

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)

2446/02

Scheme B

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

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

OCR Supplied Materials:

- 8 page Answer Booklet

Other Materials Required:

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

Tuesday 13 January 2009
Afternoon

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name clearly in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully and make sure that 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**.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- 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.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **66**.
- This document consists of **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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)

*To Lucasta,
Going to the Wars*

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

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

5

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

10

Richard Lovelace

(b)

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 broken in life's tournament.
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

5

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went;
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,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

10

15

Herbert Asquith

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

- Either** **1** Compare how the poets powerfully convey the ways in which men are attracted to war in these two poems. **[30]**
-
- Or** **2** Compare the ways in which the poets vividly express their anger about war in *The Hyaenas* (Kipling) and *The Drum* (Scott). **[30]**
- Or** **3** Compare the ways in which the poets make the bravery of the soldiers particularly striking for you in *Vitai Lampada* (Newbolt) and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (Tennyson). **[30]**

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (a)

Beeny Cliff
March 1870–March 1913

I

O the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,
And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping free –
The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

II

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away
In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say, 5
As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned March day.

III

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised rain,
And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull misfeatured stain,
And then the sun burst out again, and purples pinked the main.

IV

– Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the sky, 10
And shall she and I not go there once again now March is nigh,
And the sweet things said in that March say anew there by and by?

V

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore,
The woman now is – elsewhere – whom the ambling pony bore,
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there nevermore. 15

Thomas Hardy

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

(b)

*Binsey Poplars**Felled 1879*

My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,
 Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,
 All felled, felled, are all felled;
 Of a fresh and following folded rank
 Not spared, not one 5
 That dandled a sandalled
 Shadow that swam or sank
 On meadow and river and wind-wandering
 weed-winding bank.

O if we but knew what we do 10
 When we delve or hew –
 Hack and rack the growing green!
 Since country is so tender
 To touch, her being so slender,
 That, like this sleek and seeing ball 15
 But a prick will make no eye at all,
 Where we, even where we mean
 To mend her we end her,
 When we hew or delve:
 After-comers cannot guess the beauty been. 20
 Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve
 Strokes of havoc unselfe
 The sweet especial scene,
 Rural scene, a rural scene,
 Sweet especial rural scene. 25

Gerard Manley Hopkins

- Either** 4 Compare how the poets strikingly convey to you the strength of their feelings of loss in these two poems. [30]
-
- Or** 5 Compare the ways in which the poets create powerful and threatening images in *The Eagle* (Tennyson) and *The World* (Rossetti). [30]
- Or** 6 Compare how the poets convey to you strong feelings of anger in *The Song of the Shirt* (Hood) and *London* (Blake). [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

Holy Thursday (Experience)

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

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

5

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

10

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

15

(b)

London (Experience)

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,
 In every Infants cry of fear,
 In every voice, in every ban,
 The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

5

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
 Every black'ning Church appalls;
 And the hapless Soldier's sigh
 Runs in blood down Palace walls.

10

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful Harlot's curse
 Blasts the new born Infants tear,
 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

15

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

Either 7 Compare the ways in which Blake creates such powerful images of suffering in these two poems. [30]

Or 8 Compare how Blake movingly conveys to you feelings about love and protection in *A Cradle Song* (Innocence) and *The Lamb* (Innocence). [30]

Or 9 Compare the ways in which Blake creates a striking vision of heaven in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Little Black Boy (Innocence)

The Chimney Sweeper (Innocence)

Night (Innocence). [30]

10 (a)

