

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme B**

2446/2

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

TUESDAY 20 MAY 2008

Morning
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials (enclosed): None

Additional materials (required):

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 provided 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 **66**.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.

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

SECTION A

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

	Pages	Questions
Poetry pre-1914		
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 Charge of the Light Brigade

I		V	
Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.		Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them	40
'Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!' he said: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.	5	Volleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, They that had fought so well	45
II		Came through the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell, All that was left of them, Left of six hundred.	
'Forward, the Light Brigade! Was there a man dismayed? Not though the soldier knew Some one had blundered: Their's not to make reply, Their's not to reason why, Their's but to do and die: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.	10	VI	
		When can their glory fade? O the wild charge they made! All the world wondered.	50
	15	Honour the charge they made! Honour the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!	55
III			Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred.	20		
IV			
Flashed all their sabres bare, Flashed as they turned in air Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while All the world wondered: Plunged in the battery-smoke Right through the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Reeled from the sabre-stroke Shattered and sundered. Then they rode back, but not, Not the six hundred.	30		
	35		

(b)

The Drum

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round:
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms 5
 Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
 And when Ambition's voice commands,
 To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound, 10
 Parading round, and round, and round:
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns, and ruined swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
 And all that Misery's hand bestows, 15
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

John Scott

- Either** 1 Compare how the poets powerfully portray soldiers and war in these two poems. [30]
- Or** 2 Compare the ways in which the poets create striking impressions of a battlefield in *The Destruction of Sennacherib* (Byron) and *The Hyaenas* (Kipling). [30]
- Or** 3 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly convey their strong feelings about war in *After Blenheim* (Southey) and *Tommy's Dead* (Dobell). [30]
- Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. [30]

4 (a)

On Wenlock Edge ...

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

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

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

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

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

A. E. Housman

(b)

The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls, 5
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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

- Either** 4 Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly convey the power of nature to you in these two poems. [30]
-
- Or** 5 Compare how the poets convey to you their strong feelings for the places they describe in *Composed Upon Westminster Bridge* (Wordsworth) and *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* (Yeats). [30]
- Or** 6 Compare how the poets memorably portray the relationship between the people and the landscapes in *Beeny Cliff* (Hardy) and *The Way Through the Woods* (Kipling). [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
 And whisp'rings are in the dale,
 The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
 My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
 And the dews of night arise;
 Your spring & your day are wasted in play,
 And your winter and night in disguise.

5

(b)

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

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

Either 7 Compare the ways in which Blake creates threatening images in these two poems. [30]

Or 8 How does Blake convey to you strikingly different impressions of the country and of the town in *Night* (Innocence) and *London* (Experience)? [30]

Or 9 Compare the ways in which Blake creates moving effects by using different voices within **TWO** of the following poems:

The Little Black Boy (Innocence)

Nurse's Song (Innocence)

The Chimney Sweeper (Experience).

[30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

Neutral Tones

We stood by a pond that winter day,
 And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
 And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
 – They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove 5
 Over tedious riddles of years ago;
 And some words played between us to and fro
 On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing 10
 Alive enough to have strength to die;
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing ...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives, 15
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

(b)

A Broken Appointment

You did not come,
 And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb. –
 Yet less for loss of your dear presence there
 Than that I thus found lacking in your make 5
 That high compassion which can overbear
 Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake
 Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,
 You did not come.

You love not me, 10
 And love alone can lend you loyalty;
 – I know and knew it. But, unto the store
 Of human deeds divine in all but name,
 Was it not worth a little hour or more
 To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came 15
 To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be
 You love not me?

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Either 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy movingly conveys to you the pain of lost love in these two poems. [30]

Or 11 Explore the ways in which Hardy uses different descriptions of the natural world to express strong feelings in *Drummer Hodge* and *The Darkling Thrush*. [30]

Or 12 Compare the ways in which Hardy vividly expresses feelings of regret in **TWO** of the following poems:

To Lizbie Browne
The Self-Unseeing
The Man He Killed.

