

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION**

**2446/1**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

**Scheme B**

UNIT 6 Poetry and Prose Pre-1914 (Foundation Tier)

**WEDNESDAY 16 JANUARY 2008**

Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

**Additional materials:** Answer Booklet (8 page)

This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination.

**They must not be annotated.**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces on the Answer Booklet.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Answer **two** questions:
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Poetry pre-1914**.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Prose pre-1914**.
- Write your 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 **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.

This document consists of **26** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## 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)

*The Volunteer*

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

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

Herbert Asquith

(b)

*On the Idle Hill*

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

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

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

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

A. E. Housman

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

**Either** 1 What strikingly different attitudes towards soldiers and their deaths do you find in these two poems? [21]

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**Or** 2 What strong impressions of men going off to war do *To Lucasta, Going to the Wars* (Lovelace) and *Vitai Lampada* (Newbolt) make on you?

Remember to refer to the language the poets use in your answer. [21]

**Or** 3 What makes you feel sympathy for the ordinary soldier in *The Man He Killed* (Hardy) and *The Hyaenas* (Kipling)?

You should consider:

- the narrator's feelings about killing his enemy in *The Man He Killed*
- the treatment of the corpses in *The Hyaenas*
- the language the poets use.

[21]

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (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  
How the youthful harlot's curse 15  
Blasts the newborn infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

William Blake

(b)

*The World*

By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair:  
But all night as the moon so changeth she;  
Loathsome and foul as hideous leprosy  
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.  
By day she woos me to the outer air, 5  
Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:  
But through the night, a beast she grins at me,  
A very monster void of love and prayer.

By day she stands a lie: by night she stands 10  
In all the naked horror of the truth,  
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.  
Is this a friend indeed, that I should sell  
My soul to her, give her my life and youth,  
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

Christina Rossetti

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

**Either** 4 What do you think gives these two poems such a strikingly disturbing atmosphere? [21]

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**Or** 5 What strong feelings about nature do the poets show you in *Binsey Poplars* (Hopkins) and *A Dead Harvest in Kensington Gardens* (Meynell)?

You should consider:

- Hopkins's descriptions of the aspens
- his feelings about their destruction
- Meynell's comparison between town leaves and hay in the country. [21]

**Or** 6 What persuades you that the countryside is beautiful and attractive in *To Autumn* (Keats) and *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* (Marlowe)? [21]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*The Garden of Love*

I went to the Garden of Love,  
 And saw what I never had seen:  
 A Chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut, 5  
 And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;  
 So I turn'd to the Garden of Love  
 That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves, 10  
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;  
 And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
 And binding with briars my joys & desires.

(b)

*Infant Sorrow*

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

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



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

**Either** 7 What strong feelings about freedom and control does Blake express to you in these two poems?

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

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**Or** 8 What do you find particularly moving about the idea of caring for others expressed in *On Another's Sorrow* (Innocence) and *The Little Black Boy* (Innocence)?

You should consider:

- the images of caring for others in *On Another's Sorrow*
- the feelings of the boy and his mother in *The Little Black Boy*
- the words and phrases Blake uses.

[21]

**Or** 9 What do you find most memorable about the feelings of anger expressed in **TWO** of the following poems?

*Holy Thursday* (Experience)

*The Chimney Sweeper* (Experience)

*London* (Experience)

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

*I Look Into My Glass*

I look into my glass,  
 And view my wasting skin,  
 And say, 'Would God it came to pass  
 My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistrest 5  
 By hearts grown cold to me,  
 Could lonely wait my endless rest  
 With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve, 10  
 Part steals, lets part abide;  
 And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
 With throbbings of noontide.

(b)

*In Tenebris I*  
*'Percussus sum sicut foenum,*  
*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  
 In the lone frost's black length: 10  
 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.

