

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

**2444/02**

**Scheme A**

Unit 4 Pre-1914 Texts  
(Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

**OCR Supplied Materials:**

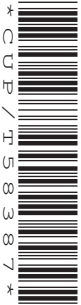
- 8 page Answer Booklet

**Other Materials Required:**

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

**Wednesday 21 January 2009  
Morning**

**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.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Drama pre-1914**.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Poetry pre-1914**.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section C: Prose pre-1914**.
- 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.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60**.
- This document consists of **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**CONTENTS**

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

**SECTION A – Drama pre-1914**

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

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**SECTION B – Poetry pre-1914**

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

Page 9

**SECTION C – Prose pre-1914**

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

Page 18

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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<b>SHAKESPEARE:</b> <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	5	3–4
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1	CLAUDIO:	Leonato, stand I here? Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?	
	LEONATO:	All this is so: but what of this, my lord?	
	CLAUDIO:	Let me but move one question to your daughter; And, by that fatherly and kindly power That you have in her, bid her answer truly.	5
	LEONATO:	I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.	
	HERO:	O God defend me! How am I beset! What kind of catechizing call you this?	10
	CLAUDIO:	To make you answer truly to your name.	
	HERO:	Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?	
	CLAUDIO:	Marry, that can Hero. Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talked with you yesternight Out at your window betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.	15
	HERO:	I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.	
	DON PEDRO:	Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato: I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grievèd Count Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window – Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confessed the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.	20
	DON JOHN:	Fie, fie, they are Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of! There is not chastity enough in language Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.	30
	CLAUDIO:	O Hero! What a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart! But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell, Thou pure impiety and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gracious.	35
	LEONATO:	Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [ <i>Hero faints.</i> ]	40

**Either** 1 How does Shakespeare's writing make this passage so powerfully dramatic? [20]

**Or** 2 You are Don John. You are locked up in prison at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts. [20]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

- 3 FRIAR: Be plain good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
- ROMEO: Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine, 5  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,  
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us today. 10
- FRIAR: Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. 15  
*Jesu Maria*, what a deal of brine  
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears; 20  
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.  
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then, 25  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
- ROMEO: Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
- FRIAR: For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
- ROMEO: And bad'st me bury love.
- FRIAR: Not in a grave, 30  
To lay one in, another out to have.
- ROMEO: I pray thee chide me not; her I love now  
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow.  
The other did not so.
- FRIAR: O she knew well 35  
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.  
But come young waverer, come go with me.  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love. 40
- ROMEO: O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.
- FRIAR: Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt]

**Either** 3 How does Shakespeare's writing vividly show Friar Lawrence's character and thoughts at this moment in the play. [20]

**Or** 4 You are Juliet. The Nurse has just advised you to marry Paris after all because Romeo has been banished.

Write your thoughts. [20]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5	LADY MARKBY:	Good evening, dear Gertrude! So kind of you to let me bring my friend, Mrs Cheveley. Two such charming women should know each other!	
	LADY CHILTERN:	<i>[advances towards MRS CHEVELEY with a sweet smile. Then suddenly stops, and bows rather distantly.]</i> I think Mrs Cheveley and I have met before. I did not know she had married a second time.	5
	LADY MARKBY:	<i>[genially.]</i> Ah, nowadays people marry as often as they can, don't they? It is most fashionable. <i>[To DUCHESS OF MARYBOROUGH.]</i> Dear Duchess, and how is the Duke? Brain still weak, I suppose? Well, that is only to be expected, is it not? His good father was just the same. There is nothing like race, is there?	10
	MRS CHEVELEY:	<i>[playing with her fan.]</i> But have we really met before, Lady Chiltern? I can't remember where. I have been out of England for so long.	15
	LADY CHILTERN:	We were at school together, Mrs Cheveley.	
	MRS CHEVELEY:	<i>[superciliously.]</i> Indeed? I have forgotten all about my schooldays. I have a vague impression that they were detestable.	20
	LADY CHILTERN:	<i>[coldly.]</i> I am not surprised!	
	MRS CHEVELEY:	<i>[in her sweetest manner.]</i> Do you know, I am quite looking forward to meeting your clever husband, Lady Chiltern. Since he has been at the Foreign Office, he has been so much talked of in Vienna. They actually succeed in spelling his name right in the newspapers. That in itself is fame, on the continent.	25
	LADY CHILTERN:	I hardly think there will be much in common between you and my husband, Mrs Cheveley! <i>[Moves away.]</i>	
	VICOMTE DE NANJAC:	Ah! chère Madame, quelle surprise! I have not seen you since Berlin!	30
	MRS CHEVELEY:	Not since Berlin, Vicomte. Five years ago!	
	VICOMTE DE NANJAC:	And you are younger and more beautiful than ever. How do you manage it?	
	MRS CHEVELEY:	By making it a rule only to talk to perfectly charming people like yourself.	35
	VICOMTE DE NANJAC:	Ah! you flatter me. You butter me, as they say here.	
	MRS CHEVELEY:	Do they say that here? How dreadful of them!	
	VICOMTE DE NANJAC:	Yes, they have a wonderful language. It should be more widely known.	40

