

**GCSE (FOUNDATION TIER)**  
**ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**  
**Scheme B**  
UNIT 6 Poetry and Prose Pre-1914  
**TUESDAY 22 MAY 2007**

**F** **2446/1**

Morning

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 46.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 4 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 **27** printed pages and **1** blank page.



## 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>	10–12	10–12

OCR: *Opening Lines: War*

1 (a)

*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 –  
Because he was my foe, 10  
Just so: my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,  
Off-hand like – just as I –  
Was out of work – had sold his traps – 15  
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

Thomas Hardy

(b)

*Song*

We know where deepest lies the snow,  
And where the frost-winds keenest blow,  
O'er every mountain's brow,  
We long have known and learnt to bear  
The wandering outlaw's toil and care, 5  
But where we late were hunted, there  
Our foes are hunted now.

We have their princely homes, and they  
To our wild haunts are chased away,  
Dark woods, and desert caves. 10  
And we can range from hill to hill,  
And chase our vanquished victors still;  
Small respite will they find until  
They slumber in their graves.

But I would rather be the hare 15  
That crouching in its sheltered lair  
Must start at every sound;  
That forced him cornfields waving wide  
Is driven to seek the bare hillside,  
Or in the tangled copse to hide, 20  
Then be the hunter's hound.

Anne Brontë

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

**Either 1** In what ways do the speakers help you to share their feelings of sympathy with their enemies in these two poems? [21]

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**Or 2** How do the poets show you a deep sense of grief and loss in *Come up from the fields father ...* and *Tommy's Dead*?

You should consider:

- the emotions of Pete's mother
- the feelings of Tommy's relative about his farm
- words and images that best show grief and loss. [21]

**Or 3** What different attitudes towards the war dead do the poets communicate to you in *The Hyaenas* and *Ode, Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746*?

Remember to look closely at the language the poets use. [21]

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (a)

*The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*

Come live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
 Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 By shallow rivers to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses, 10  
 And a thousand fragrant posies,  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool, 15  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds, 20  
 With coral clasps and amber studs:  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing  
 For thy delight each May morning.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe



WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*Holy Thursday*

'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' water 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*

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  
 How the youthful Harlot's curse 15  
 Blasts the new born Infants tear,  
 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

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

**Either** 7 What do you find most memorable about Blake's descriptions of London in these two poems?

Remember to refer to some of the words and phrases Blake uses. [21]

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**Or** 8 What striking impressions of the two creatures does Blake convey to you in *The Lamb* (Innocence) and *The Tyger* (Experience)?

You should consider:

- the descriptions of the two creatures
- Blake's feelings about each creature
- the language Blake uses.

[21]

**Or** 9 What do you find moving about the feelings of the children in **TWO** of the following poems?

*The Little Black Boy* (Innocence)  
*The Chimney Sweeper* (Innocence)  
*Infant Sorrow* (Experience)

Remember to refer to the words and phrases Blake uses. [21]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

*The Darkling Thrush*

I leant upon a coppice gate  
     When Frost was spectre-gray,  
 And Winter's dregs made desolate  
     The weakening eye of day.  
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky     5  
     Like strings of broken lyres,  
 And all mankind that haunted nigh  
     Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
     The Century's corpse outleant,     10  
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
     The wind his death-lament.  
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
     Was shrunken hard and dry,  
 And every spirit upon earth     15  
     Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among  
     The bleak twigs overhead  
 In a full-hearted evensong  
     Of joy illimited;     20  
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
     In blast-beruffled plume,  
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
     Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings     25  
     Of such ecstatic sound  
 Was written on terrestrial things  
     Afar or nigh around,  
 That I could think there trembled through  
     His happy good-night air     30  
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
     And I was unaware.

*31 December 1900*

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

(b)

*In Tenebris I*

'Percussus sum sicut fœnum, et aruit cor meum.' – Ps. CI

Wintertime nighs;  
 But my bereavement-pain  
 It cannot bring again:  
 Twice no one dies.

Flower-petals flee;                    5  
 But, since it once hath been,  
 No more that severing scene  
 Can harrow me.

Birds faint in dread:  
 I shall not lose old strength        10  
 In the lone frost's black length:  
 Strength long since fled!

Leaves freeze to dun;  
 But friends can not turn cold  
 This season as of old                15  
 For him with none.