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

**Either** 10 What makes the unhappy feelings expressed in these two poems particularly moving for you?

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

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**Or** 11 What do you find particularly striking about the portrayal of women and their difficulties in *She At His Funeral* and *The Ruined Maid*?

You should consider:

- the speaker's situation and her feelings in *She At His Funeral*
- the situation for both speakers and their feelings in *The Ruined Maid*
- the words and phrases Hardy uses.

[21]

**Or** 12 What makes the impact of war so striking for you in **TWO** of the following poems?

*Valenciennes*  
*A Wife in London*  
*The Man He Killed*

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases 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

- 13 She ventured, when next alone with Eleanor, to express her wish of being permitted to see it, as well as all the rest of that side of the house; and Eleanor promised to attend her there, whenever they should have a convenient hour. Catherine understood her: – the General must be watched from home, before that room could be entered. ‘It remains as it was, I suppose?’ said she, in a tone of feeling. 5
- ‘Yes, entirely.’
- ‘And how long ago may it be that your mother died?’
- ‘She has been dead these nine years.’ And nine years, Catherine knew was a trifle of time, compared with what generally elapsed after the death of an injured wife, before her room was put to rights. 10
- ‘You were with her, I suppose, to the last?’
- ‘No,’ said Miss Tilney, sighing; ‘I was unfortunately from home. – Her illness was sudden and short; and, before I arrived it was all over.’
- Catherine’s blood ran cold with the horrid suggestions which naturally sprang from these words. Could it be possible? – Could Henry’s father? – And yet how many were the examples to justify even the blackest suspicions! – And, when she saw him in the evening, while she worked with her friend, slowly pacing the drawing-room for an hour together in silent thoughtfulness, with downcast eyes and contracted brow, she felt secure from all possibility of wronging him. It was the air and attitude of a Montoni! – What could more plainly speak the gloomy workings of a mind not wholly dead to every sense of humanity, in its fearful review of past scenes of guilt? Unhappy man! – And the anxiousness of her spirits directed her eyes towards his figure so repeatedly, as to catch Miss Tilney’s notice. ‘My father,’ she whispered, ‘often walks about the room in this way; it is nothing unusual.’ 15 20 25
- ‘So much the worse!’ thought Catherine; such ill-timed exercise was of a piece with the strange unseasonableness of his morning walks, and boded nothing good.
- After an evening, the little variety and seeming length of which made her peculiarly sensible of Henry’s importance among them, she was heartily glad to be dismissed; though it was a look from the General not designed for her observation which sent his daughter to the bell. When the butler would have lit his master’s candle, however, he was forbidden. The latter was not going to retire. ‘I have many pamphlets to finish,’ said he to Catherine, ‘before I can close my eyes; and perhaps may be poring over the affairs of the nation for hours after you are asleep. Can either of us be more meetly employed? My eyes will be blinding for the good of others, and *yours* preparing by rest for future mischief.’ 30 35
- But neither the business alleged, not the magnificent compliment, could win Catherine from thinking, that some very different object must occasion so serious a delay of proper repose. To be kept up for hours, after the family were in bed, by stupid pamphlets, was not very likely. There must be some deeper cause: something was to be done which could be done only while the household slept; and the probability that Mrs Tilney yet lived, shut up for causes unknown, and receiving from the pitiless hands of her husband a nightly supply of coarse food, was the conclusion which necessarily followed. Shocking as was the idea, it was at least better than a death unfairly hastened, as, in the natural course of things, she must ere long be released. 40 45
- The suddenness of her reputed illness; the absence of her daughter, and probably of her other children, at the time – all favoured the supposition of her imprisonment. – Its origin – jealousy perhaps, or wanton cruelty – was yet to be unravelled.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

**Either 13** What do you find so entertaining about Catherine's behaviour here?

You should consider:

- her reaction to Eleanor's words
- how her reading of Gothic novels has influenced her.

[21]

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**Or 14** Which **ONE** character do you dislike the most in *Northanger Abbey*?

