

**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.**

**Thursday 21 May 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.
- 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 **36** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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

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**SECTION C – Prose pre-1914**

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

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

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<b>SHAKESPEARE:</b> <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	6–7	3–4
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1		[Enter DON JOHN]	
	DON JOHN:	My lord and brother, God save you!	
	DON PEDRO:	Good-e'en, brother.	
	DON JOHN:	If your leisure served, I would speak with you.	
	DON PEDRO:	In private?	5
	DON JOHN:	If it please you. Yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.	
	DON PEDRO:	What's the matter?	
	DON JOHN:	[To CLAUDIO] Means your lordship to be married tomorrow?	
	DON PEDRO:	You know he does.	10
	DON JOHN:	I know not that, when he knows what I know.	
	CLAUDIO:	If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.	
	DON JOHN:	[To CLAUDIO] You may think I love you not. Let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage – surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!	15
	DON PEDRO:	Why, what's the matter?	
	DON JOHN:	I came hither to tell you – and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.	20
	CLAUDIO:	Who? Hero?	
	DON PEDRO:	Even she – Leonato's Hero, your Hero: every man's Hero.	
	CLAUDIO:	Disloyal?	
	DON JOHN:	The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, tomorrow wed her. But it would better fit your honour to change your mind.	25
	CLAUDIO:	May this be so?	30
	DON PEDRO:	I will not think it.	
	DON JOHN:	If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough. And when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.	
	CLAUDIO:	If I see any thing tonight why I should not marry her, tomorrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.	35
	DON PEDRO:	And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.	
	DON JOHN:	I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.	40
	DON PEDRO:	O day untowardly turned!	
	CLAUDIO:	O mischief strangely thwarting!	
	DON JOHN:	O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.	
		[Exeunt]	

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing* (Cont.)

**Either** 1 How does Shakespeare make this conversation between Don John and Claudio so dramatic? [20]

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**Or** 2 You are Hero. You are about to unmask yourself to Claudio near the end of the play. Write your thoughts. [20]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

- 3 PRINCE: Give me the letter, I will look on it.  
Where is the County's page, that raised the Watch?  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
- PAGE: He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,  
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did. 5  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,  
And by and by my master drew on him,  
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
- PRINCE: This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death. 10  
And here he writes that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, 15  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.  
And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen; all are punished.
- CAPULET: O brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more 20  
Can I demand.
- MONTAGUE: But I can give thee more.  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,  
That whiles Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set 25  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
- CAPULET: As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie,  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.
- PRINCE: A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head. 30  
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;  
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.  
For never was there story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt]



OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 MABEL CHILTERN: [*sadly*]. Then I suppose it is my duty to remain with you?  
 LORD GORING: Of course it is.  
 MABEL CHILTERN: Well, my duty is a thing I never do, on principle. It always depresses me. So I am afraid I must leave you.
- LORD GORING: Please don't, Miss Mabel. I have something very particular to say to you. 5
- MABEL CHILTERN: [*rapturously*]. Oh! is it a proposal?  
 LORD GORING: [*somewhat taken aback*]. Well, yes, it is – I am bound to say it is.
- MABEL CHILTERN: [*with a sigh of pleasure*]. I am so glad. That makes the second today. 10
- LORD GORING: [*indignantly*]. The second today? What conceited ass has been impertinent enough to dare to propose to you before I had proposed to you?
- MABEL CHILTERN: Tommy Trafford, of course. It is one of Tommy's days for proposing. He always proposes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, during the Season. 15
- LORD GORING: You didn't accept him, I hope?  
 MABEL CHILTERN: I make it a rule never to accept Tommy. That is why he goes on proposing. Of course, as you didn't turn up this morning, I very nearly said yes. It would have been an excellent lesson both for him and for you if I had. It would have taught you both better manners. 20
- LORD GORING: Oh! bother Tommy Trafford. Tommy is a silly little ass. I love you. 25
- MABEL CHILTERN: I know. And I think you might have mentioned it before. I am sure I have given you heaps of opportunities.
- LORD GORING: Mabel, do be serious. Please be serious.  
 MABEL CHILTERN: Ah! that is the sort of thing a man always says to a girl before he has been married to her. He never says it afterwards. 30
- LORD GORING: [*taking hold of her hand*]. Mabel, I have told you that I love you. Can't you love me a little in return?
- MABEL CHILTERN: You silly Arthur! If you knew anything about ... anything, which you don't, you would know that I adore you. Every one in London knows it except you. It is a public scandal the way I adore you. I have been going about for the last six months telling the whole of society that I adore you. I wonder you consent to have anything to say to me. I have no character left at all. At least, I feel so happy that I am quite sure I have no character left at all. 35
- LORD GORING: [*catches her in his arms and kisses her. Then there is a pause of bliss*]. Dear! Do you know I was awfully afraid of being refused! 40
- MABEL CHILTERN: [*looking up at him*]. But you never have been refused yet by anybody, have you, Arthur? I can't imagine any one refusing you. 45
- LORD GORING: [*after kissing her again*]. Of course I'm not nearly good enough for you, Mabel.
- MABEL CHILTERN: [*nestling close to him*]. I am so glad, darling. I was afraid you were. 50
- LORD GORING: [*after some hesitation*]. And I'm ... I'm a little over thirty.  
 MABEL CHILTERN: Dear, you look weeks younger than that.



OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband* (Cont.)

**Either** 5 How does Wilde make this conversation between Lord Goring and Mabel so entertaining?  
[20]

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**Or** 6 How does Wilde's portrayal of Mrs Cheveley make her such an unpleasant character?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [20]







Answer **one** question from this Section.

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<b>Section B – Poetry pre-1914</b>		
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<b>BLAKE:</b> <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	18–19	13–14
<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Selected Poems</i>	20–21	15–16

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War*

9 (a)

*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,  
 Parading round, and round, and round: 10  
 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

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

(b)

*The Hyaenas*

After the burial-parties leave  
 And the baffled kites have fled;  
 The wise hyaenas come out at eve  
 To take account of our dead.

How he died and why he died 5  
 Troubles them not a whit.  
 They snout the bushes and stones aside  
 And dig till they come to it.

They are only resolute they shall eat 10  
 That they and their mates may thrive,  
 And they know the dead are safer meat  
 Than the weakest thing alive.

(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,  
 And a child will sometimes stand;  
 But a poor dead soldier of the King 15  
 Can never lift a hand.)

They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt  
 Until their tushes white  
 Take good hold in the army shirt,  
 And tug the corpse to light, 20

And the pitiful face is shewn again  
 For an instant ere they close;  
 But it is not discovered to living men –  
 Only to God and to those

Who, being soulless, are free from shame, 25  
 Whatever meat they may find.  
 Nor do they defile the dead man's name –  
 That is reserved for his kind.

Rudyard Kipling

**Either 9** Compare some of the ways in which the poets create feelings of bitterness and anger about war in these two poems. [20]

**Or 10** Compare some of the ways in which the poets convey to you the horror of war in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Destruction of Sennacherib* (Byron)*After Blenheim* (Southey)*The Man He Killed* (Hardy). [20]

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

11 (a)

*The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, 5  
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day 10  
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats



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

(b)

*Binsey Poplars*

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  
             That dandled a sandalled  
                 Shadow that swam or sank  
 On meadow and river and wind-wandering  
     weed-winding bank. 5

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 unselve  
         The sweet especial scene,  
     Rural scene, a rural scene,  
     Sweet especial rural scene. 25

Gerard Manley Hopkins

**Either** 11 Compare some of the different ways in which Yeats and Hopkins convey their love of nature in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 12 Compare some of the ways in which the poets describe aspects of the natural world in **TWO** of the following poems:

*To Autumn* (Keats)*The Eagle* (Tennyson)*The Way Through the Woods* (Kipling). [20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

*A Cradle Song (Innocence)*

Sweet dreams form a shade  
 O'er my lovely infant's head;  
 Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
 By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down 5  
 Weave thy brows an infant crown.  
 Sweet sleep, Angel mild,  
 Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night 10  
 Hover over my delight;  
 Sweet smiles, Mother's smiles,  
 All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
 Chase not slumber from thy eyes. 15  
 Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,  
 All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep, happy child,  
 All creation slept and smil'd;  
 Sleep sleep, happy sleep,  
 While o'er thee thy mother weep. 20

Sweet babe, in thy face  
 Holy image I can trace.  
 Sweet babe, once like thee,  
 Thy maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all, 25  
 When he was an infant small.  
 Thou his image ever see,  
 Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all; 30  
 Who became an infant small.  
 Infant smiles are his own smiles;  
 Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.