[30]

SECTION B

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

	Pages	Questions
Prose pre-1914		
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: Short Stories	26–27	31–33

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

13

They met by appointment; and as Isabella had arrived nearly five minutes before her friend, her first address naturally was – ‘My dearest creature, what can have made you so late? I have been waiting for you at least this age!’

‘Have you, indeed! – I am very sorry for it; but really I thought I was in very good time. It is but just one. I hope you have not been here long?’ 5

‘Oh! these ten ages at least. I am sure I have been here this half hour. But now, let us go and sit down at the other end of the room, and enjoy ourselves. I have an hundred things to say to you. In the first place, I was so afraid it would rain this morning, just as I wanted to set off; it looked very showery, and that would have thrown me into agonies! Do you know, I saw the prettiest hat you can imagine, in a shop window in Milsom Street just now – very like yours, only with coquelicot ribbons instead of green; I quite longed for it. But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? – Have you gone on with Udolpho?’ 10

‘Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil.’

‘Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are not you wild to know?’ 15

‘Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? – But do not tell me – I would not be told upon any account. I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is *Laurentina’s* skeleton. Oh! I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it. I assure you, if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world.’ 20

‘Dear creature! how much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished *Udolpho*, we will read the Italian together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you.’

‘Have you, indeed! How glad I am! – what are they all?’ 25

‘I will read you their names directly; here they are, in my pocket-book. *Castle of Wolfenbach*, *Clermont*, *Mysterious Warnings*, *Necromancer of the Black Forest*, *Midnight Bell*, *Orphan of the Rhine*, and *Horrid Mysteries*. Those will last us some time.’

‘Yes, pretty well; but are they all horrid, are you sure they are all horrid?’ 30

‘Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them. I wish you knew Miss Andrews, you would be delighted with her. She is netting herself the sweetest cloak you can conceive. I think her as beautiful as an angel, and I am so vexed with the men for not admiring her! – I scold them all amazingly about it.’ 35

‘Scold them! Do you scold them for not admiring her?’

‘Yes, that I do. There is nothing I would not do for those who are really my friends. I have no notion of loving people by halves, it is not my nature. My attachments are always excessively strong. I told Capt Hunt at one of our assemblies this winter, that if he was to tease me all night, I would not dance with him, unless he would allow Miss Andrews to be as beautiful as an angel. The men think us incapable of real friendship you know, and I am determined to show them the difference. Now, if I were to hear anybody speak slightly of you, I should fire up in a moment: – but that is not at all likely, for *you* are just the kind of girl to be a great favourite with the men.’ 40

‘Oh! dear,’ cried Catherine, colouring, ‘how can you say so?’

‘I know you very well; you have so much animation, which is exactly what Miss Andrews wants, for I must confess there is something amazingly insipid about her. Oh! I must tell you, that just after we parted yesterday, I saw a young man looking at you so earnestly – I am sure he is in love with you.’ Catherine coloured, and disclaimed again. Isabella laughed. ‘It is very true, upon my honour, but I see how it is; you are indifferent to everybody’s admiration, except that of one gentleman, who shall be nameless. Nay, I cannot blame you – (speaking more seriously) – your 50

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

feelings are easily understood. Where the heart is really attached, I know very well how little one can be pleased with the attention of anybody else. Everything is so insipid, so uninteresting, that does not relate to the beloved object! I can perfectly comprehend your feelings.' 55

Either 13 How does Austen's writing here portray Catherine's and Isabella's characters and relationship at this point in the novel? [30]

Or 14 Does Austen persuade you that Catherine will make a good wife for Henry Tilney? Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 15 In what ways do you think Austen makes Catherine's expulsion from Northanger Abbey such a shocking and dramatic moment in the novel? [30]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

16

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities of course, but passed on as a practical man ought to pass on, either brushing the noisy insects from his thoughts, or consigning them to the House of Correction. But, the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place. 5

This brought him to a stop. 'Now, to think of these vagabonds,' said he, 'attracting the young rabble from a model school.'