Tempests may scath;  
 But love can not make smart  
 Again this year his heart  
 Who no heart hath.                20

Black is night's cope;  
 But death will not appal  
 One who, past doubtings all,  
 Waits in unhope.

**Either 10** What strong feelings does Hardy convey to you in these two poems?

You should consider:

- the descriptions of winter, birds and people
- the mood in each poem
- the words and phrases Hardy uses.

[21]

- Or**    **11** What do you find moving about the portrayal of the narrators in *She At His Funeral* and *Her Death and After*?

Remember to refer closely to the language Hardy uses. [21]

- Or**    **12** What feelings about the relationships between men and women does Hardy convey to you in **TWO** of the following poems?

*Neutral Tones*  
*A Broken Appointment*  
*On the Departure Platform*

Remember to refer closely to the language Hardy uses. [21]

## 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

Henry suffered the subject to decline, and by an easy transition from a piece of rocky fragment and the withered oak which he had placed near its summit, to oaks in general, to forests, the inclosure of them, waste lands, crown lands and government, he shortly found himself arrived at politics; and from politics, it was an easy step to silence. The general pause which succeeded his short disquisition on the state of the nation, was put an end to by Catherine, who, in rather a solemn tone of voice, uttered these words, 'I have heard that something very shocking indeed, will soon come out in London.'

Miss Tilney, to whom this was chiefly addressed, was startled, and hastily replied, 'Indeed! – and of what nature?' 10

'That I do not know, nor who is the author. I have only heard that it is to be more horrible than anything we have met with yet.'

'Good heaven! – Where could you hear of such a thing?'

'A particular friend of mine had an account of it in a letter from London yesterday. It is to be uncommonly dreadful. I shall expect murder and everything of the kind.' 15

'You speak with astonishing composure! But I hope your friend's accounts have been exaggerated; – and if such a design is known beforehand, proper measures will undoubtedly be taken by government to prevent its coming to effect.'

'Government,' said Henry, endeavouring not to smile, 'neither desires nor dares to interfere in such matters. There must be murder; and government cares not how much.' 20

The ladies stared. He laughed, and added, 'Come, shall I make you understand each other, or leave you to puzzle out an explanation as you can? No – I will be noble. I will prove myself a man, no less by the generosity of my soul than the clearness of my head. I have no patience with such of my sex as disdain to let themselves sometimes down to the comprehension of yours. Perhaps the abilities of women are neither sound nor acute – neither vigorous nor keen. Perhaps they may want observation, discernment, judgment, fire, genius, and wit.' 25

'Miss Morland, do not mind what he says; – but have the goodness to satisfy me as to this dreadful riot.' 30

'Riot! – what riot?'

'My dear Eleanor, the riot is only in your own brain. The confusion there is scandalous. Miss Morland has been talking of nothing more dreadful than a new publication which is shortly to come out, in three duodecimo volumes, two hundred and seventy-six pages in each, with a frontispiece to the first, of two tombstones and a lantern – do you understand? – And you, Miss Morland – my stupid sister has mistaken all your clearest expressions. You talk of expected horrors in London – and instead of instantly conceiving, as any rational creature would have done, that such words could relate only to a circulating library, she immediately pictured to herself a mob of three thousand men assembling in St George's Fields; the Bank attacked, the Tower threatened, the streets of London flowing with blood, a detachment of the 12th Light Dragoons, (the hopes of the nation,) called up from Northampton to quell the insurgents, and the gallant Capt. Frederick Tilney, in the moment of charging at the head of his troop, knocked off his horse by a brickbat from an upper window. Forgive her stupidity. The fears of the sister have added to the weakness of the woman; but she is by no means a simpleton in general.' 40 45

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

Catherine looked grave. ‘And now, Henry,’ said Miss Tilney, ‘that you have made us understand each other, you may as well make Miss Morland understand yourself – unless you mean to have her think you intolerably rude to your sister, and a great brute in your opinion of women in general. Miss Morland is not used to your odd ways.’ 50

‘I shall be most happy to make her better acquainted with them.’

‘No doubt; – but that is no explanation of the present.’

‘What am I to do?’

‘You know what you ought to do. Clear your character handsomely before her. Tell her that you think very highly of the understanding of women.’ 55

‘Miss Morland, I think very highly of the understanding of all the women in the world – especially of those – whoever they may be – with whom I happen to be in company.’