To Lizbie Browne

| | | | | | |
|-----|---|--------------------------|------|---|----|
| i | Dear Lizbie Browne, Where are you now? In sun, in rain? – Or is your brow Past joy, past pain, Dear Lizbie Browne? | 5 | vi | Still, Lizbie Browne, You won, they said, The best of men When you were wed Where went you then, O Lizbie Browne? | 35 |
| ii | Sweet Lizbie Browne, How you could smile, How you could sing! – How archly wile In glance-giving, Sweet Lizbie Browne! | 10 | vii | Dear Lizbie Browne, I should have thought, 'Girls ripen fast,' And coaxed and caught You ere you passed, Dear Lizbie Browne! | 40 |
| iii | And, Lizbie Browne, Who else had hair Bay-red as yours, Or flesh so fair Bred out of doors, Sweet Lizbie Browne? | 15 | viii | But, Lizbie Browne, I let you slip; Shaped not a sign; Touched never your lip With lip of mine, Lost Lizbie Browne! | 45 |
| iv | When, Lizbie Browne, You had just begun To be endeared By stealth to one, You disappeared My Lizbie Browne! | 20 | ix | So, Lizbie Browne, When on a day Men speak of me As not, you'll say, 'And who was he?' – Yes, Lizbie Browne! | 50 |
| v | Ay, Lizbie Browne, So swift your life, And mine so slow, You were a wife Ere I could show Love, Lizbie Browne. | 25 30 | | | |

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

(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
 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.

5

You love not me,
 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
 To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be
 You love not me?

10

15

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

Or 11 Compare the ways in which Hardy movingly portrays the narrators in *Her Death and After* and *A Wife and Another*.

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases Hardy uses. [30]

Or 12 Explore the different ways in which Hardy vividly conveys to you the sadness of growing old in **TWO** of the following poems:

I Look Into My Glass
The Self-Unseeing
In Tenebris I.

[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 |

13

'I have one favour to beg,' said Catherine, shortly afterwards, in an agitated manner, 'that, if your brother should be coming here, you will give me notice of it, that I may go away.'

'Our brother! – Frederick!'

'Yes; I am sure I should be very sorry to leave you so soon, but something has happened that would make it very dreadful for me to be in the same house with Captain Tilney.'

Eleanor's work was suspended while she gazed with increasing astonishment; but Henry began to suspect the truth, and something, in which Miss Thorpe's name was included, passed his lips.

'How quick you are!' cried Catherine: 'you have guessed it, I declare! – And yet, when we talked about it in Bath, you little thought of its ending so. Isabella – no wonder *now* I have not heard from her – Isabella has deserted my brother, and is to marry yours! Could you have believed there had been such inconstancy and fickleness, and everything that is bad in the world?'

'I hope, so far as concerns my brother, you are misinformed. I hope he has not had any material share in bringing on Mr Morland's disappointment. His marrying Miss Thorpe is not probable. I think you must be deceived so far. I am very sorry for Mr Morland – sorry that anyone you love should be unhappy; but my surprise would be greater at Frederick's marrying her, than at any other part of the story.'

'It is very true, however; you shall read James's letter yourself. – Stay – there is one part –' recollecting with a blush the last line.

'Will you take the trouble of reading to us the passages which concern my brother?'

'No, read it yourself,' cried Catherine, whose second thoughts were clearer. 'I do not know what I was thinking of' (blushing again that she had blushed before,) – 'James only means to give me good advice.' He gladly received the letter; and, having read it through, with close attention, returned it saying, 'Well, if it is to be so, I can only say that I am sorry for it. Frederick will not be the first man who has chosen a wife with less sense than his family expected. I do not envy his situation, either as a lover or a son.'

Miss Tilney, at Catherine's invitation, now read the letter likewise; and, having expressed also her concern and surprise, began to inquire into Miss Thorpe's connections and fortune.

'Her mother is a very good sort of woman,' was Catherine's answer.

'What was her father?'

'A lawyer, I believe. – They live at Putney.'

'Are they a wealthy family?'

'No, not very. I do not believe Isabella has any fortune at all; but that will not signify in your family. – Your father is so very liberal! He told me the other day, that he only valued money as it allowed him to promote the happiness of his children.' The brother and sister looked at each other. 'But,' said Eleanor, after a short pause, 'would it be to promote his happiness to enable him to marry such a girl? – She must be an unprincipled one, or she could not have used your brother so. – And how strange an infatuation on Frederick's side! A girl who, before his eyes, is violating an engagement voluntarily entered into with another man! Is not it inconceivable, Henry? Frederick too, who always wore his heart so proudly! who found no woman good enough to be loved!'