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then behold but his own metallurgical Louisa, peeping with all her might through a hole in a deal board, and his own mathematical Thomas abasing himself on the ground to catch but a hoof of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act! 10

Dumb with amazement, Mr Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said: 15

'Louisa!! Thomas!!'

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But, Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine. 20

'In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!' said Mr Gradgrind, leading each away by a hand; 'what do you do here?'

'Wanted to see what it was like,' returned Louisa, shortly.

'What it was like?'

'Yes, father.' 25

There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl: yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. Not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way. 30

She was a child now, of fifteen or sixteen; but at no distant day would seem to become a woman all at once. Her father thought so as he looked at her. She was pretty. Would have been self-willed (he thought in his eminently practical way) but for her bringing-up. 35

'Thomas, though I have the fact before me, I find it difficult to believe that you, with your education and resources, should have brought your sister to a scene like this.'

'I brought him, father,' said Louisa, quickly. 'I asked him to come.'

'I am sorry to hear it. I am very sorry indeed to hear it. It makes Thomas no better, and it makes you worse, Louisa.' 40

She looked at her father again, but no tear fell down her cheek.

'You! Thomas and you, to whom the circle of the sciences is open; Thomas and you, who may be said to be replete with facts; Thomas and you, who have been trained to mathematical exactness; Thomas and you, here!' cried Mr Gradgrind. 'In this degraded position! I am amazed.' 45

'I was tired, father. I have been tired a long time,' said Louisa.

'Tired? Of what?' asked the astonished father.

'I don't know of what – of everything, I think.'

'Say not another word,' returned Mr Gradgrind. 'You are childish. I will hear no more.' He did not speak again until they had walked some half-a-mile in silence, when he gravely broke out with: 'What would your best friends say, Louisa? Do you attach no value to their good opinion? What would Mr Bounderby say?' 50

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

At the mention of this name, his daughter stole a look at him, remarkable for its intense and searching character. He saw nothing of it, for before he looked at her, she had again cast down her eyes! 55

'What,' he repeated presently, 'would Mr Bounderby say?' All the way to Stone Lodge, as with grave indignation he led the two delinquents home, he repeated at intervals 'What would Mr Bounderby say?' – as if Mr Bounderby had been Mrs Grundy. 60

Either 16 How does Dickens's writing make this such an upsetting moment in the novel? [30]

Or 17 Which **ONE** character does Dickens's writing persuade you most gets what they deserve in *Hard Times*?

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

Or 18 How in your view does Dickens make his portrayal of the lives of the mill workers so shocking?

Remember to refer to details from the novel in your answer. [30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

'It is a stranger, ma'am,' said the man by the door.

'A stranger?' she said.

'Ask him to come in,' said Boldwood.

The message was given, and Troy, wrapped up to his eyes as we have seen him, stood in the doorway. 5

There was an unearthly silence, all looking towards the newcomer. Those who had just learnt that he was in the neighbourhood recognised him instantly; those who did not were perplexed. Nobody noted Bathsheba. She was leaning on the stairs. Her brow had heavily contracted; her whole face was pallid, her lips apart, her eyes rigidly staring at their visitor. 10

Boldwood was among those who did not notice that he was Troy. 'Come in, come in!' he repeated, cheerfully, 'and drain a Christmas beaker with us, stranger!'

Troy next advanced into the middle of the room, took off his cap, turned down his coat-collar, and looked Boldwood in the face. Even then Boldwood did not recognise that the impersonator of Heaven's persistent irony towards him, who had once before broken in upon his bliss, scourged him, and snatched his delight away, had come to do these things a second time. Troy began to laugh a mechanical laugh. Boldwood recognised him now. 15

Troy turned to Bathsheba. The poor girl's wretchedness at this time was beyond all fancy or narration. She had sunk down on the lowest stair; and there she sat, her mouth blue and dry, and her dark eyes fixed vacantly upon him, as if she wondered whether it were not all a terrible illusion. 20

Then Troy spoke. 'Bathsheba, I come here for you!'