**Either**    5    How does Wilde's writing make this moment so intriguing?    **[20]**

**Or**        6    Does Wilde portray Sir Robert as an 'ideal husband' in your view?  
 Support your ideas with details from the play.    **[20]**

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 ASLAKSEN: As Chairman, I must request the speaker to withdraw his wild remarks.
- HOVSTAD: The majority is always right!
- BILLING: And it damn' well always stands for the truth too!
- DR STOCKMANN: The majority is never right. Never, I tell you! – That's one of those lies in society that no free and intelligent man can help rebelling against. Who are the people that make up the biggest proportion of the population – the intelligent ones or the fools? I think we can agree it's the fools, no matter where you go in this world, it's the fools that form the overwhelming majority. But I'll be damned if that means it's right that the fools should dominate the intelligent. [*Uproar and shouting.*] Yes, yes, shout me down if you like, but you can't deny it! The majority has the *might* – more's the pity – but it hasn't *right*. I am right – I and one or two other individuals like me. The minority is always right. [*Renewed uproar.*] 5
- HOVSTAD Ha! ha! In the last day or two Dr Stockmann has turned aristocrat! 10
- DR STOCKMANN: I've already said I'm not going to waste any words on that bunch of narrow-chested, short-winded old has-beens. They've no longer anything to give to the red-blooded life of today. I'm thinking of the few, the genuine individuals in our midst, with their new and vigorous ideas. These men stand in the very forefront of our advance, so far ahead that the compact majority hasn't even begun to approach them – and it's *there* they fight for truths too newly-born to have won any support from the majority. 15
- HOVSTAD: Aha! So now he's a revolutionary.
- DR STOCKMANN: Yes, by God, I am, Mr Hovstad! I'm plotting revolution against this lie that the majority has a monopoly of the truth. What are these truths that always bring the majority rallying round? Truths so elderly they are practically senile. And when a truth is as old as that, gentlemen, you can hardly tell it from a lie. [*Laughter and jeers.*] All right, believe it or not! But truths are not by any means the tough old Methuselahs people imagine. The life of a normally constituted truth is generally, say, about seventeen or eighteen years, at most twenty; rarely longer. But truths as elderly as that have always worn terribly thin. But it's only *then* that the majority will have anything to do with them; then it will recommend them as wholesome food for thought. But there's no great food-value in that sort of diet, I can tell you – as a doctor, I know what I'm talking about. All these majority truths are just like salt meat that's been kept too long and gone bad and mouldy. That's at the root of all this moral scurvy that's going about. 20
- 25
- 30
- 35
- 40

**Either** 7 How does Ibsen powerfully convey Dr Stockmann's beliefs and feelings at this point in the play? [20]

**Or** 8 Explore in detail **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the play when Ibsen's writing makes you feel particularly sympathetic towards Dr Stockmann's family. [20]





Answer **one** question from this Section.

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



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

(b)

*Vitai Lampada*

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night –  
 Ten to make and the match to win –  
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
 An hour to play and the last man in.  
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat, 5  
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote –  
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red, – 10  
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke; –  
 The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
 And England's far, and Honour a name,  
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks: 15  
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

This is the word that year by year,  
 While in her place the School is set,  
 Every one of her sons must hear,  
 And none that hears it dare forget. 20  
 This they all with a joyful mind  
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
 And falling fling to the host behind –  
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

Henry Newbolt

**Either** 9 Compare some of the ways that the poets make the soldiers seem admirable in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 10 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create strong feelings about the soldiers in **TWO** of the following poems:

*To Lucasta, Going to the Wars* (Lovelace)

*Tommy's Dead* (Dobell)

*The Man He Killed* (Hardy). [20]

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

11 (a)

*The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christopher Marlowe

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

(b) *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd*

If all the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold  
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  
 And Philomel becometh dumb;  
 The rest complains of cares to come.

