too, that his apartment was narrow and ill-ventilated. But I need not vex you with impertinent details. I need not describe the easy artifices by which I substituted, in his bed-room candle-stand, a wax-light of my own making for the one which I there found. The next morning he was discovered dead in his bed, and the coroner's verdict was – 'Death by the visitation of God.'

5

10

(b)

The Tell-Tale Heart

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded – with what caution – with what foresight – with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it – oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly – very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! – would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously – oh, so cautiously – cautiously (for the hinges creaked) – I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye.

5

10

Either 25 What impressions do you have of the narrators in these two extracts?

Remember to refer to details from both extracts in your answer. [14]

Or 26 Which **TWO** characters, each from a different story, do you dislike most?

Remember to support your views with details from the stories. [14]

27 'Hole!' said Mr Polly, and then for a change, and with greatly increased emphasis: 'Ole!' He paused, and then broke out with one of his private and peculiar idioms. 'Oh! *Beastly* Silly Wheeze of a hole!'

He was sitting on a stile between two threadbare-looking fields, and suffering acutely from indigestion. 5

He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon in his life, but as he lacked introspection he projected the associated discomfort upon the world. Every afternoon he discovered afresh that life as a whole, and every aspect of life that presented itself, was 'beastly'. And this afternoon, lured by the delusive blueness of a sky that was blue because the March wind was in the east, he had come out in the hope of snatching something of the joyousness of spring. The mysterious alchemy of mind and body refused, however, to permit any joyousness in the spring. 10

He had had a little difficulty in finding his cap before he came out. He wanted his cap – the new golf cap – and Mrs Polly must needs fish out his old soft brown felt hat. 'Ere's your 'at,' she said, in a tone of insincere encouragement. 15

He had been routing among the piled newspapers under the kitchen dresser, and had turned quite hopefully and taken the thing. He put it on. But it didn't feel right. Nothing felt right. He put a trembling hand upon the crown of the thing and pressed it on his head, and tried it askew to the right, and then askew to the left. 20

Then the full sense of the offered indignity came home to him. The hat masked the upper sinister quarter of his face, and he spoke with a wrathful eye regarding his wife from under the brim. In a voice thick with fury he said, 'I s'pose you'd like me to wear that silly Mud Pie for ever, eh? I tell you I won't. I'm sick of it. I'm pretty near sick of everything, comes to that ... Hat!'

Either 27 What does this passage tell you about Mr Polly at this point in his life?

You should consider:

- how he feels about his marriage
- how he feels about life in general.

[14]

Or 28 What makes **ONE** of the following such a key moment in Mr Polly's life:

Mr Polly's last meeting with Christabel
his decision to marry Miriam
his fight with Uncle Jim.

[14]

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Turn over for questions 29 and 30, on Kate Chopin: *Short Stories*.

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

29 (a)

A Matter of Prejudice

Madame Carambeau wanted it strictly understood that she was not to be disturbed by Gustave's birthday party. They carried her big rocking-chair from the back gallery, that looked out upon the garden where the children were going to play, around to the front gallery, which closely faced the green levee bank and the Mississippi coursing almost flush with the top of it.

5

The house – an old Spanish one, broad, low and completely encircled by a wide gallery – was far down in the French quarter of New Orleans. It stood upon a square of ground that was covered thick with a semi-tropical growth of plants and flowers. An impenetrable board fence, edged with a formidable row of iron spikes, shielded the garden from the prying glances of the occasional passer-by.

10

Madame Carambeau's widowed daughter, Madame Cécile Lalonde, lived with her. This annual party, given to her little son, Gustave, was the one defiant act of Madame Lalonde's existence. She persisted in it, to her own astonishment and the wonder of those who knew her and her mother.

For old Madame Carambeau was a woman of many prejudices – so many, in fact, that it would be difficult to name them all. She detested dogs, cats, organ-grinders, white servants and children's noises. She despised Americans, Germans and all people of a different faith from her own. Anything not French had, in her opinion, little right to existence.

15

(b)

Beyond the Bayou

The bayou curved like a crescent around the point of land on which La Folle's cabin stood. Between the stream and the hut lay a big abandoned field, where cattle were pastured when the bayou supplied them with water enough. Through the woods that spread back into unknown regions the woman who lived in the hut had drawn an imaginary line, and past this circle she never stepped. All was flaming red beyond there, La Folle believed. This was the form of her only mania.

5

She was now a large, gaunt, black woman, past thirty-five years of age. Her real name was Jacqueline, but every one on the plantation called her La Folle, or the Crazy Woman, because she had been frightened literally 'out of her senses' in childhood.

10

On that far-past day, which was in the time of the Civil War, there had been skirmishing and sharpshooting all day in the woods. Evening was near when P'tit Maître, – the young master, – black with powder and crimson with blood, had staggered into the cabin of Jacqueline's mother. His pursuers were close at his heels.

15

The horror of that spectacle had stunned Jacqueline's childish reason. And so all across the bayou seemed to her aflame with blood color, alternating with black.

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 29 What makes you want to know more about Madame Carambeau and La Folle, in these two opening passages? [14]

Or 30 What strong emotions are conveyed to you, in **TWO** of the following stories?

The Storm
A Respectable Woman
The Story of an Hour

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories. [14]

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Text 27

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