She made no reply.

'Come home with me. Come!'

Bathsheba moved her feet a little, but did not rise. Troy went across to her.

'Come, madam, do you hear what I say?' he said, peremptorily. 25

A strange voice came from the fireplace – a voice sounding far off and confined, as if from a dungeon. Hardly a soul in the assembly recognized the thin tones to be those of Boldwood. Sudden despair had transformed him. 30

'Bathsheba, go with your husband!'

Nevertheless, she did not move. The truth was that Bathsheba was beyond the pale of activity – and yet not in a swoon. She was in a state of mental *gutta serena*; her mind was for the minute totally deprived of light at the same time that no obscuration was apparent from without. 35

Troy stretched out his hand to pull her towards him, when she quickly shrank back. This visible dread of him seemed to irritate Troy, and he seized her arm and pulled it sharply. Whether his grasp pinched her, or whether his mere touch was the cause, was never known, but at the moment of his seizure she writhed, and gave a quick, low scream. 40

The scream had been heard but a few seconds when it was followed by a sudden deafening report that echoed through the room and stupefied them all. The oak partition shook with the concussion, and the place was filled with grey smoke.

In bewilderment they turned their eyes to Boldwood. At his back, as he stood before the fireplace, was a gunrack, as is usual in farmhouses, constructed to hold two guns. When Bathsheba had cried out in her husband's grasp, Boldwood's face of gnashing despair had changed. The veins had swollen, and a frenzied look had gleamed in his eye. He had turned quickly, taken one of the guns, cocked it, and at once discharged it at Troy. 45

Troy fell. The distance apart of the two men was so small that the charge of shot did not spread in the least, but passed like a bullet into his body. He uttered a long guttural sigh – there was a contraction – an extension – then his muscles relaxed, and he lay still. 50

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

Either 19 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes this such a gripping moment in the novel. [30]

Or 20 In Chapter Nine, Bathsheba says that Gabriel Oak 'wasn't quite good enough' for her to marry.

Does Hardy's portrayal of Bathsheba convince you that **she** is 'good enough' to marry Gabriel by the end of the novel?

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

Or 21 How does Hardy make the relationship between Sergeant Troy and Fanny Robin such a memorable part of the novel?

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

22

The reason why Godfrey and Nancy had left the dance was not so tender as Ben imagined. In the close press of couples a slight accident had happened to Nancy's dress, which, while it was short enough to show her neat ankle in front, was long enough behind to be caught under the stately stamp of the Squire's foot, so as to rend certain stitches at the waist, and cause much sisterly agitation in Priscilla's mind, as well as serious concern in Nancy's. One's thoughts may be much occupied with love-struggles, but hardly so as to be insensible to a disorder in the general framework of things. Nancy had no sooner completed her duty in the figure they were dancing than she said to Godfrey, with a deep blush, that she must go and sit down till Priscilla could come to her; for the sisters had already exchanged a short whisper and an open-eyed glance full of meaning. No reason less urgent than this could have prevailed on Nancy to give Godfrey this opportunity of sitting apart with her. As for Godfrey, he was feeling so happy and oblivious under the long charm of the country-dance with Nancy, that he got rather bold on the strength of her confusion, and was capable of leading her straight away, without leave asked, into the adjoining small parlour, where the card-tables were set. 5 10 15

'Oh no, thank you,' said Nancy, coldly, as soon as she perceived where he was going, 'not in there. I'll wait here till Priscilla's ready to come to me. I'm sorry to bring you out of the dance and make myself troublesome.'

'Why, you'll be more comfortable here by yourself,' said the artful Godfrey: 'I'll leave you here till your sister can come.' He spoke in an indifferent tone. 20

That was an agreeable proposition, and just what Nancy desired; why, then, was she a little hurt that Mr Godfrey should make it? They entered, and she seated herself on a chair against one of the card-tables, as the stiffest and most unapproachable position she could choose. 25

'Thank you, sir,' she said immediately. 'I needn't give you any more trouble. I'm sorry you've had such an unlucky partner.'