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

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

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

5

**Either 13** Compare how Blake vividly conveys very different pictures of infancy in these two poems. **[20]**

**Or 14** Compare how Blake makes any **TWO** of the following poems so moving for you:

*The Little Black Boy* (Innocence)  
*The Chimney Sweeper* (Innocence)  
*London* (Experience).

**[20]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (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)

*To Lizbie Browne*

Dear Lizbie Browne,  
 Where are you now?  
 In sun, in rain? –  
 Or is your brow  
 Past joy, past pain, 5  
 Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,  
 How you could smile,  
 How you could sing! –  
 How archly wile 10  
 In glance-giving,  
 Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And, Lizbie Browne,  
 Who else had hair  
 Bay-red as yours, 15  
 Or flesh so fair  
 Bred out of doors,  
 Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne, 20  
 You had just begun  
 To be endeared  
 By stealth to one,  
 You disappeared  
 My Lizbie Browne!

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Ay, Lizbie Browne, So swift your life, And mine so slow, You were a wife Ere I could show Love, Lizbie Browne.	25     30
Still, Lizbie Browne, You won, they said, The best of men When you were wed ... Where went you then, O Lizbie Browne?	    35
Dear Lizbie Browne, I should have thought, 'Girls ripen fast,' And coaxed and caught You ere you passed, Dear Lizbie Browne!	   40
But, Lizbie Browne, I let you slip; Shaped not a sign; Touched never your lip With lip of mine, Lost Lizbie Browne!	   45
So, Lizbie Browne, When on a day Men speak of me As not, you'll say, 'And who was he?' – Yes, Lizbie Browne!	   50

**Either 15** Compare how Hardy memorably expresses feelings about a lost love in these two poems. [20]

**Or 16** Compare how Hardy makes any **TWO** of the following poems so moving for you:

*She At His Funeral*

*Drummer Hodge*

*On the Departure Platform.*

[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>	23	17–18
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<b>HARDY:</b> <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	25	21–22
<b>ELIOT:</b> <i>Silas Marner</i>	26	23–24
<b>POE:</b> <i>Selected Tales</i>	28–29	25–26
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<b>CHOPIN:</b> <i>Short Stories</i>	32–33	29–30

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 His sister, he said, was uncomfortably circumstanced – she had no female companion – and, in the frequent absence of her father, was sometimes without any companion at all.
- ‘But how can that be?’ said Catherine, ‘are not you with her?’
- ‘Northanger is not more than half my home; I have an establishment at my own house in Woodston, which is nearly twenty miles from my father’s, and some of my time is necessarily spent there.’ 5
- ‘How sorry you must be for that!’
- ‘I am always sorry to leave Eleanor.’
- ‘Yes; but besides your affection for her, you must be so fond of the abbey! – After being used to such a home as the abbey, an ordinary parsonage-house must be very disagreeable.’ 10
- He smiled, and said, ‘You have formed a very favourable idea of the abbey.’
- ‘To be sure I have. Is not it a fine old place, just like what one reads about?’
- ‘And are you prepared to encounter all the horrors that a building such as ‘what one reads about’ may produce? Have you a stout heart? – Nerves fit for sliding panels and tapestry?’ 15
- ‘Oh! yes – I do not think I should be easily frightened, because there would be so many people in the house – and besides, it has never been uninhabited and left deserted for years, and then the family come back to it unawares, without giving any notice, as generally happens.’ 20
- ‘No, certainly. – We shall not have to explore our way into a hall dimly lighted by the expiring embers of a wood fire – nor be obliged to spread our beds on the floor of a room without windows, doors, or furniture. But you must be aware that when a young lady is (by whatever means) introduced into a dwelling of this kind, she is always lodged apart from the rest of the family. While they snugly repair to their own end of the house, she is formally conducted by Dorothy, the ancient housekeeper, up a different staircase, and along many gloomy passages, into an apartment never used since some cousin or kin died in it about twenty years before. Can you stand such a ceremony as this? Will not your mind misgive you, when you find yourself in this gloomy chamber – too lofty and extensive for you, with only the feeble rays of a single lamp to take in its size – its walls hung with tapestry exhibiting figures as large as life, and the bed, of dark green stuff or purple velvet, presenting even a funereal appearance? Will not your heart sink within you?’ 25
- ‘Oh! but this will not happen to me, I am sure.’ 30
- 35

**Either** 17 How does Austen make this conversation between Henry and Catherine so amusing? [20]

**Or** 18 How does Austen persuade you that Catherine becomes more mature as a result of her time in Bath and at Northanger Abbey?