Remember to support your choice with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 15** Catherine was surprised by Isabella's treatment of James Morland towards the end of the novel. Were you?

You should consider:

- what impressions you formed of Isabella early in the story
- her reasons for breaking off the engagement.

[21]

## CHAPTER I – The One Thing Needful

'Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, Sir!'

5

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders, – nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was, – all helped the emphasis.

10

15

'In this life, we want nothing but Facts, Sir; nothing but Facts!'

20

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

## CHAPTER II – Murdering The Innocents

Thomas Gradgrind, Sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, Sir – peremptorily Thomas – Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, Sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind – no, Sir!

25

30

In such terms Mr Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words 'boys and girls,' for 'Sir,' Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

35

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

40



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

**Either** 16 What do you think makes this such a powerful opening to the novel? [21]

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**Or** 17 What does his theft of money from Bounderby's bank make you feel about Tom Gradgrind (Junior)?

You should consider:

- why Tom steals the money
- the consequences for Stephen Blackpool
- the consequences for Tom himself.

[21]

**Or** 18 Which **ONE** character in *Hard Times* do you feel most sorry for?

Remember to support your choice with details from the novel.

[21]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and dark hair. The myrtles, geraniums, and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture, and girl with a peculiar vernal charm. What possessed her to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the sparrows, blackbirds, and unperceived farmer who were alone its spectators – whether the smile began as a factitious one, to test her capacity in that art – nobody knows; it ended certainly in a real smile. She blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more. 5

The change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act – from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out of doors – lent to the idle deed a novelty it did not intrinsically possess. The picture was a delicate one. Woman's prescriptive infirmity had stalked into the sunlight, which had clothed it in the freshness of an originality. A cynical inference was irresistible by Gabriel Oak as he regarded the scene, generous though he fain would have been. There was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass. She simply observed herself as a fair product of Nature in the feminine kind, her thoughts seeming to glide into far-off though likely dramas in which men would play a part – vistas of probable triumphs – the smiles being of a phase suggesting that hearts were imagined as lost and won. Still, this was but conjecture, and the whole series of actions was so idly put forth as to make it rash to assert that intention had any part in them at all. 10

The waggoner's steps were heard returning. She put the glass in the paper, and the whole again into its place. 15

When the waggon had passed on, Gabriel withdrew from his point of espial, and descending into the road, followed the vehicle to the turnpike-gate some way beyond the bottom of the hill, where the object of his contemplation now halted for the payment of toll. About twenty steps still remained between him and the gate, when he heard a dispute. It was a difference concerning twopence between the persons with the waggon and the man at the toll-bar. 20

'Mis'ess's niece is upon the top of the things, and she says that's enough that I've offered ye, you great miser, and she won't pay any more.' These were the waggoner's words.

'Very well; then mis'ess's niece can't pass,' said the turnpike-keeper, closing the gate. 25

Oak looked from one to the other of the disputants, and fell into a reverie. There was something in the tone of twopence remarkably insignificant. Threepence had a definite value as money – it was an appreciable infringement on a day's wages, and, as such, a haggling matter; but twopence – 'Here,' he said, stepping forward and handing twopence to the gatekeeper; 'let the young woman pass.' He looked up at her then; she heard his words, and looked down. 30

Gabriel's features adhered throughout their form so exactly to the middle line between the beauty of St John and the ugliness of Judas Iscariot, as represented in a window of the church he attended, that not a single lineament could be selected and called worthy either of distinction or notoriety. The red-jacketed and dark-haired maiden seemed to think so too, for she carelessly glanced over him, and told her man to drive on. She might have looked her thanks to Gabriel on a minute scale, but she did not speak them; more probably she felt none, for in gaining her a passage he had lost her her point, and we know how women take a favour of that kind. 35

The gatekeeper surveyed the retreating vehicle. 'That's a handsome maid,' he said to Oak.