'That's very ill-natured of you,' said Godfrey, standing by her without any sign of intended departure, 'to be sorry you've danced with me.'

'Oh, no, sir, I don't mean to say what's ill-natured at all,' said Nancy, looking distractingly prim and pretty. 'When gentlemen have so many pleasures, one dance can matter but very little.' 30

'You know that isn't true. You know one dance with you matters more to me than all the other pleasures in the world.'

It was a long, long while since Godfrey had said anything so direct as that, and Nancy was startled. But her instinctive dignity and repugnance to any show of emotion made her sit perfectly still, and only throw a little more decision into her voice as she said; 'No, indeed, Mr Godfrey, that's not known to me, and I have very good reasons for thinking different. But if it's true, I don't wish to hear it.' 35

'Would you never forgive me, then, Nancy – never think well of me, let what would happen – would you never think the present made amends for the past? Not if I turned a good fellow, and gave up everything you didn't like?' 40

Godfrey was half conscious that this sudden opportunity of speaking to Nancy alone had driven him beside himself; but blind feeling had got the mastery of his tongue. Nancy really felt much agitated by the possibility Godfrey's words suggested, but this very pressure of emotion that she was in danger of finding too strong for her, roused all her power of self-command. 45

'I should be glad to see a good change in anybody, Mr Godfrey,' she answered, with the slightest discernible difference of tone, 'but it 'ud be better if no change was wanted.' 50

'You're very hard-hearted, Nancy,' said Godfrey, pettishly. 'You might encourage me to be a better fellow. I'm very miserable – but you've no feeling.'

'I think those have the least feeling that act wrong to begin with,' said Nancy,

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

sending out a flash in spite of herself. Godfrey was delighted with that little flash, and would have liked to go on and make her quarrel with him; Nancy was so exasperatingly quiet and firm. But she was not indifferent to him *yet*, though. 55

The entrance of Priscilla, bustling forward and saying, 'Dear heart alive, child, let us look at this gown,' cut off Godfrey's hopes of a quarrel.

'I suppose I must go now,' he said to Priscilla.

'It's no matter to me whether you go or stay,' said that frank lady, searching for something in her pocket, with a preoccupied brow. 60

'Do *you* want me to go?' said Godfrey, looking at Nancy, who was now standing up by Priscilla's order.

'As you like,' said Nancy, trying to recover all her former coldness, and looking down carefully at the hem of her gown. 65

'Then I like to stay,' said Godfrey, with a reckless determination to get as much of this joy as he could tonight, and think nothing of the morrow.

Either 22 How does Eliot's writing here vividly convey to you Nancy's and Godfrey's characters and relationship at this point in the novel? [30]

Or 23 How does Eliot vividly portray the Cass family and life at the Red House in the early stages of the novel? [30]

Or 24 Explore the ways in which Eliot makes Silas Marner's gold play such a powerful and significant part in the novel. [30]

25 (a)

The Black Cat

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! – by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman – a howl – a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation. 5

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party on the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and awe. In the next a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb. 10 15

(b)

The Cask of Amontillado

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said – 5

‘Ha! ha! ha! – he! he! – a very good joke indeed – an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo – he! he! he! – over our wine – he! he! he!’ 10

‘The Amontillado!’ I said.

‘He! he! he! – he! he! he! – yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late! Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.’ 15

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘let us be gone.’

‘For the love of God, Montresor!’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘for the love of God!’

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud: 20

‘Fortunato!’

No answer. I called again:

‘Fortunato!’

No answer still: I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick – on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!* 25

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

Either 25 How does Poe create such horrifying endings here? [30]

Or 26 How do you think Poe makes the murderers' final confessions so dramatic in *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Imp of the Perverse*?