5

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields:  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

10

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

15

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs –  
 All these in me no means can move  
 To come to thee and be thy love.

20

But could youth last, and love still breed;  
 Had joys no date, nor age no need;  
 Then these delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh

**Either** 11 Explore some of the different ways that the poets use nature to convey feelings about love in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 12 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create a vivid picture of life in the town in **TWO** of the following poems:

*Conveyancing* (Hood)  
*The Song of the Shirt* (Hood)  
*London* (Blake).

[20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

*On Another's Sorrow* (Innocence)

Can I see another's woe,  
 And not be in sorrow too?  
 Can I see another's grief,  
 And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
 And not feel my sorrow's share?  
 Can a father see his child  
 Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

5

Can a mother sit and hear  
 An infant groan, an infant fear?  
 No, no! never can it be!  
 Never, never can it be!

10

And can he who smiles on all  
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
 Hear the small bird's grief & care,  
 Hear the woes that infants bear,

15

And not sit beside the nest,  
 Pouring pity in their breast;  
 And not sit the cradle near,  
 Weeping tear on infant's tear;

20

And not sit both night & day,  
 Wiping all our tears away?  
 O! no, never can it be!  
 Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;  
 He becomes an infant small;  
 He becomes a man of woes;  
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

25

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
 And thy maker is not by;  
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
 And thy maker is not near.

30

O! he gives to us his joy  
 That our grief he may destroy;  
 Till our grief is fled & gone  
 He doth sit by us and moan.

35

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)**(b)** *The Human Abstract* (Experience)

Pity would be no more  
 If we did not make somebody Poor;  
 And Mercy no more could be  
 If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace, 5  
 Till the selfish loves increase:  
 Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
 And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,  
 And waters the ground with tears; 10  
 Then Humility takes its root  
 Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
 Of Mystery over his head;  
 And the Caterpillar and Fly 15  
 Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
 Ruddy and sweet to eat;  
 And the Raven his nest has made  
 In its thickest shade. 20

The Gods of the earth and sea  
 Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree;  
 But their search was all in vain;  
 There grows one in the Human Brain.

**Either** **13** How does Blake portray such strikingly different views about human and divine love in these two poems? **[20]**

**Or** **14** How does Blake's writing create such striking pictures of the natural world in **TWO** of the following poems?

*Nurse's Song* (Innocence)  
*Night* (Innocence)  
*The Tyger* (Experience)

**[20]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

*A Wife in London*

i

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

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

ii

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

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

(b)

*The Self-Unseeing*

Here is the ancient floor,  
 Footworn and hollowed and thin,  
 Here was the former door  
 Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair, 5  
 Smiling into the fire;  
 He who played stood there,  
 Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream;  
 Blessings emblazoned that day; 10  
 Everything glowed with a gleam;  
 Yet we were looking away!



THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

**Either 15** Compare how Hardy in these two poems so movingly conveys how the passing of time changes things. **[20]**

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**Or 16** Compare how Hardy's writing creates such moving impressions of growing older in **TWO** of the following poems:

*I Look Into My Glass*  
*To Lizbie Browne*  
*In Tenebris 1.*

**[20]**

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Section C – Prose pre-1914</b>		
<b>AUSTEN:</b> <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	19	17–18
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<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	21	21–22
<b>ELIOT:</b> <i>Silas Marner</i>	22	23–24
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<b>CHOPIN:</b> <i>Short Stories</i>	27	29–30

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 At about half past twelve, a remarkably loud rap drew her in haste to the window, and scarcely had she time to inform Catherine of there being two open carriages at the door, in the first only a servant, her brother driving Miss Thorpe in the second, before John Thorpe came running upstairs, calling out, 'Well, Miss Morland, here I am. Have you been waiting long? We could not come before; the old devil of a coachmaker was such an eternity finding out a thing fit to be got into, and now it is ten thousand to one, but they break down before we are out of the street. How do you do, Mrs Allen? a famous ball last night, was not it? Come, Miss Morland, be quick, for the others are in a confounded hurry to be off. They want to get their tumble over.' 5
- 'What do you mean?' said Catherine, 'where are you all going to?' 10
- 'Going to? why, you have not forgot our engagement! Did not we agree together to take a drive this morning? What a head you have! We are going up Claverton Down.'
- 'Something was said about it, I remember,' said Catherine, looking at Mrs Allen for her opinion; 'but really I did not expect you.' 15
- 'Not expect me! that's a good one! And what a dust you would have made, if I had not come.'
- Catherine's silent appeal to her friend, meanwhile, was entirely thrown away, for Mrs Allen, not being at all in the habit of conveying any expression herself by a look, was not aware of its being ever intended by any body else; and Catherine, whose desire of seeing Miss Tilney again could at that moment bear a short delay in favour of a drive, and who thought there could be no impropriety in her going with Mr Thorpe, as Isabella was going at the same time with James, was therefore obliged to speak plainer. 'Well, ma'am, what do you say to it? Can you spare me for an hour or two? Shall I go?' 20
- 'Do just as you please, my dear,' replied Mrs Allen, with the most placid indifference. Catherine took the advice, and ran off to get ready. 25