‘That is not enough. Be more serious.’ 60

‘Miss Morland, no one can think more highly of the understanding of women than I do. In my opinion, nature has given them so much that they never find it necessary to use more than half.’

‘We shall get nothing more serious from him now, Miss Morland. He is not in a sober mood. But I do assure you that he must be entirely misunderstood, if he can ever appear to say an unjust thing of any woman at all, or an unkind one of me.’ 65

It was no effort to Catherine to believe that Henry Tilney could never be wrong. His manner might sometimes surprise, but his meaning must always be just: – and what she did not understand, she was almost as ready to admire, as what she did.

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**Either 13** What do you think makes this such an amusing and significant part of the novel?

You should consider:

- why Eleanor misunderstands Catherine
- how Henry sorts out the misunderstanding
- how Catherine feels about Henry.

[21]

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**Or 14** What makes Catherine an interesting and entertaining central character, in your opinion?

Remember to support your views with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 15** In what ways are Isabella and John Thorpe such bad friends for Catherine during her stay in Bath?

You should consider:

- how they treat her
- the influence they have on her
- how they affect her other friendships.

[21]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

16

'I never knew you were unhappy, my child.'

'Father, I always knew it. In this strife I have almost repulsed and crushed my better angel into a demon. What I have learned has left me doubting, misbelieving, despising, regretting, what I have not learned; and my dismal resource has been to think that life would soon go by, and that nothing in it could be worth the pain and trouble of a contest.' 5

'And you so young, Louisa!' he said with pity.

'And I so young. In this condition, father – for I show you now, without fear or favour, the ordinary deadened state of my mind as I know it – you proposed my husband to me. I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, and he knew, that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom. I made that wild escape into something visionary, and have slowly found out how wild it was. But Tom had been the subject of all the little tenderness of my life; perhaps he became so because I knew so well how to pity him. It matters little now, except as it may dispose you to think more leniently of his errors.' 10 15

As her father held her in his arms, she put her other hand upon his other shoulder, and still looking fixedly in his face, went on.

'When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife, made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures, and which no general laws shall ever rule or state for me, father, until they shall be able to direct the anatomist where to strike his knife into the secrets of my soul.' 20

'Louisa!' he said, and said imploringly; for he well remembered what had passed between them in their former interview. 25

'I do not reproach you, father, I make no complaint. I am here with another object.'

'What can I do, child? Ask me what you will.'

'I am coming to it. Father, chance then threw into my way a new acquaintance; a man such as I had had no experience of; used to the world; light, polished, easy; making no pretences; avowing the low estimate of everything, that I was half afraid to form in secret; conveying to me almost immediately, though I don't know how or by what degrees, that he understood me, and read my thoughts. I could not find that he was worse than I. There seemed to be a near affinity between us. I only wondered it should be worth his while, who cared for nothing else, to care so much for me.' 30 35

'For you, Louisa!'

Her father might instinctively have loosened his hold, but that he felt her strength departing from her, and saw a wild dilating fire in the eyes steadfastly regarding him.

'I say nothing of his plea for claiming my confidence. It matters very little how he gained it. Father, he did gain it. What you know of the story of my marriage, he soon knew, just as well.' 40

Her father's face was ashy white, and he held her in both his arms.

'I have done no worse, I have not disgraced you. But if you ask me whether I have loved him, or do love him, I tell you plainly, father, that it may be so. I don't know.' 45



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

**Either 16** What do you feel about Louisa and Gradgrind at this dramatic moment in the novel? [21]

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**Or 17** What do you dislike about Mrs. Sparsit?

Remember to support your views with details from the novel. [21]

**Or 18** What makes the relationship between Stephen Blackpool and Rachael such a moving part of the novel?

You should consider:

- why they cannot marry
- their feelings for each other
- Rachael's reaction to Stephen's death. [21]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 19 The persistent torrent from the gurgyle's jaws directed all its vengeance into the grave. The rich tawny mould was stirred into motion, and boiled like chocolate. The water accumulated and washed deeper down, and the roar of the pool thus formed spread into the night as the head and chief among other noises of the kind created by the deluging rain. The flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their bed. The winter-violets turned slowly upside down, and became a mere mat of mud. Soon the snowdrop and other bulbs danced in the boiling mass like ingredients in a cauldron. Plants of the tufted species were loosened, rose to the surface, and floated off. 5
- Troy did not awake from his comfortless sleep till it was broad day. Not having been in bed for two nights his shoulders felt stiff, his feet tender, and his head heavy. He remembered his position, arose, shivered, took the spade, and again went out. 10
- The rain had quite ceased, and the sun was shining through the green, brown, and yellow leaves, now sparkling and varnished by the raindrops to the brightness of similar effects in the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema, and full of all those infinite beauties that arise from the union of water and colour with high lights. The air was rendered so transparent by the heavy fall of rain that the autumn hues of the middle distance were as rich as those near at hand, and the remote fields intercepted by the angle of the tower appeared in the same plane as the tower itself. 15
- He entered the gravel path which would take him behind the tower. The path, instead of being stony as it had been the night before, was browned over with a thin coating of mud. At one place in the path he saw a tuft of stringy roots washed white and clean as a bundle of tendons. He picked it up – surely it could not be one of the primroses he had planted? He saw a bulb, another, and another as he advanced. Beyond doubt they were crocuses. With a face of perplexed dismay Troy turned the corner and then beheld the wreck the stream had made. 20 25
- The pool upon the grave had soaked away into the ground, and in its place was a hollow. The disturbed earth was washed over the grass and pathway in the guise of the brown mud he had already seen, and it spotted the marble tombstone with the same stains. Nearly all the flowers were washed clean out of the ground, and they lay, roots upwards, on the spots whither they had been splashed by the stream. 30
- Troy's brow became heavily contracted. He set his teeth closely, and his compressed lips moved as those of one in great pain. This singular accident, by a strange confluence of emotions in him, was felt as the sharpest sting of all. Troy's face was very expressive, and any observer who had seen him now would hardly have believed him to be a man who had laughed, and sung, and poured love-trifles into a woman's ear. To curse his miserable lot was at first his impulse, but even that lowest stage of rebellion needed an activity whose absence was necessarily antecedent to the existence of the morbid misery which wrung him. The sight, coming as it did, superimposed upon the other dark scenery of the previous days, formed a sort of climax to the whole panorama, and it was more than he could endure. Sanguine by nature, Troy had a power of eluding grief by simply adjourning it. He could put off the consideration of any particular spectre till the matter had become old and softened by time. The planting of flowers on Fanny's grave had been perhaps but a species of elusion of the primary grief, and now it was as if his intention had been known and circumvented. 35 40 45
- Almost for the first time in his life, Troy, as he stood by this dismantled grave, wished himself another man.

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

**Either 19** What do you think makes this such a moving moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the descriptions of what happens to the grave
- Troy's situation and feelings
- some of the words and phrases Hardy uses.

[21]

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**Or 20** Boldwood is not hanged at the end of the novel because he is thought to be insane.

Does Boldwood's behaviour in the novel lead **you** to believe that he is insane?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 21** What makes the episode of the bloated sheep (Chapter 21) such a dramatic and revealing part of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

22

But when Godfrey was lifting his eyes from one of those long glances, they encountered an object as startling to him at that moment as if it had been an apparition from the dead. It was an apparition from that hidden life which lies, like a dark by-street, behind the goodly ornamented façade that meets the sunlight and the gaze of respectable admirers. It was his own child, carried in Silas Marner's arms. That was his instantaneous impression, unaccompanied by doubt, though he had not seen the child for months past; and when the hope was rising that he might possibly be mistaken, Mr Crackenthorp and Mr Lammeter had already advanced to Silas, in astonishment at this strange advent. Godfrey joined them immediately, unable to rest without hearing every word – trying to control himself, but conscious that if any one noticed him, they must see that he was white-lipped and trembling. 5 10

But now all eyes at that end of the room were bent on Silas Marner; the Squire himself had risen, and asked angrily, 'How's this? – what's this? – what do you do coming in here in this way?'

'I'm come for the doctor – I want the doctor,' Silas had said, in the first moment, to Mr Crackenthorp. 15

'Why, what's the matter, Marner?' said the Rector. 'The doctor's here; but say quietly what you want him for.'