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

Either 27 Explore the ways in which Poe makes **TWO** of the following characters memorable for you:

Roderick Usher (in *The Fall of the House of Usher*)
Auguste Dupin (in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*)
William Legrand (in *The Gold-Bug*).

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

28

'Now I got you!' cried Uncle Jim, dancing forward in a disconcerting zigzag.

He rushed to close, and Mr Polly stopped him fealty, as it were a miracle, with the head of the broom across his chest. Uncle Jim seized the broom with both hands. 'Lea go,' he said, and tugged. Mr Polly shook his head, tugged, and showed pale, compressed lips. Both tugged. Then Uncle Jim tried to get round the end of the broom; Mr Polly circled away. They began to circle about one another, both lugging hard, both intensely watchful of the slightest initiative on the part of the other. Mr Polly wished brooms were longer – twelve or thirteen feet, for example; Uncle Jim was clearly for shortness in brooms. He wasted breath in saying what was to happen shortly – sanguinary, oriental, soul-bleaching things – when the broom no longer separated them. Mr Polly thought he had never seen an uglier person. Suddenly Uncle Jim flashed into violent activity, but alcohol slows movement, and Mr Polly was equal to him. Then Uncle Jim tried jerks, and, for a terrible instant, seemed to have the broom out of Mr Polly's hands. But Mr Polly recovered it with the clutch of a drowning man. Then Uncle Jim drove suddenly at Mr Polly's midriff; but again Mr Polly was ready, and swept him round in a circle. Then suddenly a wild hope filled Mr Polly. He saw the river was very near, the post to which the punt was tied not three yards away. With a wild yell, he sent the broom home into his antagonist's ribs. 'Woosh!' he cried, as the resistance gave.

'Oh! Gaw!' said Uncle Jim, going backward helplessly, and Mr Polly thrust hard, and abandoned the broom to the enemy's despairing clutch.

Splash! Uncle Jim was in the water, and Mr Polly had leapt like a cat aboard the ferry punt, and grasped the pole.

Up came Uncle Jim spluttering and dripping. 'You (unprofitable matter, and printing it might lead to a Censorship of Novels) – You know I got a weak chess!'

The pole took him in the throat and drove him backward and downwards.

'Lea go!' cried Uncle Jim, staggering, and with real terror in his once awful eyes.

Splash! Down he fell backwards into a frothing mass of water, with Mr Polly jabbing at him. Under water he turned round, and came up again, as if in flight towards the middle of the river. Directly his head reappeared, Mr Polly had him between his shoulders and under again, bubbling thickly. A hand clutched and disappeared.

It was stupendous! Mr Polly had discovered the heel of Achilles. Uncle Jim had no stomach for cold water. The broom floated away, pitching gently on the swell. Mr Polly, infuriated by victory, thrust Uncle Jim under again, and drove the punt round on its chain, in such a manner, that when Uncle Jim came up for the fourth time – and now he was nearly out of his depth, too buoyed up to walk, and apparently nearly helpless – Mr Polly, fortunately for them both, could not reach him.

Uncle Jim made the clumsy gestures of those who struggle insecurely in the water. 'Keep out,' said Mr Polly. Uncle Jim, with a great effort, got a footing, emerged until his arm-pits were out of water, until his waistcoat buttons showed, one by one, till scarcely two remained, and made for the camp-sheeting.

'Keep out!' cried Mr Polly, and leapt off the punt and followed the movements of his victim along the shore.

'I tell you I got a weak chess,' said Uncle Jim moistly. 'I 'ate worter. 'This ain't fair fightin'.'

'Keep out!' said Mr Polly.

'This ain't fair fightin',' said Uncle Jim, almost weeping, and all his terrors had gone.