**Either** 17 How does Austen's writing make John Thorpe so dislikeable at this point in the novel? [20]

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**Or** 18 Explore the ways in which Austen makes any **ONE** moment in the novel amusing for you. [20]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 'If you please, ma'am, the gentleman would wish to see you,' said Bitzer, with his light eye at Mrs Sparsit's keyhole. So, Mrs Sparsit, who had improved the interval by touching up her cap, took her classical features down stairs again, and entered the boardroom in the manner of a Roman matron going outside the city walls to treat with an invading general. 5
- The visitor having strolled to the window, and being then engaged in looking carelessly out, was as unmoved by this impressive entry as man could possibly be. He stood whistling to himself with all imaginable coolness, with his hat still on, and a certain air of exhaustion upon him, in part arising from excessive summer, and in part from excessive gentility. For, it was to be seen with half an eye that he was a thorough gentleman, made to the model of the time; weary of everything and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer. 10
- 'I believe, sir,' quoth Mrs Sparsit, 'you wished to see me.'
- 'I beg your pardon,' he said, turning and removing his hat; 'pray excuse me.'
- 'Humph!' thought Mrs Sparsit, as she made a stately bend. 'Five and thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, good breeding, well-dressed, dark hair, bold eyes.' All which Mrs Sparsit observed in her womanly way – like the Sultan who put his head in the pail of water – merely in dipping down and coming up again. 15
- 'Please to be seated, sir,' said Mrs Sparsit. 20
- 'Thank you. Allow me.' He placed a chair for her, but remained himself carelessly lounging against the table. 'I left my servant at the railway looking after the luggage – very heavy train and vast quantity of it in the van – and strolled on, looking about me. Exceedingly odd place. Will you allow me to ask you if it's *always* as black as this?' 25
- 'In general much blacker,' returned Mrs Sparsit, in her uncompromising way.
- 'Is it possible! Excuse me: you are not a native, I think?'
- 'No, sir,' returned Mrs Sparsit. 'It was once my good or ill fortune, as it may be – before I became a widow – to move in a very different sphere. My husband was a Powler.' 30
- 'Beg your pardon, really!' said the stranger. 'Was – ?'
- Mrs Sparsit repeated, 'A Powler.' 'Powler Family,' said the stranger, after reflecting a few moments. Mrs Sparsit signified assent. The stranger seemed a little more fatigued than before.
- 'You must be very much bored here?' was the inference he drew from the communication. 35

**Either** 19 What first impressions of James Harthouse does Dickens's writing create for you here? [20]

**Or** 20 How does Dickens make Bitzer such a memorable character?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 'Don't – don't kiss them! O, Frank, I can't bear it – I can't! I love you better than she did: kiss me too, Frank – kiss me! *You will, Frank, kiss me too!*'
- There was something so abnormal and startling in the childlike pain and simplicity of this appeal from a woman of Bathsheba's calibre and independence, that Troy, loosening her tightly clasped arms from his neck, looked at her in bewilderment. It was such an unexpected revelation of all women being alike at heart, even those so different in their accessories as Fanny and this one beside him, that Troy could hardly seem to believe her to be his proud wife Bathsheba. Fanny's own spirit seemed to be animating her frame. But this was the mood of a few instants only. When the momentary surprise had passed, his expression changed to a silencing imperious gaze. 5
- 'I will not kiss you!' he said, pushing her away.
- Had the wife now but gone no further. Yet, perhaps, under the harrowing circumstances, to speak out was the one wrong act which can be better understood, if not forgiven in her, than the right and politic one, her rival being now but a corpse. All the feeling she had been betrayed into showing she drew back to herself again by a strenuous effort of self-command. 15
- 'What have you to say as your reason?' she asked, her bitter voice being strangely low – quite that of another woman now.
- 'I have to say that I have been a bad, black-hearted man,' he answered. 20
- 'And that this woman is your victim; and I not less than she.'
- 'Ah! Don't taunt me, madam. This woman is more to me, dead as she is, than ever you were, or are, or can be. If Satan had not tempted me with that face of yours, and those cursed coquetries, I should have married her. I never had another thought till you came in my way. Would to God that I had; but it is all too late! I deserve to live in torment for this!' He turned to Fanny then. 'But never mind, darling,' he said; 'In the sight of Heaven you are my very, very wife!' 25
- At these words there arose from Bathsheba's lips a long, low cry of measureless despair and indignation, such a wail of anguish as had never before been heard within those old-inhabited walls. It was the *Τετέλεσται*\* of her union with Troy. 30
- 'If she's – that, – what – am I?' she added, as a continuation of the same cry, and sobbing pitifully: and the rarity with her of such abandonment only made the condition more dire.
- 'You are nothing to me – nothing,' said Troy, heartlessly. 'A ceremony before a priest doesn't make a marriage. I am not morally yours.' 35