'It's a woman,' said Silas, speaking low, and half-breathlessly, just as Godfrey came up. 'She's dead, I think – dead in the snow at the Stone-pits – not far from my door.' 20

Godfrey felt a great throb: there was one terror in his mind at that moment: it was, that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror – an ugly inmate to have found a nestling-place in Godfrey's kindly disposition; but no disposition is a security from evil wishes to a man whose happiness hangs in duplicity. 25

'Hush, hush!' said Mr Crackenthorp. 'Go out into the hall there. I'll fetch the doctor to you. Found a woman in the snow – and thinks she's dead,' he added, speaking low to the Squire. 'Better say as little about it as possible: it will shock the ladies. Just tell them a poor woman is ill from cold and hunger. I'll go and fetch Kimble.'

By this time, however, the ladies had pressed forward, curious to know what could have brought the solitary linen-weaver there under such strange circumstances, and interested in the pretty child, who, half alarmed and half attracted by the brightness and the numerous company, now frowned and hid her face, now lifted up her head again and looked round placably, until a touch or a coaxing word brought back the frown, and made her bury her face with new determination. 30 35

'What child is it?' said several ladies at once, and, among the rest, Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

'I don't know – some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I believe,' was the answer Godfrey wrung from himself with a terrible effort. ('After all, *am* I certain?' he hastened to add, silently, in anticipation of his own conscience.) 40

'Why, you'd better leave the child here, then, Master Marner,' said good-natured Mrs Kimble, hesitating, however, to take those dingy clothes into contact with her own ornamented satin boddice. 'I'll tell one o' the girls to fetch it.'

'No – no – I can't part with it, I can't let it go,' said Silas, abruptly. 'It's come to me – I've a right to keep it.' 45

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

**Either 22** In what ways is this such a dramatic moment in the novel? [21]

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**Or 23** What do you feel about Dunstan (Dunsey) Cass?

You should consider:

- his appearance, character and behaviour
- his relationship with Godfrey
- what happens to him.

[21]

**Or 24** What impressions have you formed of Lantern Yard in the novel?

You should consider:

- how the people in Lantern Yard treat Silas
- Eppie's response to Lantern Yard at the end of the novel.

[21]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamoured of the night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrerie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon*. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building; lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams – reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise – if not exactly in its display – and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulant but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin – the creative and the resolvent.

(b)

*The Purloined Letter*

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33 *Rue Dunôt, Faubourg Saint-Germain*. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G —, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

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

**Either 25** What do you find interesting about the relationship between Dupin and the narrator in these two extracts?

You should consider:

- the kind of life they lead together
- the thoughts and feelings of the narrator
- the words Poe uses.

[21]

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**Or 26** What do you find memorable about Poe's descriptions of these **TWO** settings?

The house in *The Fall of the House of Usher*  
The black chamber in *The Masque of the Red Death*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

**Or 27** What do you find particularly disturbing about the narrator's state of mind in **TWO** of the following stories?

*The Tell-Tale Heart*  
*The Black Cat*  
*The Imp of the Perverse*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

28

Mr Polly sat beside the fat woman at one of the little green tables at the back of the Potwell Inn, and struggled with the mystery of life. It was one of those evenings serenely luminous, amply and atmospherically still, when the river bend was at its best. A swan floated against the dark green masses of the further bank, the stream flowed broad and shining to its destiny, with scarce a ripple – except where the reeds came out from the headland, and the three poplars rose clear and harmonious against the sky of green and yellow. It was as if everything lay securely within a great, warm, friendly globe of crystal sky. It was as safe and enclosed and fearless as a child that has still to be born. It was an evening full of the quality of tranquil, unqualified assurance. Mr Polly's mind was filled with the persuasion that indeed all things whatsoever must needs be satisfying and complete. It was incredible that life had ever done more than seemed to jar, that there could be any shadow in life save such velvet softnesses as made the setting for that silent swan, or any murmur but the ripple of the water as it swirled round the chained and gently swaying punt. And the mind of Mr Polly, exalted and made tender by this atmosphere, sought gently, but sought, to draw together the varied memories that came drifting, half submerged, across the circle of his mind. 5 10 15

He spoke in words that seemed like a bent and broken stick thrust suddenly into water, destroying the mirror of the shapes they sought. 'Jim's not coming back again ever,' he said. 'He got drowned five years ago.' 20

'Where?' asked the fat woman, surprised.

'Miles from here. In the Medway. Away in Kent.'

'Lor!' said the fat woman.

'It's right enough,' said Mr Polly.

'How d'you know?' 25

'I went to my home.'