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

Either 28 Explore the ways in which Wells makes this such an enjoyable moment in the novel. [30]

Or 29 Does Wells's portrayal of Miriam encourage you to feel any sympathy for her?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 30 How does Wells makes Mr Polly's relationships with his fellow-tradesmen in Fishbourne so entertaining for you?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (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

She had not spoken to her son Henri for ten years because he had married an American girl from Prytania street. She would not permit green tea to be introduced into her house, and those who could not or would not drink coffee might drink tisane of *fleur de Laurier* for all she cared.

20

Nevertheless, the children seemed to be having it all their own way that day, and the organ-grinders were let loose. Old madame, in her retired corner, could hear the screams, the laughter and the music far more distinctly than she liked. She rocked herself noisily, and hummed "*Partant pour la Syrie*".

25

She was straight and slender. Her hair was white, and she wore it in puffs on the temples. Her skin was fair, and her eyes blue and cold.

(b)

Lilacs

It was precisely a year later. The spring had come again, and Paris was intoxicated.

Old Sophie sat in her kitchen discoursing to a neighbor who had come in to borrow some trifling kitchen utensil from the old bonne.

"You know, Rosalie, I begin to believe it is an attack of lunacy which seizes her once a year. I wouldn't say it to everyone, but with you I know it will go no further. She ought to be treated for it; a physician should be consulted; it is not well to neglect such things and let them run on.

5

"It came this morning like a thunder clap. As I am sitting here, there had been no thought or mention of a journey. The baker had come into the kitchen – you know what a gallant he is – with always a girl in his eye. He laid the bread down upon the table and beside it a bunch of lilacs. I didn't know they had bloomed yet. 'For Mam'selle Florine, with my regards,' he said with his foolish simper.

10

"Now, you know I was not going to call Florine from her work in order to present her the baker's flowers. All the same, it would not do to let them wither. I went with them in my hand into the dining room to get a majolica pitcher which I had put away in the closet there, on an upper shelf, because the handle was broken. Mademoiselle, who rises early, had just come from her bath, and was crossing the hall that opens

15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

into the dining room. Just as she was, in her white peignoir, she thrust her head into the dining room, snuffing the air and exclaiming, 'What do I smell?' 20

"She espied the flowers in my hand and pounced upon them like a cat upon a mouse. She held them up to her, burying her face in them for the longest time, only uttering a long 'Ah!'

"Sophie, I am going away. Get out the little black trunk; a few of the plainest garments I have; my brown dress that I have not yet worn.' 25

"But, Mademoiselle,' I protested, 'you forget that you have ordered a breakfast of a hundred francs for tomorrow.'

"Shut up!' she cried, stamping her foot.

"You forget how the manager will rave,' I persisted, 'and vilify me. And you will go like that without a word of adieu to Monsieur Paul, who is an angel if ever one trod the earth.' 30

"I tell you, Rosalie, her eyes flamed.

"Do as I tell you this instant,' she exclaimed, 'or I will strangle you – with your Monsieur Paul and your manager and your hundred francs!'"

"Yes," affirmed Rosalie, "it is insanity. I had a cousin seized in the same way one morning, when she smelled calf's liver frying with onions. Before night it took two men to hold her." 35

"I could well see it was insanity, my dear Rosalie, and I uttered not another word as I feared for my life. I simply obeyed her every command in silence. And now – whiff, she is gone! God knows where. But between us, Rosalie – I wouldn't say it to Florine – but I believe it is for no good. I, in Monsieur Paul's place, should have her watched. I would put a detective upon her track." 40

Either 31 In what ways does Chopin vividly reveal Madame Carambeau's and Adrienne's characters to you in these two extracts? [30]

Or 32 How does Chopin create an atmosphere of fear, turmoil and anxiety in *Beyond the Bayou* and *Her Letters*? [30]

Or 33 How does Chopin powerfully present the relationship between Calixta and Alcée in *At the 'Cadian Ball* and *The Storm*?

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

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Text 28 © H. G. Wells, *The History of Mr Polly*. Reproduced by permission of A P Watt Ltd on behalf of the Literary Executors of the Estate of H. G. Wells.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (OCR) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

OCR is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.