'That is the most unpromising circumstance, the strongest presumption against him. When I think of his past declarations, I give him up. – Moreover, I have too good an opinion of Miss Thorpe's prudence, to suppose that she would part with one gentleman before the other was secured. It is all over with Frederick indeed! He is a

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

deceased man – defunct in understanding. Prepare for your sister-in-law, Eleanor, and such a sister-in-law as you must delight in! – Open, candid, artless, guileless, with affections strong but simple, forming no pretensions and knowing no disguise.’

55

‘Such a sister-in-law, Henry, I should delight in,’ said Eleanor, with a smile.

Either 13 In what ways does Austen make this such a dramatic and revealing moment in the novel? **[30]**

Or 14 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where Austen’s writing encourages you to find Catherine’s behaviour particularly amusing and entertaining. **[30]**

Or 15 In what ways does Austen make Eleanor Tilney such a likeable character in the novel? **[30]**

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

16

Here was Louisa on the night of the same day, watching the fire as in the days of yore, though with a gentler and a humbler face. How much of the future might arise before *her* vision? Broadsides in the streets, signed with her father's name, exonerating the late Stephen Blackpool, weaver, from misplaced suspicion, and publishing the guilt of his own son, with such extenuation as his years and temptation (he could not bring himself to add, his education) might beseech; were of the Present. So, Stephen Blackpool's tombstone, with her father's record of his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But, how much of the Future?

5

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness once again appearing at the ringing of the Factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown Hands; a woman of pensive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town secretly begging of her, and crying to her; a woman working, ever working, but content to do it, and preferring to do it as her natural lot, until she should be too old to labour any more? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was to be.

10

A lonely brother, many thousands of miles away, writing, on paper blotted with tears, that her words had too soon come true, and that all the treasures in the world would be cheaply bartered for a sight of her dear face? At length this brother coming nearer home, with hope of seeing her, and being delayed by illness; and then a letter, in a strange hand, saying "he died in hospital, of fever, such a day, and died in penitence and love of you: his last word being your name?" Did Louisa see these things? Such things were to be.

15

20

25

Herself again a wife—a mother—lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be.

30

But, happy Sissy's happy children loving her; all children loving her; she, grown learned in childish lore; thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised; trying hard to know her humbler fellow-creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights, without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest national prosperity figures can show, will be the Writing on the Wall,—she holding this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress, or fancy fair; but simply as a duty to be done,—did Louisa see these things of herself? These things were to be.

35

Dear reader! It rests with you and me, whether, in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not. Let them be! We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn grey and cold.

40

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

Either 16 In what ways does Dickens make this a moving ending to the novel? **[30]**

Or 17 In what ways does Dickens make Louisa's marriage to Bounderby such a disturbing part of the novel for you? **[30]**

Or 18 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where Dickens makes you feel particularly angry about the way people in Coketown are treated.