'But she has her faults,' said Gabriel. 40

50

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

'True, farmer.'  
 'And the greatest of them is – well, what it is always.' 55  
 'Beating people down? ay, 'tis so.'  
 'O no.'  
 'What, then?'  
 Gabriel, perhaps a little piqued by the comely traveller's indifference, glanced  
 back to where he had witnessed her performance over the hedge, and said, 60  
 'Vanity.'

**Either 19** What do you think makes this such a striking and revealing introduction to the character of Bathsheba Everdene?

You should consider:

- what she does
- Hardy's descriptions of her
- Gabriel's view of her.

[21]

**Or 20** Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel where you particularly admire the character of Gabriel Oak.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 21** What makes the reappearance of Sergeant Troy at the Sheep Fair (Chapter 50), such a dramatic and entertaining section in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

22

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of goodwill by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it. 5

'O, for shame, Aaron,' said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; 'why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He's wonderfully hearty,' she went on, with a little sigh – 'that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight – that we must.'

She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a 'pictur of a child.' But Marner, on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it. 10

'And he's got a voice like a bird – you wouldn't think,' Dolly went on; 'he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come.' 15

Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

'O, that's naughty,' said Dolly, gently. 'Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done.'

Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the 'carril', he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer, 20

God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas-day. 30

Dolly listened with a devout look, glancing at Marner in some confidence that this strain would help to allure him to church.

'That's Christmas music,' she said, when Aaron had ended, and had secured his piece of cake again. 'There's no other music equil to the Christmas music – "Hark the erol angils sing." And you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place a'ready – for I wouldn't speak ill o' this world, seeing as Them put us in it as knows best; but what wi' the drink, and the quarrelling, and the bad illnesses, and the hard dying, as I've seen times and times, one's thankful to hear of a better. The boy sings pretty, don't he, Master Marner?' 40

'Yes,' said Silas, absently, 'very pretty.'

The Christmas carol, with its hammer-like rhythm, had fallen on his ears as strange music, quite unlike a hymn, and could have none of the effect Dolly contemplated. But he wanted to show her that he was grateful, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake. 45

'Oh, no, thank you, Master Marner,' said Dolly, holding down Aaron's willing hands. 'We must be going home now. And so I wish you good-bye, Master Marner; and if you ever feel anyways bad in your inside, as you can't fend for yourself, I'll come and clean up for you, and get you a bit o' victual, and willing. But I beg and pray of you to leave off weaving of a Sunday, for it's bad for soul and body – and the 50

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

money as comes i' that way 'ull be a bad bed to lie down on at the last, if it doesn't fly away, nobody knows where, like the white frost. And you'll excuse me being that free with you, Master Marner, for I wish you well – I do. Make your bow, Aaron.'

**Either 22** What do you find entertaining and moving in this passage?

You should consider:

- Aaron's behaviour
- how Dolly is trying to help Silas.

[21]

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**Or 23** Explore **TWO** episodes in the novel where you feel particular sympathy for Silas.

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 24** Do you think that Nancy deserves a better husband than Godfrey?

You should consider:

- Nancy's character
- Godfrey's character
- whether their marriage is happy.

[21]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Pit and the Pendulum*

I was sick – sick unto death, with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence – the dread sentence of death – was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution* – perhaps 5  
 from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period, for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw – but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white – whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words – and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness – of immovable 10  
 resolution – of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and 15  
 nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment.

(b)

*The Tell-Tale Heart*

True! – nervous – very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses – not destroyed – not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily – how calmly I can tell you the whole story. 5

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture – a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees – very gradually – I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever. 10

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. 15

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

**Either 25** What do you find gripping about these two openings?

You should consider:

- the thoughts and feelings of the narrators
- the hints of disturbing events to come
- the words and phrases Poe uses.

[21]

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**Or 26** What fascinates you about the minds of the narrators in *The Imp of the Perverse* and *The Cask of Amontillado*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

**Or 27** Explore **TWO** moments, each from a different story, which you find particularly tense.

Remember to support your choices with details from the stories.