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

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 'Tom, what's the matter?'  
 'Oh! Mr Harthouse,' said Tom with a groan, 'I am hard up, and bothered out of my life.'  
 'My good fellow, so am I.'  
 'You!' returned Tom. 'You are the picture of independence. Mr Harthouse, I am in a horrible mess. You have no idea what a state I have got myself into – what a state my sister might have got me out of, if she would only have done it.' 5  
 He took to biting the rosebuds now, and tearing them away from his teeth with a hand that trembled like an infirm old man's. After one exceedingly observant look at him, his companion relapsed into his lightest air. 10  
 'Tom, you are inconsiderate: you expect too much of your sister. You have had money of her, you dog, you know you have.'  
 'Well, Mr Harthouse, I know I have. How else was I to get it? Here's old Bounderby always boasting that at my age he lived upon two-pence a month, or something of that sort. Here's my father drawing what he calls a line, and tying me down to it from a baby, neck and heels. Here's my mother who never has anything of her own, except her complaints. What *is* a fellow to do for money, and where am I to look for it, if not to my sister?' 15  
 He was almost crying, and scattered the buds about by dozens. Mr Harthouse took him persuasively by the coat. 20  
 'But, my dear Tom, if your sister has not got it –'  
 'Not got it, Mr Harthouse? I don't say she has got it. I may have wanted more than she was likely to have got. But then she ought to get it. She could get it. It's of no use pretending to make a secret of matters now, after what I have told you already; you know she didn't marry old Bounderby for her own sake, or for his sake, but for my sake. Then why doesn't she get what I want, out of him, for my sake? She is not obliged to say what she is going to do with it; she is sharp enough; she could manage to coax it out of him, if she chose. Then why doesn't she choose, when I tell her of what consequence it is? But no. There she sits in his company like a stone, instead of making herself agreeable and getting it easily. I don't know what you may call this, but *I* call it unnatural conduct.' 25 30

**Either** 19 How does Dickens affect your feelings about Tom Gradgrind as you read this passage? [20]

**Or** 20 Explore **ONE** incident in the novel in which you feel Dickens vividly shows the unfairness of life in Victorian times. [20]



THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 He jumped out of bed, dressed, tore down the lane through a foggy dawn, and ascended the hill. The forward ewes were kept apart from those among which the fall of lambs would be later, there being two hundred of the latter class in Gabriel's flock. These two hundred seemed to have absolutely vanished from the hill. There were the fifty with their lambs, enclosed at the other end as he had left them, but the rest, forming the bulk of the flock, were nowhere. Gabriel called at the top of his voice the shepherd's call. 5
- 'Ovey, ovey, ovey!'
- Not a single bleat. He went to the hedge – a gap had been broken through it, and in the gap were the footprints of the sheep. Rather surprised to find them break fence at this season, yet putting it down instantly to their great fondness for ivy in winter-time, of which a great deal grew in the plantation, he followed through the hedge. They were not in the plantation. He called again: the valleys and farthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian shore; but no sheep. He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges of which we have spoken were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky – dark and motionless as Napoleon at St Helena. 10
- A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signs implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead and dying at its foot – a heap of two hundred mangled carcasses, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more. 15
- Oak was an intensely humane man: indeed, his humanity often tore in pieces any politic intentions of his which bordered on strategy, and carried him on as by gravitation. A shadow in his life had always been that his flock ended in mutton – that a day came and found every shepherd an arrant traitor to his defenceless sheep. His first feeling now was one of pity for the untimely fate of these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs. 20
- It was a second to remember another phase of the matter. The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low – possibly for ever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands. 25
- Stupors, however, do not last for ever, and Farmer Oak recovered from his. It was as remarkable as it was characteristic that the one sentence he uttered was in thankfulness: 30
- 'Thank God I am not married: what would *she* have done in the poverty now coming upon me!'