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 19 'Frank, dearest, is that you?' The tones were Bathsheba's.
 'O God!' said Boldwood.
 'Yes,' said Troy to her.
 'How late you are,' she continued, tenderly. 'Did you come by the carrier?
 I listened and heard his wheels entering the village, but it was some time ago, and I had almost given you up, Frank.' 5
 'I was sure to come,' said Frank. 'You knew I should, did you not?'
 'Well, I thought you would,' she said, playfully; 'and, Frank, it is so lucky! There's not a soul in my house but me tonight. I've packed them all off, so nobody on earth will know of your visit to your lady's bower. Liddy wanted to go to her grandfather's to tell him about her holiday, and I said she might stay with them till tomorrow – when you'll be gone again.' 10
 'Capital,' said Troy. 'But, dear me, I had better go back for my bag, because my slippers and brush and comb are in it; you run home whilst I fetch it, and I'll promise to be in your parlour in ten minutes.' 15
 'Yes.' She turned and tripped up the hill again.
 During the progress of this dialogue there was a nervous twitching of Boldwood's tightly closed lips, and his face became bathed in a clammy dew. He now started forward towards Troy. Troy turned to him and took up the bag.
 'Shall I tell her I have come to give her up and cannot marry her?' said the soldier, mockingly. 20
 'No, no; wait a minute. I want to say more to you – more to you!' said Boldwood, in a hoarse whisper.
 'Now,' said Troy, 'you see my dilemma. Perhaps I am a bad man – the victim of my impulses – led away to do what I ought to leave undone. I can't, however, marry them both. And I have two reasons for choosing Fanny. First, I like her best upon the whole, and second, you make it worth my while.' 25
 At the same instant Boldwood sprang upon him, and held him by the neck. Troy felt Boldwood's grasp slowly tightening. The move was absolutely unexpected.
 'A moment,' he gasped. 'You are injuring her you love!' 30
 'Well, what do you mean?' said the farmer.
 'Give me breath,' said Troy.
 Boldwood loosened his hand, saying, 'By Heaven I've a mind to kill you!'
 'And ruin her.'
 'Save her.' 35
 'Oh, how can she be saved now, unless I marry her?'
 Boldwood groaned. He reluctantly released the soldier, and flung him back against the hedge. 'Devil, you torture me!' said he.
 Troy rebounded like a ball, and was about to make a dash at the farmer; but he checked himself, saying lightly – 40
 'It is not worth while to measure my strength with you. Indeed it is a barbarous way of settling a quarrel. I shall shortly leave the army because of the same conviction. Now after that revelation of how the land lies with Bathsheba, 'twould be a mistake to kill me, would it not?'
 "'Twould be a mistake to kill you,' repeated Boldwood, mechanically, with a bowed head. 45
 'Better kill yourself.'
 'Far better.'
 'I'm glad you see it.'
 'Troy, make her your wife, and don't act upon what I arranged just now. The alternative is dreadful, but take Bathsheba; I give her up! She must love you indeed to sell soul and body to you so utterly as she has done. Wretched woman – deluded woman – you are, Bathsheba!' 50

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

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

Or 20 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where you feel that Hardy's writing makes the behaviour of Bathsheba's farmworkers particularly entertaining.

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

Or 21 How does Hardy's portrayal of Sergeant Troy up to the point of his marriage to Bathsheba encourage you to feel that the marriage will fail?

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

- 22 For some time Silas was mute with astonishment: then he said, 'God will clear me: I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling: you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months.' At this William groaned, but the minister said, 'The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body.' 5
- 'I must have slept,' said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else.' 10
- The search was made, and it ended – in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, 'William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me.' 15
- 'Brother,' said William, 'how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?' 20
- Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.
- 'I remember now – the knife wasn't in my pocket.' 25
- William said, 'I know nothing of what you mean.' The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, 'I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me.'
- On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the Church: prosecution was held by them to be forbidden to Christians, even if it had been a case in which there was no scandal to the community. But they were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then – that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the fold of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when every one rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation – 'The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door.* But you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.' 30 35 40 45
- There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

Either 22 In what ways does Eliot make this such a gripping moment in the novel? [30]

Or 23 How does Eliot make the differences between the characters and moral values of Nancy Lammeter and Godfrey Cass such a striking part of the novel? [30]

Or 24 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel which Eliot makes particularly moving for you.

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

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

The Tell-Tale Heart

And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me – the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once – once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

5

10

(b)

The Black Cat

The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind; while from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas, was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting in my wrath the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal, which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded by the interference into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot without a groan.

5

10

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

Either 25 How does Poe make these two moments so shocking for you? [30]

Or 26 Explore the ways in which Poe makes these **TWO** settings particularly frightening:

The dungeon in *The Pit and the Pendulum*
Montresor's underground vaults in *The Cask of Amontillado*.

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

Or 27 Explore the ways in which Poe engages your interest in **TWO** of the following relationships between narrators and main characters:

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

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

- 28 It was good for the three P's to walk through such a land and forget for a time that indeed they had no footing in it all, that they were doomed to toil behind counters in such places as Port Burdock for the better part of their lives. They would forget the customers and shopwalkers and department buyers and everything, and become just happy wanderers in a world of pleasant breezes and songbirds and shady trees. 5
- The arrival at the inn was a great affair. No one, they were convinced, would take them for drapers, and there might be a pretty serving-girl or a jolly old landlady, or what Parsons called a 'bit of character' drinking in the bar.
- There would always be weighty inquiries as to what they could have, and it would work out always at cold beef and pickles, or fried ham and eggs and shandygaff, two pints of beer and two bottles of ginger-beer foaming in a huge round-bellied jug. 10
- The glorious moment of standing lordly in the inn doorway and staring out at the world, the swinging sign, the geese upon the green, the duck-pond, a waiting wagon, the church tower, a sleepy cat, the blue heavens, with the sizzle of the frying audible behind one! The keen smell of the bacon! The trotting of feet bearing the repast; the click and clatter as the table ware is finally arranged! A clean white cloth! 'Ready, Sir!' or 'Ready, Gentlemen!' Better hearing that than 'Forward, Polly! Look sharp!' 15
- The going in! The sitting down! The falling to! 20
 'Bread, O' Man?'
 'Right O! Don't bag all the crust, O' Man.'
- Once a simple-mannered girl in a pink print dress stayed and talked with them as they ate; led by the gallant Parsons they professed to be all desperately in love with her, and courted her to say which she preferred of them, it was so manifest she did prefer one and so impossible to say which it was held her there, until a distant maternal voice called her away. Afterwards, as they left the inn, she waylaid them 25 at the orchard corner and gave them, a little shyly, three yellow-green apples—and wished them to come again some day, and vanished, and reappeared looking after them as they turned the corner, waving a white handkerchief. All the rest of that day they disputed over the signs of her favour, and the next Sunday they went there again. 30
- But she had vanished, and a mother of forbidding aspect afforded no explanations.
- If Platt and Parsons and Mr Polly live to be a hundred, they will none of them forget that girl as she stood with a pink flush upon her, faintly smiling and yet earnest, parting the branches of the hedgerows and reaching down, apple in hand ... 35

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

Either 28 Explore the ways in which Wells creates such an enjoyable part of the novel here. **[30]**

Or 29 How do you think Wells makes Mr Polly's encounters with Christabel, the red-haired girl, such memorable and significant moments in the novel?

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

Or 30 How does Wells's portrayal of the Potwell Inn make it such an attractive final setting in the novel?

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

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

Tonie
(*At Chênière Caminada*)

I

There was no clumsier looking fellow in church that Sunday morning than Antoine Bocaze—the one they called Tonie. But Tonie did not really care if he were clumsy or not. He felt that he could speak intelligibly to no woman save his mother; but since he had no desire to inflame the hearts of any of the island maidens, what difference did it make?

5

He knew there was no better fisherman on the Chênière Caminada than himself, if his face was too long and bronzed, his limbs too unmanageable and his eyes too earnest—almost too honest.

It was a midsummer day, with a lazy, scorching breeze blowing from the Gulf straight into the church windows. The ribbons on the young girls' hats fluttered like the wings of birds, and the old women clutched the flapping ends of the veils that covered their heads.

10

A few mosquitoes, floating through the blistering air, with their nipping and humming fretted the people to a certain degree of attention and consequent devotion. The measured tones of the priest at the altar rose and fell like a song: "Credo in unum Deum patrem omnipotentem" he chanted. And then the people all looked at one another, suddenly electrified.

15

Some one was playing upon the organ whose notes no one on the whole island was able to awaken; whose tones had not been heard during the many months since a passing stranger had one day listlessly dragged his fingers across its idle keys. A long, sweet strain of music floated down from the loft and filled the church.

20

It seemed to most of them—it seemed to Tonie standing there beside his old mother—that some heavenly being must have descended upon the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes and chosen this celestial way of communicating with its people.

But it was no creature from a different sphere; it was only a young lady from Grand Isle.

25

(b)

A Respectable Woman

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gouvernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.

They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tête-à-tête with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two.

5

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a Society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eye-glasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.

10

But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he

15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home, and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem. 20

Once settled at the plantation he seemed to like to sit upon the wide portico in the shade of one of the big Corinthian pillars, smoking his cigar lazily and listening attentively to Gaston's experience as a sugar planter. 25

Either 31 In what ways does Chopin capture your interest here in the openings to these two stories? [30]

Or 32 What does Chopin's writing encourage you to feel about Adrienne in *Lilacs* and Calixta in *At the 'Cadian Ball*?

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

Or 33 For which **TWO** stories do you think Chopin creates the most satisfying endings, and why?

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



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