[21]

28 For fifteen years Mr Polly was a respectable shopkeeper in Fishbourne.

Years they were in which every day was tedious, and when they were gone it was as if they had gone in a flash. But now Mr Polly had good looks no more. He was, as I have described him in the beginning of this story, thirty-seven, and fattish in a not very healthy way, dull and yellowish about the complexion, and with discontented wrinkles round his eyes. He sat on the stile above Fishbourne and cried to the heavens above him: 'Oh, Roöötten Beëëastly Silly Hole!' And he wore a rather shabby black morning coat and vest, and his tie was richly splendid, being from stock, and his golf cap aslant over one eye. 5

Fifteen years ago, and it might have seemed to you that the queer little flower of Mr Polly's imagination must be altogether withered and dead, and with no living seed left in any part of him. But indeed it still lived as an insatiable hunger for bright and delightful experiences, for the gracious aspects of things, for beauty. He still read books when he had a chance – books that told of glorious places abroad and glorious times, that wrung a rich humour from life, and contained the delight of words freshly and expressively grouped. But, alas! there are not many such books, and for the newspapers and the cheap fiction that abounded more and more in the world Mr Polly had little taste. There was no epithet in them. And there was no one to talk to, as he loved to talk. And he had to mind his shop. 10 15

It was a reluctant little shop from the beginning. 20

He had taken it to escape the doom of Johnson's choice, and because Fishbourne had a hold upon his imagination. He had disregarded the ill-built, cramped rooms behind it in which he would have to lurk and live, the relentless limitations of its dimensions, the inconvenience of an underground kitchen that must necessarily be the living room in winter – the narrow yard behind giving upon the yard of the Royal Fishbourne Hotel – the tiresome sitting and waiting for custom, the restricted prospects of trade. He had visualized himself and Miriam first as at breakfast on a clear bright winter morning amidst a tremendous smell of bacon, and then as having muffins for tea. He had also thought of sitting on the beach on Sunday afternoons, and of going for a walk in the country behind the town and picking marguerites and poppies. But, in fact, Miriam and he were usually extremely cross at breakfast, and it did not run to muffins at tea. And she didn't think it looked well, she said, to go trapesing about the country on Sundays. 25 30

It was unfortunate that Miriam never took to the house from the first. She did not like it when she saw it, and liked it less as she explored it. 'There's too many stairs,' she said, 'and the coal being indoors will make a lot of work.' 35

'Didn't think of that,' said Mr Polly, following her round.

'It'll be a hard house to keep clean,' said Miriam.

'White paint's all very well in its way,' said Miriam, 'but it shows the dirt something fearful. Better 'ave 'ad it nicely grained.' 40

'There's a kind of place here,' said Mr Polly, 'where we might have some flowers in pots.'

'Not me,' said Miriam. 'I've 'ad trouble enough with Minnie and 'er musk ...'



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

**Either 28** What makes Mr Polly's unhappiness so vivid for you at this point in the novel?

You should consider:

- the descriptions of Mr Polly and of his feelings
- the descriptions of his home
- his relationship with Miriam.

[21]

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**Or 29** What makes Mr Polly's decision to return to the Potwell Inn to face Uncle Jim such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 30** Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel which you find particularly amusing.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

*The Father of Désirée's Baby/Désirée's Baby*

As the day was pleasant, Madame Valmondé drove over to L'Abri to see Désirée and the baby.