\* *Τετέλεσται* – an ancient Greek expression, meaning 'It is finished'.

- Either** 21 How does Hardy's writing so powerfully portray Troy's feelings for Fanny and Bathsheba at this point in the novel? [20]
- 
- Or** 22 Explore in detail **ONE** moment in the novel when Hardy makes you feel particularly sorry for Mr Boldwood. [20]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23 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.' 5
- 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 10
- 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, 15
- 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 folds of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when everyone 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 25
- 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.'
- There was a general shudder at this blasphemy. 30
- William said meekly, 'I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas.'

**Either** 23 How does Eliot make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel? [20]

**Or** 24 What impressions does Eliot create of the way the villagers of Raveloe treat Silas?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

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**Turn to page 24 for Question 25.**

25 (a)

*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!’

‘The Amontillado!’ I said. 10

‘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.’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘let us be gone.’

‘For the love of God, Montresor!’ 15

‘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:

‘Fortunato!’

No answer. I called again: 20

‘Fortunato!’

No answer still: I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in reply 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

(b)

*The Pit and the Pendulum*

Down – steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right – to the left – far and wide – with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down – certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently – furiously – to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche! 5 10

Down – still unceasingly – still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh! how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver – the frame to shrink. It was *hope* – the hope that triumphs on the rack – that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition. 15



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

**Either 25** How does Poe's writing make these two passages so terrifying? **[20]**

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**Or 26** Explore **TWO** moments, each from a different tale, that Poe's writing makes especially gripping for you. **[20]**

H. G. WELLS: *The History of Mr Polly*

- 27 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. 5
- 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!' 10
- The going in! The sitting down! The falling to!
- 'Bread, O' Man?' 15
- '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 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. 20
- But she had vanished, and a mother of forbidding aspect afforded no explanations. 25
- 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 ... 30

**Either** 27 How does Wells so vividly portray the happiness of this occasion? [20]

**Or** 28 Explore the ways in which Wells makes any **ONE** moment in the novel amusing for you. [20]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*29 (a) *The Dream of an Hour/The Story of an Hour*

How fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom. 5

Some one was opening the front door with a latch key. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife. 10

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of joy that kills. 15

(b) *The Father of Désirée's Baby/Désirée's Baby*

Some weeks later there was a curious scene enacted at L'Abri. In the centre of the smoothly swept back-yard was a great bonfire. Armand Aubigny sat in the wide hallway that commanded a view of the spectacle; and it was he who dealt out to a half-dozen negroes the material which kept this fire ablaze.

A graceful cradle of willow, with all its dainty furbishings, was laid upon the pyre, which had already been fed with the richness of a priceless layette. Then there were silk gowns, and velvet and satin ones added to these; laces, too, and embroideries; bonnets and gloves – for the corbeille had been of rare quality. 5

The last thing to go was a tiny bundle of letters; innocent little scribblings that Désirée had sent to him during the days of their espousal. There was the remnant of one back in the drawer from which he took them. But it was not Désirée's; it was part of an old letter from his mother to his father. He read it. She was thanking God for the blessing of her husband's love; 10

'But, above all,' she wrote, 'night and day, I thank the good God for having so arranged our lives that our dear Armand will never know that his mother, who adores him, belongs to the race that is cursed with the brand of slavery.' 15

Either 29 How does Chopin's writing make these two endings so powerful? [20]

Or 30 Explore how Chopin creates striking impressions of any **TWO** of these very independent women:

Calixta (*At the 'Cadian Ball*)

Adrienne (*Lilacs*)

Claire (*Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*)

Madame Carambeau (*A Matter of Prejudice*).

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [20]



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