**Either** 21 How does Hardy's writing here powerfully portray Gabriel Oak's desperate situation and feelings at this point in the novel? [20]

**Or** 22 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel where Hardy's writing makes you feel particularly sympathetic towards Bathsheba. [20]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23 Some women, I grant, would not appear to advantage seated on a pillion, and attired in a drab joseph and a drab beaver-bonnet, with a crown resembling a small stew-pan, for a garment suggesting a coachman's greatcoat, cut out under an exiguity of cloth that would only allow of miniature capes, is not well adapted to conceal deficiencies of contour, nor is drab a colour that will throw sallow cheeks into lively contrast. It was all the greater triumph to Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty that she looked thoroughly bewitching in that costume, as, seated on the pillion behind her tall, erect father, she held one arm round him, and looked down, with open-eyed anxiety, at the treacherous snow-covered pools and puddles, which sent up formidable splashings of mud under the stamp of Dobbin's foot. A painter would, perhaps, have preferred her in those moments when she was free from self-consciousness; but certainly the bloom on her cheeks was at its highest point of contrast with the surrounding drab when she arrived at the door of the Red House, and saw Mr Godfrey Cass ready to lift her from the pillion. She wished her sister Priscilla had come up at the same time with the servant, for then she would have contrived that Mr Godfrey should have lifted off Priscilla first, and, in the meantime, she would have persuaded her father to go round to the horseblock instead of alighting at the doorsteps. It was very painful, when you had made it quite clear to a young man that you were determined not to marry him, however much he might wish it, that he would still continue to pay you marked attentions; besides, why didn't he always show the same attentions, if he meant them sincerely, instead of being so strange as Mr Godfrey Cass was, sometimes behaving as if he didn't want to speak to her, and taking no notice of her for weeks and weeks, and then, all on a sudden, almost making love again? Moreover, it was quite plain he had no real love for her, else he would not let people have *that* to say of him which they did say. Did he suppose that Miss Nancy Lammeter was to be won by any man, squire or no squire, who led a bad life? That was not what she had been used to see in her own father, who was the soberest and best man in that country-side, only a little hot and hasty now and then, if things were not done to the minute.
- All these thoughts rushed through Miss Nancy's mind, in their habitual succession, in the moments between her first sight of Mr Godfrey Cass standing at the door and her own arrival there. Happily, the Squire came out too, and gave a loud greeting to her father, so that, somehow, under cover of this noise, she seemed to find concealment for her confusion and neglect of any suitably formal behaviour, while she was being lifted from the pillion by strong arms, which seemed to find her ridiculously small and light. And there was the best reason for hastening into the house at once, since the snow was beginning to fall again, and threatening an unpleasant journey for such guests as were still on the road. These were a small minority; for already the afternoon was beginning to decline, and there would not be too much time for the ladies who came from a distance to attire themselves in readiness for the early tea which was to inspirit them for the dance.

**Either** 23 How does Eliot create strong first impressions of Nancy Lammeter here? [20]

**Or** 24 How does Eliot make you admire the way in which Silas takes responsibility for Eppie and brings her up?

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

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**Turn to page 28 for Question 25.**

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Masque of the Red Death*

The 'Red Death' had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal – the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour. 5

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the 'Red Death'. 10  
15  
20

(b)

*The Tell-Tale Heart*

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

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

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded – with what caution – with what foresight – with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. 15

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

**Either 25** How in your view does Poe's writing make the openings of these two stories so gripping?  
[20]

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**Or 26** How does Poe's writing make the narrators of any **TWO** of the following stories seem so disturbing?

*The Black Cat*

*The Imp of the Perverse*

*The Cask of Amontillado*

[20]