'Where?'

'Don't matter. I went and found out. He'd been in the water some days. He'd got my clothes, and they'd said it was me.'

'They?' 30

'It don't matter. I'm not going back to them.'

The fat woman regarded him silently for some time. Her expression of scrutiny gave way to a quiet satisfaction. Then her brown eyes went to the river.

'Poor Jim,' she said. 'E 'adn't much Tact – ever.'

She added mildly, 'I can't 'ardly say I'm sorry.' 35

'Nor me,' said Mr Polly, and got a step nearer the thought in him. 'But it don't seem much good his having been alive, does it?'

'E wasn't much good,' the fat woman admitted. 'Ever.'

'I suppose there were things that were good to him,' Mr Polly speculated. 'They weren't *our* things.' 40



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

**Either 28** What do you think makes this such a satisfying moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the description of the setting
- the conversation about past events
- the relationship between Mr Polly and the woman.

[21]

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**Or 29** What do you find entertaining about Mr Polly's life as one of the 'three P's'?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 30** What makes you feel that Mr Polly is making a mistake as he promises to marry Miriam (in Chapter 6)?

You should consider:

- the descriptions of Mr Polly's behaviour and feelings
- the way Miriam handles the situation
- the words that Wells uses.

[21]

31 (a)

*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.

Alone she dwelt in her solitary cabin. The rest of the quarters had long since been removed beyond her sight and knowledge. She had more physical strength than most men, and made her patch of cotton and corn and tobacco like the best of them. Of the world beyond the bayou she had long known nothing, save what her morbid imagination conceived. 20

People across the bayou at Bellissime had grown used to her and her way, and they thought nothing of it. Even when 'Old Mis' died, La Folle had not crossed the bayou. She had stood upon her side of it, wailing and lamenting. This did not astonish the people at Bellissime. They would have been amazed had she overcome her fear of everything beyond the water. 25

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)(b) *At the 'Cadian Ball*

Bobinôt – that big, brown, good-natured Bobinôt – had no intention of going to the ball, even though he knew Calixta would be there. For what came of those balls but heartache, and a sickening disinclination for work the whole week through, till Saturday night came again and his tortures began afresh? Why could he not have loved Ozéina, who would marry him to-morrow; or Fronie, or any one of a dozen others, rather than that little Spanish vixen? Calixta's slender foot had never touched Cuban soil; but her mother's had, and the Spanish was in her blood all the same. For that reason the prairie people forgave her much that they would not have overlooked in their own daughters and sisters. 5

Her eyes – Bobinôt thought of her eyes, and weakened – the bluest, the drowsiest, most tantalizing that ever looked into a man's; her flaxen hair that kinked worse than a mulatto's close to her head; that broad, smiling mouth and tip-tilted nose, that full figure; that voice like a rich contralto song, with cadences in it that must have been taught by Satan, for there had been no one else to teach her tricks on that 'Cadian prairie. Bobinôt thought of them all as he ploughed his rows of cane. 10 15

There had even been a breath of scandal whispered about her a year ago, when she went to Assumption – but why talk of it? No one did now. '*C'est Espagnol, ça,*' most of them said with lenient shoulder-shrugs. '*Bon chien tient de race,*' the old men mumbled over their pipes, stirred by recollections. Nothing was made of it, except that Fronie threw it up to Calixta when the two quarrelled and fought on the church steps after mass one Sunday, about a lover. Calixta swore roundly in fine 'Cadian French and with true Spanish spirit, and slapped Fronie's face. Fronie had slapped her back: '*Tiens, cocotte, va!*' '*Espèce de lionèse: prends ça et ça!*' till the curé himself was obliged to hasten and make peace between them. Bobinôt thought of it all, and would not go to the ball. 20 25

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**Either** 31 How do the openings to these two stories capture your interest in *La Folle*, *Bobinôt* and *Calixta*? [21]

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**Or** 32 What feelings for *Madame Carambeau* and *Adrienne* are you left with at the end of *A Matter of Prejudice* and *Lilacs*?

You should consider:

- how *Madame Carambeau* changes during the story
- why *Adrienne* is so sad at the end of *Lilacs*
- the language Chopin uses. [21]

**Or** 33 What impact do the endings of *The Father of Désirée's Baby*/*Désirée's Baby* and *The Storm* have on you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [21]

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