It made her laugh to think of Désirée with a baby. Why, it seemed but yesterday that Désirée was little more than a baby herself; when Monsieur in riding through the gateway of Valmondé had found her lying asleep in the shadow of the big stone pillar. 5

The little one awoke in his arms and began to cry for 'Dada.' That was as much as she could do or say. Some people thought she might have strayed there of her own accord, for she was of the toddling age. The prevailing belief was that she had been purposely left by a party of Texans, whose canvas-covered wagon, late in the day, had crossed the ferry that Coton-Maïs kept, just below the plantation. In time Madame Valmondé abandoned every speculation but the one that Désirée had been sent to her by a beneficent Providence to be the child of her affection, seeing that she was without child of the flesh. For the girl grew to be beautiful and gentle, affectionate and sincere; the idol of Valmondé. 10 15

It was no wonder, when she stood one day against the stone pillar in whose shadow she had lain asleep, eighteen years before, that Armand Aubigny riding by and seeing her there, had fallen in love with her. That was the way all the Aubignys fell in love, as if struck by a pistol shot. The wonder was, that he had not loved her before; for he had known her since his father brought him home from Paris, a boy of eight, after his mother died there. The passion that awoke in him that day, when he saw her at the gate, swept along like an avalanche, or like a prairie fire, or like anything that drives headlong over all obstacles. 20

Monsieur Valmondé grew practical and wanted things well considered: that is, the girl's obscure origin. Armand looked into her eyes and did not care. He was reminded that she was nameless. What did it matter about a name when he could give her one of the oldest and proudest in Louisiana? He ordered the corbeille from Paris, and contained himself with what patience he could until it arrived, then they were married. 25

(b)

*The Storm*

## A sequel to 'The 'Cadian Ball'

I

The leaves were so still that even Bibi thought it was going to rain. Bobinôt, who was accustomed to converse on terms of perfect equality with his little son, called the child's attention to certain sombre clouds that were rolling with sinister intention from the west, accompanied by a sullen, threatening roar. They were at Friedheimer's store and decided to remain there till the storm had passed. They sat within the door on two empty kegs. Bibi was four years old and looked very wise. 5

'Mama'll be 'fraid, yes,' he suggested with blinking eyes.

'She'll shut the house. Maybe she got Sylvie helpin' her this evenin',' Bobinôt responded reassuringly.

'No; she ent got Sylvie. Sylvie was helpin' her yistiday,' piped Bibi. 10

Bobinôt arose and going across to the counter purchased a can of shrimps, of which Calixta was very fond. Then he returned to his perch on the keg and sat stolidly holding the can of shrimps while the storm burst. It shook the wooden store and seemed to be ripping great furrows in the distant field. Bibi laid his little hand on his father's knee and was not afraid. 15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

## II

Calixta, at home, felt no uneasiness for their safety. She sat at a side window sewing furiously on a sewing machine. She was greatly occupied and did not notice the approaching storm. But she felt very warm and often stopped to mop her face on which the perspiration gathered in beads. She unfastened her white sacque at the throat. It began to grow dark, and suddenly realizing the situation she got up hurriedly and went about closing windows and doors. 20

Out on the small front gallery she had hung Bobinôt's Sunday clothes to air and she hastened out to gather them before the rain fell. As she stepped outside, Alcée Laballière rode in at the gate. She had not seen him very often since her marriage, and never alone. She stood there with Bobinôt's coat in her hands, and the big rain drops began to fall. Alcée rode his horse under the shelter of a side projection where the chickens had huddled and there were plows and a harrow piled up in the corner. 25

'May I come and wait on your gallery till the storm is over, Calixta?' he asked.  
'Come 'long in, M'sieur Alcée.' 30

**Either 31** What do you find striking about the openings to these two stories?

You should consider:

- the relationships between the characters
- how far these openings prepare you for what happens later. [21]

**Or 32** Do you like and sympathise with Claire Duvigné in *Tonie/At Chênière Caminada* and Clarisse in *At the 'Cadian Ball*, or do you feel differently?

Remember to refer to details from the stories in your answer. [21]

**Or 33** What surprises you about the relationships between men and women in *A Respectable Woman* and *The Dream of an Hour/The Story of an Hour*?

You should consider:

- Mrs Baroda's relationship with her husband and with Gouvernail
- Mrs Mallard's feelings when she thinks her husband is dead. [21]

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