- 27 'I could be happy in a shop,' he said.  
His sense of effect had made him pause.  
'If I had the right company,' he added.  
She became very still.  
Mr Polly swerved a little from the conversational ice-run upon which he had embarked. 5
- 'I'm not such a blooming Geezer,' he said, 'as not to be able to sell goods a bit. One has to be nosy over one's buying, of course. But I shall do all right.'  
He stopped, and felt falling, falling through the aching silence that followed.  
'If you get the right company,' said Miriam. 10  
'I shall get that all right.'  
'You don't mean you've got someone –'  
He found himself plunging.  
'I've got one in my eye this minute,' he said.  
'Elfrid!' she said, turning to him. 'You don't mean –' 15  
Well, *did* he mean? 'I do!' he said.  
'Not reely!' She clenched her hands to keep still.  
He took the conclusive step.  
'Well, you and me, Miriam, in a little shop, with a cat and a canary –' He tried to get back to a hypothetical note. 'Just suppose it!' 20  
'You mean,' said Miriam, 'you're in love with me, Elfrid?'  
What possible answer can a man give to such a question but 'Yes!'  
Regardless of the public park, the children in the sandpit, and every one, she bent forward and seized his shoulder and kissed him on the lips. Something lit up in Mr Polly at the touch. He put an arm about her and kissed her back, and felt an irrevocable act was sealed. He had a curious feeling that it would be very satisfying to marry and have a wife – only somehow he wished it wasn't Miriam. Her lips were very pleasant to him, and the feel of her in his arms. 25
- They recoiled a little from each other, and sat for a moment flushed and awkwardly silent. His mind was altogether incapable of controlling its confusions. 30  
'I didn't dream,' said Miriam, 'you cared – Sometimes I thought it was Annie, sometimes Minnie –'  
'Always I liked you better than them,' said Mr Polly.  
'I loved you, Elfrid,' said Miriam, 'since ever we met at your poor father's funeral. Leastways I *would* have done if I had thought – You didn't seem to mean anything you said.' 35  
'I can't believe it!' she added.  
'Nor I,' said Mr Polly.

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

**Either** 27 How does Wells make this such an entertaining moment in the novel? [20]

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**Or** 28 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel where Wells's writing portrays Mr Polly as truly happy. [20]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

29 (a)

*Beyond the Bayou*

'Oh, La Folle! La Folle! it hurt so bad! I can' stan' it, La Folle!'

'Don't cry, *mon bébé, mon bébé, mon Chéri!*' The woman spoke soothingly as she covered the ground with long strides. 'La Folle goin' mine you; Doctor Bonfils goin' come make *mon Chéri* well agin.'

She had reached the abandoned field. As she crossed it with her precious burden, she looked constantly and restlessly from side to side. A terrible fear was upon her – the fear of the world beyond the bayou, the morbid and insane dread she had been under since childhood. 5

When she was at the bayou's edge she stood there, and shouted for help as if a life depended upon it: 10

'Oh, P'tit Maître! P'tit Maître! *Venez donc!* Come! come! *Au secours!* Help! help! *Au secours!*'

No voice responded. Chéri's hot tears were scalding her neck. She called for each and every one upon the place, and still no answer came.

She shouted, she wailed; but whether her voice remained unheard or unheeded, 15 no reply came to her frenzied cries. And all the while Chéri moaned and wept and entreated to be taken home to his mother.

La Folle gave a last despairing look around her. Extreme terror was upon her. But love struggled more powerfully to impel her forward. She clasped the child close against her breast, where he could feel her heart beat like a muffled hammer. 20

(b)

*Her Letters*

What secret save one could a woman choose to have die with her? As quickly as the suggestion came to his mind, so swiftly did the man-instinct of possession creep into his blood. His fingers cramped about the package in his hands, and he sank into a chair beside the table. The agonizing suspicion that perhaps another had shared with him her thoughts, her affections, her life, deprived him for a swift instant of honor and reason. He thrust the end of his strong thumb beneath the string which, with a single turn would have yielded – 'with perfect faith in your loyalty and your love.' It was not the written characters addressing themselves to the eye; it was like a voice speaking to his soul. With a tremor of anguish he bowed his head down upon the letters. 5 10

He had once seen a clairvoyant hold a letter to his forehead and purport in so doing to discover its contents. He wondered for a wild moment if such a gift, for force of wishing it, might not come to him. But he was only conscious of the smooth surface of the paper, cold against his brow, like the touch of a dead woman's hand.

A half-hour passed before he lifted his head. An unspeakable conflict had raged within him, but his loyalty and his love had conquered. His face was pale and deep-lined with suffering, but there was no more hesitancy to be seen there. 15



KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

**Either** 29 How does Chopin in these two passages convey to you the powerful feelings that the characters are experiencing? [20]

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**Or** 30 How does Chopin persuade you that any **TWO** of the following characters have learned from their difficult experiences?

Tonie (*Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*)

Mrs Baroda (*A Respectable Woman*)

Madame Carambeau (*A Matter of Prejudice*)

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[20]





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